



The Triumphs
of
GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
The Crying and execrable
Sinn of
MURDER
Expressed in thirty severall
Tragicall Histories.
by Iohn Reynolds
the sixth edition
To which is added
GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
the abominable Sinn of
ADULTERY
Containing ten severall Histories
never yet Printed.
Illustrated wth Sculptures.



LONDON Printed
for Thomas. Lee at The
Harks head in Fleetstreet
over against Fetter Lane
End. 1679.



F. H. Van Hous. Sculp.



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Written by *JOHN RSYNOLDS.*

The Sixth Edition, very Carefully Corrected.

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London, Printed by J. Bennet, for Thomas Lee, at the Turks head
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London, Printed by J. Bowne, for Thomas Long, at the Bible and
in Fleet-street, over against Fane-Church. 1679.



To the Right Honourable,

ANTHONY

EARL OF

SHAFTSBURY,

Baron ASHLEY of

WIMBOURNE St. GILES,

Lord COOPER of PAWLET,

And Lord PRESIDENT

OF HIS

Majesties most Honourable Privy Council.

My Lord,

IT is no small persecution of Greatness, to be continually troubled with the Impertinent Addresses of Inferiors ; and I know, that the Generosity and good Nature of persons like your self, shining in a superiour Orb , draw on them too often and frequent interruptions of this Nature : But however, since 'tis customary, and that we ordinarily follow the examples of others , though I do acknowledge the fault, I cannot avoid running into the error, and giving you the vexation of a Dedicatory Epistle. But, my Lord, I should not have presumed to have made a Patron of any trifle of my own, admiring so much your Worth, and knowing so well my own weakness, had it not been annex to a Book that has had so kinde a reception in the world, as to have been already five times Imprinted, and received with a general liking and approbation : And I should not have durst to have affixt your Name to a

a

Book

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Book of lesse known worth and esteem; but this having been Dedicated to so many several Honourable Persons, and even to Majesty it self, may in some sort excuse my boldnesse, in Dedicated to your Honour, this last Impression of Mr. Reynolds his Tragical History of Gods Revenge against Murther, with the Addition of Ten Histories of the like Nature, of Gods Revenge against Adultery, never before published. If your Lordship shall find some leasure time, from your more pressing and weighty occasions, to peruse these Histories, which I offer to your view, and shall therein take any divertive pleasure, and smile favourably on our weak endeavours, I shall obtain no small Satisfaction and Content, whatever risque or Fortune they may run, by the Critical Censures, of those of this Carping Age. Tu mihi pro Populo es. 'Tis the Censure of your Lordship that I shall weigh, and your favourable acceptance will be more valued, your Opinion more Considered, and your Esteem more desired, then that of the Many, who seldom are just in their Opinions, or equal in their Judgments or Censures: Whatever the Effect may be, I am sure the Intention of Publishing these Histories is good, they being exposed as a Glasse for others, to behold the ugly face of the monstrous and horrid crimes of Murther and Adultery; and to let the World see, that those who are guilty of them, very rarely escape the just vengeance of God in this world, and without Repentance seldom go in peace to their Graves. I am sensible, that this is an Age, wherein Adultery is accounted a peccadillo, or a venial sin, and is too frequently and openly committed, notwithstanding the many denunciations from the Pulpits against it; Both the one and the other have been from the beginning; and no doubt will continue to the end of the world, while Vice has a being, and the devil any power among mankind; and though I accuse this Age of Incontinency, I cannot praise those past of Chastity; neither would I be thought to inweigh against our own Nation, who are generally known to be of a constitution neither Revengeful nor Lustful; nor is our Island very productive of Murthers or notorious Adulteries. The Scenes therefore of our Histories are all laid abroad, and we may by our Neighbors harms learn to beware. However, since Adultery is a beloved sin, it may be dangerous to be Satyrical against it, and these very Histories may want a Patron to protect them from the rage and malice of evil men: It is not therefore without Choice, that I have pitch'd upon your Lordship, as the most fit person among our Nobility, to Dedicate this Book

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to; and that not in consideration that you are Great and Noble; as that you are truly Good, highly Chaste and Virtuous: not so much for that you have Power to defend, as that you have a Will and Inclination to protect and assist the Virtuous and the Good. I have known you my Lord, not before you were Great and Noble; for you were ever so, but before you were Earl of Shaftsbury, before you dispensed Justice and Equity to a Nation, and before you were enriched with the marks of the Favour and Esteem of our Royal Sovereigne, and that you were lifted up to the highest pitch of Greatness, enough to have dazeled a less steady and Equall Soul, than your own; and it was then that I admired your Sublimity and Grandure, which were expressed in all your Actions, as much as I had cause afterwards, to wonder at your equall Temper, and Condescending Minde, when arrived at the Achme of Power and Authority. But it is not I alone, my Lord, but the generality of the People, and all who have been acquainted with your Person and Conversation; that have with Astonishment, beheld you descend from the precipice of Honour, without falling; that have admired to see you divested of your Ensignes, without losing one Single Ray of your Lustre: That have seen you leave the Carule Chair; with the Heart of an ancient Roman, without disturbance or regret, and with an equall Minde, with a Cheerfull Countenance, and with an untroubled Soul. We have seen you the same Great Man in a Prison, as environ'd with all your Honourable Titles and Dignities: We have seen you in every Condition fixt in your own Worth, and to shine like the Sun, without change of Light, or decrease of Lustre; notwithstanding the many dark mists and foggs, that have exhaled from the mouths of your malicious Enemies, which seem'd for a while to darken your brightness: and we have also seen you at last, to scatter them by your Constant Loyalty, and by the force of your Virtue, and to be at once justly esteemed, by your Sovereign, and beloved by the People; to be accounted Loyal to your King, and Faithfull to your Countrey. 'Tis for this, my Lord, that your Enemies call you Politician; but it is such a one, that our Saviour Commanded his Disciples to be, for your Actions are made up of the serpentine wisdom and the Dove-like Innocency; a mixture that makes and Establishes the best Policy. I am unawares entered into the large field of your great Virtues, where I might expatiate and shew my Rhetorick, having so ample and so good a Theam; but my Intention is
not

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not at this time to write a Panegyrick, though your merits deserve it, for I know your Lordship is above the tinkling sound of praise, and that you abhor the tickling Musick of Flattery, or any thing that shall seem like it; and though I should speak nothing but known Truths, the severity of your modest Virtue would stop my mouth: I shall therefore, after craving your Lordships pardon, and humbly desiring your Acceptance, only subscribe my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble,

and Devoted Servant,

S. Pordage.

THE AUTHOR

HIS PREFACE to the READER.

Christian Reader, we cannot sufficiently bewail the iniquity of these last and worst days of the world, in which the crying and scarlet-sin of Murther makes so ample, and so bloody a progression: for we now scarce turn our ear or eye any where, but we shall be enforced, either to hear with pity the mournfull effects, or to see with grief the lamentable Tragedies thereof: as if we now so much degenerated from our selves, or our hearts from our souls, to think that *Christ were no longer our shepherd, or we the sheep of his Pasture*: or as if we were become such wretched and execrable Athiests, to believe *There were no Heaven, to reward the righteous, or Hell to punish the ungodly*. But, if we will divert our hearts from earth to Heaven, and raise and erect our souls from Satan to God, we shall then not only see what engendereth this diabolical passion in us, but also find the means to detect, and root it out from amongst us.

Psal. 23. 1.
Psa. 100. 3.

Mat. 25. 33-43

To which end it is requisite, we first consider, that our enemies who oppose our tranquility in this life, and our felicity in that to come, are neither so few in number, nor so weak in power, that we should think our selves able to vanquish, ere we fight with them; for we have to fight with the bewitching World, the alluring Flesh, and the enticing devil: not with three simple Soldiers, or poor Pigmies, but with three valiant and puissant Chieftants, subtil to incamp, dangerous to assail, and powerful to fight.

The World, that it may bewitch us to his will, assails us with Wealth, Riches, Dignities, Honours, Preferments, Sumptuous houses, perfumed Beds, Vessels of gold and silver, pompous apparel, delicious fare, variety of sweet Musick, Dancing, Masks, and Stage-plays, delicate Horses, rich Coaches, and Infinite Attendants, with a thousand other inticements and allurements.

The Flesh presents us with Youth, Beauty, *The lust of the eye, and the pride of life*; with *inordinate affection and lascivious desires*, with a piercing eye, a vermilion cheek, golden hair and a slender waste. And although it discover us not all these perfections of nature in one personage; yet, he shews most of them in divers: and then if any thing want to captivate our affections, we shall hear them marry their Syren voice to their own Lutes and Vials, or their dancing feet to those of others: or if this will not suffice, then Perfuming, Powdering, Crisping, Painting, Amorous kisses, Sweet smiles, Sugared speeches, Wanton embracings, and Lascivious dalliance, will undertake to play a world in love. On the other side, Strength, Nimbleness, Agility of body, Sloth, Luxury, Gluttony, Intemperancy, Drunkenness, Voluptuousness and Sensuality, will cast us out so fair (I mean so treacherous) a Lure, as if we stoop thereto, we shall buy our pleasure with repentance, and our delight therein will prove our ruine and destruction.

Col. 2.

And now, if neither the world, nor the flesh can entangle, or insnare our hearts, *Then comes the Devil, that roaring Lyon, who walks about, seeking whom he may devour, that mortal enemy, and arch-traytor to our souls, that Prince of darkness, whose subtilty is the more dangerous, and malice the more fatal, in that he transforms himself into an Angel of light, thereby to make us heirs and slaves of his obscure kingdom*: yea, he will proffer us more than either our tongues can demand, or our hearts desire; for all the pomp, treasure, and pleasures of the world, yea all that is in the world, and the world it self, he will prostrate and give us, if we will consent to obey him, and promise to fall down and adore him; and for a pledge of his infernal bounty and liberality, he will puff us up with Pride, Arrogancy, Ambition, Vain-glory, Ostentation, Disdain, Covetousness, Singularity, Affectation, Confidence, Security: and if all these allurements will not prevail to subdue us, he hath yet reserved troops and Forces, and another string to his Bow: for then exchanging his smiles into frowns, and his calms to storms, he will give us Pensiveness, Grief of mind and body, affliction, sorrow, discontent, choler, envy, indignation, despair, revenge, and the like.

1. Pet. 5. 8.

Rev. 12. 9.

John 12. 31.

Eph. 6. 12.

1. Cor. 11. 6.

Luke 4. 6. 7.

Yea, he will watch us at every turn, and wait on us at every occasion: for, are we bent to
a 2
revenge;

The Preface.

revenge, he will blow the coals to our choler: are we given to sorow and discontent, he will thrust and hale us on to despair: are we inclined to wantonness, and lasciviousness, he will fit us with means and opportunity to accomplish our carnal desires: or, are we addicted to covetousness and honours, he will either cause us to break our hearts, or our necks to obtain it: for it is indifferent to him, either how or in what manner we enlarge and fill up the empty rooms of his vast and infernal Kingdom.

Thus we see how powerfull our three capital Enemies are; yea, what a cloud, nay what a world of subordinate means and instruments they have, not only to ensnare, but to destroy us: yea, not only to conquer our hearts, but, which is worse, to make shipwrack of our souls: and from hence comes our misery: yea, from these three fatal trees we gather the bitter fruit of our perdition.

But against all these temptations and dangers, against all these our professed enemies in general, and each of them in particular; we may swim in the Ocean of the world without drowning, and pilgrimage upon the face of the earth without terrour or destruction, if we will consider, and in considering remember, that *God is our Creator, Christ our Saviour, and the Holy Ghost our Sanctifier and Comforter*: that we are honoured with the resemblance of God, whose stamp and character we bear, and enriched with immortal and living souls: which sacred privileges and divine prerogatives lift us up by many degrees of excellency above the rest of all his creatures, whom he hath made for our service, and we only to serve and glorifie Him. That he hath made the world for a thorow-fare, and us as passengers, that we have no abiding City here, but must seek one in the world to come: That the world is ours but for a season, and Heaven our patrimony and inheritance for ever: That the pomp and pleasures thereof are but transitory and temporary, and that the vanity thereof passeth away as dust or smoke before the wind, whereas those of Heaven are both immortal and eternal: *That our flesh is but like flowers that fade, and grass that withereth*, but a mass of corruption, a tabernacle of clay, and a coffin of dust and ashes, that the best of its beauty is but vanity and deformity, and the end of its Bravery but rottenness and putrefaction: I say, we spurn at the vanity of the world, condemn the pleasures of the flesh, and scoff at the temptations of Satan; using the first, as if we used it not, making the second the *Temple of the Holy Ghost*, and not the members of a Harlot; and that we are so far from fearing as we desire the third, *Setting our affections on things that are above, and not on things of the earth*: for if we will be heirs of the Church Triumphant, we must be first Soldiers of the Militant, and so following the advice and direction of the Apostle, stand against all these our enemies, *Having the whole spiritual Armour girt about us, as the girdle of Truth, the Breastplate of Righteousness, the Shield of Faith, the Helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit*, not to catch at these allurements, or to be caught by them; not to strike fail, or to stoop to these afflictions: or to hang down our heads, as if we gave way to them, or were contented that our weakness should yield to their strength, or our joys to their afflictions: rather to stand up courageously, and to repel and resist manfully, considering that we are not only heirs, but coheirs with Jesus Christ, in the participation and felicity of that Heavenly *Hierusalem*, whose joys are infinite, and glory eternal.

I deny not, but afflictions and temptations may befall us; yea I acknowledg they are subject and incident to the best and dearest of Gods children, whom he will trie in the fire, to see whether they will prove silver, or dross: yea, he will come with his fan and winnow them, to see whether they are Wheat or Chaff, Corn or Darnel: But the Children of God should *rejoyce in tribulation, and account it exceeding joy, when they are tempted*: yea, they must consider, that *God tempteth no man with evil*: but it is our own concupiscence that draws and enticeth us to it. In which respect, we may justly say, it is a folly to hearken to temptation, but a misery and madness to follow and embrace it.

For why should discontent cast us into despair, except we will resemble the foolish Sailor, who abandoneth the Helm in a storm when he hath most need to use it? or the simple fish, that leaps from the pan to fire: Or those ignorant Fools, who to shelter themselves from the rain run into the River? For are we tempted? *The Lord will hold us up by his right hand*, yea, he will not fail those that seek him: *For he is our rock and our fortress, our shield, and our refuge*, yea, although he hath wounded us, he will bind up our wounds. And that we may yet see a farther benefit, that accrue to those that are tempted, let us reade with joy and retain with comfort, that, *Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, he shall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to those that love him*: yea, they that trust in the Lord shall be as *Mount Sion, which cannot be removed but abideth for ever*.

When therefore (among other temptations) choler so far prevaleth with us (or rather the

Gen. 1. 27.

Psal. 11. 5. 6.

Joh. 10. 21.

11. 25.

Gen. 2. 7.

Gen. 1. 28.

Ma. 43. 21.

Heb. 13. 14.

Psal. 132. 3.

Isa. 40. 7.

Psal. 39. 5.

1 Cor. 6. 15.

Col. 3. 2.

Ephes. 6.

Rom. 5. 3.

James 1. 2.

James 3. 14.

1st. 4. 14.

1st. 4. 14.

1st. 4. 14.

Psal. 124. 8.

Psal. 9. 10.

Psal. 18. 2.

Hos. 6. 1.

Jam. 1. 12.

Psal. 135. 1.

The Preface.

the Devil with our choler) that we imagine mischief in our hearts, or lift up our hands against our Christian Brother, let us then consider what the Apostle tells us from God: *He that hates his Brother, walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whether he goeth: yea, He that loves not his Brother, is not of God.* Hath any one therefore offended thee? why, consider he is a man and no Angel, and as subject to infirmities as thy self: as also, that he is thy Brother by Creation and Adoption, by Nature and by Grace, and that he bears the same Image and Resemblance of God as thy self dost: in which regard thou art counselled, *Not to let the Sun go down on thy wrath: That thou seek after peace: and follow it: That we forbear and forgive one another, as Christ forgives us, and that if we live in peace the God of peace will be with us.*

1 John 21. 1.
1 John 4. 10.
Ephes. 4. 26.
1 Pet. 3. 9.
Colos. 3. 13.
Psal. 14. 58.

But some there are (yea alas, too too many) who are so hardened in their hearts and sins, and so resolute in their wilfulness, as instead of relishing, they distaste; and instead of embracing, reject and disdain this Christian advice and Counsell, opening their thoughts and hearts to all vanities, or rather drawing up the Sluces and Flood-gates to let in all impiety to their souls, they give way to the treacherous baits of the world, to the alluring pleasures of the Flesh, and to the dangerous and fatal temptations of the Devil, and so cruelly imbrew their hands in the innocent blood of their Christian Brethren; and although the murders of *Abel* by *Cain* out of Envy, of *Uriah* by *David* for Adultery, of *Abner* by *Joab* for Ambition, of *Naboth* by *Jezabel* for malice, and of *Jehu* his Sons by *Athaliah* for Revenge (with their several punishments which God inflicted on them for these their heinous and horrible crimes) are present enough fearful and bloody; to make any Christian heart dissolve into pity, and a regenerate soul melt into tears, yet such new examples engenders and produce fresh effects of sorrow and compassion, and as it were leave and imprint a sensible memory thereof in our hearts and understandings, therefore I thought it a work as worthy of my labour (as that labour of a Christian) to collect thirty several Tragical Histories, which for thy more easy and perfect memory, I have digested into six several Books, that observing and seeing herein as in a Crystal Mirrour, the variety of the Devils temptations, and the allurements of sin, wherewith these weak Christians (the Authors and Actors hereof) suffered themselves to be carried away and seduced: Considering, I say the foulness of their facts in procuring the deaths of their Christian Brethren, some through blood, others through poison: as also Gods miraculous detection and severe punishment thereof, in revenging blood for blood, and death for death: yea many times repaying it home with interest, and rewarding one death with many; that the consideration of these bloody and mournful Tragedies, may by their examples, strike astonishment to our thoughts, and amazement to our senses, that the horror and terror thereof may hereafter retain and keep us within the lists of charity towards men, and the bounds of filial and religious obedience towards God, who tells us by his Royal Prophet, that *whosoever maketh a pit for others shall fall into it himself: for his mischief will return upon his own head, and his cruelty fall upon his own pate.* Which we shall see verified in these, who seduced partly by Sin, but chiefly by Satan, who is the author thereof, forgot the counsell of the Apostle, *if any one be afflicted, let him pray:* and grieved to pour forth their hearts before God: not considering the efficacy thereof; nor how *Moses* made the bitter waters of *Marah* sweet thereby: yea they builded not their faith on God, and his promises, on Christ and his Church, on his Gospell and his Sacraments, but spurned at all these Divine comforts and spiritual blessings, yea and trampled that sweet smelling sacrifice of prayer under their feet, which is the antidote and preservative of the Soul against sin, and the Bulwark to expell all the fiery and bloody darts of Satans temptations: yea, the very ladder whereby both aspirations and ejaculations of our Souls mount unto God; and his benefits and mercies descend unto us: and this and only this, was both the Prologue to their destruction, and their destruction it self: the which I present unto the view, not only of thine eyes, but of thy heart and soul, because it is a virtue in us to look on other mens vices with hatred and detestation, imitating herein the wise and skilfull Pilot, who mounts to see the Rocks, whereon his neighbours have suffered shipwrack: and yet again rejoiceth, that by the sight thereof he may avoid his own; which indeed is the true way, both to secure our safety, and to prevent our destruction, as well of the Temporal life of our Bodies in this World, as the Spiritual of our Souls in that to come.

Gen. 4. 8.
2 Sam. 11. 17.
and 3. 27.
1 King 21. 13.
and 21. 1.

Psal. 7. 14. 15.

James 5. 13.
Psal. 61. 8.
Exod. 16. 13.

I must further advise thee, that I have purposely fetched these Tragical Histories from foreign parts, because it grieves me to report and relate those that are too frequently committed in our own Country, in respect the misfortune of the dead may perchance either afflict, or scandalize their living friends; who rather want matter of new consolation, then cause of reviving old sorrows; or because the iniquity of the times is such, that

it

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it is as easie to procure many enemies, as difficult to purchase one true friend : in which respect, I know that divers, both in matters of this, and of other natures, have been so cautious to disguise and mark their Actors, under the vails of other names ; and sometimes been inforced to lay their Scenes in strange and unknown Countryes.

For mine own part, I have illustrated and polished these Histories, yet not framed them according to the Model of mine own fancies, but of their passions, who have represented and personated them : and therefore if in some places they seem too amorous, or in other too bloody, I must justly retort the imperfections thereof on them, and not thy self on me ; sith I onely represent what they have acted, and gave that to the publick which they obscurely perpetrated in private.

My intent, desire, and prayer, is, that if thou art strong in Christ, perusing and reading of these Histories may confirm thy faith, and thy defiance of all sins in general, and of Murther in particular ; or if thou art but weak in the rules of Christian fortitude and piety, that hereby it may incourage and arm thee against the allurements of the world, and the Flesh ; but especially against the snares and enticements of the Devil, which may stir thee up either to Wrath, Despair, Revenge, or Murther : that by the contemplation thereof, thou maist resemble the Bee and not the Spider, and so draw hony from all flowers, but poyson from none.

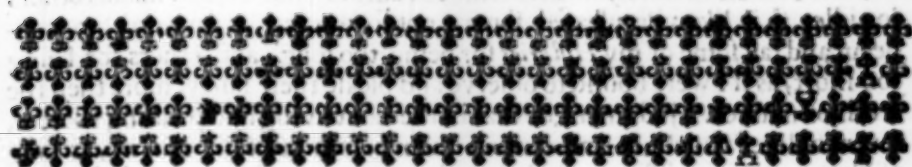
It shall be the felicity of my thoughts, and the glory of my content and labour, if by the sight of these Histories, thou reap any spirital comfort or encouragement in this *Christian Warfare* against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, our three professed and fatal enemies, or if thou wilt be so wilfully negligent of thine own good, as to ride post by other mens sins and vices, yet with leisure take a curious and exact survey of thy own ; and in seeing them, not onely endeavour but strive to reform them.

If this first Book of my Tragical Histories work any good effect in thee, in causing thee to assume and take on a resolution to hate these sins in thy self, and to detest them in others ; then the five other parts which I owe to my promise, and the frontispiece to thee, shall not be kept back, or with-held thee, but in due time succeed this their elder sister : having purposely enlarged thee this my Preface, because this one shall serve for all six Books, at least if the rest be so happy to see the world, or I so fortunate, that the world may see them. In the mean time hoping that thy courtesie and charity will wink at some defects and imperfections, which may herein have slipt either from my Pen, or the Press, and whereof the malice of some, or peradventure the ignorance of others may accuse themselves by condemning me ; I recommend these my labours from their passion to thy friendship ; from their censure to thy judgement : and us all to the protection of God, *Who is our life, and the strength of our days. To whom be glory for evermore.*

Thy Christian Friend

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The



THE
AUTHOR
HIS
READVERTISEMENT
TO THE
Judicious Christian Reader.

THat my promise owed six of these Books of *Gods Revenge against Murder* to the World, the Title, and my Epistle (to the Reader) of the first Book, doth apparently testifie: It is now some ten years since that I published the third thereof; since when, my time and leisure hath been still so interrupted, and (as it were) cut asunder by many different intervening accidents, that I a long time both doubted and feared that the three last Books would have absolutely dyed upon the Design: But I praise and bless God, (he hath been so favourable to my desires, and so propitious to my intentions and resolutions) that I have cleared that doubt and secured this fear; for now (by his sacred Assistance and Providence) I have fully and compleatly finished them, and do here present all six Books to thee in one intire Volumn. I am not so vain or presumptuous to think that they deserve to be seen and read of more Judicious; for my thoughts aspire to nothing unproportionable to my mean abilities: I knew it was a singular great and excellent point of wisdom in *Socrates*, who (by the Oracle of *Apollo*) was deemed the wisest of Men, to confess and acknowledge to the world, *That he knew but one thing, which was, that he knew nothing.*

But here, before I proceed farther, I must let the World know, that I understand there are a generation of peoples who have been so strangely ignorant, as to give out, that these my *Histories* are not *Originals*, but *Translations*, either from *Italian* or *French*; all which (with equal Truth and Modesty) I firmly contradict and deny, whether they regard *Matter*, *Manner*, *Method*, or *Phrase*, *Place*, or *Persons*: for contrariwise I found out the grounds of them in my Travels, and at my own leisure) composed and penned them, according to the rule of my weak Fancy and Capacity, they being so far from *Translations*, that as I have hitherto refused to imitate any therein, but my self, so had I been so ambitious or vain-glorious to have given way, or consent to it, some friends of mine in *Paris*, had long since done the three first Books into *French*, from my first *Original* thereof: But knowing Humility to be the fairest Ornament of a *Writer*, and Modesty best to become *Virtuous Minds*, I have hitherto prevented it, and do still resolve so to do.

Now

The Re-AdVERTISEMENT.

Now because as *Idleness* makes some too curious, and *Curiosity* makes others too idle, so it likewise pleased some (not so discreet as forward) to condemn and tax some of my *Histories* for being too long, and others for being too short, as if I were bound to observe and please their fancy, more then the truth, or mine own judgment; or that in the contriving and penning thereof, I were obliged to delight and content them before my self. No, no, as long as I know men are different in their opinions and censures, as in their countenances and complexions, I shall rather connive and not regard their (worthy to be pitied) ignorance, and resolve and content my self to content and pass by, rather than to esteem or grieve at it. They will first I hope read, before they understand, and let me then request them also, that they will first understand, before they either censure, or tax any part of what they read; & so I doubt not, but they will both see, and find, that in the penning and publishing of these *Histories*, if I am not worthy of their *Love*, yet (at least) their unjust *Envy* and *Detraction* is every way unworthy of me, and that although many Books of these our time are not particularly approved and liked of for the present, yet it is not impossible for the future both to respect and honour them; and so I leave these uncharitable *Zoylists* to sleep, standing in the simplicity of their ignorance, if they will not be rectified and reformed by warning. And I will now direct my pen to the wise and religious Christian Readers, who will know what singular good effects it worketh in their hearts, first to read with understanding, and then to apply with charity and prudence, for whose sakes solely I have added these my three last Books of *Gods Revenge against the Crying Sin of Wilful Murther*, to the three former; for I send them to the publick good, whereunto all our Endeavours should tend, to the Propagation of *Christian Love* and *Charity* among men, whereat all our Enterprizes should aim, and to the flourishing advancement of Gods honour and glory, to which all the thoughts of our Hearts, and Faculties of our Souls should chiefly aspire and level.

And because *Scaliger* affirms, *That nothing so soon allures or draws a Reader to peruse and Read, as a strange Theam and Argument*: Therefore this Path being seldom (if ever) troden or beaten by any other, I am so far from despairing, as I am confident, at least of thy acceptance, if not of thy approbation of these my labours; and the sooner, because as thou hast heretofore disburthened my *Stationer* of the three first of these Books, so he (in compensation thereof) hath now drawn the three last of them from me to the *Press*, with a more than common, and usual importunity; and I shall bear this content to my grave, & I hope from thence to Heaven, that in penning of them all I shall leave no pernicious Air behind me, to infect Youth with Scurrility, or corrupt their Manners and Inclinations with Incentives to Lewdness and Vanity; which as it is the shame of this our age, so it ought to be the care of every good Man, to shun that which so many of our lewd and lascivious Pamphlets do not. In writing hereof, I have consecrated my Pen rather to Instruction than Eloquence, and to Charity rather than Curiosity, and have made it my chiefeft Care, Ambition, and Conscience, to profit thy Soul, rather than to please thine Ear, and to favour more of Heaven than Earth; Yea, I affirm (with equal truth and boldness), that I have written it with so innocent a Pen, that the purest and most unstained Virgin shall not need to make her beautiful Cheeks guilty of the least Blush in perusing it all over.

It is with no small cost and labour, that I first procured, then penned these *Histories*, and have now polished and prepared them to the *press*, as well for
the

To the Christian Reader.

the extirpating of that *Execrable Sin of Murther* (which cries so loud to Heaven for Vengeance) as also to shew thee, Gods sacred Justice, and righteous Judgments in the Vindication of the inhuman Authors thereof, to the end, that (by the knowledg and reading of them) thou maiest become more Charitable, and more hate cruelty, by their wretched and lamentable examples: having herein endeavoured (as much as in me lies) to make my *Reader* a Spectator, first of these their foul and bloody Crimes, and then of their condign and exemplary punishments, which (as a dismal storm and terrible tempest from Heaven) fell on them on Earth when they least dreamt or thought thereof.

And here to conclude this my *Re advertisement* to thee, I Religiously from my heart intreat thee to respect the matter, not the Words, and the Importance and Consequence, more then the Dressing of these thirty several *Tragical Histories*, whiles I will account and esteem it a far greater Happiness for my self, to learn true Charity, and the true fear of God in writing them, than to presume of my Ability to instruct and teach others by reading them, because I may Justly and truly say with *Lipsius*, That my aim and desire in publishing of them, *It is not that I might be made greater, but better thereby, and (if it please God) others by me.*

What Spiritual Fortitude, or Benefit, thou receivest by their knowledg and contemplation, I exhort thee, in stead of giving me any Thanks, to reserve and give them wholly to God, who is the giver of all good things, yea, the Father of Mercies, and the God of all Comfort and Consolation, to whose Grace I commit thee, desiring thee to assist me with thy favourable opinion, and dayly prayers to his Throne of Grace, as I shall ever be ready to requite thee with mine.



A T A B L E

Of the Contents of all the Histories, contained in the whole Six Books.

The Contents of the First Book.

HISTORY I. *A French History.*

Hautefelia causeth Le Frelnay an Apothecary, to poison her Brother Grand Pre and his Wife Mermanda, and is likewise the cause that her said Brother kills de Malleray her own Husband in a Duel. La Frelnay condemned to be hanged for a Rape, on the Ladder confesseth his two former murders, and says that Hautefelia seduced and hired him to perform them: Hautefelia is likewise apprehended: And so for these cruel murders they are both put to severe and cruel Deaths.

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HIST. II. *A Spanish History.*

Pifano betrayeth Gasperino of his Mistress Christineta. Gasparino challengeth Pifano for this Disgrace, and kills him in the field; He after continueth his Suit to Christineta. She dissembles her malice for Pifano his Death. She appoints Gasparino to meet her in a Garden; and there causeth Bianco and Brindoli to murder him. They are all three taken and executed for the same.

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HIST. III. *A French History.*

Mortaign, under the promise of Marriage, gets Josselina with Child, and after converting his love into hatred, causeth La Verdure and La Palma to murder both her and her young son. The jealousy of Isabella to her Husband La Palma is the cause of the discovery hereof; they are all three taken & executed for the same. p. 29

HIST. IV. *A Spanish History.*

Beatrice-Joanna, to marry Alfemero, causeth de Flores to murder Alonso Piracquo who was a suter to her. Alfemero marries her, and finding de Flores and her in adultery, kills them both. Thomaso Piracquo challengeth Alfemero for his Brothers death. Alfemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body thrown into the Sea: At his execution, he confesseth, that his Wife and de Flores murdered Alonso Piracquo: their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes thrown into the air.

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HIST. V. *An Italian History.*

Alibius murdereth his Wife Merilla, he is discovered, first, by Bernardo, then by Emelia his own Daughter: so he is apprehended and hanged for the fact.

The

The Contents.

The Contents of the Second Book.

HIST. VI. *An Italian History.*

Victorina causeth Syponthus to stab and murder her first Husband Sourauza, and she herself poysoneth Fassino her second: so they both being miraculously detected, and convicted of these their cruel murders, he is beheaded, and she hanged and burnt for the same.

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HIST. VII. *A Portugal History.*

Catalina causeth her waiting-maid Anfilva, two several times to attempt to poyson her own Sister Berinthia: wherein failing, she afterwards makes an Emperick, termed Sarmiata, to poyson her said maid Anfilva: Catalina is killed with a Thunder bolt, and Sarmiata hanged for poysoning Anfilva. Antonio steals Berinthia away by her own consent: whereupon her Brother Sebastiano fights with Antonio, and kills him in a Duel: Berinthia, in revenge hereof, afterwards murdereth her Brother Sebastiano: she is adjudged to be immured 'twixt two walls, and there languisheth and dies.

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HIST. VIII. *A French History.*

Belluile treacherously murdereth Poligny in the street, Laurieta, Poligny's Mistress, betrayeth Belluile to her Chamber, and there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistol, when assisted by her waiting-maid Lucilla, they likewise give him many wounds with a Poniard, and so murder him. Lucilla flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and Laurieta is taken and hanged, and burnt for the same.

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HIST. IX. *An Italian History.*

Jacomo de Castelnovo, lustfully falls in love with his Daughter in Law Perina, his own Son Francisco de Castlenovo's Wife: whom to enjoy, he causeth Jerantha first to poyson his own Lady Fidelia, and then his said son Francisco de Castlenovo; in revenge whereof, Perina treacherously murdered him in his Bed. Jerantha ready to dye in travel with child, confesseth her two murders, for the which she is hanged and burnt. Perina hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetual imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dies.

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HIST. X. *An Italian History.*

Bertolini seeks Paulina in marriage, but she loves Sturio, and not himself: he prays her Brother Brellati his dear friend, to solicit her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevail: whereupon Bertolini lets fall some disgraceful speeches, both against her honour and his reputation: for which Brellati challengeth the field of him, where Bertolini kills him, and he flies for the same. Sturio seeks to marry her, but his father will not consent thereunto, and conveys him away secretly: for which two disasters, Paulina dyes for sorrow. Sturio finds out Bertolini, and sends him a challeng, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kills Sturio with a Petronel in the street from a window: he is taken for this second murder, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River.

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The Contents of the Third Book.

HIST. XI. *A French History.*

De Salez killeth Vaumartin in a Duel; La Hay causeth Michael to poyson La Frange; De Salez loves La Hay, and because his Father Argentier will not consent that he marry her, stifles him in his bed, and then takes her to his Wife: she turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuseth her of this bloody fact, and himself for murdering his Father Argentier: so his dead body is hang'd to the Gallows, then burnt; La Hay confesseth this murder, and likewise that she caused Michael, to poyson La Frange: she hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive; Michael is broken on the Wheel, and his dead body thrownt into the River. pag. 135

HIST. XII. *A Spanish History.*

Albemare causeth Pedro and Leonardo to murder Baretano, and he after marrieth Clara, whom Baretano first sought to marry. He causeth his man Valerio to poyson Pedro in prison, and by a Letter which Leonardo sent him, Clara perceives that her Husband Albemare had hired and caused Pedro and Leonardo to murder her first Lover Baretano: which Letter she reveals to the Judge; so he is hanged, and likewise Valerio and Leonardo for these their bloody crimes. p. 161

HIST. XIII. *A French History.*

La Vasselay poysoneth her waiting-maid Gratiana, because she is jealous that her husband De Merson is dishonest with her; whereupon he lives from her; in revenge whereof she causeth his man La Villette to murder him in a wood, and then marries him in requital. The said La Villette riding a year after through the same wood, his Horse falls with him, and almost kills him; then he confesseth the murder of his Master De Merson, and accuseth his wife La Vasselay to be the cause thereof: so for these their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and she is burnt alive. p. 171.

HIST. XIV. *An Italian History.*

Fidelia and Cælestina cause Carpi and Monteleon, with their two Lackies Lorenzo and Anselmo, to murder their Father Captain Benevente, which they perform. Monteleon and his Lacky Anselmo are drowned. Fidelia hangs herself, Lorenzo is hanged for a robbery, and on the Gallows confesseth the murdering of Benevente, Carpi hath his right hand, then his head cut off; Cælestina is beheaded, and her body burnt. pag. 117.

HIST. XV. *A Swedish History.*

Maurice like a bloody Villain, and damnable Son, throws his mother Christina into a Well, and drowns her: the same hand and arm of his, wherewith he did it, rots away from his body; and being discredited of his wits in Prison, he there confesseth this foul and inhuman murder, for the which he is hanged. 200.

The Contents of the Fourth Book.

HIST. XVI. *A Portugall History.*

Ideaques causeth his Son Don Juan to marry Marfillia, then commits adultery and Incest with her; she makes her Father in law Ideaques to poyson his old wife Honoria, and likewise makes his own Brother De Perez to kill her Chamber-maid Mathurina; Don Juan afterwards kills De Perez in a Duel; Marfillia hath her brains dash'd out by a Horse, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt; Ideaques is beheaded, his body consumed to ashes, and thrown into the air. p. 217

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HIST. XVII. *A French History.*

Harcourt steals away his Brother Vimory's wife, Masserina, and keeps her in Adultery. She hireth Tivoly (an Italian Mountebank) to poyson La Precouverte, who was Harcourts wife: Harcourt kills his Brother Vimory, and then marries his Widow Masserina: Tivoly is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuseth Masserina for hiring him to poyson La Precouverte; for the which she is likewise hanged. Noel (who was Harcourts man) on his death-bed suspecteth and accuseth his said Master for killing of his Brother Vimory, whereof Harcourt being found guilty he is broken alive on the wheel for the same. p. 233.

HIST. XVIII. *A Venetian History.*

Romeo (the Lackey of Borlary) kills Radegonda the Chamber-maid of the Lady Felisanna in the street, and is hanged for the same: Borlary afterwards hireth Castruchio (an Apothecary) to poyson her husband Seignior Planeze, for the which Castruchio is hanged and his body thrown into the River, and Borlary is beheaded and then burnt. p. 251.

HIST. XIX. *A French History.*

Beumarays, and his Brother Montaign, kill Champigny and Marin, (his second) in a Duel; Blancheville (the Widow of Champigny) in revenge thereof hireth Le Valley (who was servant to Beumarays) to murder his said Master with a Pistol, the which he doth; for the which Le Valley is broken on a wheel, and Blancheville hanged for the same. p. 268.

HIST. XX. *An Italian History.*

Lorenzo murdereth his wife Fermia, he some twenty years after (as altogether unknown) robbeth his (and her) Son Thomaso, who likewise not knowing Lorenzo to be his Father, doth accuse him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged. p. 281

The Contents of the Fifth Book.

HIST. XXI. *An Italian History.*

Baptistyna and Amarantha poyson their eldest Sister Jaquinra; after which Amarantha causeth her servants Bernardo and Pieria to strangle her eldest Sister Baptistyna in her Bed; Bernardo flying away, breaks his neck with a fall off his Horse; Pieria is hanged for the same, so likewise Amarantha, and her body after burnt; Bernardo being buried, his body is again taken up, and hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his ashes thrown into the River. p. 992

HIST. XXII. *A Spanish History.*

Martino poysoneth his Brother Pedro, and murdereth Monfredo in the street: He afterwards grows mad, and in his confession reveals both these murders to Father Thomas his Ghostly Father; who, afterwards dying reveals it in his letter to Cecilliana, who was Widow to Monfredo, and Sister to Pedro and Martino. Martino hath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same. p. 337

HIST. XXIII. *A Milan History.*

Alphonso poysoneth his own Mother Sophia, and afterwards shoots and kills Cassino (as he was walking in his Garden) with a short musket (or Carabine) from a window. He is beheaded for these two murders, then burnt, and his ashes thrown into the River. p. 335.

HIST. XXIV. *A French History.*

Pont Chaufey kills La Roche in a Duel. Quatbriffon causeth Moncallier (an Apo-

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Apothecary) to poyson his own Brother Valfontaine; Moncallier after falls, and breaks his neck from a pair of stairs. Quatbrisson likewise causeth his Father's Miller Pierot to murder and strangle Marieta in her Bed, and to throw her body into his Mill pond. Pierot the Miller is broken alive on a wheel, and Quatbrisson first beheaded, then burnt for the same.

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HIST. XXV. *A German History.*

Vasti first murdereth his Son George, and next poysoneth his own wife Hester, and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he revealeth these his two murders, for the which he is first hanged, and then burnt.

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The Contents of the Sixth Book

HIST. XXVI. *An Italian History.*

Imperia for the love she bears to young Morosini, seduceth and causeth him (with his two consorts Astonicus and Donato) to stifle to death her old husband Palmerius, in his bed: Morosini misfortunately letting fall his gloves in Palmerius his Chamber, that night which he did it, they are found by Richardo the Nephew of Palmerius, who knows them to be Morosini's, and doth thereupon accuse him and his Aunt Imperia for the murder of his Uncle. So they, together with their accessaries Astonicus and Donato, are all four of them apprehended and hanged for the same.

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HIST. XXVII. *A French History.*

Father Justinian a Priest, and Adrian an Inn-keeper, poyson De Laurier, who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a month after a Wolf digs him up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father Justinian and Adrian understanding, they fly upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.

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HIST. XXVIII. *A Spanish History.*

Hippolito murdereth Garcia in the street by night, for the which he is hanged. Dominica with her Chamber-maid Denisa poysoneth her husband Roderigo; Denisa after strangleth her new born Babe, and throws it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged; on the Ladder she confesseth that she was accessary, with her Lady Dominica, in the poysoning of her husband Roderigo; for the which Dominica is apprehended, and likewise hanged.

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HIST. XXIX. *An Italian History.*

Sanctifiore (upon promise of marriage) gets Ursina with child, and then afterwards very ingratelously and treacherously rejecteth her, and marries Bertranna: Ursina being sensible of this her disgrace, disguiseth her self in a Friars habit, and with a case of Pistols kills Sanctifiore as he is walking in the fields, for the which she is hanged.

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HIST. XXX. *A Portugal History.*

De Mora treacherously kills Palura in a Duel, with two Pistols: His Lady Belinda with the aid of her Gentleman-Usher Ferallo, poysoneth her Husband De Mora, and afterwards she marryeth and murdereth her said Husband Ferallo in his Bed; so she is burnt alive for this her last murder, and her ashes thrown into the air for the first.

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The Triumphs of Gods Revenge against the Crying
and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY I.

*Hautefelia causeth La Fresna an Apothecary, to poison her brother Grand Pre, and his Wife Mer-
manda, and is likewise the cause that her said Brother kills De Malleray her own Husband in a Duel;
La Fresna condemned to be hanged for a Rape; on the Ladder confesseth his two former Murthers; and
says that Hautefelia seduced and hired him to perform them; Hautefelia is likewise apprehended, and
so for the cruel Murthers, they are both put to severe and cruel deaths.*

IF our Contemplation dive into elder times, and our curiosity turn over the variety of an-
cient and modern Histories (as well Divine as Humane) we shall find that Ambition, Revenge,
and Murther, have ever proved fatal crimes to their undertakers: for they are vices which to e-
clipse

clipse our judgments, and darkens our understandings; as we shall not only see with grief, but find with repentance, that they will bring us shame or glory; affliction for content, and misery for felicity. Now as they are powerful in Men; so they are (sometimes) implacable in Women, who (with as much vanity as malice) delight in their sins: as if they could add grace to their bodies, that deforms their souls, or lustre and prosperity to their days, that makes shipwrack both of their fortunes and lives. It is with grief and pity (yea not with passion, but compassion) that I instance this in a Gentlewoman, who was born to honour, and not to shame; had not these three aforesaid vices (like so many infernal Furies) laid her glory in the dust, and drag'd her body to an untimely and infamous grave. It is a History that hath many sorrowful dependences, and which produceth variety of disastrous and mournful accidents: wherein (by the just judgment of God) we shall see Ambition bitterly scourged, Revenge sharply rewarded; and Murther severely punished; by whose example, if all that profess Religion become less impious, and more truly religious, we shall then lead the whole course of our lives, in such peaceful and happy tranquillity, as (arming our selves with resolution to live and die in the favour of Heaven) we need not fear either what earth, or hell can do unto us. The History is thus.

NEAR *Auxerre* a strong and ancient Town upon the Frontiers of *Burgundy*, and the free Country) dwelt an aged grave Gentleman, nobly descended, and of a very full demaynes) named *Monsieur de Grandmont*, who had to his wife a virtuous Lady, termed *Mademoiselle de Carme*, the only daughter of *Monsieur de Buseria* a worthy Gentleman of the City of *Dole*. This married couple for a long time lived in the greatest height of content, that either earth could afford, or their hearts could desire; for as one way they grew opulent in Lands and wealth, so another way they were indited with three hopeful Sons, *Grand Pre*, *Vileneuse*, and *Masseron*, and with two Daughters, *Mademoiselle de Hautevelia*, and *de Cressye*, a fair Posterity; they blest in their Parents and their Parents hoping themselves blest in them; sons (to the eye of the world) this one family promised to make many, (especially seeing the youngest of the five had already attained its tenth year) but God in his Providence ordained the contrary.

Grand Pre (as the first and chiefest Pillar of the house) craves leave of his Father that he might serve his Apprentiship in the Wars, under the command of that incomparable Captain, *Grave Maurice*, then Earl of *Nassau*, since Prince of *Orange*. *Vileneuse* delighting in Books; his Father thought fit to send to *Pont-au Mousson*; and thinking to retain *Masseron* with him, he for his beauty was begg'd a Page, by that valourous Marshal of *France*, who so willingly and unfortunately lost his Head in the *Bastile of Paris*.

As for their two Daughters: *Hautevelia* lived with her Parents; and *de Cressye* they presented to a great Lady of *Burgundy*, who was long since the most afflicted and sorrowful Wife and Mother to the *Barons of Lux*, Father and Son, who were both slain by that generous and brave *Young Prince*, the Duke of *Guise*.

But behold the inconstancy of fortune, or rather the Power and pleasure of Heaven which can soon metamorphose our mirth into mourning, our joy into tears, and our hopes into despair: for within the compass of one whole year, we shall see three of these five Children laid in their graves, and of three several deaths; for *Vileneuse* was drowned at *Pont-au Mousson*, as he bathed himself in the River; *Masseron* was killed in a Duel at *Fountainbleau* by *Reffat*, a *Gascon*, being Page to the Duke of *Espenon*; and *Hautevelia* died at home of a burning Feaver with her Parents, a triple loss, which doth not only afflict their hearts and souls, but also seems to drown their eyes with a deluge of mournful and sorrowful tears.

Grandmont and *de Carme* his Wife, being thus made unfortunate and wretched by the death of three of their Children, they resolve to call home their other two, to be comforts and props to their old age; but their hopes may deceive them. First, from the *Baroness of Lux* comes *de Cressye* who succeeding her Sister, we must now term by the name (or rather by the title) of *Hautevelia*; who hath a great and bloody part to act upon the Theatre of this History: after her, very shortly, come *Grand Pre* from *Holland*, where (in divers services) he left many honourable and memorable marks of his prowess and valour behind him.

Upon his arrival to his Fathers House, the flower of all the Nobility and Gentry of the Country come to condole with him, for the death of his Brothers and Sister, as also to congratulate his happy return (an office and complement which expresth much affection and civility) They find *Grand Pre* a compleat Gentleman, not in outward pride, but in inward generosity and virtue, not in the vanity of fashions and apparel, but in the perfection and indowments of his mind and body; he is wholly addicted to the exercise of War, and not to the use of dancing, tables; his delights are in the Camp of *Marx* and *Belona*, and not in the Palace of *Venus* and *Cupid*; well knowing that the one will breed him honour and glory, and the other shame and repentance; his pastimes are not crissing and powdering of his hair, quarrelling with his

his Taylor for the fashion of his Cloaths, dancing in Velvet pumps, and tracing the Streets in neat perfum'd Boots with jangling Spurs; yea, he resembleth not young spruce Courtiers, who think no Heaven to brave Apparel, nor Paradice to that of their Mistreis beauty: for he only practiseth riding of great Horses, Tilting, running at Ring, displaying of Colours, tossing the Pike, handling the Musket, ordering of Rank and File, thereby to make himself capable to conduct and embattail an Army, and to environ, fortifie, or besiege a City or Castle; or the like; yea, he spurns at the Lute and Viol, and vows there is no Musick to the ratling of the Drum and Trumpet, and to the thundring of the Musket and Cannon; but this Warlike and Martial humour of his shall not last long. Wherein we may observe the vanity of our thoughts, the inconstancy of our delights, and the alteration and mutability of our resolutions; for now we shall shortly see *Grand Pre* hate that he loved, and love that he hated; yea, we shall see him so plunge and drown himself in the beauty of a fair and sweet Gentlewoman, as he shall leave *Holland* for *Burgundy*, War for Peace, Arms for Love, and Enemies for a Mistreis: but time must work this alteration and metamorphosis.

The old Gentleman his Father seeing *Grand Pre's* Martial disposition, fears lest this ambitious and generous humour of his will induce him to seek Wars abroad, sith he finds none at home; and therefore desirous of his company and presence, in that it will sweeten his former afflictions, and give live to his future hopes and content, he proffers him the choice of many a rich and fair young Gentlewoman for his Wife, of the best and most antient Families in and near *Auxant*: but *Grand Pre* is deaf to these requests and motions, and thinks it a disparagement and blemish to his valour, if he should any way listen, or give ear thereto; the which his Father preceiving, and understanding, he bethinks himself of a further invention, and so resolves at Winter to leave the Countrey, and to recide in the City of *Dijon*, (famous for the ancient seat of the Dukes of *Burgundy*, and so for the present Court of Parliament) hoping that there amongst the multitude of sweet Ladies and Gentlewomen, wherewith that City is adorned, his son *Grand Pre* might at last espy some Paragon of Nature, whose beauty might have power to subdue and captivate his affections; and indeed (as the sequel will shew) the event answereth his expectation.

For on a Sunday morning in Lent, as *Grand Pre* went to the Royal Chappel to hear Father *Justinian* (a Capuchin Fryer) preach, he opposite to him espies a most delicate and beautiful young Lady, slender of body, tall of stature, fair of taint and complexion, having a quick and gracious eye, with pure and delicate hair of a flaxen colour, being infinitely rich in Apparel, yet far richer in the perfections and excellencies of a true and perfect beauty; in a word, she was so amiable and so lovely, so sweet, and so pleasing to his eyes, as at her very first sight *Grand Pre* could not refrain from blushing, as being ravished with the sweetness of so fair an object, so as his heart painted and beat within him, as being not accustomed to encounter with such beauties, or with such sudden passions and alterations.

Now by this time the young Gentlewoman (whose name we shall anon know) could not but perceive with what earnestness and delight *Grand Pre* beheld her, and seeing him to be a proper young Gallant, and richly apparelled and followed, she could not refrain from dying her Lilly cheeks with a Vermilion blush, which gave such grace to her beauty, and so inflamed our poor *Grand Pre*, as he could no longer resist the influence of such amorous assaults; and now it is that his thoughts strikes fail to affection, and his heart doth homage to beauty, so as he revokes his former opinion conceived against the power and dignity of Love, which he now holds erroneous, and in his heart vows that there is no such felicity in the world as to enjoy the Lady of his desires, whom his eyes and soul chiefly honour and adore: But if he be insuared and imprisoned in the fetters of her beauty, no less is she in those of his personage, only she is more coy and precise in the exterior demonstration thereof; for as he cannot keep his eyes from gazing on her, so she seems but to look on him by stealth, or if she transgress that Decorum, she immediately, in outward appearance, checks her eyes from ranging beyond the lists of modesty and discretion.

But by this time to the grief of our new Lovers, the Sermon is ended, and all prepare to depart, so their eyes with much discontent and unwillingness, for that time take leave each of other; and here *Grand Pre*, making a turn or two in the Church, is doubly tormented and perplexed, first with grief that he is deprived of his Mistreis sight, & then with sorrow, that he neither knows her, nor her name: But as love refines our wits, and gives an edg to our intentions, so he shews her to his Page, and sends him to make secret enquiry what she is. His Page speedily returns, and informs him that she is *Mademoiselle Mermanda*, eldest daughter to *Monsieur de Cressenville*, one of the chiefest Presidents of the Court of Parliament. *Grand Pre* extremely joyceth to know what she was, and far the more, in respect he sees it no disparagement either to himself or his House to marry her; and therefore omitting all other designs & resolutions (and bidding farewell to the Wars) he resolves to seek her in Marriage; to which end, the next day, he of set purpose, with a Gentleman or two of his intimate and familiar friends, insinuates himself into her Fathers house, who

being absent, whiles they entertain the mother, he (under colour of other conference) courts the Daughter: yea, now his affection is to her by many degrees redoubled, because he sees the excellency of her minde is answerable to that of her person; and now she coming likewise to know him, is as it were wrapt up in the contemplation of a thousand sweet contents, which so work on her affection, (or rather on her heart) as if he thinks himself happy in seeking such a Mistress, she esteems her self blest in finding such a Servant.

Grand Pre finds his first entertainment from *Mermanda* to be respective and pleasing; and so authorized by her countesse and advice, he taking time at advantage, goes to the old President her Father, and bewrays to him his affection to his Daughter, and the desire he hath to obtain her for his Wife: so having begun his suit, he leaves his Father *Grandmont* to finish it, and continually frequents the company of his beautiful Mistress *Mermanda*.

Her Father *Cressartville* dislikes not this match, but deems it both agreeable and honourable; only he knows that *Grandmont* hath likewise one only Daughter, and himself one only Son, so he infinitely desires, to make this a double Match, thereby to contract a more firm and stricter league betwixt their two houses: this is proposed and debated, as well between the younger folks, as the old Parents, and at last it takes effect; so as purposely omitting, first the conference then the Letters sent, from *Grand Pre* to *Mermanda*, and from *Mermanda* to *Grand Pre*; from *De Malheray* (*Cressartville's* Son) to *Hautefelia*, and from *Hautefelia* to *De Malheray*, because the inserting thereof would make this brief History swell into an ample volume; These Marriages, to the joy of the Parents, and the sweet content of their Sons and Daughters, are pompously solemnized in *Dijon*, with all variety of Feasting, Dancing, and Masking, answerable to their degrees and dignities. But these Marriages shall not prove so fortunate as is hoped, and expected; for *Hautefelia* was *Hymeneus* invited thereunto, or if he were, he refused to come; and therefore *Laurina* will likewise save her labour, because she knows that neither of these two young married Gentlemen shall live to make use of her assistance.

And here before I proceed farther, I wish the event of this History could give the lie to this ensuing position, That there is no pride nor malice to that of a woman; but I have more reason to fear, than hope to believe the contrary; for no sooner have our two young couples reaped the fruits of Marriage, and the felicity of their desires, but we shall see the Sun-shine of their joy overtaken with a dismal storm of grief, sorrow, and misfortune; whereby we may observe and learn, that there is no perfect nor permanent felicity under the Sun, but that all things in this world, yea, the world it self is subject to revolution and change. The manner is thus:

Hautefelia envies her Sister in Law *Mermanda's* advancement, and contemns her own; she likes not to give the hand to her, whom she knows is by descent her inferiour, and to speak true, prefers a Scarlet Cloak before a Black, and a Sword-man before a Pen-man; these ambitious conceits of hers, proceeding from Hell, will breed bad blood, and produce mournful effects; yea, peradventure strangle her, who embraceth and praistheth them.

Mermanda is of a gracious and mild nature, *Hautefelia* of an imperious and revengeful, never any married couple live more contented, nor pass more pleasant days, then did *Grand Pre* and his fair *Mermanda* for the space of one whole year; wherein she bore her self so loving and courteous towards him, and he so kind and pleasant to her, as their sweet carriage and honourable and virtuous behaviour, was of all the world (*Hautefelia* only excepted) highly praised and applauded. But *Hautefelia* envying *Mermanda's* prosperity and glory, because she could neither parallel the one, nor equal the other, and seeing with no other eyes than those of ambition and envy, bethinks her self how she might act her disgrace, and eclipse the splendor of her virtues and glory. When remembring that the Baron of *Betanford* (dwelling not far from *Auxant*) sometimes visited her Brother *Grand Pre*, as also he had lately done her two unkind offices, the one, by buying a Jewell from her, which she was in price with, of a Gold-Smith at *Dijon-Fair*; and the other, for retaining a little fine white *Friseland* Dog, which his Page had stole from her; she thinks to give those strokes with one stone, and at one time to be revenged both of the Baron and of her Sister in Law *Mermanda*.

But Judge, Christian Reader, what simple reasons and trivial motives this inconsiderate Gentlewoman hath for her malice, but she is resolute therein, and as she hath laid the foundation, so she will perfect the edifice of her malice and revenge; which to effect, she sends a servant of hers purposely near *Auxant*, to her Brother *Grand Pre*, and writes him a Letter to this effect: She invites him to come ride over to her, for she hath a secret of importance to reveal to him, which she holds not fit to commit to pen; and withall, adviseth him, to frame some other excuse to, towards her Husband for his sudden coming. *Grand Pre* arrived at *Dijon*, and is welcomed of his Brother and Sister, but he discovers her to be more sorrowful than accosted, he is ignorant what these clouds of her discontent import, and from whence they arise; but he shall know too soon, and his curiosity shall pay dear to un-
griev'd

derstand it. Supper ended, they fetch a walk in the Garden, and so he is conducted to his Chamber, where his Brother in Law *De Mulleray* giving him the good night, his Sister *Hautevelia* with tears in her eyes informs him, that she knows for certain, the Baron of *Betanford* is too familiar with his Wife *Mermanda*, yea, beyond the bounds of honesty: the which she must needs reveal to him, because his honour is hers, which, as she is bound by nature, she will cherish and preserve as her own life.

Grand Pre amazed at this strange and unlooked-for news, is like one lunatick, or rather stark mad, he stamps with his foot, throws away his hat, now casting himself on the bed, then on the floor; yea, and had not his Sister prevented him, he had killed himself with his own Sword: these are the wretched passions of jealousy which transport our selves beyond our selves, and our reasons beyond the limits of reason: and now this vile and malicious Sister of his (more out of policy than charity) useth many prayers and persuasions, brings him again to himself, and they conclude to keep it secret from all the world, but withall *Grand Pre* vows sharply to be revenged both of his Wife, and the Baron of *Betanford*.

Hautevelia having thus broached her inveterate end implacable malice (laughing heretofore like a Gypsy) betakes her self to her rest, leaving her brother, not to sleep but to drive out the night in watchfulness and jealousy: who the next morn (sooner then his accustomed hour) riseth, takes his leave of his brother and sister, and so very pensive and sorrowful rides home.

Mermanda finds her Husband sad, and enquires the cause thereof; she prays him, that if any grief or misfortune have befallen him, she may participate and bear the one half thereof, as she doth of his joy and prosperity; and as he was wont to do, proffers to kiss him; but he slights her, and with much unkindness puts her off; whereat she is amazed, as not acquainted with such discourtesie. After Supper (jealousie being his chiefest dith; and grief, hers) he makes three or four solitary turns in the Court, and then sends his Page for his Wife, who betwixt comfort and grief, hope and despair, presently comes to him. He demands of her whether she will walk with him; she answereth, that his pleasure shall ever be hers; and that she will most joyfully and willingly wait on him where he pleaseth: he brings her to a solitary Grove, and there having choler in his looks, and fire in his tongue, he chargeth her of dishonesty with the Baron of *Betanford*.

Poor *Mermanda*, as it were pierced to the heart with the thunder-bolt of this news, falls to the ground in a fainting swoon: yea, *Grand Pre* her Husband had much ado to recover her, when coming again to her self, she with many volleys of sighs, and rivolets of tears, purgeth her self of that imputation and scandal; she blames his credulity and jealousy, terms her accusers devils and witches, invokes heaven and earth to bear witness of her innocence; and withall clears the Baron of *Betanford*, vowing and protesting by her part and hope of heaven, that he never attempted nor opened his mouth to make her the least shadow of so unchaste a motion.

Grand Pre weighing her words, and seeing her bitter and sorrowful tears, believes his Wife, and so frees both her self and the Baron; prays her to pardon him, and vows that he would love her dearer then before, and for ever forget and bury the memory thereof in perpetual oblivion and forgetfulness.

But his Wife *Mermanda*, notwithstanding this submission and reconciliation of her Husband, is still vexed in mind, as finding it easie to admit grief, but difficult to expell it: she knows not what to do, nor of whom to take advice how she should bear her self in this streight and perplexity, for well she knows, that if the Baron of *Betanford* should come to visit her husband, as formerly he was accustomed to do, it would revive and confirm his jealousy, although they were both as innocent as innocency it self. Now she resolves to write the Baron a Letter to refrain her house: but then she thinks it too much indiscretion & presumption to attempt it, or that the Letter might be intercepted, or her Husband have news thereof; but again, fearing his coming, and encouraged through her innocency, she resolves to write unto him: which she doth to this effect.

IT is not with blushes, but tears, that I presume to write unto you; for indeed it grieves me to publish my Husbands folly, which by duty I know I am bound to conceal; neither had I attempted it; but that grief and necessity throws me on this exigent: for so it is, that my unspotted chastity is not capable to defend me from jealousy; which makes me as much triumph in mine own loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude: and not content to wrong me, his folly, or rather his frensie hath reflexion on you, whom he takes to be both the object and cause thereof: but as your innocency can justly warrant and defend mine honour, and your honour my innocency from the least shadow of that crime; so that we may both endeavour, rather to quench than to flame this his irregular passion; I must humbly beseech you to refrain our house, and neither to visit me, nor be familiar with him; and so peradventure time may wear away from his thoughts, that which as persons of truth and reason cannot. Your reluctant virtues and true generosity assure me of this courtesy; the which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your days may be as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merits.

MERMANDA.

The Baron receives this Letter, praiseth *Mermanda's* discretion, and laughs at *Grand Pre's* folly, extollet her innocence, and condemns his jealousy; he will be careful to preserve a Ladies honour, especially one so truly chaste and honourable as *Mermanda*: he before had a purpose to see *Paris*, but now this occasion doth both crown and confirm his resolution; he makes ready his preparatives and baggage, and so takes Coach for that great City, which abounds with the greatest part of the Nobility of the whole Kingdome: but before his departure, he returns *Mermanda* this answer.

Your virtues and my conscience, make us as unworthy of your Husbands jealousy, as he of so chaste a Wife as *Mermanda*, and so true a friend as *Betanford*: but as your affection to him hath still shined in your loyalty, so it must now in your patience; sith he in this base-passion of his seeking his own shame, will at last as surely find out your glory. Had his folly revealed me so much as your discreet Letter, I would have exchanged my Pen to a Sword, and with the hazard of my life, and loss of my dearest blood, made known as well to him as to the whole world, the truth, both of your chastity and honour, and of mine honour and innocency: In the mean time I will both imbrace and obey your request, and will manage it with such observance to your Husband, such respect to your virtues, and such regard to mine own reputation, as I hope he shall rest satisfied of your chastity towards himself, and of mine to you; otherwise I prize Ladies of your perfections at so high a rate, and set Cavaliers of his humour and inclination at so low an esteem, that I will know how to answer his choler with contempt, and to requite your discretion both with admiration and praise.

BETANFORD.

Mermanda very joyfully receives this Letter: but hers to the Baron produceth effects contrary to her hopes; for *Grand Pre* understanding of the Baron of *Betanford's* sudden departure for *Paris* (as jealousy is full of eyes) he fears a plot betwixt him and his Wife, and so confirms his former suspicion of her disloyalty; he therefore converts his love into hatred towards her, and now (to shew the fruits and effects of his jealousy) refuseth her his Bed, than which; to a chaste and virtuous Wife, nothing can be more distasteful.

At this ingrateful discourtesie, poor *Mermanda* tears her hair, sigheth, weepeth, mourneth, and lamenteth in such pittiful sort, that it seems nothing in the world is capable to comfort her: but she conceals her grief as secretly as she may: only her pale cheeks and discontented looks, as the outward heralds of her inward affection, do silently discover and bewray it.

Her Husband's Father and Mother, *Grandmome*, and de *Carnye*, all this while know nothing of this discontent betwixt *Grand Pre* and *Mermanda*; but their malicious and wretched Daughter *Hauteselia* (whose malice never sleeps) hath spies in every corner of her fathers house, who advertise her thereof; whereat she infinitely triumpheth and rejoyceth. But this joy of hers shall be but as a breath on steel, or as smoak before the wind.

Grand Pre this mean time boils with inveterate rage, and his jealousy carries him to such extremes, as he vows to be revenged, first of *Betanford*, then of his Wife; to which effect he pretends business to *Chaalons* (as what will malice leave unpretended?) and taking a choise Horse, a Page, and two Lackeys with him, he passeth a contrary way, and comes first to *Troy*, then to *Brie-count Robert* (a days journey from *Paris*) where being very private in his Inn, he writes a Challenge, and taking aside his Page, delivers it him, and commands him, at break of day to post with all expedition for *Paris*; where being arrived, to go to the Crown of *France* in *Saint Honories Street*, and secretly to deliver it to the Baron of *Betanford*, to take his Answer, and to return the same night.

The Page to obey his Master's command, seems rather to fly, then post; he fitly finds out the Baron, and very fairly delivers him the Letter, who breaking up the Seal, therein finds these words.

GRAND PRE, to the Baron of BETANFORD.

YOu need no other witness than your self, to inform you in how high a nature you have wronged me, and herein your false glory hath made my true shame so apparent, as I had rather die than live to digest it: for me to dissemble you my malice, as you have done me your friendship, I can sooner forget all other offences, than pardon this: therefore think it not strange that I request you to meet me on Thursday morning next, at five or six, either with your Sword or Rapier on Horse-back, or afoot at *Carency*, half a league from *Brie-count Robert*, where the Bearer hereof shall expect you, to conduct you safely to a fair Meadow, where without Seconds I will attend you. It is impossible for me to receive any other satisfaction; for to write you the truth, nothing but your life, or mine, is capable to decide this difference.

GRAND PRE.

At the reading hereof, the Baron is so far from the least shew, or apprehension of fear, as he is pleasant and jocund; yea, he causeth *Grand Pre's* Page to dine with him, and after dinner, takes him aside, and speaks to him thus; *Tell thy Master, that I will not fail to meet him on Horse-back without a second, at the hour and place appointed.* The next morn he dispeeds away a choice Horse, which his Lackey leads, and about ten of the Clock, only with his Chirurgion, and Page, takes Coach, and comes that night to *Carency*, where he lodged.

The next morning being Thursday (the day appointed to fight) *Grand Pre*, pretending to go to the Church, sends away his Page to *Carency*, to await and attend the Baron, and so only with his Chirurgion hies himself to the field; which he first entred, and immediately (before he had fully made four turns) in comes *Betanford*, whom *Grand Pre's* Page had met at *Carency*, and now conducted thither, having only his Chirurgion with him, and having left his Coach, Page, and Lackey, a furlong off, with command not to stir, till they heard from him.

The Chirurgions (instead of two Gentlemen for the Seconds) dispose themselves (according to the Order and Ceremonies of Duels) to search the Combatants for Coats of Mail, or the like; but they might have eased themselves of this labour and curiosity; for both the Gentlemen were too honourable, to have their valours tainted with the base point of cowardize or treachery; yea, in meer contempt thereof, they both of purpose had left their dublets behind them. And now begins a Combate, as memorable as bloody, yea, performed with such valour, dexterity, and resolution, that as these times infinitely admire, so succeeding ages will very difficultly believe it.

They come into the Field with a soft trot, and each having his Enemy in front, and being neer sixscore paces distant, they give spurs to their Horses, and part like two flames of lightning. At their first meeting, *Grand Pre* runs *Betanford* thorow the left shoulder, and *Betanford* only wounds *Grand Pre* in the right cheek, close under the eye; and being excellent Horse-men, they turn'd short; and so again fall to it with bravery and courage; in which encounter *Betanford* receives a wide wound upon the brawn of his right arm, and *Grand Pre* another throw his left side, which undoubtedly had proved mortal, and so ended the Combate with his life, had not his Sword glanced on a rib, and so ran outwards; and now they both retire to take breath, resolving to advance with more fury: they part again: *Betanford* runs *Grand Pre* thorow the neck, and he *Betanford* thorow the small of the arm, where meeting with the sinews and arteries, it causeth the Sword to fall out of his hand, whereat he was extreemly perplexed and amazed.

Here perchance some base Fellow (who had never been trained up in the School of Honour, and therefore not deserved the title of a Gentleman) would have wrought up the misfortune of this accident, and desired no better advantage to dispatch his Adversarie: But *Grand Pre*, whose generosity in this I commend as much as I detest his jealousy, doth highly disdain to stain his honour and courage with this infamy, and so puts *Betanford* out of his apprehension and fear with these words; Baron, be couragious and chearful, for I will rather die, then disgrace myself so much, to fight with an unarmed man, and so commands his Chirurgion to deliver him his Sword again. *Betanford* is thankful to him for this courtesie, and vows he will never forget it.

Now although their wounds do rather ingrain, then imbroider their Shirts with blood: yet their youth is so vigorous, their courage so inflamed, and their hearts so resolute and magnanimous, as they neither can, nor yet will rest satisfied: in a word, they manage their Horses bravely, and act wonders with their Swords; for by this time they having run four several Careers: *Betanford* hath received seven wounds, and given *Grand Pre* ten: but the loss of all this blood, (which now issued from their bodies rather by spouts than drops) is not capable to cool their courages; and so although with dust, sweat, blood, and wounds, they rather look like Furres than Men, yet they will not refrain fighting.

And now their Chirurgions grieving and pitying to see them, as it were drowned in their blood, and well knowing that they had performed more then they thought possible for men, they both agree, and so running with their Hats in their hands, humbly pray them to desist and rest satisfied, by shewing them that their Swords and Courages had already acted wonders beyond belief, and that it was pity that Parents, Prince, and Country, should be deprived of such resolute and valourous Cavaliers, then whom, the world (upon so unfortunate an accident) had seldom seen braver: but they speak to the wind, and receive no other thanks, but this check from them both, that they are base Fellows, and know not what belongs to their function and duty; and so rating and commanding them away, they once more divided themselves and with fresh resolution and courage, again sets spurs to their Horses; but this incounter proves more happy to *Betanford*, and more dangerous to *Grand Pre*: for as he makes a thrust to *Betanford*, which mist and past under his right arm, without doing any other harm than piercing and cutting thorow his Shirt, *Betanford* (with all the courage and dexterity he had) run *Grand Pre* thorow

row the belly into the reins, with which unfortunate wound, as also with a false pace, his horse then made, he fell from the saddle to the ground speechless, sprawling and struggling, as if he were upon the point to take his last farewell of the world: but he was not so happy, for he shall be cured of his wounds, and hereafter die a more mournful and lamentable end.

Betanford seeing *Grand Pre* fall, doubted that his wounds were mortal, and so alights whereat his Chirurgeon with a loud voice, cryed out, *Dispatch him, Dispatch him*; but he calls him to stay for his labour, when remembering the former courtesie he had received of *Grand Pre*, in receiving him his Sword, he like a true noble Gentleman vows now to requite it, and so throwing it and his hat away, he with out-spread arms ran to embrace and assist him; yea, he prefers *Grand Pre's* life before his own, and with all possible speed commands his Chirurgeon to bring and halte thither his Coach, and to his best power doth assist *Grand Pre*, in setting him up, in ordering and binding up his wounds; his Coach being come, he causeth him to be laid in softly, and so he in one Boot, and the two Chirurgeons in the other, their Pages and Lackeys attending them, they drive away to the very next Country-house, where they hush themselves up privately: and here *Betanford* resembling himself, conjureth both the Chirurgeons to use their best art and chiefest skill upon *Grand Pre*, and before he would have his own wounds looked unto, he causeth his to be opened: they do it, and both concur in opinion, that his last wound is mortal; he sees them dress him, and vows he will not forsake him in this extremity, but will be more careful of him than of himself. Reciprocal and singular demonstrations of courtesie and honour in these two Cavaliers, which will make their memories famous to Posterity.

Betanford seeing *Grand Pre* committed to sleep, causeth his own wounds to be speedily searched and dressed, which are not found dangerous, and then takes order in the house, that *Grand Pre* be furnished with all things necessary, as Chamber, curious attendance, and the like; yea, he ordereth matters so, that all things might be done with great secrecie and silence, not permitting any of his own, or *Grand Pre's* Servants to be seen forth the house, to the end that the news of these their accidents might not be bruited or vented.

About noon, *Grand Pre's* speech by little and little comes to him, and likewise his memory, when *Betanford* absenting all from his Chamber, with his Hat in his hand, came to his bed-side, and having courteously saluted and comforted him, prays and conjures him, as he is a Gentleman of Honour, to tell him why and wherefore he fought with him. Ah Baron (quoth *Grand Pre*) first swear to me on thine Honour, thou wilt deliver me the truth of a question, I will demand of thee, and then I will shew thee. By my honour and fidelity, replies *Betanford*, and as I hope for Heaven, I will. Then Baron (quoth he) diddest thou never wrong me and mine Honour, in being too familiar with my Wife *Mermanda*? The Baron with many solemn protestations and religious oaths, clears both himself and *Mermanda*, and vows that his heart never thought it, much less his tongue ever attempted it. Whereat *Grand Pre* very humbly intreats him to excuse and pardon him, for he understood and believed the contrary, which was the only cause of his discontent and challenge: adding withall, that he will, till death, esteem him as his most honourable friend, and as long as he lives, will effect and love his Wife dearer than ever he had before. It is as great a happiness to repair and reform errors, as a misery to commit them.

The Baron of *Betanford* staies very secretly ten days with *Grand Pre* at the Country-house, when seeing his wounds hopefully cured and recovered, they resolve to depart. *Grand Pre* kindly thanks *Betanford* for his life, and all other courtesies he had received of him, and he as courteously doth the like to *Grand Pre*, for giving him his Sword wherewith he preserved his own, and so like honourable and intimate friends they take leave each of other: the Baron taking horse for *Paris*, and freely lending *Grand Pre* his Coach to return to *Auxonne*. Thus we see courtesie always returneth with interest.

Grand Pre at his coming home, kisseth and fawneth on his Wife *Mermanda*, acquaints her with the occasion and event of the combate, condemneth his own folly, and extolleth her chastity, prays her to forgive him again this once for all, and vows, that there lives not a braver Nobleman in the world than the Baron of *Betanford*: and to speak truth, she deserves this submission and reconciliation, and he that praise.

At the knowledge hereof, I know not whether *Mermanda* (like a gracious and courteous Wife) did more grieve at her Husbands wounds, than rejoyce at his recovery and life: and now he repenting and detesting his former error, renews his love, affection, and friendship to her, the which he confirmeth and uniteth with a perpetual and indissoluble Gordian knot: nevertheless the variety of her afflictions, and the excess of her grief and discontour, breeds her much weakness and sickness, which withereth the Roses and Lillies of her beauty.

But come we from *Mermanda's* heavenly virtues, to *Hautefelia's* devillish vices, which cannot be parallel'd or compared, except by *Antithesis*: for as *Mermanda* repositeth her self under the shadow

dow of her own innocency, and lives in perfect love and charity with the whole world, so her wretched Sister-in-Law *Hautevelia*, seeing her hopes and purposes prevented, will not sleep in her malice, but sets her wits and revenge upon the Tenter-hooks, to find out another expedient, to be rid of *Mermenda*, who (in her wicked conceit) she thought was Enemy to her content, and an eye-fore to her ambition and greatness.

We no sooner fly from God, but the Devil follows us; and it proves always a miserable folly, to be wise in wickedness and sin. *Hautevelia* is resolute in her rage, and cannot or rather will not see heaven for hell; she bethinks her self of another invention to send *Mermenda* into another world, and so strikes a bargain with *La Fresnay* an Apothecary, for two hundred Crowns to poison her: who, like a limb of the Devil, doth undertake and promise it: the which (Ah grief to think thereon) he in less then two months performeth, and so this virtuous and harmless young Gentlewoman is most unnaturally and treacherously bereaved of her life, and brought to a mournful and lamentable end. Which inhumane murder, we shall see, God in his due time, will miraculously detect, and severely revenge and punish.

Her Husband *Grand Pre* exceedingly bewails her death, as also her Parents and friends, yea, so infinite were her virtues, and so sweet her behaviour and carriage, as all that knew *Mermenda* lamented her decease; yet no way suspecting or knowing the extraordinary cause thereof.

Now, while others mourn, *Hautevelia* exceedingly triumphs and rejoices hereat: but this bloody victory shall cost her dear. In the mean time *Mermenda's* single death can neither quench her revenge, nor satisfy her ambition; for as she liked not the Sister, so she (as before we shewed) never loved the Brother, her own Husband *de Malleray*, whom she observed, very bitterly to weep and grieve at his Sister *Mermenda's* death; she therefore, resolute to add sin to sin, resolves to cast the apple of discord between *Grand Pre* her Brother, and *de Malleray* her Husband: knowing that if the first were slain, she was sole Heir to her Father; if the second, she would have a Noble Husband; a policy, whose invention is as diabolical, as the execution thereof dangerous!

To which effect, she informs her Husband, That her Brother *Grand Pre* had killed his Wife *Mermenda* with his jealousy, that he held her to be the Baron of *Betanford's* strumpet, with whom for the same cause he had fought at *Brie-cour Robert*, and which was more, it was shrewdly suspected he had poisoned her: the which she once thought for ever to have concealed, but that she knew her Husband was, and ought to be nearer to her then her Brother. Good God! how far will the malice of this wretched Woman extend, or to what a monstrous height will it grow?

De Malleray grieved at this heart-killing news, because he ever loved his Sister as dearly as his own life, without considering and weighing whether his Wife's words were dross or gold, believes her; and so resolves very secretly to acquaint the President his Father herewith, thereby thinking, and presuming that he would by order of Law call *Grand Pre* in question for the fact.

But old *Cressonville* (having as well his head in his eyes, as his eyes in his head), seeing that this suspicion and accusation had no firm grounds, that it was an intricate business to find out, that it would breed a scandal to his Family, and especially to his deceased Daughter's reputation, such it is the nature of calumny to aim at the most virtuous persons, as *Cantharides* do at the fairest flowers; that it would take up the dust of her tomb, and withall breed him an infinite number of potent and powerful Enemies; Therefore grounding his judgment upon these reasons, and his resolutions upon this his judgment; he holds it best to smother it in silence, and so to brook his Daughter's death as patiently as he may.

De Malleray seeing his Father so cold in this business, began to be all in fire himself, vowing that he would maintain the honour, and revenge the death of his only Sister *Mermenda*, and his Wife *Hautevelia*, with her impetuous and implacable malice, blows the coals, and sets an edge to this his resolution: when that very instant understanding his Brother *Grand Pre* was that evening arrived at *Dijon*, (he consulting with Nature, but not with Grace) by a Gentleman of his familiar acquaintance, sends him this Challenge.

DE MALLERAY to GRAND PRE,

I Should degenerate both from my honour and blood, if I were not sensible of those wrongs and injuries you have offered your Wife and my Sister; they are of that nature, that I know no whether her intercession deserve more pity, or your jealousy contempt and revenge: her death and your conscience makes me justly challenge you, as you have unjustly done the Baron of *Betanford*: Therefore to morrow at five of the clock after dinner, at the foot of *Talon-fort*, in the meadow ranked with Walnut-Trees, bring either a single Rapier, or Rapier and Ponyard, and I will meet you without Seconds: The equity of my cause, and the justice of yours, make me confident in this hope, that as you lost your blood near *Brie-cour Robert* you shall now leave your life in the sight of *Dijon*. Judge how earnestly I desire to try the temper of your heart, and Sword, with already I not only count hours, but minutes.

DE MALLERAY.

Grand Pre, though newly recovered of his late wounds accepts this Challenge, but not without extream wonder to see *De Malleray* so passionate and resolute; he makes choice of single Rapier, and so they meet, where without any other ceremony, they throw off their Doublets, and gave them to their Chirurgions, whom they commanded to stay without the next hedge, and not stir from thence till the death of the one proclaim the other victor.

The Sun (that great and glorious Lamp of Heaven) swiftly posts away from our Horizon to the *Antipodes*, of purpose not to see, or be accessary to this bloody Tragedy; when our Champions unsheath their Swords, and dispose themselves to fight, both with judgement and resolution. *De Malleray* comes up fairly; profers the first thrust, and gives *Grand Pre* a wound in his left thigh, & in exchange receives another from him in the neck; which he aimed fully at the breast, but that he bore it up with his Rapier. *Grand Pre* at the first gives back, but seeing *De Malleray* insult and press on him, he resolutely advanceth, and runs him thorow the side: but the wound was so favourable, as though it caused much blood, yet it brought little danger. They make a stand & take breath, and so they very resolutely to it again: *De Malleray* having hitherto the worst, doth now resolve to manage his business with less violence and more judgement; when *Grand Pre* driving home to him, he wards bravely, & taking advantage, thrust him in the left shoulder with a deep wound; but himself is hurt in the left arm with a wound which ran from his wrist to his elbow.

By this time their shirts are deeply besprinkled and gored with their blood; but this will not appease their courage, they will try again; for they never think enough as long as they can stand, and this encounter proves as fortunate for *Grand Pre*, as fatal for *De Malleray*: for he receives a deep wound under his left pap, which carries his life and soul from this world to another; so as without speaking one word, he falls dead to the ground.

Grand Pre seeing *De Malleray* dead, gives thanks to God for his victory, & so mounts on horseback, and with his Chirurgion posts to *Dole*, a Parliament City of the free County, belonging to the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, leaving *De Malleray's* Chyrurgion, not to cure but to bury his Master, or at least to convey his dead body to *Dijon*, for President *Cressonville* his Father to perform that office.

Who is no sooner advertised of his Sons death, but with tears he gives the Parliament to understand thereof, and craves justice for the Murther. The Parliament decrees a power to apprehend *Grand Pre*; but he is not desirous to lose his head on a Scaffold: for by this time he hath recovered *Dole*, where having staid some three months, his parents and friends (by the favour of that generous and true-noble gallant, *Monsieur le Grand*, his Majesties Lieutenant of the Province of *Burgundy*) procured and sent him his pardon.

But in this mean time come we to his Sister *Hautefelia* (the disgrace of her Sex, and the fire-brand of Hell) who no-sooner understood the death of her Husband, & the flight of her Brother, she having hardly the patience to see him laid in his grave, and resolving rather to break her neck with malice, than her heart with sorrow, being sure of her Dowry, packs up her Jewels, Plate, and chiefest Baggage, and so leaves *Dijon*, and goes home to her Father near *Auxonne*, where during the age of her Father and Mother, and the absence of her Brother, she most imperiously sways and commands all. But this her authority lasteth not long; for now home comes *Grand Pre* from *Dole*, at whose return she finds matters altered, and her greatness and power diminished, and to her grief sees that she cannot so absolutely domineer as before, and which was far worse, her Brother in his absence at *Dole*, having smelt and understood her malice & inveterate hatred, both to *Mermanda*, the Baron of *Betanford*, *De Malleray* her Husband, and likewise to himself, (though nothing suspecting or dreaming of her poisoning humour) he is so far from acknowledging or respecting her for his Sister, as he will neither endure her company or sight, which she making no shew to perceive, but like a fury of Hell, as she is, dissembling her malice and revenge, she is still constant, and perseveres in her humor of blood and murder, and hath again recourse to her execrable Apothecary *La Presny*, and to the Devil her Doctor likewise, to make away her Brother *Grand Pre* with poison, as he had already *Mermanda* his Wife, and gives him three hundred Crowns to effect it. This damnable Apothecary loving money well, and (as it seems) the Devil better, doth ingage himself speedily to perform it; and wretched villain as he is, within two months he accomplisheth and finisheth it: And so as *Mermanda* ran equal fortune with him in life, he doth the like with her in death; for one deadly Drug, one bloody Sister, and one devilish Apothecary gives a miserable and lamentable end to them both.

And now his bloody-thirsty Sister *Hautefelia* (the Author of these Murthers and Tragedies) thinking her self freed of all her Enemies, and of all that stood in the way of her advancement and preferment, she (neither thinking of her conscience or soul, of Heaven, or Hell) domineers far more than before; yea, builds Castles in the air, and flatters her self with this false ambition that she now must be a Dutchesse, or at least a Countesse; but she reckons without God.

We have seen, nay we have here glittred our eyes with several Murthers, whereof we have beheld this wretched Gentlewoman *Hautefelia*, to be the horrible and cruel Author and this execrable

excrable *La Fresnay* to be the bloody Actor: these crimes of theirs, and the smoke of those their impious and displeasing sacrifices, have pierced the clouds, and ascended the presence of God, to sue and draw down vengeance and confusion on their heads; for although Murther be for a time concealed, yet the finger of God will in due time detect and discover it; for he will make inquisition for blood, and will severely and sharply revenge the death of his children.

But Gods Providence and Justice in the discovery thereof, is as different as miraculous; for sometimes he protracts and defers it of purpose, either to mollifie or to harden our hearts, as seems best to his inscrutable will and divine pleasure; or as may chiefly serve and tend to his glory; yea, sometimes he makes the Murtherer himself as well an Instrument to discover, as he hath been an actor to commit Murther; yea, and many times he punisheth one sin by and in another, and when the Murtherer sits most secure, and thinks least of it, then he heaps coals of fire on his head, and suddenly cuts him off with the revenging sword of his fierce wrath and indignation.

And now that great and sovereign Judge of the world, who rides on the windes in triumph, and hath Heaven for his Throne, and Earth for his Footstool, will no longer permit *Hauteselia* and *La Fresnay* to go unpunished for these their execrable murders: for the innocent and dead bodies of *Mermenda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*, out of their graves cry to him for revenge, which like an impetuous storm, or a terrible thunderclap, doth in this manner suddenly befall and overtake them.

Some six weeks after *Grand Pre's* Funerals were solemnized, whereat his Sister *Hauteselia* (the better to cloak her villany) wept bitterly, and was observed to be the chiefest mourner, this hellish Apothecary *La Fresnay*, having gotten his money so easily, thought to spend it as prodigally; and so on a time, being in his cups at a Tavern at *Dijon*, and his brains swelling and swimming with strong wine (as drunkenness is the bawd and usher to other sins) he stealing from the rest of his company, committed a Rape upon one *Margaret Provot*, a girl of twelve years old, being the Vintners Daughter of the Tavern wherein he sat tipling.

This young girl, with millions of tears, throws her self to the feet of her Parents, and accuseth *La Fresnay* for the fact, who do the like to those famous Senators of the Court of Parliament: so he is apprehended, and being examined, with many vehement and bitter asseverations denyeth it: he is adjudged to the Rack, and at the second torment confesseth it, and so is condemned to be hanged.

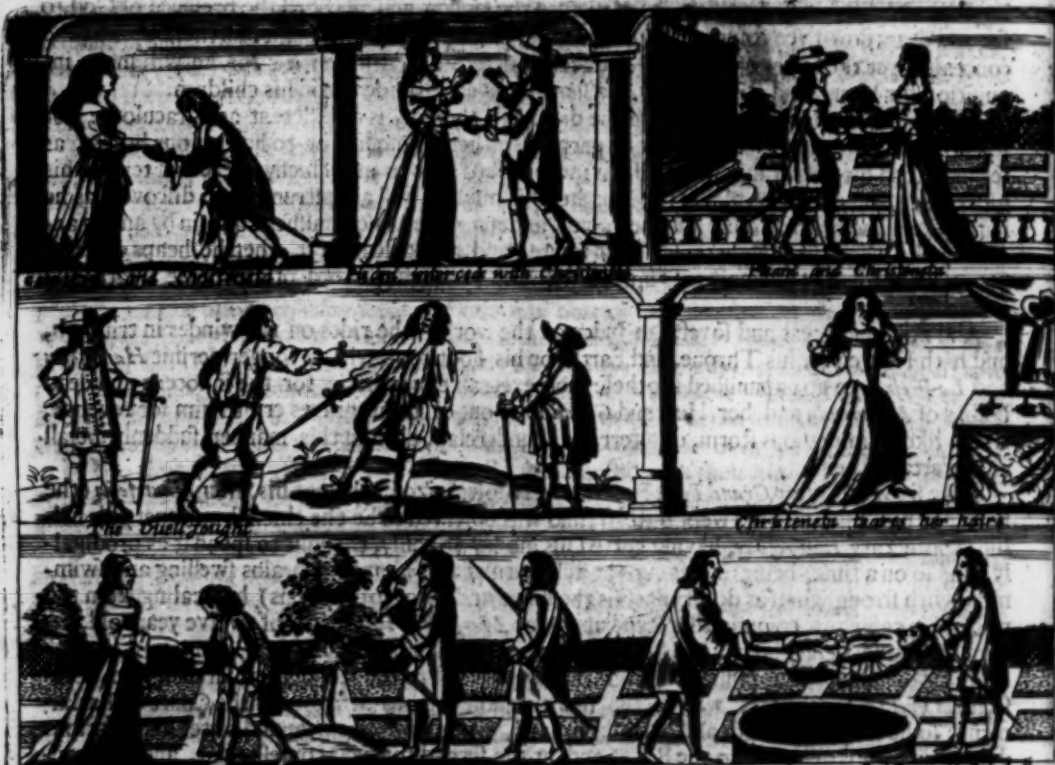
Two *Capuchin* Friars prepare him for his end, they exhort him not to charge and burthen his soul with concealing any other crimes, adding, that if he reveal and repent them on earth, God will remit them in heaven; these exhortations of theirs produce good effects; for though he have formerly lived like a devil, he will now die like a Christian; and so with many tears revealeth, that at the instigation of *Hauteselia*, and for the lucre of 500 Crowns (which at two several times he gave him) he had poisoned *Mermenda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*.

All the world is amazed, and the Parliament acquainted herewith, they alter their first Sentence, and so for his triple villanies condemn *La Fresnay* to be broken alive upon the wheel, and there to languish and die, without being strangled, which in *Dijon* is accordingly executed to the full satisfaction of Justice.

A Provost likewise is forthwith dispatched from *Dijon* to *Grandmont's* House, to apprehend his Daughter *Hauteselia*, and as God would have it, she was ignorant of *La Fresnay's* apprehension, and more of his death. The Provost findes her dancing in her Fathers Garden, in company of many Gentlemen and Ladies: he sets hands on her, & so exchangeth her mirth into mourning, and her songs into tears: she is brought to *Dijon*, and examined by a President, and two Counsellors of the Parliament. She impudently and boldly denies both Murthers; saith, *La Fresnay* is her mortal and professed enemy, and therefore not to be believed. But the Devil who hath so long bewitched and deluded her, either will not, or rather cannot save her with this poor evasion; she is adjudged to the Rack, and at the first torment confesseth in.

The Criminal Judges of this great and illustrious Parliament, in detestation of these her execrable and bloody crimes of Murther, pronounce sentence on her: so, after she had repented her sins, and prepared her self to die, her Paps are seared, and torn off with red hot Pincers, then she is hanged; her body burnt, and her ashes thrown into the air.

Now to gather some profit by reading this History, or indeed rather by the memory of the History it self, let us observe, nay, let us imprint in our hearts and souls how mischievous the Devil was by ambition, covetousness, malice and revenge, to seduce and persuade *Hauteselia* and *La Fresnay* to commit these murders; and also how just God was in the detection and punishment thereof, that the fear of the one may terrifie us from embracing and attempting the other; to the end, that as they lived in sin, and died in shame, so we may live in righteousness, and die in peace, thereby to live in eternal felicity and glory.



Christineta at Gasparino's Mourn Garden. Two Ruffians murder him and throw him into a well. Christineta burns her hair.

God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY II.

Pisani was a young man of his Mistress *Christineta*. *Gasparino* challenges *Pisani* for this disgrace, and kills him in the Field: he after continues his suit to *Christineta*; she dissembles her malice, set *Pisani* on fire, but appoints *Gasparino* to meet her in a Garden, and there consents *Bianco* and *Blindon* to murder him; they are all three taken, and executed for the same.

WHERE Affection hath Reason for guide, and virtue for object, it is approved of Earth, and applauded of Heaven; but where it exceeds the bounds of Charity, and the lists of Religion, Men pity it, Angels lament it, and God himself contemns it; for if we are crossed in our love, why should discontent make us desperate? or to what end should we fly Reason to follow Rage, except we desire to ride post to Hell, and to end our days on a shameful and infamous Scaffold here on earth? It is an excellent felicity to grow from Virtue to Virtue, and a fatal misery to run from Vice to Vice. Love and Charity are always the true marks of a Christian, and Malice and Revenge those of an Infidel, or rather of a Devil; but to imbrue our hands in innocent blood, and to seek the death of others, is to deprive our selves of our own life, as the Legend of this History will declare, which I relate with pity and compassion, sith I see the Stage whereon these Tragedies are acted and represented, not only sprinkled, but goared with great variety and effusion of blood.

In *Pavia* (the second City of the Duchy of *Milan*) the very last year that *Crown Fuentes* (under the King of *Spain*) was Vice-roy of that Stage, *Signior Thomas Vauri*, a noble Gentleman of that City, had one only Child, a Daughter, of the age of fifteen years, named *Dona Christineta*, who

was

was exceeding fair and beautiful, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfections, requisite in a Gentlewoman of her rank : she was sought in marriage by many Gallants of the City ; but a Cavalier of *Cremona* must bear her away, or at least her affection :

The History is thus,

Signieur Emanuel Gasparino, a noble young Gentleman of *Cremona*, hearing of *Pisani* his wealth, and of his Daughter *Christenera*'s beauty and virtues (the Adamant and Lead-stones to draw mens affections) resolveth with himself to seek her for his Wife : he acquaints none herewith, but an intimate dear friend of his, a young Gentleman of the same City, named *Signior Ludovico Pisani*, by descent a *Venetian*, whom he prays to assist and accompany him to *Pavia*, in seeking and courting the fair *Christenera* his Mistress. *Pisani* terms himself much honoured and obliged to *Gasparino*, and very willingly grants his request ; and so they prepare for their journey.

They come to *Pavia*, *Vituri* bids *Gasparino* welcome, and entertains him respectfully and courteously, as also *Pisani*, he thanks *Gasparino* for the Honour he doth him in seeking his Daughter, and like a careful Father takes time to consult hereon : but for *Christenera*, he looks not so pleasing nor pleasantly on him as he expecteth. He is deeply in love both with her beauty and other perfections ; but he finds her cold in her discourse and answers, and very melancholy and pensive : he courts her often (and after the *Italian* fashion, with variety of Musick, Ditties, and Ayrs) but still he finds her averse, and contrary to his desire, as if her thoughts were otherwise fixed. *Gasparino* knows not how to win her affection, nor how to bear himself herein : he consults with *Pisani*, and prays him to conferr with *Christenera*, and to sound her affection : But it proves often dangerous, still indiscretion, to trust a friend in this case.

Pisani promiseth to perform the office of a Friend, and to conferr effectually with *Christenera* ; he seeks opportunity and place, and finds both ; he fees out to her *Gasparino*'s merits, and paints forth his praises, and in a word, leaves nothing untouched, which he thinks may any way advance his Friend's content and affection : but he finds *Christenera*'s mind perplexed and troubled ; for she often changeth colour, now red, then pale, and then pale, now red again ; yet he observes that her eyes are still stedfastly fixed on him ; he prays her that she will return a pleasing answer for him to carry to his Friend, and her Lover *Gasparino*.

Christenera would willingly speak but cannot, for her heart and Paps beat and pant, and her sighs very confusedly interrupt her words ; but at last, dyeing her Lilly cheeks with a Vermillion blush, she tells him that she is not ignorant of *Gasparino*'s merits, who deserves for her Father ; but that she cannot consent to love him, in respect she hath fixed, but not engaged her affection on another. *Pisani* still extollet his Friend *Gasparino* to the sky, and for all honourable parts prefers him before any Gentleman of *Lombardy* ; and withall, with much industry and importunation, endeavours to request and draw *Christenera* to name him her servant ; which she once thought to have done, had not modesty (the sweetest and most precious ornament of a Virgin) for that time withheld her) when after two or three deep sighs (the outward Harbours of her inward passions) she told him thus.

Pisani, It is a dear and near friend of yours, who is the first that I love, and the last that I will affect ; but I will not at present name him, only if you please to meet me secretly to-morrow, at eight of the clock in the morning, in the Nuns Garden, at Saint *Clare*, I will there inform you who it is ; but in the mean time, and ever, forbear to solicit me any more for *Gasparino* ; sith he shall not be my servant, nor will I be his Mistress : and so for that time they part, and he confidently promiseth to meet her.

Gasparino demands of *Pisani* how he finds his Mistress *Christenera* ; He answers faithfully according as she told him ; but conceals their appointed meeting in the Nuns Garden : and now because he seeth it labour lost to research *Christenera*, he will not be obstinate in his suit, but will give a Law to his passions and affections, rather than they shall prescribe any to him, and so resolves to take leave of her, because as well by her self, as by her Father and Mother, and now chiefly by *Pisani*, he sees she is otherwise bent and affected to which end he leaves *Pavia*, and returns to *Cremona*. Leave we therefore *Gasparino* to his thoughts, and come we to those of *Pisani* and *Christenera*, to see what their Garden-conference will bring forth.

Pisani cannot imagin what friend of his it should be that *Christenera* loveth, but she knowenough for them both ; and it may be too much for her self : she knows it at least an impossibility, if not a bold part for her to court *Pisani*, who ought rather to court her : but she thinks in such wisdom and duty to give way to that which she cannot avoid and prevent, and so professes the zeal of her affection before the respect of her modesty, but that which makes her so resolute in the execution of this her amorous attempt is, to see that *Gasparino* hath found *Pisani* to solicit for him to her, and she can finde none but her self to solicit for her self to *Pisani* : and she holds in this her resolution, she bears so deep and so dear an affection to *Pisani*, that she thinks every

every moment an hour, and every hour an age, before she see *Pisani*, that one person of the world, whom she loves more dear, then all the world. Thus wilhing night day, her house the Nunnery, and her Chamber the Garden; she with much impatient patience awaits the hour of eight, which she knows will bring her her joy or her torment, her felicity or her misery, her life or her death.

The clock strikes eight; *Christineta* takes her Prayer-Book, and her waiting-Maid, and so trips away to the Nunnery; but she doth now despair with her devotion, to give content to her eyes, or rather to her heart, in seeing and enjoying the desired company of *Pisani*, whom she esteems the life of her content, and the content of her life, and so forsakes the Church, to go to the Garden: *Pisani*, who never failed of his hour and promise to men, doth now disdain to miss thereof to a Lady: for *Christineta* hath scarce made three paces in the walks of the Garden, but e're the fourth be finished, she sees *Pisani* enter; she blushes at the sight, and he grows pale at her blushes; he finds her in a Bower of Sycamors, Cypresses, and Vines, decked within with Roses, Lillies, and Gilly-flowers; he gives her the good-morrow and the salute, the which, with a modelt and sweet courtesie, she receives and returns; he tells her he is come to perform his promise, and if it please her to receive hers. She would fain answer him, but her cheeks give blushes, where her tongue should words; but at last darting a sweet look on him (which was the Embassador and Herald of her heart) she discovereth her self to him thus.

The person (*Pisani*) on whom I have fixed and settled my affection, doth exceedingly resemble you, is of your own blood, and of your nearest and dearest acquaintance. *Pisani* presseth her to know his name? when after many glances, sighs, and blushes, she tells him, his name is *Pisani*, and himself the man; prays him to pardon her boldness, and to give an honourable interpretation and construction to her affection; adding withall, that when she first saw him, she loved him; and now prays him to be pleased, that *Christineta* may be a Solicitor for her self to *Pisani*, and not *Pisani* to *Christineta* for *Gasparino*; yea, she confirms her words with many sighs, and again her sighs with many tears, which trickle down her beautiful cheeks, like pearly drops of dew upon blushing damask Roses.

Pisani wonders at this unexpected news, and knows not how to bear himself in a business of this nature, he sees that her beauty deserves love, and her descent and vertues respect: but withall he is not so dishonourable to betray his Friend. He wonders at her affection, and is not ignorant that she deserves a more noble Husband than himself; but seeing her languish for an answer, he returns her this: *Although I acknowledge my self infinitely bound to you for that affection of yours, wherewith you please to honour me, yet as honour is to be preferred before affection, so Christineta must excuse Pisani, for he cannot be a servant to her, but he must be a Traitor to Gasparino; and that respect excepted, in requital of your favour, I will esteem my self happy if I may lose my life for your service.*

Yet he is not so unkind, but gives her a kiss or two at farewell, which as much delights *Christineta*, as his refusal doth afflict her: so they part. The rest, time must bring forth.

Now although *Gasparino* have left *Pavia*, yet he cannot forsake his affection to *Christineta*, but cherisheth her memory, and in heart adoreth her Idea; yea, he loves her deeply and dearly, and indeed her perfections and beauty deserve love: but such is *Christineta's* affection to *Pisani*, as she can take no truce of her thoughts, but despite of discretion and modesty (which perswade and counsel her to the contrary) she within ten days after purposely sends a confident messenger to him, to *Cremona*, with this Letter.

CHRISTINETA to PISANI.

And it is not strange, that I send my last speech with this my first Letter, and think, that were not my affection true and constant, I should not thus attempt to reveal it to you in lines, which blight not, as my cheeks do, when I write them; I should offer too palpable violence and injury to the truth, if I told you now that it is impossible for *Christineta* to love any but *Pisani*; whom I no sooner saw, but deeply admired and dearly affected. Now sith my zeal to you is begun in virtue, and shall be continued in honour, it makes me flatter my self with hope, that you will not enforce me to despair: for if I am not so happy to be yours, I must be so unfortunate never to be mine own. Judge what your absence is to me, sith your presence is my chiefest felicity: which makes me both desire and wish, that you were either in *Pavia*, or I in *Cremona*, I am perswaded give bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection. Hate not her, who loves you dearly, otherwise, whosoever you think, I know, your kindness to me will be meer cruelty.

CHRISTINETA.

Pisani receiveth this Letter; he wonders at her affection, and now consults betwixt *Christineta* and her love to him, and his respect to *Gasparino*; he at first holds it incivility not to answer her Letter,

ter, and yet is very unwilling in doing her right, to wrong his Friend: but at last perusing her Letter again, he finds it so kind, as he deems it not only ingratitude, but a degree of inhumanity for him not to return her an answer, and therefore taking Pen and Paper, he writes to her thus:

PISANI to CHRISTINETA.

YOU discover me as much affection as I should treachery to my friend, either to accept or requite it; and were it not for that consideration, which must tend as well to mine own honour, as to your content, I would not stick to say, that Pisani loves Christineta, because she deserves to be beloved; only give me leave to inform you, that as you are too fair to be refused, so I am too honest to betray my friend, especially such a one who is as confident of my fidelity, as I assured of his. Could time reconcile these difficulties with my reputation, my heart would instantly command my Pen to signify you, that I desire to give you hope, and take away your despair; and withall, that Pavia is more pleasing to me than Cremona, sith Christineta lives in it, and Pisani in her. I was never heretofore cruel to any, neither do I resolve to be unkind to you; for how can I, sith I as truly vow to honour you as you profess to love me? Live you in this assurance, and I will die in the same.

PISANI.

Time with a swift foot vanisheth and passeth away, but Christineta's affection to Pisani cannot; she in his Letter perceives a glimmering light of hope break forth thorow the obscure clouds of her despair; but fear doth as soon eclipse and strangle, as propagate and produce it; only, despit of all apprehension and opposition, her thoughts do still gaze and look on Pisani, as the needle of the compass doth to the North; so as she can rest in no true tranquillity of mind, before she writes to him again; the which, some fifteen days after, she doth to this effect.

CHRISTINETA to PISANI.

I MAY pass the bounds of discretion, but will not exceed those of honour; I have ever learnt to retain this Maxim, that affection which receives end had never beginning: If then I live I must breathe the air of your love as well as this of my life; sith it is the prime and sole cause thereof, as the Sun is of the light. Your Letter I finde so full of doubts and ambiguities, as I know not wherefore to hope, or why not to despair; could you dive as deep into my heart as I have into your merits, if nature do not, pity would inform you, that you ought to prefer the love of a Lady before the respect of a Gentleman, especially sith he may carry his heart from you, and I desire to bring and present mine to you: and how can your absence either rejoyce or comfort me, sith your presence will not? Think what you please, either of me or of your self; only give me leave to tell you, that I finde doubt a step and degree to despair, as despair is to death: I write rather with tears then Ink: If you will live my Saint I must die your Martyr.

CHRISTINETA.

At the receipt of this second Letter (which was so sweetly pleasing and pleasingly sweet to his thoughts) he found the Bulwarks and defences of his respect to Gasparino razed and beaten down, and a fair breach made and laid open for Christineta to enter and take possession of the Castle of his heart: so now at one instant he performs two several attempts; for the farther he flies from his friend Gasparino, the nearer he approacheth to his Mistress Christineta, & therefore now wholly imparadising his thoughts in the Garden of her pure beauty, and taking the chiefest light of his content and felicity from the reluctant lustre of her eyes, he thinks it high time, no longer to bear out his Flag of Defiance, but to strike sail, and do homage to the sovereign of his thoughts, the which he doth in this Letter, that he purposely sends her, in answer of hers, by his Page.

PISANI to CHRISTINETA.

YOUR virtue and beauty is enough powerful to prevail with me, but your affection which adds grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget my respects to Gasparino, to remember my love to Christineta; but that which gives life to this my resolution, is, that it is impossible for him to hate me as much as you love me; and in this hope I both rejoyce and triumph, that you shall not be my Martyr, but my Mistress, and I will be both your Saint and your Servant; for as you desire to live in my favour, so my chiefest ambition and zeal is to die in your affection: that which heaven makes me affirm, earth shall not enforce me to deny. I will shortly follow, and second this my Letter; till when you can never so much lament my absence, as I desire your presence. Let this be your true consolation, sith it is my sole delight and chiefest felicity.

PISANI.

If *Pisani* his first Letter overthrew *Christeneta's* despair, this his second revives and confirms her hopes; so that whereas heretofore she condemned her presumption in writing to *Pisani*, she now not only applauds her resolution therein, but also blessed the hour that she attempted it: yea, she builded such Castles of delight and content in her heart, and her heart in her soul, to think that she should be his Wife, and he her Husband; that she anticipateth the hours, and blames the days for not presenting her with the sight and presence of her sweet *Pisani*; whom above all earthly contents, she chiefly desireth.

Now if *Christeneta* were thus perplexed with the absence of her *Pisani*, no less is he with that of his *Christeneta*: for, remembering the freshness of her youth, and the sweetness of her beauty, he in conceit hateth *Cremona*, which before he loved; and now loveth *Pavia*, which before he hated. It is as great a grief to him to be with his other affairs without her, as it would rejoyce him to be with her, without them; yea, she runs so deeply in his thoughts, and they on her beauty, as (if it were not immodesty) he either wisheth himself impaled in her arms, or the incloistered in his. And now, to perform as much as his Letter hath promised, he, without thinking or respecting of his old friend *Gasparino*, prepares all things ready to go see his new Mistress *Christeneta*.

He comes to *Pavia*, accompanied with three or four of his nearest and dearest friends; visiteth *Christeneta*, whom he saluteth and courteth with all kind, honourable, and amorous complements: She is joyful, yea, ravished with his arrival; he doth assure her of his perpetual affection, and reciprocally himself of hers; yea, she so infinitely delights in his presence, and he so extremely in hers, that she now freely gives her self to *Pisani*, and he in exchange, as absolutely takes himself from *Gasparino*, to give himself to *Christeneta*: so as the rejoycing in her purchase, and he triumphing in his victory, they attend the time, wherein heaven and earth hath ordained of two bodies to make them one.

But it is not enough for *Pisani* to be possessed of *Christeneta's* favour; for he must likewise obtain that of her Parents, before either he can enjoy his wishes, or she her desires, and so he goes honourably and secretly to work with them: but he finds them not so tractable as *Christeneta* hoped, or himself desired: for old *Vituri* her Father preferring wealth before honour, and riches before virtues, dislikes this motion, alledging that *Pisani's* Father died exceedingly in debt: that his chiefest Lands were ingaged and mortgaged; that he had many great Legacies to pay to his Sisters; but, which was worst of all, that *Pisani* himself loved the Court better than the Country, and that in his expences and apparel he was extremely prodigal, and frugal in neither; which considerations so swayed the judgment and opinion of *Vituri*, that knowing he might every day provide and procure a better Match for his Daughter, he gives *Pisani* to understand, that as yet he hath no intent to marry his Daughter; alledging her few years, and the like trivial reasons and excuses, whereby *Pisani* might plainly perceive, that he had no intent to give him his Daughter.

This refusal of *Vituri* doth wonderfully grieve *Pisani*, and afflict *Christeneta*, so as they see their hopes nipt in their blossoms, and their desires not in the way to reap such effects as they expected. *Pisani* distrusting his own power, sets his Parents and chiefest Friends to draw *Vituri* to hearken unto reason: but his age cannot be deceived in that, which his judgment, and not his passion, suggested him; they have divers conferences; but every day, instead of bringing hopes, produceth more difficulties and despair; and now that *Pisani* may see that his suit and research is displeasing to *Vituri*, he looks not on him with so courteous an eye as accustomed; and which is worse, *Christeneta* is forbidden his company, and he her Father's House.

This goes to the hearts of our two Lovers, but they brook it as patiently as they may, and hope that time will give end to these their discontents and afflictions. In the mean while, as fire suppressed doth often flame forth with more violence, so such they cannot Personally visit one the other, they entertain their affections by their Letters; who are so many in number, as I hold it fit rather to suppress than divulge them: Thus whiles *Pisani* comforts himself, that there are no roses without prickles, and that hopes long expected are best welcome, but chiefly relying upon the affection and constancy of his Mistress, he will not stain his valour with this point of Cowardize, to be put off with the first repulse of *Vituri*, but resolveth to continue as constant in his affection, as he doth in his refusal; and so, after he had staid a month or two in *Cremona*, he bethinks himself of an Invention whereby it is not impossible for him to obtain his Mistress of her Father.

Pisani, being enriched with the treasure of *Christeneta's* favour and affection, writes to her, that if she can obtain her Mothers consent, she peradventure may easily procure that of her Husband; who hearkning and relishing this advice with much zeal, puts it a foot; and as in few days she gained her Mother, so a month was not fully past, before she had likewise drawn her Husband to approve and consent to this Match. So now our Lovers are again revived and comforted;

for the rubs being taken away, the difficulties removed; and the Parents of both sides fully satisfied, all things now seem in so fair a forwardness and preparation, as if our two Lovers were shortly to enjoy each other in marriage; or to enjoy the fruits of marriage, which so earnestly and infinitely both affected and desired.

To which end, that their Nuptials might be solemnized with the greater pomp and glory; they provide themselves of variety of rich and sumptuous Apparel. The day appointed, and all the Nobility of *Pavia* and *Cremona* (as well their Kinsfolks as others) are invited to the Wedding. But their Parents shall come short of their Designs, and these our two Lovers of their hopes; for this Marriage being not begun in Heaven, shall never be finished nor consummated on earth.

We have here so much spoken of *Pisani*, that it seems we have quite forgotten *Gasparino*, as if he had no farther part to act in this History; but he is not so fortunate: for this proceeding of *Pisani* to *Christeneta* is not so secretly managed, but he hath news thereof; who knowing there can be no greater Treason, after that of a Subject to his Sovereign, than for a Friend to betray his Friend, he grieves, and is extremely incensed at *Pisani*, to see he hath betrayed him of his Mistress: the which he takes so bitterly and passionately, that he vows he will make him repent it. Jealousie and Revenge are always bad Counsellors, and therefore can never prove good Judges: But such is his love to *Christeneta*, and so deeply is her beauty imprinted and engraven in his heart, as shutting his Judgment to Charity, and opening it to Revenge, he is resolved, at what price soever, to call *Pisani* to a strict account for this affront and disgrace, and is resolved rather to die, than live to see himself thus abused, by one whom God and Nature hath made his inferiour. Were we as apt to do good as evil, we should be Angels, not Men; but resemble our selves (or rather hearkening too much to the Prince of Darkness) we fly reason to follow rage, and many times procure our own destruction, in seeking that of others.

Gasparino having thus his eyes and senses o're-clouded and veiled with the mist of Revenge; is transported with such bloody passions and resolutions, as he is sometimes resolved to Pistol *Pisani*, either in the Street, or in his Bed; and other times to hire two or three Ruffians to murder him the next time he rides into the Country: but at last casting his eyes from Hell to Heaven, and from Satan to God, he trampleth those execrable resolutions under his feet, and banisheth them from his heart and thoughts, esteeming them as unworthy of him, as he were of the World, if he should commit them; and so for that time enters into a resolution with himself, no more to think on *Christeneta*, and less to be revenged of *Pisani*, for betraying her from him.

Had *Gasparino* continued in this peaceable and Christian-like mind, he had not exposed himself to so many dangers and misfortunes, nor given himself as a prey to feed the malice and revenge of his bloody Enemies: but now, understanding that all *Cremona* and *Pavia* prattled and laughed at his disgrace, in seeing him thus baffled and abused by *Pisani*, he thinks that not only himself, but his honour is disparaged and wronged herein, and that he shall be extremely condemned of Cowardize, if in a Duel he call not *Pisani* to right him, and give him satisfaction: yea, the only consideration of this point of honour (which many times is bought and sold at so dear a price, as the peril and loss both of body and soul) did so violently perswade and prevail with him, that as revenge admits of no opposition, nor hearkens to any advice, so enquiring for *Pisani*, and understanding him to be in *Pavia*, he the more encouraged and inflamed hereat, taking with him a resolute and confident Gentleman,* and one only Lackey, sets spurs to his Horse and so hies thither, resolving with himself to gain his honour in the same City, where he had received his disgrace.

Being arrived at *Pavia*, he is assured that *Pisani* is in the City, and enquiring more curiously after him, he understands, that that very instant he is with his Mistress *Christeneta*, which so galled his thoughts, and inflamed his heart, as he was once resolved that very instant to send him a Challenge, and the sooner, because *Christeneta* might be an eye-witness of the delivery thereof: but to speak truth, Passion could not find a better opportunity, nor Judgment a worse, for him to draw his malicious contemplation into bloody and impious action; and therefore respecting *Christeneta*, although she had refused to respect him, and fearing if she had the least notice or inkling thereof, she loved her *Pisani* so dearly, as she would hinder and prevent him from running into so eminent a danger, he all that day hush'd himself up privately in his Inn, deferring the sending thereof till the morning, when delivering it to his Cousin *Sebastiano* (the Gentleman that came with him from *Cremona*) he prays him instantly to find out *Pisani*, and to deliver it to him as secretly and as fairly as he could.

Sebastiano being no novice in these occasions and accidents, repairs to *Pisani* his Lodging and finds him as he was issuing of his Chamber, whom he salutes, and delivers *Gasparino* a Chal-

lenge fast sealed. *Pisani* with a constant carriage, and firm countenance, receives it, and breaking off the Seals, steps aside and reads these Lines.

GASPARINO to PISANI.

YOU have given the first breach to our friendship: for such you have treacherously bereaved me of my Mistress, you must now both in honour and justice, either take my life, or yield me yours in requital. If you consider your own ingratitude, you cannot tax, much less condemn, this my resolution: the Place, the West end of the Park; the hour, four or five after Dinner; the manner, on foot, with Seconds; the Weapon, if you please, two single Rapiers, whereof bring you one, and I the other; and I will be content to take the refusal, to give you the choice. If your courage answer your infidelity, you will not refuse to meet me.

GASPARINO.

Pisani having received and perused this Challenge (like an Italianated Gallant preferring his honour before his life) very cheerfully, without any motion or shew of alteration, either in his speeches or countenance, turns to *Sebastiano*, and speaks to him thus, Sir, I pray tell *Gasparino* from me, that my self and Second will with single Rapiers meet him and his, at the hour and place appointed.

Sebastiano returns: and *Pisani* having accepted the Challenge, bears it so secretly, as *Christeneta* (the other half of his heart) understands not hereof; he finds out his dear and intimate friend *Sfondrato*, a valiant young Gentleman, issued of a very noble Family of *Millain*, who accompanied him from *Cremona*, to whom he relates the whole effect of this business, shewing him *Gasparino*'s Challenge, and requesting him to honour him so much as to Second him in this quarrel: *Sfondrato* very cheerfully and freely offereth, and engageth himself; and so about noon *Sebastiano* and himself, like honourable friendly enemies meet to provide and match the Rapiers; but bear it so secretly and discreetly, as none whatsoever could once perceive their intents, or gather their resolutions. The hour approaching, they all take Horse, and that day *Pisani*, because he would be no way prevented and hindred, doth purposely refrain to visit his Mistress *Christeneta*. They post to the Park as to a Wedding, being the place of Rendezvous of their meeting (so famous for the Defeat of the French; and taking Prisoner of their King *Francis* the Second, by the Forces of the Emperor *Charles* the fifth.)

Gasparino and *Sebastiano* are first in the Field; but *Pisani* and *Sfondrato* are not long after; so they all tie up their Horses to the hedge, pull of their Spurs, and cut away the timber-heels of their Boots, that they might not trip, but stand firm in their play: But ere they begin, the Seconds search the Principals, and they the Seconds: so they throw off their Doublets, and appear all in their shirts, not as if they feared death, but rather as if they were resolved to make death fear them.

By this time *Gasparino* and *Pisani* draw; they make their approaches, and at the first encounter *Pisani* is hurt in the out-side of the left arm, and *Gasparino* in the right flank, the blood whereof appeared not, but fell into his hose; they again separate themselves, and now try their fortunes a fresh; here *Pisani* receives two wounds, the one glancing on his ribs, the other in the brawn of his right arm, and *Gasparino* one deep one in his left shoulder; but these slight hurts they only esteem as scars, not as wounds, and therefore seeing their shirts but sprinkled, not dyed with their bloods, they courageously come on again; but this bout proves favourable to them both, for *Gasparino* wards *Pisani*'s thrust from him, and only runs *Pisani* thorow the hose, without doing him any other harm: and so they close which *Pisani* doth purposely to exchange ground, thereby to have the Sun in his back, which was before in his eyes, and now they conclude to take breath.

Their Seconds withdraw not from their stations, neither can they yet imagine to whose side fortune will incline, they being well-near as equal in wounds as courage; and now *Pisani* and *Gasparino* dressing their Rapiers, and wiping off the blood from them, begin again to make trial on whom Victory is resolved to smile, but they alter the manner of the Fight; for now *Gasparino* fights with judgment, and not with fury; and *Pisani* with fury, and not with judgment, whereas heretofore they both did the contrary. They traverse their grounds, *Pisani* is so violent, as he hath almost put himself out of breath; but *Gasparino* is so wary and cautious, as he contents himself to break his thrusts, and resolves not to make any but to the purpose, and upon manifest advantage; the issue answereth his hopes and expectations; for at the very next encounter, as *Pisani* runs *Gasparino* in the neck, he runs *Pisani* thorow the body, a little below the left pap; and his Sword meeting with *Cava Vena* (which leads directly to the heart) makes a perpetual divorce betwixt his body and his soul, and so he falls stark dead to the ground. *Gasparino* knowing him dispatched, sheaths up his Rapier. But *Sfondrato* and his Chirurgion run to his assistance;

stance; but the affection of the one; and the art of the other were in vain; for *Pisani* his life had forsaken his body, and his soul was already fled from this world to another.

Whilst *Sfondrato* and the Chirurgion were stretching out the dead body of *Pisani*, and collecting it up with their Cloaks, *Sebastiano* runs to *Gasparino* and congratulates with him for his victory, extolling his valour to the sky. But *Gasparino* tells him, that these praises appertain not to him; but to a higher providence; and withall prays him, to be careful, and to manage his life both with courage and discretion: and for himself, finding his wounds no way desperate nor dangerous, he is resolved not to suffer his Chirurgion to bind them up; till he see the issue of the Combate betwixt his faithful friend *Sebastiano* and *Sfondrato*.

By this time *Sfondrato* thinks it high time to begin, and being no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his friend *Pisani*, but rather encouraged and resolved to see it dearly on the ill side of *Sebastiano*, he draws, and with his Rapier in his hand comes towards him; *Sebastiano* meets him half way with a very fresh and cheerful countenance, and so they approach one to the other; at their first encounter, *Sebastiano* gives *Sfondrato* a large and wide wound on his right side; but receives another from him throw the left arm, a little below the elbow; but that of *Sfondrato* poured forth more blood; and, to be brief, they both take and give divers wounds, and perform the part of valourous Gentlemen.

But, in the end, God, who would not give all the victory to one side, but will make both parties losers to shew that he is displeased with these their bloody actions; and uncharitable resolutions, which though Honour seem to excuse, yet Religion cannot; after they had three several times taken breath, *Sebastiano* advancing a fair thrust to *Sfondrato*'s breast, which only pierced his shirt, and ravelled his skin; *Sfondrato* requited him with a mournful interest; for he ran him through at the finall of the belly, and so nailed him to the ground, bearing away his life on the point of his Rapier.

Thus our four Combatants; being now reduced to the number of two, *Sfondrato* expected that *Gasparino* would have exchanged a thrust or two with him; the which certainly he had performed: But *Gasparino* finding that the loss of so much blood made him then weak, and that it was now more than time for him to have his wounds bound up; they having taken order for the decent transporting of their dead friends that night to *Parma*; they, without speaking word one to the other, commit themselves to their Chirurgions, and for their wounds being bound up, they take them with them, and, to save themselves from the danger of the Law, they take Horse and post away, *Gasparino* to *Parma*, and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*: from whence they resolve not to stir, before their friends have procured and sent them their Pardons.

Leave we them there; and, to follow the stream of this History, come we to *Cremona* and *Parma*, which rings with the news of the issues of these lamentable and tragical Combates. *Pisani* and *Sebastiano* are infinitely bewailed of their Parents, and lamented of their friends, yea, of their very enemies themselves, and generally of all the world, who either knew them, or heard of their untimely and unfortunate ends.

But all the set ears are nothing, in comparison of those which our fair *Christeneta* sheds for the death of her sweet *Pisani*; for her griefs are so infinitely bitter, as she tears her hair, disfigureth her face, weeps, mourns, howls, and cries so extremly, that Sorrow her self would grieve to see her sorrow; yea, she forsakes and abandoneth all company, throws off all her rich and glittering Garments, and takes on mournful and sad apparel; so as all the persuasions of the world are not capable to give her the least shadow of consolation; for, as she affirms, she neither will nor can be comforted; only amidst her tears, if she admit, or permit any passion to take place in her heart or thoughts, it is choller and revenge against *Gasparino*, who had bereaved her of her only joy, of her dear and sweet *Pisani*, whom she loved a thousand times more dear and tenderly than her self, and of him she vows to be revenged in the highest degree: Whereby we may here in *Christeneta* see the old phrase made good and verified, that there is no affection or hatred to that of a Woman; for where they love, they love dearly; and where they hate, they hate deadly: But leave we her to her sorrows, and come we again to *Gasparino*; who in short time, having obtained his pardon, returns from *Parma* to *Cremona*, where he is joyfully received of his Parents and Friends.

He is no sooner arrived, but the remembrance of *Christeneta*'s beauty doth flourish and revive in his heart; for although he had loved another, yet he could affect none but her self: when letting pass some six or eight months, and hoping that time (which is subject to nothing, and all things to it) might wipe off her tears, and blow away her sighs for the death of *Pisani*; he resolves to renew his old suit to her; to which end he visits her, first by friends, next by letters, and then in person. *Christeneta* (like a counterfeit Fury) dissembles her love to *Pisani*, and her hatred to him, and withall triumpheth and taketh pride to see how discreetly and closely she bears her malice; But our wisdom in sin proves more folly in the eyes of God, which though she

will not now acknowledge; yet she shall hereafter be enforced to do it with repentance, and peradventure when it is too late. So being resolute in her inveterate indignation; her malice doth so out-brave her Charity, and her revenge her Religion, as she cannot find any rest in her thoughts, or tranquillity in her mind, before she see the death of *Gasparino* make amends and satisfaction for that of *Pisani*.

Gasparino having the eyes of his judgment hood-winked, and not fore-seeing how dangerous it is to repose and rely on the favour of an incensed enemy, (as our judgements are ever clearest when we approach our ruin) is very importunate with *Christeneta*, that he may meet and confer privately with her, which indeed is the only opportunity that in heart she hath so long desired; and now it is that she conspires his ruin, and plots his destruction, wherein (perchance) seeking his death, she may procure her own.

Dissembling: Wretch as she is, she seems to be vanquished with his importunity; and therefore to show her self courteous and kind to him, she appoints him to meet her in the Nuns Garden at six of the clock in the morning. But what courtesie, what kindness is this, To have honey in the tongue, and poison in the heart? For she presently agrees with two wretched Ruffians, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, for twice fifty Duckets to murder him. See here the implacable and damnable malice of this young Gentlewoman, who forgetting her Soul, and her God, becomes the Author of irretrievable and lamentable a Murder.

Gasparino, drowning his senses and understanding in the contemplation of the content he should receive in enjoying his Mistress *Christeneta's* Company, thinks the night long ere the day appear; and although the evening were fair and clear, yet in the morn, *Aurora* had no sooner leapt from the watry bed of *Neptune*, but the Skies were over-cast and veiled with obscure clouds, which imprison the Sun and his golden beams, purposely not to behold so bloody a Tragedy, as was then to be acted.

Christeneta (who could not sleep for revenge) is stirring in the morning betimes, & so are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*. They all meet in the Nuns Garden, she walking in the Alleys, and they hiding themselves out of sight: At last the clock strikes six, and immediately in comes *Gasparino*, with his Hat in his hand, and his Rapier by his side; he courts and salutes *Christeneta* with many amorous speeches, and sweet complements; she prepares to receive him: but instead of courteous entertainment, gives him a bloody welcome; her words (or rather her watch-words) are these; *Gasparino* (saith she) this Garden is, a place where I had my conference with *Pisani*, and where I purpose to have my last with you. At which words, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, rush forth of a Bower, and with many wounds kill him dead at their feet, but he had first the leisure to draw, and for a while very valiantly defended himself, giving each of them several wounds. *Christeneta* seeing *Gasparino* felled to the ground, fearing that he was not fully dead, and to prevent his crying, she runs to him, thrusts her Handkercher into his mouth; and to shew her self more like a Tygar than a Woman, and a Devil than a Christian, she with a small Ponyard, or Stiletto, stabs him many times thorow the body, and spurning him with her feet; utters this revengeful and bloody speech; This I sacrifice to the memory of my dear Love *Pisani*. And so *Bianco* and *Brindoli* take this murdered body of *Gasparino*, and tying a great stone to it, shrew it into the Well of the Garden; and the better to conceal this damnable act, they fly by a Postern-door; and *Christeneta* thinking to cover and shroud her sin, under the cloak of piety and devotion, forsakes the Garden; and so, unseen of any earthly eye, betakes her to the Nuns Church, where she falls on her knees; but with so prophane a devotion, as she did no way repent but rather triumph at this murder; But this her hypocrisy shall cost her dear.

We have here seen this horrible and cruel murder committed and acted, and the murderers themselves by this time all fled, and gotten to their homes; yea, *Christeneta* glorieth in her revenge, and *Bianco* and *Brindoli* in their money; so as they now think themselves free, and past all danger: but they shall be deceived in their hopes, for Divine Providence hath decreed other wise. And here we come to the detection and punishment of this murder, wherein God's mercy and justice, his providence and his glory, do most miraculously shine and appear.

The Nuns being in their Cells at their Orisons, hear the clinking of swords, and so they advertise their Abbess or Governess thereof, who gives the Alarm in the House. They descend to the Garden, to see what this rumor might be; they find the Postern open and the Alleys very much sprinkled and gored with blood; they suspect murder, but neither find nor see any, either living or dead: they lend to acquaint the Prefect and Provost of the City herewith, who repair to the Garden; and (as before) find much blood, but see no body; they make strict inquiry and search in the ditches, hedges, thickets, and vaults of the Garden, but find nothing, only they forgot to search the Well: Then to find what those fighters were, they think of a policy, as worthy of them, as they of their office; they give a secret charge to all the Chirurgions of the City to reveal them, if any having new wounds, came that night, or the next morning to them, to be

be cured, whereupon *Rhanusio*, one of the chiefest Chirurgeons, informs them that he about an hour since had dressed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* (two Soldiers of the City) of nine several wounds, which they newly received. The Prefect and Provost advertised thereof, cause them to be brought before them, whom they found both together, where (no doubt) they had consulted. They enquire who wounded them? They answer, They had a quarrel betwixt themselves, and so they fought it out. Being demanded again, where, and when they fought, they looked each on other, and knowing that *Christeneta* was safe at home, and *Gasparino* close in the Well, they instantly replied, it was in the Nuns Garden at Saint *Clayre*; and at six of the clock in the morning, which agreeing to the Nuns relation, gave end to this business, for that time especially. But though they delude and blinde the eyes of men, yet they cannot nor shall not those of God. And now, although these murderers have thus escaped, yet they prepare to forsake and leave *Pavia*, for fear to be afterwards discovered. But they shall be prevented in their subtleties; for the hand of God will speedily arrest them.

Now we must observe, that *Gasparino* being found wanting two whole nights from his lodging, and his Lackey gathering no news of him at *Pisani's* House, where he usually frequented to visit and court his Mistress *Christeneta*, he informs the Host of the House thereof, and is first an honest man, doubting the worst (after the custom of *Italy*) acquainted the Prefect and Provost thereof, who, like judicious and wise Magistrates, examined *Gasparino's* Lackey, when he last saw his Master, and where? The Lackey answers, He parted from his chamber yesterday morning betwixt five and six, with his Prayer-book in his hand, as if he were going to Church, but commanded him not to follow him; and since (he saith) he saw him not. And now by the providence of God the Lackey's relation gives a little glimpse and glimmering light to the discovery of this murder: for the Magistrates see, that the hour of *Gasparino's* departure from his Chamber, and that of *Bianco* and *Brindoli's* fighting do agree; as also his Book and the Nuns Church bear some shew of coherence and probability.

Whereupon, they (guided as it were by the very immediate finger of God) resolve and determine to apprehend, and forthwith to imprison both *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, who, the very next day had thought to have slipped down the River to *Ferrara*, and so to *Venice*.

They are examined concerning *Gasparino*; they vow he is a Gentleman they have neither known nor seen. The Magistrates hold it fit they should be put to the Rack, which is as speedily performed: but these stout Villains constantly maintain their free speech, and although they make suit to be freed and released, yet the Prefect holds it necessary to continue them in prison; and withal, to make a more narrow and exacter search in the Nuns Garden.

Christeneta being at the first advertised that *Bianco* and *Brindoli* were dead, is thereat astonished and amazed, and so resolves to fly, but being advertised they had already suffered torments, and revealed nothing, she again resolves to stay, which indeed she doth; but it is the justice and mercy of God that keeps this bloody bird within her Nest.

The Prefect and Provost (as being inspired from Heaven) continue constant in their resolutions, to make a second search in the Garden for murder; which they do, and very curiously, leaving no place unsearched: at last it pleased the Lord to put into the Provosts minde to search the Well; which the day before they had omitted. He acquaints the Prefect herewith, who with much alacrity approves hereof, and so causing it to be searched, they at last in their hooks bring up some peeces of wrought black Taffaty, which by the Lackey was affirmed and known to be the same that his Master *Gasparino* wore the last time he saw him: whereat they were more eagerly encouraged to search again most exactly; which they do, and at last bring up the dead body of *Gasparino*, when stripping off his cloths, they finde his body pierced with thirteen several wounds; at the mournful sight whereof, the whole Assembly, but especially his Lackey, cannot refrain from tears, and yet all glorifie God for finding his body, as also for the discovery of the Murderers, who now they confidently believe are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*.

But see the further mercies of God; for *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are but the hands which executed this murder, and not the head which plotted it: therefore the Magistrates being sure of them, do now resolve to hie to prison, and to give them double torment, thereby to discover out of what quiver the first Arrow of this murder came: But behold the mercy and justice of God! they are eased of this labour, and the name of the Malefactor brought them by a most miraculous and unheard-of accident; for when the Magistrates and whole Company had often visited *Gasparino's* naked body, and seen nothing but wounds, a little boy standing by (of some ten years of age) espied a linnen cloth in his mouth, which he shewed the Company, which the Prefect causing to be pulled out, found it to be a Cambrick handkercher, and withal a name in red silk Letters in one corner, which was the true name of *Christeneta*.

See, see, the goodness! Oh let us stand amazed and wonder at the mercies of God, to see what means and instruments he ordaineth for the discovery of Murderers.

The Prefect and Provost send away speedily to apprehend her, she is taken in the midst of her pleasures and pastimes, yea from the arm of her mother, and feet of her Father, to whom she fled for safety, but in vain; for she is instantly committed close Prisoner, from whence we shall not see her come forth, till she come to her condign punishment on a shameful Scaffold, for this her horrible offence of Murther.

And now the Prefect and Provost go themselves to the prison, where *Bianca* and *Brindoli* are; they accuse them peremptorily for the murder of *Galvarino*, whose body they inform them they have taken out of the Well: but they again deny it. They give them double torment, and conjure them to reveal this their murder; but they are so strong of courage, or rather the devil is so strong in them, as they deny all, and neither accuse themselves nor any other.

The Prefect and Provost, although they saw all circumstances concur, that undoubtedly *Christeneta* had a deep hand in this murder, yet they examine her fairly, and promise her much favour, and their best friendship and assistance, if she will reveal it: but she, as her two confederates, denies all. They adjudge her to the Rack, whereunto she very patiently permits her self to be fastened; but her dainty body and delicate limbs cannot endure the cruelty of this torment; and so she conselleth all, that in revenge of *Pilani's* death, she had caused *Bianca* and *Brindoli* to murder him in the Nuns Garden, as we have formerly understood.

And now comes Gods sentence from heaven, pronounced against these murderers, by the mouth of his Magistrates on earth, who for reparation and expiation of their horrible crimes of murder, committed on *Galvarino*, adjudge *Bianca* and *Brindoli* to have their right hands cut off, then to be hanged, and their bodies thrown into the River *Pa*. And *Christeneta* (notwithstanding all the solicitation which her Father and friends made for her) to be first hanged then burned, and her ashes thrown into the air: Which to the full satisfaction of Justice, before an infinite number of Spectators (who assisted at their mournful ends) was accordingly executed, who yet could not refrain from tears, but as much approved and applauded *Christeneta's* affection to *Pilani*, as they detested and abhorred her inhumane and bloody revenge to *Galvarino*.

Bianca and *Brindoli*, as they lived unrighteously, so they dyed desperately, and could not be drawn to repent themselves of this their bloody fact: But, as I have understood, *Christeneta* was extremely sorrowful for her sins, but especially for this murder, whereof at her last breath she infinitely and exceedingly repented her self: yea, I have been informed, that she delivered a godly and religious speech upon the Ladder, but I was not so fortunate to recover it.

May all true Christians read this History with profit, and profit in reading it, that so God may receive the glory, and their souls the eternal comfort and consolation. Amen.

And now we shall see the execution of this sentence, which was pronounced against these murderers, by the mouth of his Magistrates on earth, who for reparation and expiation of their horrible crimes of murder, committed on *Galvarino*, adjudge *Bianca* and *Brindoli* to have their right hands cut off, then to be hanged, and their bodies thrown into the River *Pa*. And *Christeneta* (notwithstanding all the solicitation which her Father and friends made for her) to be first hanged then burned, and her ashes thrown into the air: Which to the full satisfaction of Justice, before an infinite number of Spectators (who assisted at their mournful ends) was accordingly executed, who yet could not refrain from tears, but as much approved and applauded *Christeneta's* affection to *Pilani*, as they detested and abhorred her inhumane and bloody revenge to *Galvarino*.

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GOD'S



God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY III.

Mortaigne, under promise of Marriage, gets Josselina with Child; and after, converting his love into hatred, causeth his Lackey La Verdure, and La Palma, to murder both her, and her young Son: the jealousy of Isabella to her Husband La Palma is the cause of the discovery hereof: they are all three taken and executed for the same.

IT is a just reward for the vanity of our thoughts, and a true recompence for the errors of our youth, that we buy pleasure with repentance, and the sweetness of sin with the bitterness of afflictions: but if we violate the laws of Christianity, and abandon our selves to lust and fornication, then we shall see with shame, that men will not pity us, and finde with grief, that God will punish us. It is an excellent vertue in maidens, not to listen to the fewd temptations of men, and in men not to hearken to the sugred charms of the Devil, for commonly that folly gives the one shame, and this madness brings the other destruction: but if we first forget our selves, and then our God, by adding and heaping sin upon sin, as first, to perpetrate fornication, and after murder, than assuredly our estate is so miserably wretched, and so wretchedly miserable, as we have no hope left for better fortunes, nor place for worse. And because Example is both pleasing to our memory, and profitable to our judgment, this mournful ensuing History shall make good, and confirm it to us: Therefore let us shut the door of our thoughts against the power of sin, and that of our hearts, against the malice of Hell, and we shall not only make our fortunes immoveable in this world, but our felicity eternal in that to come.

In the South-east part of France, within a days journey of the famous City of Lions, at the foot of the Mountain of *Tavara*, upon the border and bosome of that sweet River *Lignon*, so famous by the Minion of Honour, and the Darling of the Muses, the Marquess of *Orse*, in his beautiful and Divine *Astrea*, near *Durency* (a certain small Village) there dwelt a poor Country Farmer named

named *Andrew Mollard* who of late burying his Wife, had one only Child left him by her, being a very fair young Girl, about the age of twelve years old, named *Josselina*, whom he hoped should prove the stay and prop of his age, and resolved when she grew up in years, and came to woman's estate, to marry her to some of his neighbours sons, and at his death, to give her all that little which either his Parents, or his own labour and industry had left or procured him.

Two or three years sliding away, in which time *Mollard* increasing in wealth, and his daughter in years, she was, and was justly reported to be the fairest Nymph of those parts, and by all the rustick Swains termed the fair *Josselina*, esteeming themselves happy, if they might see her, much more, if they might enjoy her presence.

Now within a little League of *Mollard's* house, dwelt an ancient and wealthy Gentleman, named *Monsieur de Concy*, who had many Children: but among the rest, his eldest son termed *Monsieur de Mortaign*, was a very hopeful and brave Gentleman, who was first a Page to that generous Nobleman *Monsieur de la Guiche*, sometimes Governour of *Lyons*, and since his death, a chief Gentleman to *Monsieur de Saint Ferrant*, now a Marshal of France.

This *Mortaign* having lived some years in *Paris*, with his Lord the Marshal, where he followed all honourable exercises, as Riding, Fencing, Dancing, and the like (whereby he purchased himself the honourable title of a most perfect and accomplished Gentleman) was at last desirous to see his Father, partly, because he understood he was weak and sickly, but especially to be at the Nuptials of a Sister of his termed *Mademoiselle de la Hay*, who was then to be married to a Gentleman of *Auvergne*, termed *Monsieur de Cassalis*.

This Marriage being solemnized, *Mortaign* having conducted his sister into *Auvergne*, and now seeing his Father strong and lusty, he begins to dislike the Country, and to wish himself again in *Paris*, where the rattling of Coaches, and the infinity of fair Ladies did better delight and please him: he craves leave of his Father and Mother to return, which (because he is the chiefest stay and comfort of their age) they unwillingly grant him, and so he prepares for his return to *Paris*: But an unlooked-for Accident shall stop his Journey for the present; and another, but far more fatal, seconding and succeeding that, shall stop and hinder him from ever seeing it.

For the night before the morning he was to depart, *de Concy* his Father is most dangerously taken with a burning Fever; and so neither he nor his Mother will permit him to depart. Living thus in the Country, and few Gentlemen dwelling near his Father's house, he gives himself to Hunting and Hawking, pastimes and exercises, which though before he loved not, yet now he exceedingly delights in: Now amongst other times, he one day hunting in his Fathers woods (hollowing for his Dog which he had lost in a thicket) by chance sprung a Pheasant, which flying to the next woods, he sends for his Hawk, with an intent to fly at him; and so being not so happy as again to set sight of him, he ranged so far, and withal so fast, that he was very thirsty, but saw no house near him, that he might call for Wine; till at last he happened on that of *Andrew Mollard*, of whom we have formerly made mention. *Mortaign*, seeing a man walking in the next Vineyard, demanded if he were the man of the house, and prayed him to afford him a draught of Wine alledging that he was very thirsty; *Mollard* knowing this young Gentleman by the model of his face presumed to demand him if he were not one of *Monsieur de Concy's* Sons? He answered, yes, and that his name was *Mortaign*. *Mollard* presently calling to mind that he was his Father's Heir, very courteously (in his fashion) prays him to enter his house, and so being set down, he sends his daughter *Josselina* for Wine, which she fetched, and they both drink; where honest *Mollard* thinking his house blessed with so great (and as he thought so good) a Gentleman, very chearfully proffers him Pears, Grapes, Walnuts, and such homely dainties as his poor Cottage could afford. But we shall see *Mortaign* requite this courtesie of *Mollard*, with an extreme ingratitude.

Mortaign whose eye was seldom on *Mollard*, and never from his Daughter, admires to see so sweet a beauty in so obscure a place; he cannot refrain from blushing, to behold the delicacy of her pure complexion: for though she were poor in clothes, yet he saw her rich in beauty, which made not only his eyes, but his heart conclude, that she was wonderful fair; sith it is ever the sign of a true and perfect beauty, where the face graceth the apparel, and not the apparel the face. And now comparing *Josselina's* taint, to that of the gallant Ladies of *Paris*, he finds that the truth of nature exceeds the falshood of their Art: for thorow the Alabaster of her Front, Neck, and Paps, he might perceive the azure of her veins, which like the windings of *Meander's* streams swiftly range, and sweetly presents it self to his eye. And for her eyes, or rather the Diamonds and Stars of her face, their splendor was so clear, and their influence so piercing, as they not only captivate his thoughts with love, but wounded his heart with affection and admiration. But if *Mortaign* gaze on the freshness and sweetness of *Josselina's* beauty, no less doth she on the properness and perfection of his youth, only his eyes tilt at her with more liberty, and hers on him with modesty, respect, and secrecy; which *Mortaign* well espying, he vows to obtain

obtain her favour, or to lose his life in research thereof: but the end of such lascivious resolutions seldom prosper.

But see how all things favour *Mortaign's* affection, or rather his lust, to *Josselina*! for *Mollard* tells him, he holds a small Tenement near adjoining to his Father; who hath now put him in Suit of Law for two Herriots; and therefore beseccheth him for his good word and favour to his Father in his behalf. *Mortaign* glad of this occasion to serve for a pretext and cloak for him to have access to his House and Daughter, promiseth him to deal effectually with his Father for him; and the next time he passeth that way, to acquaint him what he hath done therein: and so stealing a kiss or two from *Josselina*, as her Father went into the Court, and with all, swearing to her, that he loved her dearly, and would come often to see her; he thanking *Mollard* for his good cheer, for that time departed.

But the further he goes from *Mollard's* house, the nearer his heart approacheth his Daughter *Josselina*. So his thoughts being stedfastly and continually fixed on her, he begins to dislike his Father's house, yea, forsakes all company; and many times pretending to walk in the Park and Woods, he steals away privately to see his new Mistress. He visits her often, but especially when her Father is at Market, and gives her Gloves, Lawn, and Silk Girdles; yea, he never comes to her, but brings her some Gift and Present, thinking thereby the sooner to obtain his desire, but as yet he is still deceived: for, although she be humble and simple, yet she is chaste, and will not hearken to his allurements and enticements. Had *Josselina* continued constant in this resolution, her life would have proved more happy, and her death less mournful.

Mortaign perceiving *Josselina's* coyness and obstinacy, is thereat no way the less, but rather far the more ensnared and enflamed with her beauty; and now perceiving that all his Visits, Gifts, Speeches, and Prayers, work no desired effect, he hath recourse to that old fallacy and subtil invention, whereby so many silly Maids are abused and deceived; he vows, that if she will permit him to enjoy his desire, he will marry her, notwithstanding that their Birth and Quality were so unequal and different: and this, and only this battery and allurements, was that which vanquished *Josselina's* Chastity, who poor Girl, caught with this snare, in hope to be a Gentlewoman, shook hands with her Maiden-head, which she should have prized and esteemed far more precious than her life: but she shall pay dear for this her folly; for she shall live *Mortaign's* Strumpet, and never dye his Wife.

Mortaign hath now his desire of *Josselina*; and for the fruit of this their unchaste pleasure, in short time her belly swells. *Mollard* her Father discovers the Pad in the straw; he grieves hereat, tears his white hairs, and vows, his Daughter's infamy will shorten his days. He torments her with reproachings and threatnings, so as she can find no rest or tranquillity in his House: she adviseth *Mortaign* hereof, and requests his assistance in this her affliction. *Mortaign* by night steals her away, and sends her ten Leagues off from *Durency*, placing her in a poor Kinsman's House of his, where she is delivered of a young Son. But she shall shortly see (with repentance) what it is to have a Child ere a Husband. In the mean time she feeds her self with hope, that *Mortaign* will shortly marry her; but he resolves nothing less: for the Gallants of these times (who build their triumphs upon the shipwreck and ruins of Maidens Honour) will promise any thing, ere they enjoy their desire, but perform nothing when they have obtained it; but rather spurn at those pleasures, as at Nose-gayes, which they delight in in the morn, and throw away ere night.

Calantha (*Mortaign's* Mother) all this while knows nothing of these occurrences betwixt her Son and *Josselina*; and desires to see him married, that she might have the felicity to see her self a Grand-mother: to which end, she resolves to seek a Wife for him: and makes a motion to *Monsieur de Vassy*, the *Seneschal* of *La Pallisse*, to match her Son with *Mademoiselle la Varina*, his only Daughter. *De Vassy* dislikes not this motion; the young folks see and love: so as in all human sense, and outward appearance, it seems a short time will finish and conclude this Match: but it was otherwise determined in Heaven.

This news doth amaze and terrifie *Josselina*: but, as misfortune seldom comes alone, she likewise, that very instant, understands that *Mollard* her Father (for very grief of her foul fact) is dead, and hath disinherited her, leaving her nothing but the memory of her shame for her Portion and Dowry and only repentance to comfort her: And this indeed is the forerunner of her future misery. Wherefore now, if ever, it is for her to look to her self and welfare; to which end she resolves to write *Mortaign* a Letter, to put him in mind of his promise, and to take compassion of her poverty, being already reduced to this misery, that she hath not wherewithal to maintaine her self and Child. Her said Letter (word for word) I thought good to insert here, because the substance and perusal thereof, deserves both pity and compassion.

JOSSSELINA to MORTAIGN.

YOU have bereaved me of mine honour, the which (had I as much grace as vanity) I should have esteem'd far dearer and more precious than my life. Your promise to make me your Wife, was the only lure which drew me to consent to that error and folly; at the remembrance whereof, I grieve with shame, and shame with repentance, especially sith I see you are so far from performing it, as you hate me, instead of loving me: let the sweetness of my youth, and the freshness of my beauty, (which with many oaths you professed you both admired and adored,) judge whether I have deserved this discourtesie of you: but it is a just punishment for my sin; and now I find too late, though formerly I would not believe, that the fruits of pleasure are bitter, resembling those Pills which seem sweet to the Palate, but prove poyson to the Stomack; and may all Maidens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet seek not to make shipwreck of my life, as you have done of my chastity. You know, my Father is dead, and with him, all the Means which in this world I can either hope or expect, as well for the maintenance of my self, as of your Son, except from your self; the which, with millions of sighs and tears, I beg and beseech you afford me; and if not for love to me, at least for pity to him; if you will not grant me the honour to be a piece of your self, yet in nature you cannot deny but your little Son is not only your Picture, but your Image; therefore if you will not affect me for his sake, at least do him for mine; and think that as it will be an extreme ingratitude in you, not to give her maintenance, who hath given you a Son; so it will be extreme cruelty, not to allow that poor Babe wherewithall to live, sith he hath received both his Being and life of you. But I hope you will prove more natural to him, and more charitable to my self; otherwise rest assured, that such disrespect and unkindness, will never go long; either unpunished of men, or unpunished of God.

JOSSSELINA.

JOSSSELINA having penned this Letter to Mortaign; she, desirous to draw hope and assistance from all parts, thinks it fit likewise to write another to Calintha his Mother, to the same effect: the which she doth, and sends it by a confident Messenger, with express charge to deliver them severally: the tenor thereof is thus.

JOSSSELINA to CALINTHA.

I know not in what terms either to relate you my misfortunes, or reveal you my misery, especially sith my own folly and indiscretion gave life to the first, as your Son Mortaign's ingratitude doth to the second: had I been as wise, as now sorrowfull; or as chaste, as now repentant; or which is more, had I not even lov'd him, as much as he now hates me: I need not blush, as I do, to write to you. That his promise to make me his Wife, hath made me the unfortunate Mother of a young Son, whereof he is the unkind Father. I may well term my self unfortunate, sith I no sooner lost mine honour, but my Father, for his displeasure of my shame and folly, gave all his Means from me, which before, Right and Nature had promised me; and I may justly term your Son Mortaign unkind, sith he not only refuseth to marry me, but also to allow maintenance, either for my self or his Child. It is therefore to you, wanting and despairing of all other means, friends, and hopes, that with many blushes and tears, I presume to acquaint you with the poverty of my fortune, and the richness of my misery, the which I humbly request you both to pity and relieve; at least, if you will not, that your Son may, who is the cause thereof. My love to him, hath not deserved your hatred to me: and therefore in excusing my folly, or rather, if you please, my youth, I hope you will be so charitable to the poor Babe my Son, that I shall not want for his sake, nor be for his Fathers; or if you will frown, and not smile on me, but rather triumph, to see me languish and faint under the burthen of my poverty, yet vouchsafe to excuse his innocency, though you condemn mine error; and so, if I must dye miserably, at least let me carry this one content to my grave, That I may be sure I shall live happily. Nature cannot deny this Charity, and Grace will not excuse that Cruelty.

JOSSSELINA.

Whiles JOSSSELINA flatters her self with hope, that these Letters will procure her her desire and comfort, Mortaign, and Calintha his Mother, receive them. As for Mortaign, he like a base Gentleman, (whose courtesie was now turned into inhumanity) as much triumphs in his own sin, as rejoiceth in JOSSSELINA's foolish ambition and poverty. It is a felicity to him, to think that he hath abused her youth, and betrayed her chastity: and therefore he now respecteth her for little, or rather dis-respecteth her so much, as her shame is his glory; her misery, his happiness; and her affliction, his content; yea, he no more thinks of her, but with disdain and envy, for the beauty of Kenna, hath quite defaced and blotted out that of JOSSSELINA. Neither doth this cruelty of Mortaign end in her, but it begins in the pretty Babe his Son: for he so far degenerateth

from

from the Laws and Principles of Nature, as he not only hates the Mother for the Child's sake; but the Child for his Mother's sake; yea, he is so far from giving either of them maintenance or both content, as he scorns the Mother, and will no way either own or relieve the Child; and so burning his Letter, and forgetting the contents thereof, he very ingratelly and cruelly resolves to answer it with silence: and this is the best comfort which *Josselina* and the poor young Babe, her Son, receive from *Mortaign*. But I fear the worst is to come.

If *Josselina* and her Babe receive such disrespect and inhumanity from *Mortaign*, it is to be feared and doubted, that they will meet with little better from his Mother *Calintha*; who no sooner received and read her Letter, but, full of wrath and indignation, she in disdain throws it away from her: yea, her discontent and malice is so inflamed against *Josselina* and her Child, as fearing it may prove a blur and a block to *Mortaign's* marriage with *Varina*, she not only refuseth to relieve them, but is so cruel and inhuman, as she wisheth them both in another World, as unworthy to live in this. But her choler is too passionate, and her passions too unnatural and cruel: for if she would not relieve *Josselina*, whom her Son *Mortaign* had abused; yet, in pity; yea, in nature, she should have taken order for the maintenance of the Child, whom her Son had begotten: for if the Mother had deserved her hatred, yet this poor Babe was innocent thereof, and rather merited her compassion, than her envy; or, at least, if there had been any spark of humanity, grace, or good nature in her, if she would not have been seen courteous and barbarous to them her self, yet she might dispence with her Son, and wink if he had performed it. But nothing less: for her malice is so great, and her rage so outrageous and unreasonable, as she refuseth it her self, and commands him to the contrary: so as being once resolute, not to cast away so much time to return *Josselina* an answer, she at last in a humour wherein disdain triumphed over pity, and humanity over charity, calls for Pen and Paper, and returns her this bitter and cruel answer,

CALINTHA to JOSSELINA.

HAVING been so graceless to abuse my Son, I wonder how thou dar'st be so impudent, as to offend me with thy Letter; the which I had once thought rather to have burnt, than read: but I find it not strange, that being defective of thy body, thou art so of thy judgment; to think, that such thine own Father gave all from thee, that I, who am a meer stranger to thee (as I wish thou hadst been to my Son) should afford or give thee any thing. Neither doth this resolution of mine proceed from contempt, but charity: for, as thou art a Woman, I pity thee; but, as a strumpet, hold it no pity to relieve thee. Now then, despairing of any hope for thy self, thou pleadest for thy Brat; but sith he is the object of thy shame, as thou art of my Son, and withall the cause: why should I look on the Child with compassion, sith I neither can nor will see the Mother, but with disdain and envy? Thou complainest of thy misfortune and misery, without considering that the Stars and Horoscope of thy base birth, never pointed thee out for so high an estate, as of a Clown's Daughter, to become a Gentleman's Wife: but thou must add ambition to thy dishonesty; as if one of these two vices were not enough powerful to make thee miserable. Thou dost likewise tax my Son of unkindness towards thee; without considering, that his love to thee, hath been cruelty to himself: for, as thou art like to buy his familiarity with tears; so, for ought I know, may he think with repentance. If thou expect any comfort, thou must hope for no other then this, That as my Son disdaineth to marry thee, so do I, that either my self or he relieve thee. Look then on thy self with shame, on thy Child with repentance; whiles my Son and I will remember you both with contempt, but neither with pity.

CALINTHA.

Poor *Josselina* having received and perused *Calintha's* Letter, and seeing, withall, *Mortaign* so inhuman, as he disdaineth to write to her; for meer grief and sorrow, she, with her Babe at her breast, falls to the ground in a swoon; and had not the noise thereof advertised those in the next room, to come to her assistance, she had then and there ended her misery with her life; and not afterwards lived to see and endure so many sharp afflictions, and lamentable wants and misfortunes.

Alas! alas! she hath now no power to speak, but to weep; yea, if her tears are not words, I am sure her words are sighs: for, being abandoned of *Mortaign*, and hated of his Mother, she is so pierced to the heart with the consideration of that cruelty, and the remembrance of this disdain, that she tears her hair, repents her self of her former folly, and curseth the hour that *Mortaign* first saw her Father's house, or she him: but this is but one part of her sorrows and afflictions; Lo, here comes another, that is capable to turn her discontent into despair, her despair into rage, and her rage into madness.

For, by this time, *Calintha* understanding by her Son, where *Josselina* resided and sojourned, she so ordered the matter, as when *Josselina* least thought thereof, she and her Babe, in a dark

and cold night, is most inhumanly turned out of the House where she was, yea, with so great barbarism and cruelty, as she was not suffered to rest, either in the Hay-loft, Barn, or Stable, or any other place within doors; but inforced to lye in the open field, where the bare ground was her Bed, a Mole-hill her Pillow, the cold Air her Coverlet, and the Firmament her Curtains and Canopy. And now it is, and never before that her eyes gush forth whole Rivers of tears, and her heart and breast sends forth many Volleys of deep-fetch'd sighs; yea, having no other Tapers but the Starrs of Heaven to light her, she looks on her poor Babe for comfort; whose sight, God knows, doth but redouble her sorrows and afflictions, because it lyes crying at her breast for want of Milk, which (poor woman) she had not to give it: when, being in this miserable case, and accompanied with none but the Beasts of the Field, and the Birds of the Air, who yet were far happier than her self, because they were gone to their rest, and she could receive none: she, after many bitter sighs, groans, and tears, uttered these speeches to her self;

Alas, alas, poor *Jesseline*! it is thy folly, and not thy fortune, that hath brought thee to this misery: for, hadst thou the grace to use, and not to abuse thy beauty, thou might'st have seen thy self as happy, as now thou art wretched and miserable. But see what a double loss thou receivest for thy single pleasure; for the loss of thy chastity to *Morrain*, was that of thy Father to thee: and now being deprived of both, what wilt thou do, or whether canst thou lye for comfort? But alas, this is not all the misery: for, as thy loss is double, so is thy grief: for now thou must as well sorrow for thy Child, as for thy self: yea, *Jesseline* forget to grieve for thy self, and remember to do it for thy Babe, sith thou hast brought it into the world, and hast not wherewith to maintain it. And then, not able to proceed further, she takes it up and kisses it, rhins tears on its cheeks, though she cannot stream milk in its mouth; when again, recovering her speech, she continues thus:

Ay-me, *Jesseline*! thou art both the Author and the Cause of thine own misery, and therefore thou must not blame Heaven, but thank thy self for it, for thy afflictions are so great, as wherefoever thou turnest thy thoughts or eyes, thou findest nothing but grief, nothing but sorrow: for if thou think on *Morrain*, he looks on thee with disdain; if on his Mother *Clotilda*, she with envy: yea, thou canst not behold the World without shame; thy poor Infant, without sorrow; nor thy self, without repentance. Nay, consider further with thy self, what thou hast gotten by casting (or rather, by casting away) thy affection on *Morrain*; he found thee a Maid, and hath left thee a Strumpet; thou hast a Child, and yet no Husband; then thou wert so happy, as to have a Father; and now thy Son is so miserable; as he can find none: yea, then thou wert a Friend to many; but now thou findest not one that will be so to thee, and, which is worse, thou hast not wherewithall to be so to thy self. Alas! alas! thou hast no House to go to, no Friend to trust to, no Meat for thy self, nor Milk for thy Child: therefore poor *Jesseline*, quoth she, How happy should we both be, if thou wert buried, and he unborn.

She would have finished her speech, but that tears interrupted her words, and sighs cut her tears in pieces.

By this time her Babe falls asleep; but her griefs are so great, and her sorrows so infinite, as she cannot close her eyes, nor yet be so much beholding either to *Morpheus* or *Drach* to do it for her; which perceiving, as also that the Moon was enveloped in a Cloud, and that the Starrs began to deny her the comfort and lustre of their light: she fearing to be overtaken with rain, and perceiving a thick Wood a pretty way off from her, she takes her Babe, and as fast as her weak and wearied legs could perform (bitterly weeping and sighing) hies thither for shelter: but Heaven proves more kind to her, than Earth; for so, both the Moon and Starrs assist and comfort her in this her sorrowful Journey. Being come to the Wood (which indeed was farther off than she thought) she began to be weary; and there making a bed of Leaves (which at that season of the year fell abundantly from the Trees) she thereon for a while rested her self, but sleep she could not: and now if any thing in the world afforded her comfort, it was to see that her Infant slept prettily, though not soundly: but here, if her eyes craved rest, so her stoynock craved meat; for it was now mid-night, and she had eaten nothing since noon: so pulling off her Upper-Coat, she wraps and covers her Child as hot as she could; who being fast asleep, and laying it on the bed of Leaves, she goes from Tree to Hedge, and gathers Black-Berries, Slows, and wild Cherries, wherewith, instead of better Viands, she satisfied her hunger, and now she sees her self on the top of a Hill, at whose foot she perceived a River, and a great stony Bridge over it, the which she knew, as also, that there was a little Village near about a mile beyond it, which indeed in the midst of her miseries afforded her some comfort. So back she lyes to her Child, which she finds out by its crying; it wanted not only his Nipple, but his Nurse; and so with many kisses takes it up in her Arms, and hies towards the Bridge; and

and from thence to the Village, which she now remembers is named *Villepont*, where she arrives at five of the clock in the morning; and lodged her self in a very poor Inn; being extremely glad, and infinitely joyful, that she had recovered so good a Harbour.

But money she hath none to pay her expences; and to lye in this upon credit, is to be ill attended, and worse looked to: so she is enforced, yea, fain to sell away her quoives, her Bands, and her Upper-coat, to discharge her present occasions. Poor *Joffelina*! how happy hadst thou been, if thou hadst had as much Wit and Chastity, as Beauty, or rather, more Chastity, and less Beauty! But it is now too late to remedy it; though never to repent it.

Joffelina knowing *Villepont* to be but seven Leagues from *Durenay* (the Parrish where she was born) is irresolute, whether to lye here, or to go thither. Want of means perswades her to the first: but knowing that *Morrain's* love was turned into hatred, and that it was dangerous for her to be near his incensed Mother, she resolves to stay in *Villepont*, and to write to her Kinsfolks and Friends, to assist her in this her misery and necessity. In the mean time she is enforced to content her self with a poor little out-Chamber, where there is neither Chimney nor window, but only a small room, whereinto the Sun scarce ever entered; and yet she is extremely well contented; and glad hereof.

But, Wealth finds many Friends, and Poverty none; and yet, such diversity of fortunes is the true Touch-stone of Friendship; we may therefore more properly and truly term those our friends, who assist us in our necessity, and not who seem to pleasure us in our prosperity; for, those are real friends, but these verbal; those will perform more than they promise; and these promise much, and perform nothing.

But *Joffelina* is so wretched and unfortunate, as she finds neither the one nor the other to assist her in this misery: yea, so far she is to receive either means or promises, as nothing is sent her nor none will see her; so as miserable necessity enforceth her to report and divulge the misfortunes of her fortune; and to complain to all the world, of *Morrain's* treachery, and of his Mother *Calimba's* cruelty: yea, she threatens to send him his Son; such he will not afford her wherewith to maintain him.

This is not so secretly carried in *Villepont*, but *De Vasse* and *Varina* his Daughter have news hereof in *La Palisse*, which occasioned her to grow cold in her affection, and he in his respect to *Morrain*; so as all things decline, and there is little hope or appearance, that this Match shall go forward. *Morrain* is too clear sighted, to be blind herein; yea, he presently knows from what point of the compass this wind cometh; and is fully possessed that *Joffelina* is the cause of these alterations and storms: he is exceedingly enraged and enflamed hereat, and gives such way to his passion and choler, as these obstacles must be removed; and he vows to destroy both *Joffelina* and her Son. A bloody resolution; not becoming either a Christian, or a Gentleman: for Was it not enough for him to rob *Joffelina* of her honour; and to put a Rape on her Chastity and Vertue, but he must likewise bereave her of her life, and so add Murder to his lust? Alas, what a base Gentleman is this? yea, how far degenerates he from true Gentility, to be so cruel to her that hath been so kind to him? But the Devil suggesteth to his thoughts, and they to his heart, that *Varina* is fair; and that there is no way nor hope left to obtain her, before *Joffelina* and her Brat be dispatched. Now if Grace could not perswade him from being so cruel to *Joffelina*, yet (me-thinks) Nature should have withheld him from being so inhuman to his own Son. But his faith is so weak towards God, and the Devil is so strong with him, that he cannot be removed or withdrawn from his bloody resolution, only he altereth the manner thereof: for, whereas he resolved first to destroy the Mother, then the Child, now he will first dispatch the Child, then the Mother. O Heavens! why should Earth produce so bloody and prodigious a Monster?

Now the better to dissemble his malice, he thinks to reclaim and pacify *Joffelina*: and so gives order that she and her Child be lodged in a better Inn, in the same Village of *Villepont*, and signifies to her, that he hath gotten a Nurse, and hath provided maintenance for his Son; and that shortly he will send his Lacquey for him: but withall, that she must keep this very secret, because he will not have his Mother *Calimba* acquainted therewith. *Joffelina* rejoyleth, and seems to be revived at this pleasing news; yea, she begins to forget her former misery, and flatters her self with this hope, that Fortune will again smile on her. So, within three days *Morrain* lends his Lacquey *La Verdare*, to her for the Babe; the which, with many kisses and tears, she delivereth him; hoping that *Morrain*, his Father, would be careful of his maintenance; and not so much as once dreaming, or conceiving, that he had any intent to marther it. But she shall find the contrary, for henceforth she shall never see her Babe, nor her Babe her.

La Verdare (the Lacquey) following his Master's command, is not four Leagues from *Villepont*, before, like a damnable Miscreant, he strangles it; and wrapping it in a Linnen Cloth

(which he had purposely brought with him) throws it into the River *Lignon*: but he shall pay dear for murdering of this sweet and innocent Babe.

But it is not enough: for *Mortaign's* devillish malice and revenge, will not be quenched or satisfied, till he see the Mother follow the fortune of the Son: to which end he agrees with her Host, *La Palma*, and his afore said Lacquey, *La Verdure*, to stifle her in her bed. The which, for two hundred Franks they perform, and bury her in the Garden, she being soundly sleeping, and poor soul, not so much as once dreaming of this her mournful and lamentable end. What Tygers or Monsters of Nature are these, to commit so damnable a Murther; as if there were no God in Heaven to detect them, nor Earth or Hell to punish them.

But we shall see the contrary; yea, we shall see both the Murther, and the Murtherers, revealed and discovered, by an extraordinary means; wherein God's providence and glory will most miraculously resplend and shine.

As soon as *La Verdure* and *La Palma* had murdered our harmless *Josselina*, they both post away to *Durency*, as well to acquaint *Mortaign* herewith, as also to receive their money (whereof the one half was paid them, and the other due). This news was so pleasing to him, as he cheerfully layes down his promise: and so they both frolick it in the Village: *La Verdure* making no hast home to his Master *Mortaign*, nor *La Palma* to his old Wife *Isabella*.

In the mean time (a Month being past away) *Mortaign* hoping the way clear, and all the rubs removed that hindered him from obtaining his fair Mistress *Varina*, he procures his Father, *De Cussy*, and others of his freinds, to ride to *La Palisse*, hoping to finish the Match betwixt *La Varina* and himself. But he and they are informed to see themselves deceived of their hopes. For, *De Vassy* and his Daughter having heard that *Josselina* and her Son were conveyed away, and could not be heard of, they (suspecting and fearing that which indeed was faine out) in plain terms gave *Mortaign* the refusal; who galled to the heart herewith, doth now hang down his head, and see his former bloody Errors and Crimes; but it is too late: for the Lord hath bent his bow and his arrow is ready to revenge them.

La Palma understanding of *Mortaign's* arrival from *La Palisse*, thinks it high time for him to leave *Durency*; and so returning home to *Villepout* to his Wife *Isabella*, who being an old woman, and he a young man, was not only impatient, but jealous of his long stay (which was well near five weeks) and the rather, for that he departed, as she thought, in company of *Josselina*; who, because she was young and fair, she vehemently suspected he had since entertained and stayed with. But, this Jealousie of hers, God makes his instrument to discover this execrable Murther.

For *La Palma* coming home, his wife *Isabella* (as we have heard) being incensed with anger, and inflamed with jealousy, gives him this bitter entertainment and welcom: *La Palma*, (quoth she) you were very unkind, so soon to forsake your Whore *Josselina*. *La Palma* being pierced to the quick with this bitter speech of his Wife, like a lewd fellow, gave her first the lye, and then termed her Whore in speaking it. She hath fire in her looks, and he thunder in his speeches. So after many bitter and scandalous injuries banded one to the other, she adds rage to her words, and he a box on the ear to his choler, wherewith he fell'd her as dead to the ground; yea, the Servants and all that beheld it, cry out a-main, as if her soul had already taken her last farewell of her body. At this tumult the neighbours assemble, and deeming *Isabella* dead, they lay hands on *La Palma* her Husband, and carry him before the Procurer, *Fiscal* of *La Palisse*, who was then in the Village of *Villepout*; who, without further examination, commits him to prison; and so goes in person to visit *Isabella*; who by this time is a little recovered, but not freed from the danger of death. She relates him all that had past betwixt her husband and her self, as also of his departure with *Josselina*, and of his long stay in *Durency*, adding withall, that he hath heretofore many times beaten her, and now she hopes that this blow will not go unpunished: yea, her rage, or rather God's Providence, carries her so far, as she constantly avers to the Magistrate, that if *Josselina* be not her Husband's Strumpet, she constantly believes he is her Murtherer; and, to conclude, saith, her servant-maid *Jaqueta* can say more.

Jaqueta examined, saith, That the night before her Master's departure for *Durency*, he was at mid-night in *Josselina's* Chamber, together with one *La Verdure* a Lacquey, and that since, *Josselina* was neither seen nor heard of: and being farther demanded, if she knew whose Lacquey *La Verdure* was; she answered, he was Monsieur *Mortaign's* Lacquey, who was Son to Monsieur *de Cussy*. The Procurer *Fiscal*, considering their several depositions, doth shrewdly suspect there was more in the wind than is yet discovered: he leaves *Isabella*, and goes to her Husband in Prison; and after he had sharply checked him for beating his Wife, he enquires and chargeth him with these two points: first, why he and *La Verdure* were in *Josselina's* Chamber at mid-night: and secondly, what was become of her, sith, since that time, she hath neither been seen nor heard of.

(bidw)

La Palma is terrified and amazed with these demands; and for the more, because he least expected them: the which apparently appeared in the alteration of his colour and complexion, which commonly betrays an inward perturbation of the mind and heart. He answers not punctually to those points demanded of him; but runs on with many bitter and reflective against the rage and jealousy of his Wife, and then through the Procurer his answer to those two points he formerly demanded of him; he, after many frivolous and extravagant speeches, desires that either he or *La Verdure* were in *Joffelina's* Chamber; that he neither saw her departure, nor knew what was become of her; and withal prays the Procurer *Fiscal*, to set and release him of his imprisonment: But he shall not escape at so cheap a rate, now of himself, to witness it, but cannot right away at so cheap a rate.

For the Procurer, being very familiar with *Monsieur de Vassie*, his Colleague and fellow Judge of *La Palisse*, remembered that he had formerly heard him speak of his *Monsieur Mortaign*, who lately sought his Daughter *La Veraine* in *Mortaign's* Chamber, as also of his entertaining and rejecting this *Joffelina*, a Farmer's Daughter of *Dirent*, by whom he had a Bastard Son and now considering that at such an unreasonable hour his Lacquey *La Verdure* should be in her Chamber in *La Palma's* House, and *La Palma* himself in his company, and she never since seen or heard of; he thinks there is some fire hid and covered in these embers, and there is some deeper Mystery in this business, which never was before revealed.

Wherefore, like a wise Magistrate, he holds it fit the same night to send *La Palma* privately to *La Palisse*, as also his Wife *Isabella*, and *Jacqueta*, for Witnesses; and rides thither himself, to sit upon his Proccesse; with whom the Lieutenant of that Jurisdiction joyned: but for *Monsieur de Vassie*, the Seneschal, he (for the regard he bore to *Mortaign*, because he vehemently suspected he had a deep and cheif hand in this business) would not be present, but purposely absented himself at a House of his in the Countrey: the next morning *La Palma* is examined, as also the two Witnesses; and *Jacqueta* is confronted with him, who stands firm to her former deposition: but he flatly denies all. The Procurer and the Lieutenant adjudged him to the Rack. He endured the first torment; but at the second, he confesseth, that he and *La Verdure* had stifled and murdered *Joffelina* in her Bed, in his own House, and had buried her in his Garden; and that they were set a work and hired to do it by *Monsieur Mortaign*, who gave them two hundred Franks to effect it.

Lo here by the Mercy and Providence of God, *La Palma's* malice to his Wife *Isabella*, and her jealousy to him, hath discovered and brought to light this cruel and bloody Murder, which was so secretly contrived, and so cunning and devilishly acted upon the body of *Joffelina*. But hers being discovered, let us likewise see how that of her harmless and innocent Babe is likewise brought to light; the two Judges themselves ride all night to *Villepont*, they search the Garden, and find the dead body of *Joffelina*, having no other winding-sheet, but her own Smock. They send away the Provost to apprehend *Mortaign* and his Lacquey for this Murder; who meets *La Verdure* by the way, and seizes *Mortaign* in his Bed.

They are severally brought to *La Palisse*; and first, *La Verdure* is confronted with *La Palma*; who denies all; but they present his feet to the fire, and then he confesseth not only the Murder of *Joffelina*, but likewise that of her Infant-Son; whom he first strangled, and then threw into the River *Lignon*: and this, he said, he did at the request of his Master *Mortaign*; of whom, for his part and labour, he received one hundred Franks.

We have here found two of these Murtherers, and now what resteth there, but that the third, who is the Author, and as it were, the capital great Wheel of these bloody Tragedies, be produced and brought to his Arraignment? The Procurer and Lieutenant repair again to the Prison, and charge *Mortaign* with these two bloody Murthers: he knows it is in vain to deny it, for he is sure his two execrable Agents have already revealed it: therefore he, ashamed at the remembrance of his cruel and unnatural crimes, doth with many tears very sorrowfully and penitently confess all.

It is a happiness for him to repent these Murthers; but it had been a far greater, if he had never contrived and committed them: yea, the Judges are amazed to hear the cruelty hereof and the people to know it; and both send their praises and thankfulness to God, that he hath thus detected and brought them to light on Earth.

And now comes the Catastrophe of their own Tragedies, wherein every one of these Malefactors receives condign punishment for their several offences.

La Palma is condemned to be hanged and burnt; *La Verdure* to be broken on the Wheel, and his body to be thrown into the River *Lignon*; and *Mortaign*, though the last in rank, yet first in offence, to be broken on the Wheel, his body burnt, and his ashes thrown into the ay: which Sentence, in the sight of a great multitude of Spectators, was on a Market-day accordingly executed and performed in *La Palisse*.

And

And this was the bloody end of *Mortaign*, and his two Hellish Instruments, for Murthering innocent *Jesseline*, and her silly and tender Infant. May all Maidens learn by her example, to preserve their Chastities; and men by *La Verdure's*, and *La Palma's*, not to be drawn to shed innocent blood for the lucre of wealth and money; and by *Mortaign's*, to be less lascivious, inhuman and bloody; thereby to prevent so execrable a life, and so infamous a death.

One thing I may not omit: *La Palma*, on the Ladder, extremely cursed the malice of his Wife *Isabella*, who (he said) was the Author of his death: and no less did *La Verdure*, on the Wheel, by his Master *Mortaign*: but both of them were so desperately irreligious, as neither of them considered that it was their former sins, and the malice of the Devil, to whom they gave so much ear, that was the cause thereof.

And for *Mortaign*, after he had informed the World, that he was extremely grieved that his Judges had not given him the Death of a Gentleman, which was, to have been Beheaded; he, with many tears, bewailed his infinite ingratitude, cruelty, and unnaturalness, both towards *Jesseline*, as also his and her young Son: yet he prayed the World in general to pray that God would forgive it him; and likewise requested the Executioner to dispatch him quickly out of this life, because he confessed he was unworthy to live longer.

Now let us glorify our Creator and Redeemer, who continually makes a strict inquisition for Blood, and a curious and miraculous enquiry for Murther: yea, let us both fear him with love, and love him with fear, sith he is as impartial in his Justice, as in distributing his Mercies.

GODS



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and
Execrable Sin of Murther.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY IV.

Beatrice-Joana, to marry Alfemero, causeth De Flores to murder Alfonso Piracquo, who was a
Sister to her. Alfemero marries her, and finding De Flores and her in adultery, kills them both. Tho-
maso Piracquo challengeth Alfemero for his Brothers death. Alfemero kills him treacherously in the
field, and is beheaded for the same; and his body thrown into the Sea. At his Execution he confesseth, that
his Wife and De Flores murdered Alfonso Piracquo: their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then
burnt, and their ashes thrown into the air.

Sith in the day of Judgment we shall answer at God's great Tribunal, for every lewd thought
our hearts conceive, and idle word our tongues utter, how then shall we dare to appear (much
less think to escape) when we defile our bodies with the pollution of Adultery, and taint our souls
with the innocent blood of our Christian Brethren? when, I say, with beastly lust and adultery,
we un sanctifie our sanctified bodies, which are the receptals and Temples of the Holy Ghost, and
with high and presumptuous hands, stab at the Majesty of God, by murdering Man, who is his
Image? This is not the Ladder to Scale Heaven, but the shortest way to ride post to Hell: for, how
can we give our selves to God, when in the heat of lust and fume of revenge, we sell our hearts
to the Devil? But did we either love God for his mercy, or fear him for his Justice, we would
then not only hate these sins in our selves, but detest them in others; for these are crying and
capital offences, seen in Heaven, and, by the Sword of his Magistrates, brought forth and pu-
nished here on Earth. A lamentable and mournful example whereof, I here produce to your
view, but not to your imitation: may we all read it to the reformation of our lives, to the com-
fort of our souls, and to the eternal glory of that most Sacred and Individual Trinity.

In *Valencia* (an ancient and famous City of *Spain*) there dwelt one *Don Pedro de Alfemero*, a
noble young Cavalier, whose Father (*Don Juan Alfemero*) being slain by the *Hollanders* in the

Sea-fight at *Gibraltar*, he resolv'd to addict himself to Naval and Sea actions, whereby to make himself capable to revenge his Father's death: a brave resolution, worthy the affection of a Son and the Generosity of a Gentleman!

To which end, he makes two Voyages to the *West-Indies*, from whence he returns flourishing and rich, which so spread the sails of his ambition, and hoisted his fame from top to top-gallant, that his courage growing with his years, he thought no attempt dangerous enough, if honourable; nor no honour enough glorious, except achiev'd and purchased by danger. In the Actions of *Alarache* and *Mamora*, he shew'd many noble proofs and testimonies of his valour and prowess, the which he confirm'd and made good by the receipt of eleven several wounds, which as Marks and Trophies of Honour made him famous in *Castile*. Boiling thus in the heat of his youthful blood, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he resolves to go to *Validolyd*, and to imploy some *Grandes* either to the King or the Duke of *Lerma*, his great favourite, to procure him a Captains place, and a Company under the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, who at that time made bloody Wars against the *Netherlands*, thereby to draw them to obedience: But as he began this sute, a general truce of both sides laid aside Arms, which (by the mediation of *England* and *France*) was shortly followed by a peace, as a Mother by the Daughter; which was concluded at the *Hage*, by his Excellency of *Nassaw*, and Marquess *Spinold*, being chief Commissioners of either party. *Alfemero* seeing his hopes frustrat'd, that the Keys of Peace had now shut up the Temple of War, and that Muskets, Pikes, and Corslets, that were wont to grace the Fields, were now rusting by the walls; he is irresolute what course to take; resembling those fishes who delight to live in cataracts and troubled waters, but dye in those that are still and quiet; For he spurns at the pleasures of the Court, and refuseth to haunt and frequent the companies of Ladies: And so not affecting, but rather disdain'g the pomp, bravery and vanity of Courtiers, he withdraws himself from *Validolyd* to *Valentia*, with a noble and generous intent to seek Wars abroad, sith he could find none at home: where being arriv'd, although he were often invited into the companies of the most noble and honourable Ladies both of the City and Country; yet his thoughts ran still on the Wars, in which Heroick and Illustrious profession, he conceived his chiefest delight and felicity: and so taking order for his Lands and affairs, he resolves to see *Malta*, that inexpugnable Rampier of *Mars*, the glory of *Christendome*, and the terrour of *Turkey*, to see if he could gain any place of command and honour either in that Island, or in their Gallies; or if not, he would from thence into *Transylvania*, *Hungary*, and *Germany*, to enrich his judgment and experience, by remarking the strength of their Castles and Cities, their Orders & Discipline in War, the potency of their Princes, the Nature of their Laws and Customes, and all other matters worthy the observation both of a Traveller and a Soldier: and so building many Castles in the air, he comes to *Alicant*, hoping to find passage there for *Naples*, and from thence to ship himself upon the *Neapolitan* Gallies for *Malta*.

There is nothing so vain as our thoughts, nor so uncertain as our hopes: for commonly they deceive us, or rather we our selves in relying on them; not that God is any way unjust (for to think so were impiety) but that our hopes take false objections, and have no true foundation: and to imagine the contrary, were folly: the which *Alfemero* finds true: for here the wind doth oppose him, his thoughts fight and vanquish themselves; yea, the Providence of God doth cross him in his intended purposes, and gives way to that he least intendeth.

For coming one morning to our Lady's Church at *Masi*, and being on his knees, in his Devotion, he espies a young Gentlewoman likewise on hers, next to him; who being young, tender, and fair, he thorow her thin Veil discovered all the perfections of a delicate and sweet Beauty; she espies him, gazing on the daunties of her pure and fresh cheeks; and tilting with the invisible lances of his eyes to hers, he is instantly ravish'd and vanquish'd with the pleasing object of this Angelical countenance; and now he can no more resist either the power or passion of Love.

This Gentlewoman (whose name as yet we know not) is young and fair, and cannot refrain from blushing, admiring to see him admire and blush at her. *Alfemero* dyes in conceit with impatience that he cannot enjoy the happiness and means to speak with her; but he sees it is in vain to attempt it, because she is engag'd in the company of many Ladies, and he of many Cavaliers: But Mase being ended, he inquires of a good fellow Priest, who walked by, what she was, and whether she frequented that Church, and at what hour. The Priest informs him, that she is *Dona Diego de Hernandez's* Daughter; she being Captain of the Castle of that City; that her name was *Dona Beatrice Juana*, and that she is every morning in that Church and Place, and near about the same hour.

Alfemero hath the sweetness of her beauty so deeply engraven in her thoughts, and imprint'd in his heart, that the vows *Beatrice Juana* is his Mistress, and he her servant: yea, here his warlike resolutions have end, and strike sail. And now he leaves *Bellona*, to adore *Venus*; and forsakes *Mars*, to follow *Cupid*: yea, so fervent is his flame, and so violent is his passion, as he can

neither

neither give, nor take truce of his thoughts, till he be again made happy with her sight, and blessed with her presence.

The next morn (as Lovers love not much rest) *Alfemero* is stirring very timely, and hoping to find his Mistress, no other Church would please him, but our Ladies; nor place, but where he first and last saw her; but she is more zealous than himself; for she is first in the Church, and on her knees at her Devotion; whom *Alfemero* gladly espying, he kneels next to her, and having hardly the patience to let pass one poor quarter of an hour (he resolving, as yet, to conceal his name) like a fond Lover, whose greatest glory is in complements, and courting his Mistress, he boards her thus:

Fair Lady, it seems, that these two mornings, my devotions have been more powerful and acceptable than heretofore, sith I have had the felicity, to be placed next so fair, and so sweet a Nymph as your self, whose excellent beauty, hath so suddenly captivated mine eyes, and so secretly ravished my heart, that he which heretofore rejected, cannot now resist the power of Love, and therefore, having ended my devotion, I beseech you excuse me, if I begin to pray you to take pity of me, sith my flame is so fervent, and my affection is so passionate, as either I must live yours, or not dye my own.

Beatrice-Joana could not refrain from blushing under her Veil; to see an unknown Cavalier board her in these Terms in the Church; and as she gave attentive ear to his speech, so she could not for a while refrain from glancing her eye upon the spruceness of his person, and the sumptuousness of his Apparel: but at last, accusing her own silence, because she would give him no cause to condemn it, she with a modest Grace, and a graceful Modesty, returns him this answer.

Sir, as your devotions can neither be pleasing to God, nor profitable to your soul, if in this place you account it a felicity to enjoy the sight of so mean a Gentlewoman as my self; so I cannot impute it to affection, but flattery, that this poor beauty of mine (which you unjustly paint forth in rich praises) should have power either to captivate the eyes, or, which is more, to ravish the heart of so noble a Cavalier as your self. Such Victories are reserved for those Ladies, who are as much your equal, as I your inferior: and therefore directing your zeal to them, if they find your affection such as you profess to me, no doubt, regarding your many virtues and merits, they will in honour grant you that favour, which I in modesty am constrained to deny you.

Alfemero (though a Novice in the art of Love) was not so ignorant, and cowardly to be put off with her first repulse and refusal; but rather seeing that the perfections of her mind corresponded with those of her beauty, he resolves now to make a trial of his wit and tongue, as heretofore he had done of his courage and sword; and so joyns with her thus:

It is a pretty ambition in you, sweet Lady, to disparage your beauty, that thereby it may seem the fairer; as the Sun, who appears brighter by reason of the Night's obscurity, and all things are best, and more perfectly discerned by their contraries? But I cannot commend; and therefore not excuse your policy, or rather your disrespect, to slight and post me over from your self, whom I love, to those Ladies I neither know or desire, which in effect is to give me a Cloud for *Juno*. No, no, it is only to you, and to no other, that I present and dedicate my service; and therefore it will be an ingratitude as unworthy my receiving, as your giving, that I should be the object of your discourtesie, sith you are that of my affection.

To these speeches of *Alfemero*, *Beatrice-Joana* returns this reply:

It is not for poor Gentlewomen of my rank and complexion, either to be ambitious, or possitick, except it be to keep themselves from the snares of such Cavaliers as your self (who for the most part) under the colour of affection, aim to erect the trophies of your desires upon the tombs of our dishonours; only I so much hate ingratitude, as you being to me a stranger, charity and common courtesie commands me to thank you for the proffer of your service, the which I can no way either deserve or requite, except in my devotions and prayers to God for your glory and prosperity on earth.

As she had ended this her speech, the Priest ends his Mass; when *Alfemero* arising, advanced to lift her up from kneeling, and so with his Hat in his hand (sequestering her from the crowd of people, who now began to depart the Church) he speaks to her to this effect:

Fair Lady, as I know you to be the Lady *Beatrice-Joana*, Daughter to the noble Knight *Don Diego de Vermadero*, Captain of the Castle of this City; so I being a stranger to you, I admire that you offer so voluntarily an injury to your judgment, and my intents, as to prevent my affection and speeches to a contrary sense: but my innocency hath this consolation, that my heart is pledg for my tongue; and my deeds shall make my words real. In the pleast time, sith you will give me no place in your heart, I beseech you lend me one in your Coach; and be at least so courteous, as to honour me, in accepting my company to conduct you home to your Fathers Castle.

Beatrice-Joana, calling to mind the freeness of her speeches, and the sharpness of his answer, not blushing for joy, but now looking pale for sorrow, repents her self of her error, the which she salves up the best she could in this Reply.

Noble Sir, when I am acquainted as well with your heart as with your speeches, I shall then not only repent, but recant with error, in judging your self by others; in the mean time, If I have any way wronged your merits and virtues, to give you some part of satisfaction, if you please to grace me with your company to the Castle (although it be not the custom of *Alicant*) I do most kindly, and thankfully accept thereof: then *Alfemero*, giving her many thanks, and kissing her hand, he takes her by the arm, and so conducts her from the Church to her Coach.

It is both a grief and a scandal to any true Christians heart, that the Church, ordained for thanksgiving and prayer unto God, should be made a Stews, or, at least, a place for men to meet and Court Ladies; but in all parts of the Christian World, where the Roman Religion reigneth, this sinful custom is frequently practised, especially in *Italy* and *Spain*, where, for the most part, men love their Courtizans better than their God; and it were a happiness for *France*, if her Popish Churches were freed of this abomination, and her people of this impiety. But again to our History.

We will purposely omit the conference which *Alfemero* and *Beatrice-Joana* had in the Coach, and allow them by this time arrived to the Castle; where first her self, then the Captain her Father, thank him for this honour and courtesie; in requital whereof, he shewed him the rarities and strength of his Castle; and after some speeches and complements betwixt them, he was so happy as to kiss *Beatrice-Joana*, but had not the felicity to entertain her; and so he departs, his Lackey attending him with his Gennet, to the Counter-scarf. So home he rides to his lodging, where, while the wind holds contrary, we will a little leave him to his thoughts, and they to resolve in what sort he might contrive his suit, for the obtaining of his new and fair Mistress *Beatrice-Joana*; and likewise her self, to muse upon the speeches and extraordinary courtesies, which this unknown Cavalier afforded her, and begin to speak of *Don Alfonso Piracquo*, a rich Cavalier of the City, who, unknown to *Alfemero*, was his rival and competitor, in likewise seeking and courting *Beatrice-Joana* for his Mistress and Wife.

This *Piracquo* being rich both in Lands and Money, and descended of one of the chiefest and noblest Families of *Alicant*, by Profession a Courtier, and indeed (to give him his due) a Cavalier indeed with many rare qualities and perfections, was so highly beloved, respected, and esteemed in that City, as the very fairest and noblest young Ladies were, with much respect and affection, proffered him in Marriage by their Parents; but there was none either so precious or pleasing to his eye, as was our *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he observed for beauty to excel others, and for Majesty and Grace to surpass her self: and indeed he could not refrain from loving her, nor be perswaded or drawn to affect any other; so as he settled his resolution either to have her to his Wife, or not to be the Husband of any. Yea, he is so earnest in his suit, as scarce any one day passeth, but he is at the Castle.

Fernandero thinks himself much honoured of him, in seeking his Daughter; yea, he receives him lovingly, and entertains him courteously; as knowing it greatly for her preferment, and advancement; and so gives *Piracquo* many testimonies of his favour, and many hopes that he shall prevail and obtain his Mistress. But *Beatrice-Joana* stands not so affected to him, rather she receives him coldly; and when he begins his suit to her, she turns her deaf ear, and never answerseth him; but in general terms, only, not peremptorily to disobey her Parents, she seems to be pleased with him, and yet secretly in her heart wisheth him farther from her.

But *Piracquo* flattering himself in his hope, and as much doting on *Beatrice-Joana*'s Beauty, as he relies on her Father's constant affection to him, he is so far from giving over his suit to her, as he continueth it with more earnestness and importunity, and vows that he will forsake his life ere his Mistress. But sometimes we speak true, when we think we jest: yet he findes her one and the same; for although she were not yet acquainted with *Alfemero*, yet she made it the thirtieth Article in her Creed, that the supreme power had ordained her another Husband, and not *Piracquo*; yea, at that very instant the remembrance of *Alfemero* quite defaced that of *Piracquo*, so that she wholly refused her heart to the last, of purpose to reserve and give it to the first; as the sequel will shew.

Now by this time *Fernandero* had notice, and was secretly informed of *Alfemero*'s affection to his daughter, and withall that she liked him far better than *Piracquo*; which news was indeed very distastful, and displeasing to him, because he perfectly knew that *Piracquo*'s means far exceeded that of *Alfemero*. Whereupon, considering that he had given his consent, and in a manner ingaged his promise to *Piracquo*: he, to prevent the hopes, and to frustrate the attempts of *Alfemero*, leaves his Castle to the command of *Don Hugo de Valmarino*, his Son, and taking his Daughter *Beatrice-Joana* with him, he in his Coach very suddenly and secretly goes to *Briamata*,

a fair house of his; ten leagues from *Alicant*, where he means to sojourn, untill he had concluded and solemnized the Match betwixt them: But he shall never be so happy, as to see it effected.

At the news of *Beatrice-Joana's* departure, *Alsemero* is extremely perplexed and sorrowful, knowing not whether it proceeded from her self, her father, or both; yea, this his grief is augmented, when he thinks on the suddenness thereof, which he fears may be performed for his respect and consideration: the small acquaintance and familiarity he hath had with her makes him that he cannot condemn her of unkindness; yet, sith he was not thought worthy to have notice of her departure, he again hath no reason to hope, much less to assure himself of her affection towards him. He knows not how to resolve these doubts, nor what to think or do in a matter of this nature and importance; for thus he reasoneth with himself, If he ride to *Briamata*, he may perchance offend the Father; If he stay at *Alicant*, displease the Daughter; and although he be rather willing to run the hazard of his envy, than of her affection; yet he holds it safer to be authorized by her pleasure, and to steer his course by the compass of her commands: He therefore bethinks himself for a means to avoid these extreams, and so finds out a Channel to pass free betwixt that *Sylla* and this *Corybdis*; which is, to visit her by Letters: he sees more reason to embrace than to reject this invention: and so providing himself of a confident Messenger, his heart commands his pen to signify her these few lines.

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA.

AS long as you were in *Alicant*, I deemed it a heaven upon earth, and being bound for *Malta*, a thousand times blessed that contrary wind which kept me from embarking and sailing from you; yea, so sweetly did I affect, and so dearly honour your beauty, as I entered into a resolution with my self, to end my voyage ere I begin it, and to begin another, which I fear will end me. If you demand or desire to know what this second voyage is, know, fair Mistress, that my thoughts are so honourable, and my affection so religious, that it is the seeking of your favour, and the obtaining your self to my Wife, whereon not only my fortune, but my life depends. But how shall I hope for this honour, or flatter my self with the obtaining of so great a felicity, when I see you have not only left me, but, which is worse, as I understand, the City for my sake? Fair *Beatrice-Joana*, if your cruelty will make me thus miserable, I have no other consolation left me, to sweeten the bitterness of my grief and misfortunes, but a confident hope; that death will as speedily deprive me of my days, as you have of my joys.

ALSEMERO.

I know not whether it more grieved *Beatrice-Joana* to leave *Alicant*, without taking her leave of *Alsemero*, than she doth now rejoice to receive this Letter; for as that plunged her thoughts in the hell of discontent, so this raiseth them to the heaven of joy; and, as then she had cause to doubt of his affection, so now she hath not only reason to flatter, but to assure her self thereof: & therefore, though she will not seem at first to grant him his desire, yet she is resolved to return him an answer, that may give as well life to his hopes, as praise to her modesty. Her letter is thus:

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

AS I have many reasons to be incredulous, and not one to induce me to believe, that so pure a beauty as mine should have power to stop so brave a Cavalier (as your self) from ending so honourable a Voyage, as your first; or to persuade you to one so simple as your second: so I cannot but admire, that you in your Letter seek me for your Wife, when, in your heart, I presume, you least desire it: and whereas you alledge your life and fortunes depend on my favour, I think you write it purposely, either to make trial of your own wit, or of my indiscretion, by endeavouring to see whether I believe that which exceeds all belief. Now as it is true, that I have left *Alicant*, so it is as true, that I left it not any way to afflict you, but rather to obey my Father: for this I pray believe, that although I cannot be kind, yet I will never be cruel to you. Live therefore your own friend, and I will never dye your enemy.

BEATRICE-JOANA.

This Letter of *Beatrice-Joana* gives *Alsemero* much despair, and little hope; yet though he have reason to condemn her unkindness, he cannot but approve her modesty and discretion, which doth as much comfort as that afflict him: so his thoughts are irresolute, and withall so variable, as he knows not whether he should advance his hand, or withdraw his pen again, to write to his Mistress. But at last knowing that the excellency of her Beauty, and the dignity of her Vertues, deserves a second Letter; he hoping it may obtain and effect that which his first could not, calls for Paper, and thereon traceth these few lines.

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA.

YOU have as much reason to assure your self of my affection, as I to doubt of yours: and if Words and Letter, Tears and Vows, are not capable to make you believe the sincerity of my zeal, and the honour of my affection; what resteth, but that I wish you could dive as deeply into my heart, as my heart hath into your beauty, to the end you might be both Witness and Judge; if under Heaven I desire any thing so much on Earth, as to be crowned with the felicity to see *Beatrice-Joana* my Wife, and *Alsemero* her Husband? But why should I strive to persuade that, which you resolve not to believe, or flatter my self

with any hope; ſith I ſee I muſt be ſo unfortunate to deſpair? I will therefore henceforth ceaſe to write, but never to love: and ſith it is impoſſible for me to live, I will prepare my ſelf to dye, that the world may know, I have loſt a moſt fair Miſtreſs in you; and you a moſt faithful and conſtant Servant in me.

ALSEMERO.

Beatrice-Joana ſeeing Alſemero's conſtant affection, holds it now rather diſcretion, than immodeſty to accept both his ſervice and ſelf, yea, her heart ſo delights in the agreeableneſs of his perſon, and triumphs in the contemplation of his virtues, that ſhe either wilheth her ſelf in *Alicant* with him, or he in *Briamata* with her: but conſidering her affection to *Alſemero* by her Father's hatred, and her hatred to *Piracquo*, by his affection; ſhe thinks it high time to inform *Alſemero* with what impatience, they both endeavour to obtain her favour and conſent, hoping that his diſcretion will interpoſe, and find means to ſtop the progreſs of theſe their importunities, and to withdraw her Father's inclination from *Piracquo*, to beſtow it on himſelf: But all this while ſhe thinks her ſilence is an injury to *Alſemero*, and therefore no longer to be uncourteous to him, who is ſo kind to her; ſhe very ſecretly conveys him this Letter.

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

AS it is not for Earth to reſiſt Heaven, nor for our wills to contradicte God's providence, ſo I cannot deny, but now acknowledge, that if ever I affected any man, it is your ſelf; for your Letters, proteſtations, and vows, but chiefly your merits, and the hope, or rather the aſſurance of your fidelity, hath won my heart, from my ſelf, to give it you: but there are ſome important conſiderations, and reaſons, that inforce me to crave your ſecreſie herein, and to requeſt you, as ſoon as conveniently you may, to come privately hither to me; for I ſhall never give content to my thoughts, nor ſatisfaction to my mind, till I am made joyſul with your ſight, and happy with your preſence. In the mean time, manage this affection of mine with care and diſcretion; and, while you reſolve to make *Alicant* your *Malta*, I will expect and attend your coming with much longing and impatience to *Briamata*.

BEATRICE-JOANA.

It is for no others but Lovers to judge how welcome this Letter was to *Alſemero*, who a thouſand times kiſſed it, and as often bleſt the hand that wrote it. He had as we have formerly underſtood, been twice in the *Indies*; but now, in his conceit, he hath found a far richer treaſure in *Spain*, I mean his *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he eſteems the joy of his life, and the life of his joy, but ſhe will not prove ſo. He is ſo inamoured of her beauty, and ſo deſirous to have the felicity of her preſence, as the Wind coming good, the Ship ſets ſail for *Malta*, and he (to give a colour for his Itay) feigns himſelf ſick, fetcheth back his Trunks, and remaineth in *Alicant*; and ſo burning with deſire to ſee his ſweetly dear, and dearly ſweet Miſtreſs, he diſpatches away his confident Meſſenger to *Briamata* in the morning, to advertiſe her, that he will not fail to be with her that night at eleven of the clock.

Beatrice-Joana is raviſhed with the joy of this news, and ſo provides for his coming. *Alſemero* takes the benefit of the night, and ſhe gives him the advantage of a Poſtern-door, which answers to a Garden, where *Diaphanta* her Waiting-Gentlewoman attends his arrival. He comes, ſhe conducts him ſecretly thorow a private Gallery, into *Beatrice-Joana's* Chamber; where (richly apparelled) ſhe very courteouſly and reſpectfully receives him. At the beginning of their meeting they want no kiſſes, which they ſecond with complements, and many loving conferences, wherein ſhe relates to him *Piracquo's* importunate ſuit to her, and her Father's earneſtneſs; yea, in a manner, his constraint, to ſee the Match concluded betwixt them; he being for that purpoſe there, in her Father's houſe. Again, after ſhe had alledged, and ſhewn him the intireneſs of her affection to himſelf, with whom ſhe is reſolved to live and die, ſhe lets fall ſome dark and ambiguous ſpeeches tending to this effect, That before *Piracquo* be in another world, there is no hope for *Alſemero* to enjoy her for his Wife in this. Lo here the firſt plot and deſigne of a lamentable and execrable Murther, which we ſhall ſhortly ſee acted and committed.

There needs but half a word to a ſharp and quick underſtanding. *Alſemero* knows it is the violence of her affection to him, that leads her to this diſreſpect and hatred to *Piracquo*, and becauſe her content is his, yea, rather it is for his ſake, that ſhe will forſake *Piracquo*, to live and dye with him. Paſſion and affection blinding his judgment, and beauty triumphing and giving a law to his Conſcience, he freely profereth himſelf to his Miſtreſs, vowing, that he will ſhortly ſend him a Challenge, and fight with him; yea, had he a thouſand lives, as he hath but one, he is ready, if he pleaſe, to expoſe and ſacrifice them all at her command and ſervice. *Beatrice-Joana* thanks him kindly for his affection and zeal, the which ſhe faith, ſhe holds redoubled by the freeneſs of his profer, but being loath that he ſhould hazard his own life, in ſeeking that of another, ſhe conjures him by all the love he bears her, neither directly, nor indirectly to intermeddle with *Piracquo*, but that he reſpoſe and build upon her affection and conſtancy; not doubting but ſhe will ſo prevail with her Father, that ſhe ſhall ſhortly change his opinion, and no more perſwade her to affect *Piracquo*, whom ſhe reſolutely affirms, neither life nor death ſhall enforce her

her to marry. And to conclude, although she affirm, that his presence is dearer to her, than her life, yet the better, and sooner to compass their desires, she prays him to leave *Alicant*; and for a while to return to *Valencia*, not doubting but time may work that, which perchance haste, or importunity may never. Thus passing over their kisses, and the rest of their amorous conference, he assured of her love, and she of her affection; he returns for *Alicant*, packs up his baggage, which he sends before, and within less than four days takes his journey for *Valencia*; where we will leave him a while, to relate other accidents and occurrences; which (like Rivers into the Ocean) fall within the compass of this History.

This meeting, and part of *Alfemero's* and *Beatrice-Joana's* conference at her Father's house of *Briamata*, was not so secretly carried and concealed, but some curious, or treacherous person meet him, or her, over-hear and reveal it: which makes her Father *Vermadero* fume, and bite the lip; but he conceals it from *Piracquo*: and they still continue their intelligence and familiarity; *Vermadero* telling him plainly, that a little more time shall work and finish his desire; and that such his request cannot prevail with his Daughter his commands shall. But he shall miss of his aim.

There is not so great distance from *Briamata* to *Alicant*, but some of the noblest of the City are advertised hereof; and one among the rest, in great zeal and affection to *Piracquo*, secretly acquaints *Don Thomaso Piracquo* his younger Brother therewith, being then in the City of *Alicant*; who hearing of this news, whereof he imagined his Brother was ignorant, loath that he should any longer persevere in his present error, and to prevent his future disgrace, he like a faithful and honest Brother, takes occasion from *Alicant* to write him this insuing letter to *Briamata*.

THOMASO to ALFONSO PIRACQUO.

BEING more zealous of your prosperity, than my own; and knowing, it many times falls out, that Lovers lose the clearness and solidity of their judgment, in gazing and contemplating on the Roses and Lillies of their Mistresses beauties; I, desirous to prevent your disgrace, thought my self bound to signify to you, that I here understand by the report of those, whose speeches bear their persuasions with them, that your Suit to *Beatrice-Joana* is in vain, and she unworthy of your affection, because she hath already contracted her self to *Alfemero* your Rival: I am as sorry to be the Herald of this news, as glad, and confident, that as she hath matched your inferior, so you are reserved for her better. Wherefore, Sir, recal your thoughts, tempt not impossibilities, but consider, that the shortest errors are best; and though you love her well, yet think that at your pleasure you may find variety of Beauties, whereunto hers deserves not the honour to do homage. I could give no truce to my thought, till I had advertised you hereof, and I hope either the name of a Brother, or your own generosity, will easily procure pardon for my presumption.

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Piracquo, notwithstanding this his Brother's Letter of counsel and advice, is so far from retiring in his suit, as he rather advanceth with more violence and zeal; and, as many men's judgments are dazzled and obscured a little before their danger and misfortune, when indeed they have most need to have them sound and clear, so he is not capable to be dissuaded from researching his Mistress; but rather resembles those Sailors, who are resolute to endure a storm, in hope of fair weather: but he had found more security, and less danger, if he had embraced, and followed the counsel that his Brother gave him. For, *Beatrice-Joana* seeing she could not obtain her desire in marrying *Alfemero* ere *Piracquo* were removed, doth now confirm that which formerly she had resolved on, to make him away, in what manner, or at what rate soever. And now, after she had ruminated, and run over many bloody designs, the Devil, who never flies from those who follow him, proffers her an invention as execrable as damnable. There is a gallant young Gentleman, of the Garrison of the Castle, who follows her Father; that to her knowledge doth deeply honour, and dearly affect her; yea, she knows, that at her request, he will not stick to murder *Piracquo*: his name is *Signior Antonio de Flores*: she is resolute in her rage, and approves him to be a fit instrument to execute her will.

Now as soon as *Vermadero* understands of *Alfemero's* departure to *Valencia*, he with his daughter and *Piracquo*, returns from *Briamata* to *Alicant*; where, within three days of their arrival, *Beatrice-Joana*, boyling still in her revenge to *Piracquo*, which neither the air of the Country, nor City could quench or wipe off, she sends for *de Flores*, and with many flattering smiles, and sugred speeches, acquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindness and courtesies, if he will perform it.

De Flores having a long time loved *Beatrice-Joana* is exceeding glad of this news; yea, feeding his hopes with the air of her promises, he is so caught and intangled in the snares of her beauty, that he freely promises to dispatch *Piracquo*; and so they first consult, and then agree upon the manner how, which forthwith we shall see performed: to which end, *de Flores* insinuates himself fairly into *Piracquo's* company and familiarity, as he comes to the Castle; where watching his hellish opportunity, he one day hearing *Piracquo* commend the thickness and strength of the Walls, told him that the strength of that Castle consisted not in the Walls, but in the *Casemates* that

that were stored with good Ordnance to scour the ditches. *Piracquo* very courteously prays *De Flores* to be a means that he may go down and see the *Casemates*, *De Flores* like a bloody Faulkner, seeing *Piracquo* already come to his lure, tells him it is now dinner time, and the Bell upon ringing; but, if he please, he himself will after dinner accompany him, and shew him all the strength and rarities of the Castle. He thanks *De Flores* for this courtesie; accepts hereof, with promise to go. So he hies in to dinner, and *De Flores*, pretending some business, walks in the Court.

Whiles *Piracquo* is at dinner with *Vermandero*, *De Flores* is providing of a bloody banquet in the East *Casemate*; where, of purpose he goes, and hides a naked Sword and Ponyard behind the door. Now dinner being ended, *Piracquo* finds out *De Flores*, and summons him of his promise; who tells him he is ready to wait on him: so, away they go from the Walls to the Ravelins, Sconces, and Bulwarks, and from thence by a Postern to the Ditches; and so, in again to the *Casemates*, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the Theater, whereon, we shall presently see acted, a mournful and bloody Tragedy. At the descent hereof *De Flores* puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behind him; treacherously informing *Piracquo*, that the descent is narrow and craggy. See here the Policy and Villany of this devillish and treacherous Miscreant.

Piracquo, not doubting, nor dreaming of any Treason, follows his example, and so casts off his Rapier: *De Flores* leads the way, and he follows him; but alas! poor Gentle-man, he shall never return with his life. They enter the Vault of the *Casemate*; *De Flores* opens the door, and throws it back, thereby to hide his Sword and Ponyard: he stoops and looks thorow a Port-hole, and tells him, that, that Peece doth thorowly scour the Ditch. *Piracquo* stoops likewise down to view it, when (O grief to think thereon) *De Flores* steps for his Weapons, and with his Ponyard stabs him thorow the back, and swiftly redoubling blow upon blow, kills him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruins of an old wall, whereof that *Casemate* was built. Lo here the first part of this mournful and bloody Tragedy.

De Flores (like a graceless villain) having dispatched this sorrowful business, speedily acquaints *Beatrice-Joana* herewith, who (miserable wretch) doth hereat infinitely rejoyce, and thanks him with many kisses; and the better to conceal this their vild and bloody Murther, as also to cast a mist before peoples conceits and judgments, she bids him by some secret means to cause reports to be spread, first, that *Piracquo* was seen gone forth the Castle-gate; then, that in the City he was seen take Boat, and went (as it was thought) to take the air of the Sea. But this wit of theirs shall prove folly: for though men, as yet, see not this Murther, yet God in his due time will both detect and punish it.

By this time *Piracquo* is found wanting, both in the City and Castle: so these afore said reports run for current, all tongues prattle hereof. *Vermandero* knows not what to say, nor *Piracquo's* Brother and Friends what to do herein; they every hour and minute expect news of him, but their hopes bring them no comfort, and amongst the rest, our devillish *Beatrice-Joana* seems exceedingly to grieve and mourn hereat. *Don Thomas Piracquo*, with the rest of his friends search every corner of the City, and send scouts both by Land and Sea, to have news of him. *Vermandero* the Captain of the Castle doth the like, and vows, that next his own Son, he loved *Piracquo* before any man in the world: yea, not only his friends, but generally all those who knew him, exceedingly weep and bewail the absence and loss of this Cavalier; for they think he is drowned in the Sea.

Now in the midst of this sorrow, and of these tears, *Beatrice-Joana* doth secretly advertise her Lover *Alsemoro* hereof, but in such palliating terms, that thereby she may delude and carry away his judgment from imagining that she had the least shadow or finger herein; and withall prays him to make no longer stay in *Valencia*, but to come away to her to *Alicant*. *Alsemoro* wonders at this news, and to please his fair Mistis, believes part thereof, but will never believe all: but he is so inflamed with her beauty, as her remembrance wipes away that of *Piracquo*: when letting pass a little time, he makes his preparation for *Alicant*; but first he sends the chiefest of his Kindred to *Vermandero*, to demand his Daughter *Beatrice-Joana* in Marriage for him, and then comes himself in person, and in discreet and honourable manner courts her Parents privately, and makes shew to seek her publicly.

In fine, After many conferences, meetings, and complements, as *Alsemoro* hath heretofore won the affection of *Beatrice-Joana*, so now at last he obtains likewise the favour and consent of *Vermandero* her Father. And here our two Lovers, to their exceeding great content, and infinite joy, are united, and by the bond of Marriage, of two persons made one; their Nuptials being solemnized in the Castle of *Alicant*, with much Pomp, State and Bravery.

Having heretofore heard the conference that past betwixt *Alsemoro* and *Beatrice-Joana* in the Church; having likewise seen the amorous Letters that past betwixt them, from *Alicant* to *Briamata*,

Brianata, and from *Brianata* to *Alicant*; and now considering the Pomp and Glory of their Nuptials, who would imagine that any averſe accident could alter the ſweetneſs and tranquillity of their affections; or that the Sun-ſhine of their joys, ſhould ſo ſoon be eclipsed, and overtaken with a ſtorm? But God is as juſt as ſecret in his decrees.

For this married couple had ſcarce lived three months in the pleaſures of wedlock (which if virtuously obſerved, is the chiefeſt earthly joy) but *Alfemero*, like a fond Husband, becomes jealous of his Wife; ſo as he curbs and reſtrains her of her liberty, and would hardly permit her to confer or converſe with, yea, far leſs, to ſee any man: But this is not the way to reach a woman chaſtity; for, if fair words, good examples, and ſweet admonitions, cannot prevail, threatening, and imprifoning in a chamber will never. Yea, the experience thereof is daily ſeen, both in *England*, *France*, and *Germany*, where generally the women uſe (but not abuſe) their liberty and freedom granted them by their Huſbands, with much civility, affection and reſpect.

Beatrice-Joana bites the lip at this her Huſband's diſcourteſie; ſhe vows ſhe is as much deceived in his love, as he in his jealouſie; and that ſhe is as unworthy of his ſuſpicion, as he of her affection: he watcheth her every where, and ſets ſpies over her in every corner; yea, his jealouſie is become ſo violent, as he deems her unchaſt with many, yet knows not with whom: But this Tree of jealouſie never brings forth good fruit. She complains hereof to her Father, and prays him to be a means to appeaſe and calm this tempeſt, which threatens the Shipwrack; not only of her content, (but it may be) of her life. *Vermadero* bears himſelf diſcreetly herein; but he may as ſoon place another Sun in the Firmament, as root out this fearful frenzy out of *Alfemero's* head; for this his paternal admonition is ſo far from drawing him to hearken to reaſon, as it produceth contrary effects; for now *Alfemero*, to prevent his ſhame; and ſecure his fear, ſuddenly provides a Coach, and ſo carries home his Wife from *Alicant* to *Valencia*. This ſudden departure grieves *Vermadero*, and galls *Beatrice-Joana* to the heart, who now looks no longer on her Huſband with affection, but with diſdain and envy. Many days are not paſt; but the Father reſolves to ſend to *Valencia*, to know how matters ſtand betwixt his Daughter and her Huſband: He makes choice of *De Flores* to ride thither, and ſend Letters to them both.

De Flores is extremely joyful of this occaſion, to ſee his old Miſtreſs *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he loves dearer than his life: he comes to *Valencia*, and finding *Alfemero* abroad, and ſhe at home, delivers her her Father's Letter, and ſalutes and kiſſeth her, with many amorous embracings and dalliances (which modeſty holds unworthy of relation) ſhe acquaints him with her Huſband's ingratitude: he rather rejoices than grieves hereat, and now revives his old ſuite, and redoubleth his new kiſſes: ſhe conſidering what he hath done for her ſervice, and joyning therewith her Huſband's jealouſie, not only ingageth her ſelf to him for the time preſent, but for the future, and bids him viſit her often. But they both ſhall pay dear for their familiarity and pleaſure.

Alfemero comes home, receives his Father's Letter, ſets a pleaſing face on his diſcontented heart, and bids him welcome. And ſo the next day writes back to his Father *Vermadero*, and diſpatcheth *De Flores*; who for that time takes his leave of both, and returns for *Alicant*.

He is no ſooner departed, but *Alfemero* is by one of his ſpies, a waiting-Gentlewoman of his Wives, whom he had corrupted with money, advertiſed that there paſt many amorous kiſſes, and dalliances between the Miſtreſs and *De Flores*: yea, ſhe reveals all that ever he ſaw or heard; for ſhe paſt not to be falſe to her Lady, ſo ſhe were true to her Lord and Maſter. And indeed this waiting-gentlewoman was that *Diaphanta*, of whom we have formerly made mention, for conducting of *Alfemero* to her Ladie's Chamber at *Brianata*: *Alfemero* is all fire at this news, he conſults not with judgment, but with paſſion; and ſo, rather like a devil than a man, flies to his Wife's chamber, wherein furiously ruſhing, he with his Sword drawn in his hand, to her great terror and amazement, delivers her theſe words:

Minion (quoth he) upon thy life tell me what familiarity there hath now paſt betwixt *De Flores* and thy ſelf? whereat ſhe, fetching many ſighs, & ſhedding many tears, answers him, that by her part of heaven, her thoughts, ſpeeches, and actions have no way exceeded the bounds of honour and chaſtity toward him; and that *De Flores* never attempted any courteſie, but ſuch as a Brother may ſhew to his own natural Siſter. Then, quoth he, whence proceeds this your familiarity? Whereat ſhe grows pale, and withall ſilent. Which her huſband eſpying, diſpatch quoth he, and tell me the truth, or elſe this Sword of mine ſhall inſtantly find a paſſage to thy heart. When ſo, the providence of God ſo ordained it, that ſhe is reduced to this exigent and extremity, as ſhe muſt be a witneſs againſt her ſelf; and in ſeeking to conceal her whooredom, muſt diſcover her murder; the which ſhe doth in theſe words: Know *Alfemero*, that ſith thou wilt inforce me to ſhew thee the true cauſe of my chaſte familiarity with *De Flores*, that hath much bound to him, and thy ſelf more; for he it was, that, at my requeſt, diſpatched *Paratque*, without which (as thou well knoweſt) I could never have enjoyed thee for my Huſband, nor thou me for thy Wife: And ſo ſhe reveals him the whole circumſtance of that cruel Murder, as we have formerly

understood; the which she conjures, and prays him to conceal, sith no less than *De Flores* and her own life depended thereon, and that she will dye a thousand deaths, before consent to defile his bed; or, to violate her oath and promise given him in Marriage:

Alfemero both wondring and grieving at this lamentable news, says little, but thinks the more; and though he had reason and apparance to believe, that she who commits Murther, will not stick to commit Adultery; yet upon his Wife's solemn oaths and protestations, he forgets what is past; only he strictly chargeth her, no more to see or admit *De Flores* into her company; or if the contrary, he vows he will so sharply be revenged of her, as he will make her an example to all posterity.

But *Beatrice-Joana*, notwithstanding her Husband's speeches, continueth her intelligence with *De Flores*; yea, her Husband no sooner rides abroad, but he is at *Valencia* with her; and they are become so impudent, as, what they did before secretly, they now in a manner do publicly, or at least, with Chamber-doors open. *Diaphanta* knowing this to be a great scandal, as well to her Master's honour, as house, again informs him thereof; who vows to take a sharpe revenge of this their infamy and indignity, as indeed he doth: for he bethinks himself (thereby to effect it) of an invention, as worthy of his jealousy as of their crime of Murther, and of their second Adultery: He enjoineth *Diaphanta* to lay wait for the very hour that *De Flores* arrives from *Alicant* to *Valencia*, which she doth; when instantly pretending to his Wife a journey in the Country, he very secretly and silently, having his Rapier and Ponyard, and a Case of Pistols ready charged in his pocket (seemingly to take horse) husheth himself up privatly in his study, which was next adjoining and within his Bed-chamber.

Beatrice-Joana, thinking her Husband two or three Leagues off, sends away for *De Flores*, who comes instantly to her: they fall to their kissings and embracings; she rejoycing extreemly for his arrival, and he for her husband *Alfemero*'s departure: she relates him the cruelty and indignity her husband hath shewed and offered her, the which *De Flores* understands with much contempt and choller, as also with many threats. *Alfemero* hears all, but doth neither speak, cough, sneeze, nor spit. So from words they fall to their beastly pleasures, when *Alfemero* no longer able to contain himself much less to be accessary to his shame, and their villany, throws off the door, and violently casteth forth; when finding them on his Bed, in the midst of their Adultery, he first discharge his Pistols on them; and then with his Sword and Ponyard runs them thorow, and stabs them with so many deep and wide wounds, that they have not so much power or time to speak a word, but there lye weltring and wallowing in their blood, whiles their souls fly to another world, to relate what horrible and beastly crimes their bodies have committed in this. Thus by the providence of God, in the second Tragedy of our History, we see our two Murtherers Murthered; and *Piracquo*'s innocent blood revenged in the guiltiness of theirs.

Alfemero having finished this bloody business, leaves his Pistols on the Table, as also his Sword and Ponyard all bloody as they were; and without covering or removing the breathless bodies of these two wretched miscreants, he shuts his Chamber-door, and is so far from flying for the fact, he takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Criminal Judge himself, and reveals what he had done; but conceals the Murther of *Piracquo*. The Judge is astonished and amazed at the report of this mournful and pittifull accident; he takes *Alfemero* with him, returns to his house, and finds those two dead bodies fresh smoking, and reaking in their blood. The news hereof is spread in all the City. The whole people of *Valencia* flock thitherto be eye-witnesses of these two murdered Persons; where some behold them with pittie, others with joy, but all with astonishment and admiration; and no less do those of *Alicant*, where this news is speedily posted; but all their griefs is nothing to those of *Don Diego de Vermandero*'s (*Beatrice-Joana*'s father) who infinitely and extreemly grieves, partly for the Death, but especially for the crime of his Daughter.

The Judge presently commits *Alfemero* prisoner in another of his own Chambers, and so examining *Diaphanta* upon her oath, concerning the familiarity betwixt *De Flores* and *Beatrice-Joana*, she affirms constantly, that now, and many times before, she saw them commit Adultery, and that she it was that first advertised *Alfemero* her Master hereof. Whereupon, after a second examination of *Alfemero*, they, upon mature deliberation, acquit him of this fact; so he is freed, and the dead bodies carried away and buried.

But although this earthly Judge have acquitted *Alfemero* of this fact; yet the Judge of Judges, the great God of Heaven, who seeth not only our heart, but our thoughts, not only our actions, but our intents, hath this, & something else to lay to his charge; for he (in his sacred providence, and divine Justice) doth both remember and observe: first, how ready and willing *Alfemero* was to engage himself to *Beatrice-Joana* to kill *Piracquo*; then, though he consented not to the Murther, yet how he concealed it, and brought it not to publick arraignment and punishment, whereby the dead body of *Piracquo* might receive a more honourable, and Christian-like Sepulchre:

chre : and if these crimes of his be not capable to deserve revenge and chastisement, Lo, he is entering into a new, wilful, and premeditated Murder, and doth so dishonourably and treacherously perform it, as we shall shortly see him lose his life upon an infamous Scaffold, where he shall find no heart to pity him, nor eye to bewail him.

If we would be so ignorant, we cannot be so malicious; to forget that loving and courteous Letter, which *Don Thomaso Piracquo* wrote his Brother *Alfonso Piracquo* from *Alicant* to *Briandata*, to withdraw himself from his suit to *Beatrice-Joana*; and although his affection and jealousy to prevent his Brother's disgrace, was then the chief occasion of that his Letter, yet sith he was since disastrously and misfortunately bereaved of him, of that dear and sweet Brother of his, whom he ever held and esteemed far dearer than his life, his thoughts, like so many lines, concur in this Center, from whence he cannot be otherwise conceived or drawn, but that *Beatrice-Joana* & *Alsemero* had a hand, and were at least accessaries, if not authors of his loss: upon the foundation of which belief he raiseth this resolution, that he is not worthy to be a Gentleman, nor of the degree and title of a Brother, if he crave not satisfaction for that irreparable loss which he sustaineth in that of his Brother; and the sooner is he drawn thereunto, because he believes, that as *Alsemero* was ordained of old to chastise *Beatrice-Joana*, so he was by the same Power reserved to be revenged of *Alsemero*. Whereupon, although it be not the custom of *Spain* to fight Duels (as desiring rather the death of their enemies than of their friends) he resolves to fight with him: and to that end, understanding *Alsemero* to be then in *Alicant*, sends him this Challenge.

THOMASO PIRACQUO to ALSEMERO.

It is with too much assurance, that I fear Beatrice-Joana's vanity, and your rashness, hath bereaved me of a Brother, whom I ever esteemed and prized far dearer than my self: I were unworthy to converse with the World, much less to bear the honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I should not seek satisfaction for his death, with the hazard of my own life: for if a friend be bound to perform the like courtesie and duty to his friend, how much more a Brother to his Brother? Your Sword hath chastised Beatrice-Joana's error, and I must see whether mine be reserved to correct yours. As you are your self, meet me at the foot of Gliffieran hill to morrow, at five in the morning, without Seconds; and it shall be at your choice, either to use your Sword on horse-back, or your Rapier on foot.

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Alsemero accepts this Challenge, and promiseth, that he and his Rapier will not fail to meet him: yet as he one way wondereth at *Piracquo's* valour and resolution, so another way he considereth the great loss he hath received in that of his Brother, and the justness of his quarrel against him; who although he were not necessary to his murder, yet he is, in concealing the cruelty thereof; and indeed this villany makes him lose his accustomed courage, and think of a most base cowardize, and treacherous stratagem: But this dishonourable resolution and design of his, shall receive an infamous recompence, and a reward and punishment as bitter as just.

They meet at the hour and place appointed; *Piracquo* is first in the field, and *Alsemero* stays not long after; but he hath two small Pistols charged in his pockets, which in killing his Enemy shall ruine himself. They draw, and as they approach, *Alsemero* throws away his Rapier, and with his Hat in his hand, prays *Piracquo* to hear him in his just defence, and that he is ready to joyn with him to revenge his Brother's Murderers. *Piracquo* being as courteous, as courageous, and as honourable as valiant, likewise throws away his Rapier, and with his hat in his hand comes to meet him; but it is a folly to unarm our selves in our Enemy's presence; for it is better and fitter that he stand to our courtesie, than we to his: When *Piracquo* feared nothing less than Treachery, *Alsemero* draws out his Pistols, and dischargeth them; the first throw his head, the second throw his breast; of which two wounds, he, speaking only thus, *O Villain! O Traitor!* falls down dead at his feet. Lo here the third bloody part of this History.

It is a lamentable part for any one to commit Murder; but for a Gentleman to destroy another in this base and cruel manner, this exceeds all baseness and cruelty it self: yea, it makes him as unworthy of his honour, as worthy of a halter.

The news of this bloody fact rattles in the streets of *Alicant*, as Thunder in the Firmament: *Piracquo's* Chirurgeon being an eye-witness hereof, reports the death of his Master, and the treachery of *Alsemero*; All *Alicant* is amazed hereat, they extol *Thomaso Piracquo's* valour, and his singular affection to his dead Brother, and both detest and curse the treachery and memory of *Alsemero*. The criminal Judges are advertised hereof, who speedily send post after him: but he is mounted on a swift Genet, and, like *Bellerophon* on his winged *Pegasus*, doth rather fly than gallop: but his haste is in vain; for the Justice of the Lord will both stop his Horse, and arrest Him. He is not recovered half way from *Alicant* to *Valencia*, but his Horse stumbles, and breaks his fore-leg, and *Alsemero* his right arm; he is amazed, perplexed, and enraged hereat, and knows not what to do, or whether to fly for safety; for he sees no bush nor hedge to hide him, nor lane to save him; and now he repents himself of his fact, but it is too late. His

Horse failing him, he trusteth to his legs, and so throwing off his Cloak, runs as speedily as he may : but the foulness of his fact doth still so affright him, and terrifie his conscience, as he is afraid of his own shadow ; looks still back, imagining that every stone he sees is a Sergeant come to arrest him ; yea, his thoughts, like so many blood-hounds, pursue and follow him, sweating exceedingly, partly through his labour, but especially through the affliction and perturbation of his mind ; yea, every point of a minute, he expecteth and fears his apprehension.

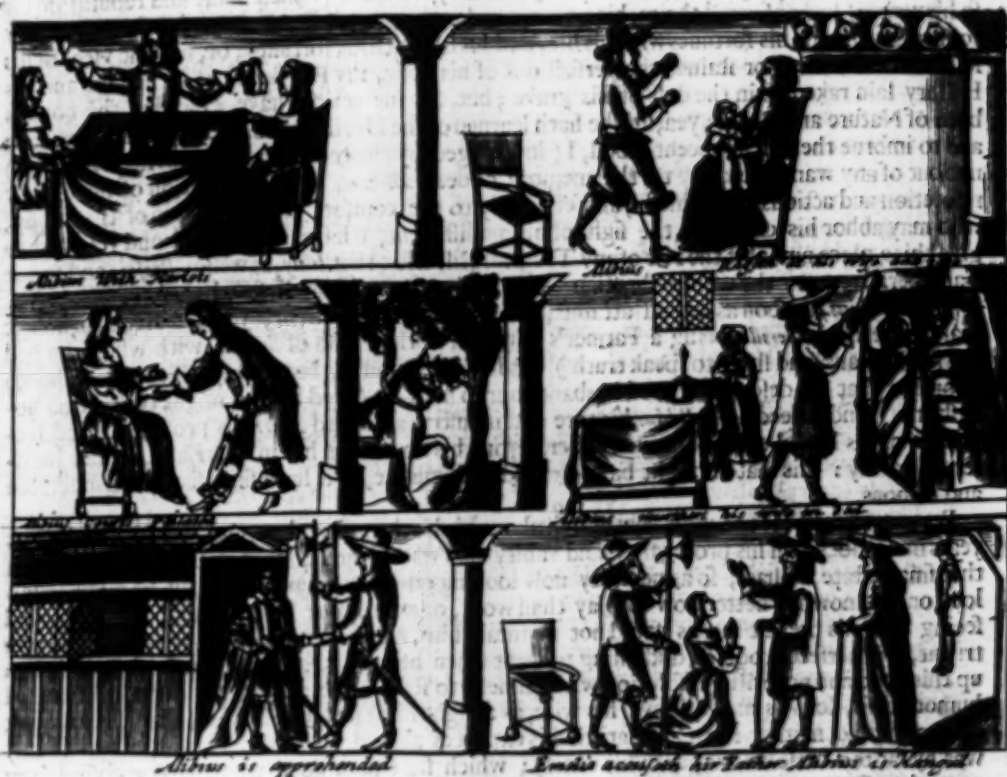
Neither is his fear or expectation vain : for lo, at last he perceives four come galloping after him, as fast as their Horses can drive. So they finding first his poor horse, and now spying his miserable self, he sees he is invironed of all sides, and thinks the earth hath brought forth Cadmean men to apprehend him ; yet remembering himself a Gentleman, and withall a Soldier, he resolves rather to sell his life dearly in that place, than to be made a spectacle upon an infamous Scaffold : but this courage and resolution shall neither prevail nor rescue him.

He to this effect draws his Rapier, the which the four Sergeants will him to yield, and render up to the Kings Laws and Justice ; but he is resolved to defend himself. They threaten him with their Pistols ; but their sight do as little amaze him, as their report, and bullets : so they alight from their Horses, and environ him with their Swords ; and having hurt two of them, and performed the part of a desperate Gladiator, the third joyning with him, they break his Rapier within a foot of the Hilt, whereat he yields himself. *Alfonso* thus taken, is the same night brought back to *Alican*, in whose Gates and Streets a wonderful concourse of people assembled to see him pass, who as much pity his person, as execrate and condemn his fact.

The Senate is assembled, and *Alfonso* brought to appear, who considering the baseness of his treacherous and bloody fact, which the Devil had caused him to commit, he stays for no Witnesses, but accuseth himself of this murther ; the which from point to point he confesseth ; and so they adjudge him to lose his head : but this is too honourable a death for a Gentleman who hath so treacherously and basely dishonoured and blemished his Gentility. As he is on the Scaffold, preparing himself to die, and seeing no farther hope of life, but the image of death before his eyes, knowing it no time now either to dissemble with God, or to fear the Law, he to the amazement of all the world, tells the people, that though he killed *Don Thomas Piracquo*, yet he had no hand in the Murther of his Brother *Don Alfonso*, whom (he said) *De Flores* at the instigation of his wicked and wretched Wife *Beatrice-Joana*, had murdered, and buried in the east *Casemate* of the Castle : and withall affirmed, that if he were guilty in any thing concerning that murther, it was only in concealing it, which he had done till then, and whereof (he said) he now most heartily repented himself, as being unwilling any longer to charge his soul with it, such he was ready to leave this world, and to go to another ; and so he besought them all to pray unto God to forgive him, whose sacred Majesty he confessed he had highly and infinitely offended ; and wished them all to beware, and shun the temptations of the Devil, and to become better Christians by his example.

The Judges advertised hereof, cause his head to be stricken off for murthering of *Don Thomas Piracquo*, and his body to be thrown into the sea, for concealing that of *Don Alfonso* ; which was accordingly executed : and from the place of Execution they immediately go to the Castle, and so to the East *Casemate*, where causing the stones to be removed, they find the mournful murdered body of *Don Alfonso Piracquo*, which they give to his kinsfolks, to receive a more honourable Burial, according to his rank and degree ; and from thence they return to the Churches, where the bodies of *De Flores*, and *Beatrice-Joana* were interred (after they were brought back from *Valemia*) the which, for their horrid murther, they at the common place of Execution cause to be burned, and their ashes to be thrown into the Air, as unworthy to have any resting place on earth, which they had so cruelly stained and polluted with innocent blood.

Lo here the just punishment of God against these devillish and bloody Murtherers ! at the sight of whose Execrations, all that infinite number of people that were Spectators, universally laud and praise the Majesty of God for purging the earth of such unnatural and bloody Mon-



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY V.

Alibius murdered his Wife Merilla; he is discovered first by Bernardo, then Emilia his own Daughter; so he is apprehended, and hanged for the fact.

HOW far are they from having peace with God and all his creatures, when they lay violent hands on their own wives; yea, when they murder them in their beds instead of reposing their secrets and affections in their bosoms! These are hellish resolutions, and infernal stratagems, that Nature neither allows, nor Grace approves. For, besides the Union betwixt God and his Church, there is none so perfect and absolute on Earth, as that of Man and Wife: For, as this world hath made them two persons, so God hath conjoyned, and made them one; and therefore, what madness, nay, what cruelty is it to be so cruel to those, who (if not our selves) are at least our second selves? Charity (the daughter of Heaven) teacheth us to love all the world, but especially those who are our Kinsfolks or Friends. Religion (the Mother of Charity) steps a degree farther, and enjoineth us to love those who hate us; yea, these likewise are not only the rules of Nature, but the Precepts of Grace: therefore, to Kill those who love us, and to deprive those of life, who (did occasion present) are ready to sacrifice theirs for the preservation of ours, it must needs proceed rather from a monster than a man, or rather from a devil than a monster; but such devils, and such monsters are but too rife and common in these our sinful times. And amongst others, I here produce one for example: who for that cruel and inhumane fact of his, by the justice of God, was justly rewarded with a Halter. And may all those, who perpetrate the like crime, partipate of the same, or of a worse punishment.

In the Parish of *Sprear*, some fifteen miles distant from the beautiful and noble City of *Brescia*, (in the Territories of the *Venetians*) there dwelt a poor Country-man, termed *Alibius*, who could vaunt of no other wealth left him by his deceased parents, but that he was a man of a comely

comely stature and proportion, and withall, that they were of an honest fame and reputation: if so his vertues had answered theirs, his poverty had never proved so pernicious, & fatal an enemy to him, as to ruine his fortunes with his life, and his life with his fortunes; or, had the vices of his soul not contaminated or stained the perfections of his body, my Pen had slept in silence, and his History lain raked up in the dust of his grave; but, sith his actions have exceeded the bounds both of Nature and Grace; yea, sith he hath learned of the Devil to imbathe his hands in poyson and to imbrue them in innocent blood, I (incouraged by the connivency and silence of others) not out of any want of charity to the memory of dead *Albius*, but in detestation of his bloody resolution and actions, and chiefly, and especially to the comfort and instruction of the living, who may abhor his crime by the sight of his punishment, I have adventured and resolved to give this a place amongst the rest of my Tragical Histories, that *Italy*, as well as *Brescia* and *Spear* (and peradventure the whole Christian world with *Italy*) may understand thereof.

This *Albius*, as soon as he had attained the age of five and twenty years, married an honest maiden, termed *Merilla*, being a Farmer's daughter of the Parish of *Spear*, with whom he had but small means, and she (to speak truth) but little wit, and less beauty; yet, she was neither so poor, but that she deserved a good husband, nor so hard-favoured but she might content an honest one. And indeed had *Albius* his care and industry, answered *Merilla's* providence and frugality; or his lustful eye, not strayed either beyond his vow given her in marriage, or her indifferent beauty: this match might have proved as fortunate, as it hath since succeeded miserable and ramous.

For *Albius*, whose thoughts flew apitch above his birth, rank and means, had not lived many years in wedlock, till his prodigality and vanity had wasted and dissipated the greatest part of that small estate he had; so as necessity now looking on him, because formerly he disdain'd to look on it, knowing better how to play than work, or rather, not how to work, but play; and seeing that his present means could not maintain him, nor his future hopes promise it, he as a truant, and perfect Prodigal, disdain'd to want when he hath it, and when he hath it not, sets up this lewd and unthrifty resolution with himself, to set all at six and seven. But this prodigal humor of his, doth as much grieve his wife, as delight him: for, now she sees, that her spinning at home could neither serve, nor satisfie his expences abroad, and that all her care and labour was by far too little to maintain his vanity; which she (poor good woman) perceiving, yea more than so, contrary to her hopes, now feeling, she with fair words, and secret and sweet persuasions, endeavourth to reclaim him from it: but this course of hers works a contrary effect; for if before he played the prodigal in her absence, now he plays the Tyrant in her presence; for he not onely rejoyceth, and stops his ears against her counsel, but rates and reviles her with vile and contemptuous speeches, such as indeed are infinitely unfit either for a husband to give, or a wife to receive. And this, as I have been informed, was the first distaste betwixt *Albius* and *Merilla*.

But we need not go far for a second. There is no pestilent Infection, nor infectious Pestilence to that of haunting and frequenting bad company; for it is a rock whereon many have suffered Shipwrack; it is a fountain that sends forth many poysoned streams to those that taste or drink thereof; yea, it is a Tree, whose fruit is by so much bitterer to the stomach as it seems pleasing to the palate, like Pills of poyson candied in Sugar: and as that which most delights, most confounds the sense, so use breeding an habit, and habit a second nature, vicious company, whom we take to be our dearest friends, do in fine prove our most dangerous enemies, and so much the more dangerous, sith when we would forsake them we cannot; which our *Albius*, will at last find true in himself; yea, we shall see him informed to acknowledg it, as having bought and purchased it with a wofull and lamentable experience; for now he begins to love swearing, whoredom, and drunkenness, that before he hated; and to hate the Gospel of Christ, and the professors thereof, that before he loved; a most wretched exchange, where we take from our souls to give our senses; and a wofull bargain, where we sell God to buy the Devil.

Poor *Merilla*, grieving to see that she could not un-see these ungodly courses, as also that it not onely consumed the small remainder of his means, but likewise lost his friends, and darkned and eclipsed his reputation, thinks it not only a part of her duty, but of her affection to him, to request some virtuous friend, or godly neighbour of theirs to deal with him herein, thereby to endeavour to perswade him from these his irregular and prophane courses: But as those who are sick, are so deprived of their taste, as they cannot discern between sweet and bitter. So *Albius* sick of the Lethargie of these his enormous and dissolute vices, was so far from relishing this wholesome counsel, as he not only rejected it but scoffed and reviled the party who gave it him: and it being not so secretly (or peradventure not so wisely) mannaged, but he coming to understand it proceeded from his wife *Merilla*, he took it so passionatly and outrageously, to see his follies revealed by her who was bound to conceal them, as most uncivilly and

inhumanly

unhumanely checking her; he in the heat of his displeasure and revenge, some months forsook her company, and many her bed; whereat, such was her tender affection to him, and his respect to her, as I know not whether she more grieved or he rejoiced.

The motives of his third distaste to his wife, were grounded upon her barrenness and sterility; as if it were in her power to give him a Child, when Gods pleasure and providence was to give none to her, without considering that the barrenness and fruitfulness of a woman comes all from the Lord: Or without remembering that some Children are born for a curse, or others for a blessing to their Parents: Or as if his earthly vanity could teach Gods secret Divinity, what were fittest for him. And yet these reasons cannot prevail against his unreasonable self, and therefore this, amongst the rest of his distastes, he, or rather the Devil for him, throws in against his Wife: *That if he had a Child, he should be a good Husband, and not before*: As if he desired and sought some pretext and colour, though never so unjustly and ungodly, to cover his vices and prodigality; or in the eyes of the World to bolster out and apologize his jarring and squaring with his Wife: yea, his impudency was grown to the height of this impiety, that he often affirmed, his Wife was the cause of his poverty; for if she would give him no Child, God would give him no prosperity.

Now, as all women by nature generally desire Children, so it is a great affliction (I will not say a curse) to them, if they have none. But these unjust speeches of *Alibius*, do justly and infinitely afflict his wife *Merilla*, who (that no farther discord might trouble the harmony of their Wedlock) sends her tears to earth, and her Prayers to Heaven, that her blessed Saviour would be pleased to bless her with a Child; when God, seeing his prophane hypocrisy, which he will revenge, and understanding her Religious zeal, which he will reward, out of the inestimable treasure of his mercy and Providence, grants her her request, and him his desire; so as in short time she sees her self the Mother, and him the Father of a young Daughter, termed *Emelia*.

The fourth reason of his distaste at his Wife, was, that seeing time run on in his swift career, and his prodigality still remaining, as also that his mask of his Wife's sterility was taken away; he that was heretofore so desirous of a Child, now thinks this one to be one too many, because (saith he) he can no way endure the crying and trouble thereof. But, is there any thing so unnatural or Ridiculous as this? Now, if he murmur at this his Child, during her Infancy, he will much more storm at her, when she comes to riper years: And observing that her Mother doth subtract from his prodigality, to add to her maintenance, this doth again extremely vex and afflict him; so that his Child, whom he pretended should be the cause of his joy and prosperity, is now that of his grief, and as he thinks of his farther poverty and misery. The which poor *Merilla* his Wife, to her unspeakable and ineffable grief, palpably perceiveth, as well in his uncharitable and malicious speeches, banded to her for her Daughter *Emelia*'s sake, as to *Emelia* for her sake: But what know we, whether God hath purposely sent his Daughter, to revenge the injuries and wrongs that her Father intended to her Mother?

His fifth, (as yet) his last distaste against his Wife, proceeds from his observing that her beauty is withered and decayed; not that heretofore he knew her fair; but that she is not so fair now, as when he first married her; as if time and age had not power to wither the blossoms of our youth, as the Sun hath to wither the freshest Roses and Lillies. But as all his former distastes towards his Wife, bewray his inclination to prodigality and prophaneity; so this last of his, both manifestly discover his addiction to lust, and his affection to whoredome: for it is impossible for our Wives, to seem foul in our eyes, except there be some others seem fairer; as blackness seems blacker when it is compared and paralleled with whiteness; and this indeed, is the Vulture and Viper that sticks so close to his breast, and so near to his heart; yea, this is his darling and bosome sin that will strangle him, when it makes greatest show to kiss and embrace him.

Alibius, powerfully solicited by these five several distastes conceived against his Wife *Merilla*, who poor Woman rides at an Anchor in the tranquillity of her innocence, while he (in the heart and height of his youth) floated in the Ocean of his voluptuousness and sensuality, but especially provoked by his own poverty and penury; who now began to appear to him in a lean and miserable shape: he leaves his Wife and Family, and betakes himself to the service of Gentlemen, thinking thereby to stop the current of his prodigality, and to find out the invention and means, futurely to get that which formerly he had expended: which resolution of his had been indeed commendable, if the integrity of his heart had been answerable to the sweetness of his tongue; but we shall see the contrary, and find, by his example, that Snakes always lurk under the fairest and greenest leaves.

During which time, he serves some Gentleman of worth and quality, but not of especial account and Reputation, not distant above three small miles from the City of *Amberg*, who being an excellent House-keeper, and a good Member of the Common-Weal, there (had

(had he had as much Grace as Vanity, or as much Religion as Impiety) might have forgotten his old Vices, and learned new virtues: But if he delighted to become excellent in any thing, it was, first to be a perfect Carver and Waiter, then to be decent in his Apparel; and last of all, to be smooth in his speeches, and affable and pleasing in his Complements, without any regard at all, either to reform the vanity of his thoughts, or to controul his dissolute and dangerous actions.

Having thus past away many years abroad in service, and very seldom or never either seen *Sprear*, or visited his *Merrilla* and *Emilia*, he at last seeing of the one side, that age began to snow on his head; and that the greatest wealth of a Serving-man, was, to have only a new Livery, and a full belly; to have many verbal, but no real Friends, resolved to leave his service, as also his Wife and Daughter in *Sprear*, and so to travel to *Venice*, hoping there in some honest place, and imployment, to serve the Seigniorie, or at least some one of the *Magnificoes* or *Clarissimos*: But then considering the charge of the Journey, the weakness of his purse, and the uncertainty of his advancement and preferment, he resolves for a time to sojourn in *Brescia*; and to watch if any occasion or accident presented, whereby he might repair and raise his Fortunes.

He had not long lived in this City (which for antiquity, beauty, situation, wealth and fidelity (after *Venice* it self) gives not the hand to any of her Sister-Cities of that State,) but his eyes (as the lustful Sentinels of his heart) espy so many beauties, as he began to loathe his own Wife *Merrilla*, and to wish her in another world, that he might have another Wife, in this. Lo, here the Devil begins with him anew to perswade him hate his Wife.

Abiding thus in *Brescia*, it fell out, that he who bore the silver rod in token of Honour and Justice (or rather of Honour to Justice) before the Podestato or chief Magistrate of this City, dyed; and to this office *Alibius* (because he knew himself a grave and personable man) aspired, and what through the respect of his gravity, through his smooth tongue, and fair speeches, but especially by making many friends to the Podestato and Senators, he at last obtained it: A place indeed, more honourable than profitable, and yet worth at least one hundred Zechines, *per annum*, besides his diet. This preferment makes *Alibius* look aloft, and so he scorns his poor Wife *Merrilla*, as if there were no parity and sympathy betwixt her rags and his robes: Yea, he would not see *Sprear*, nor suffer her to see *Brescia*; and the Devil was so busy with him, or he with the Devil, that in hope of a richer and fairer Wife, he resolves to poison her, according as he heretofore had many times thought and premeditated; and that which egged and threw him on, with more violence and precipitation, was a proud conceit of himself, and of his much dignity and preferment. But as poverty many times befalls us for our good; so sometimes, wealth and prosperity brings us misfortune and misery.

Not long after, another accident falls out, which doth likewise rejoyce him: An honest Citizen of *Brescia*, of his own name, though no way his Kinsman dyes (and since it hath been shrewdly imagined, not without vehement suspicion of poison) leaving a rich Widdow, named *Philæa*: And for the familiarity and good conceit he had of our *Alibius*, as also induced thereunto through his hypocritical show of honesty and piety, makes him sole Over-seer of his Will; so neatly, and smoothly did our *Alibius* work and insinuate himself in his favour: But the mask of this his hypocrisy shall be soon pulled off.

Alibius seeing *Philæa* young rich and fair, he looks on her more often than on her husbands Testament; and so wishing his Wife *Merrilla* in his adopted Kinsmans Grave, and himself in *Philæa*'s Bed, he bends his purposes and intents that way, as so many lines that run to their Center: yea so strongly hath the Devil possessed him with these hellish designs and bloody resolutions, as his love to *Philæa*, defacing his respect to *Merrilla*, he sees her a block in his way, and a stop to his preferment, and so concludes that she must be removed and dispatched: To which effect, to draw his sinful contemplation, into bloody action, he rides over to *Sprear* to her, and under colour of tender love and affection, he in Milk, Wine, and roasted Apples, gives her poison; when seeing it would not work his desired effect, he after takes an occasion, purposely to quarrel with her, and so very lamentably (in presence of their Daughter *Emilia*) reviles and beats her, and returns to *Brescia*, still hoping that the poison yet might operate, and disperse it self in her veins, and that shortly he should hear news of her death. Lo here *Alibius* his first attempt in seeking to murder his Wife.

In this mean time he layes close siege to *Philæa*'s Chastity; who not so honest as fair, is soon drawn to sin, and prostitutes her self unto his beastly pleasure, and having no regard to her reputation, conscience, or soul, consents to this bitter-sweet sin of Adultery; the which lascivious familiarity is so long continued betwixt them, till at last *Philæa*'s straight Bodies become too small, and her Apron too short for her; when seeing it high time to provide for her fame, she acquaints *Alibius* herewith, and asks his advice, whether she shall marry with one of her

Servants:

Servants; *Alibius* meaning to keep the Farm for himself, whereof he had already taken possession, bids her not to care for a Husband, but to be of good comfort, and that far within her time, he would provide a place for her to lay down her great belly; yea, so secret, as her own heart could either wish or desire.

But if our miserable *Alibius* were before resolved to murder his poor harmless Wife *Merilla*, this news, and these speeches of *Philata*, set him all in fire; and so (having consulted with that Devil) he vows she shall not live: to which end, he provides himself of stronger poison, and in a dark night (when as he flatters himself with hope, that the Heavens were so unjust and inhuman, to conspire with him in the Murder of his Wife, he takes horse in the East-Suburb of *Brescia*, and so rides towards *Sprear*:

But see the Justice; and withall the Providence and Mercy, of our indulgent God! who vouchsafed, and yet resolved, to restrain and divert him from his bloody enterprise, by an accident as strange as true; for, a mile out of *Brescia*, as *Alibius* rides by the common place of Execution, his horse stumbles, and falls under him, right against it; with which fall his shoulder is out of joynt. Oh what a Caveat was this for *Alibius*, if he had had the least spark of grace to have made good use hereof! But the Devil had bewitched his understanding and judgment; for he could see by no other eyes, but by those of revenge and blood.

Arriving at his House at *Sprear*, he, contrary to his hopes, finds his Daughter *Emilia*, with her Mother (who by this time was married likewise to a poor Country-man of *Sprear*) whose sight and presence was, for that time, a stop to the execution of her Father's poisoning-design on her Mother; for he feared that she had formerly discovered and suspected this his purpose and resolution, as indeed she had: wherefore he forbore to administer it, only because he would not lose all his labour, he again quarrels with his Wife, and after he had reviled her with many scandalous and contumelious speeches, he in the presence of his (mournful) Daughter, doth exceedingly beat her; who (weeping to see her Mother weep) infinitely grieved to be an eye-witness of this inhuman and barbarous cruelty of her Father: and so, for that time, *Alibius* again permitted his Wife to live; but this will prove no pardon, but only a short reprieve for her.

Returning again to *Brescia*, it is not long before *Philata* doth again importune him to provide for the concealing and salving of her shame, alledging that her time drew on, and that it was more than time to provide her a Husband. *Alibius*, at these her second assurances, begins to look about, and resolves, at what rate, or in what manner soever, now to send his Wife into another World: yet (as I think, or ever understood) conceals his purpose from *Philata*. Miserable Wretch! had he not participated more of the nature of a Tyger, than a man, or of a Devil, than a Tyger, he would never have laid violent hands on his own Wife, whom Earth and Heaven had made flesh of his flesh, and of two bodies one; yea, or had he had so much grace to have considered, that the Silver Watid he bore before the *Podestato*, was for the scourging and punishing of sin. Methinks it should have made him more charitable, and not so bloody to attempt it. But what will not lust enterprise, and revenge execute, if we neither fear God with our hearts, nor love him with our souls?

Perseverance in Grace and Virtue is excellent, but in lamentable. *Alibius* hath had years and time enough to wipe away his cruelty towards his Wife; but the longer he lives, the deeper foot it takes in him, yea, he will neither give the flower of his youth, nor the bran of his age to God, but that to pleasure, this to revenge: and murder, and both to the Devil: for now he is resolute to finish this mournful and bloody Tragedy, that he hath so long desired, and so often attempted: and now indeed the fatal time approacheth, wherein innocent *Merilla*, by the Murderous hand of her Husband, must be sent out of this world to see a better.

Alibius having waited on the *Podestato* to Supper, takes Horse, a little before the Gates of the City were shut; and having his former poison in his pocket, away he rides to *Sprear*: but to act his villany with the greater secrecy, he maketh and disguiseth himself; approaching his house, he in the next Meadow ties up his Horse to a tree, and so knocks at the door. Poor *Merilla* his Wife was in bed and a sleep with (a little Girl) her Grand-child, named *Pomereia*, the Daughter of her Daughter *Emilia*, whom without a Candle, she sends down to open the door, assuring her self (as indeed it proved too true for her) that it was her Husband *Alibius*. *Pomereia* opening the door, lets one in, but whom she knows not; and then for fear retires to the Kitchen, which she shuts fast on her. So *Alibius* mounts to his Wife's Chamber, and after some words gives her a potion (some say of milk) bitterly sugred with poison, and forth it down her: who poor soul is amazed hereat, and with her weak strength cries out for help, but in vain. He being devilishly resolved, now to make sure work, takes a Billie out of the Chimney, and so dispatcheth and kills her in her bed (without giving her any time to commend her soul unto God) and so very hastily rusheth forth the door.

Pomerea, fearing that which happened, lights a Candle, and ascends up the Chamber, where she sees the lamentable spectacle of her murdered Grand-Mother, hot, recking, and smoaking in her bed, whereat she is amazed, and makes most woful cries and mournful lamentations: when wringing her hands, and bitterly sighing and weeping, she knows not what to do, or what not to do, in this her bitter and wretched perplexity: in which mean time *Albius* going for his Horse, finds only the Halter, for his Horse is grazing in the Meddow; he dilligently seeks him but cannot a long time set sight of him; which indeed doth much astonish and amaze him: but at last he finds him, and so gallops away to *Brescia*; where the better to delude the world, and to cast a mist before their eyes, he is again by six of the clock in the morning waiting upon the *Podestate*, and conducting him to the *Domo*, or Cathedral Church of that City. But this policy of his shall not prevent his detection and punishment.

In this mean time, *Pomerea* runs to the nearest neighbours, and divulgeth the murther of her Grand-Mother. Many of the neighbours flock thither, to see this bloody and woful spectacle: the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* are acquainted herewith; they send for Chyrurgions, who visit the dead body, and report she is both poysoned and beaten to Death; they examine poor *Pomerea*, who relates what she sees and knows; they send every where to search for the Murtherer. By this time the news hereof comes to *Brescia*. *Albius* (like a counterfeit miscreant) is all in tears, yea, he sheweth such living affection, to the memory of his dead Wife, as he sends every where to find out the murtherer; But God will not have him escape, for in due time we shall see him brought forth, and appear to the world in his colours.

Albius, notwithstanding his tears in his eyes, having still a hell in his conscience, is afraid, lest *Emelia* his Daughter (measuring the subseqent by the antecedent) hold him to be her mothers murtherer; and because the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* (suspecting her) have taken sureties for her appearance; he, the better to insinuate with her, useth her with more than wonted courtesie and affability, imagining, that if her mouth were stopped, he need not fear any others tongue: But this politick sleight of his shall not prevail.

Now by little and little, Time, (the consumer of all things) begins to wear away the crying rumour of this murther; and so *Albius* thinking himself secure, ere three months be fully expired, forgetting *Merilla*, takes *Philatea* to his second Wife; which being known in *Brescia*, many curious heads of that City (though not upon any substantial ground, but only out of presumptive circumstances) vehemently suspect that *Albius* had a deep hand in the murther of his late Wife *Merilla*: but they dare not speak it aloud, because he was well beloved both of the *Podestà* himself (for that year being) and generally of all the Senators.

But as murther pierceth the Clouds, and cries for revenge from Heaven, so we shall see this of *Albius*, miraculously discovered, and ere long severely punished: for when he thought the storm past, and saw the Skyes clear; when, I say, he imagined that all rumours and tongues were hushed up in silence, and that he thought on nothing else, but to pass his time sweetly and voluptuously with his new and fair Wife *Philatea*; then, when all other means and instruments failed, to bring this his obscure and bloody fact to light; Lo, by the Divine Providence of God, we shall see *Albius* himself be the cause, and instrument of his own discovery.

For after he had married *Philatea* (which I take to be the first light of suspecting him of his wife *Merilla*'s murther) (if my information be true, as I confidently believe it is) this is the second: *Albius* under the pretext of other business, sends for one *Bernardo*, of the Parish of *Sprear*, to come to him to *Brescia*. Now, for our better light and information herein, as also for the more orderly contriving of this History, we must understand, that this *Bernardo* was an old associate and dissolute companion of *Albius*: whom (as it is well known by those who knew them) he had many times used and made his stickler and agent in many of his former lewd courses and enterprizes; nor that I any way think he had any hand in the present murther of *Merilla*; for then (I know) such is the Candour and Wisdom of the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear*, and such is the clear judgement and zeal of the Senators of *Brescia* to Justice, that he had never escaped but had been apprehended and brought to his trial.

We must farther understand, that this *Bernardo* was likewise a companion of *Emelia*'s Husband: yea, scarce any one day past, but they were known and seen together in Tippling-houses, and other such lewd and vicious places, whereas drink was still a most treacherous and unsecret Secretary.

It may be that what *Merilla* told her husband privately, he discovered it publicly to *Bernardo*: who coming (as we have formerly heard) to *Brescia* after his conference with *Albius*; he fell to his old vain of tippling and carowing, and there without the North-gate of *Brescia* (which looks towards *Bergamo*) having more money then wit, and more wine then money, in the midst of his cups, told he was a Conradyne, or Country-man of *Sprear*: that he knew *Albius* as great as now he bore himself, and that he murthered his poor Wife in the Country,

to have this fine one in the City. Which speeches of his he reiterated and repeated often ; yea, so often, as they fell not to the ground, but some of his lewd companions took notice hereof ; and one amongst the rest, being inwardly acquainted with *Alibius*, went and secretly advised him hereof ; who (under-hand) sends away for *Bernardo*, where he was, and wrought so with him, as since that time he was never seen in *Brescia* : But this report of his, remained behinde him.

A second light which *Alibius* gave to the discovery of this his Murther, was, that thinking the way clear, and all suspitions vanished, he converted his affection into contempt ; and his courtesie to disrespect and unkindness towards his Daughter *Emelia*, by taking away the greatest part of that small means he gave her towards her maintenance ; which uncharitable and unnatural part of his, threw this poor wowan into so bitter a perplexity, as knowing in her conscience, that her Father was her Mother's Murtherer, she exceedingly apprehended and feared, lest he would attempt to dispatch her likewise : the which she far the more doubted, because her Father had bailed her, but not as yet freed her from her appearance before the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear*. But here, as simple as she was, she enters into many considerations with her self ; that, to accuse her Father, would be as great a disobedience in her, as it was a cruelty in him to murder her Mother. She is a long time irresolute, either to advance or retire in this her purpose and enterprize : and here she consults betwixt Nature and Grace, betwixt the Laws of Earth and Heaven, what she should do, or how she should bear her self in a matter of so unnatural a nature ; it grieves her to be the means of her Father's death, of whom she had received her being ; and yet she sorroweth not to reveal the murder of her Mother, of whom she enjoyed her life. But though sense and nature cannot, yet reason and religion will reconcile, and clear these doubts : yea, evaporate those mists, and disperse these clouds from your eyes, and make us see clear, that Earth may not conceal Murthers, sith God receives glory both in the detection and punishment thereof.

Some will say, this Daughter did ill to accuse her Father. But who will not affirm that he did far worse, to murder her Mother ; neither was it a delight, but a torment to her, to effect it ; for she enters into this resolution with tears, and persevereth therein with sighs and lamentations : but if she were at first resolute herein, this resolution of hers is exceedingly confirmed, when she sees her Father so suddenly married, and her Mother-in-Law ready to lay down her great belly ; especially when she hears the reports of this suspicion bruited in *Brescia*. So now she can no longer contain her self, but goes to the next *Corrigador*, and reveals to him, that her Father *Alibius* was the Murtherer of her Mother *Merilla*.

The *Corrigador* being a wise and grave Gentleman, wondering at this lamentable news, detains *Emelia* in his house, and writes away to the Podestate of *Brescia* hereof ; who receives this news on a Saturday at night. The Sunday morning he acquaints the Prefect and chief Senators thereof, who repairs to his house. The probabilities and circumstances are strong against *Alibius*. So they all conclude to imprison him ; he is at the door, ruffling in his garded Gown and velvet Cap, with his Silver Wand in his hand (as if he were fitter to check others, than to be controuled himself) waiting to conduct the Podestate to the *Domo*. *Alibius* little dreams how near he is to danger, or danger to him : he is by an Isbier or Serjeant called in to speak with the Podestate ; and although his conscience inwardly torment him, yet he puts a good (or at least a brazen) countenance on all, and so very cheerfully comes before him. At his first arrival, his velvet Cap, and Silver Wand (those dignified marks of Honour and Justice) are taken from him, and consequently his Office : (because these are rewards only proper to Vertue, and not to Vice) he is examined by those worthy Magistrates, who bear gravity in their looks, wisdom in their speeches, and justice in their actions. *Alibius* hath many smooth words, for the defence of his Crime, which with the aid and varnish of his gracefull gestures, he strives to extenuate and palliate but in vain ; for he hath to do with those Magistrates, who cannot be deluded, or carried away, either with the sugar of a lye, or the charm of an evasion. So they commit him close Prisoner, where he hath both time and leisure to think on the foulness of his fact, and the unnaturalness and barbarism of his cruelty.

The Monday following, the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* send *Emelia* to *Brescia*, where, the next day the Podestate, Prefect and Senators, examined her ; they first exhorted her to consider, that she speaks before God ; and although *Alibius* be her earthly Father, yet he is her heavenly : they conjure and swear her to speak the truth, and no more : and because they see her a simple illiterate Woman, they inform her what the vertue and nature of an Oath is. When *Emelia* falling on her knees, wringing her hands, and stedfastly looking up towards Heaven, she (bitterly weeping and sighing) for a pretty while, had not the power to utter a word, the Prefect with mild exhortations and speeches encourageth her to speak ; when with many tears and interrupted sighs, she at last uttereth these words : My Father hath often beaten my Mother, and

even lain her for dead; and at other times, he hath given her poyson, and he it is and no other, that hath now murdered her. One of the Senators, (some say it was the Podestare, who as much favoured *Albino*, as hated his Crime) bad *Emilia* look to her conscience, and her Conscience to God, and withall to consider, that as *Merilla* was her Mother, so *Albino* was her Father. Whereat she bitterly weeping again said, that what she had already spoken was true, as she hoped to enjoy any part of Heaven. So they binding her to give Evidence at the great Court of the Province, which some four months after was to be held in the Castle of the City, they dismiss her.

In which mean time *Albino* is visited in Prison by divers of his acquaintance; yea, some of the chiefest Senators themselves afforded him that Honour and Charity: they deal with him about his Crime, but in vain, for he takes Heaven and Earth to witness, that he is innocent; yea, he seems to be so religious and conscionable in his speeches, as he drew many of inferiour rank and understanding to believe that his accusation was not true, and his imprisonment unjust and false. But God will shortly unmask his hypocrisie, and, to his shame and confusion, lay open and discover to the whole world his unnatural and bloody cruelty.

And now the time is come that the Dukes and Seigniorie of *Venice* are used to depute and send forth Criminal Judges, to descend and pass thorow the Provinces of their Territories and Dominions, to sit upon all capital Malefactors, and to punish them according to their deserts. A Custom indeed held famous, not only in the Christian but in the whole Universall World: and whereby the *Venetian* State doth undoubtedly receive both Glory, Vigour, and Life, sith it not only preserveth their Peace, and propagateth their tranquillity, but also rooteth out and exterminateth all those that (by their lewd and dissolute actions) seek to impugn and infringe it.

Thus these high and honourable Judges (being number two for every Division) having dispatched their business (or rather that of the Seigniories) in *Padua*, *Vincenza*, *Verona*, and *Bergamo*, are now arrived in *Brescia*, in the Castle whereof (which is both beautiful and conspicuous to the eye) they keep their Forum and Tribunal. And because this City is exempted from the Province, as being particularly indowed with a peculiar Jurisdiction, and honoured with many honourable Priviledges and Prerogatives, therefore (*Merilla* being Murdered in the Province) *Albino* is fetched out of his first Prison, and, by one of the chiefest and gravest Senators deputed for that purpose by the Podestare and Senate, conducted and conveyed to the Castle, there to be arraigned by those two great Judges: and although this afore said Senator was so wise and religious, as he seemed to have the art of perswasion in his speeches; yet, by the way, using his best oratory and charity to draw *Albino* from denial to confession, and from that to contrition and repentance, his heart was still so perverse and obdurate, as he notwithstanding persevered in his wilful obstinacy, and peremptorily continued and stood upon the points of his innocency, and justification, so strong was the Devil yet with him.

But while an infinite number of Spectators gaze on *Albino* as he is in the Castle, and he cheerfully and carelessly conversed with some of his acquaintance, as if the innocency of his conscience were such as his heart felt no grief nor perturbation: Lo, he is called to his Arraignment, whereunto that world of people who were then in the Castle, flock and concur.

His thoughts are so vain, and vanity so ambitious, as he comes to the Bar in a black-beaten Samit suit, with a fair Gown, and a spruce set Ruff, having both the hair of his head, and his long gray beard neatly combed and cut; yea, with so pleasant a look, and so confident a demeanour, as if he were to receive, not the sentence of his guiltiness and death, but that of his innocency and enlargement. These Honourable Judges cause his Indictment to be read, wherein his poysoning and murdering of his Wife, is branched and depainted out in all its circumstances, whereat his courage and confidence is yet (notwithstanding) so great, as by his looks he seems no way moved, much less astonished or afflicted: the Witnesses are produced, first his own daughter *Emilia*, who with tears in her eyes, stands firm to her former deposition, that he had often beat her Mother almost to death, and now had killed and poysoned her; agreeing in every point with her deposition given to the Podestare and Prefect of *Brescia*: which to refell, her Father *Albino* with many plausible and sugred speeches, tells his Judges, that his Daughter is incensed or lunatick, or else that she purposely seeks his life, to enjoy that small means he hath, after his death: and so runs on in a most extravagant and impertinent Apology for himself, with many invective and scandalous speeches against her, and concludes, that he was never owner of any poyson.

His Judges, out of their honourable inclination and zeal to sacred justice, permit him to speak without interruption; when having ended, they begin to shew him the foulness of his Fact; yea, like Heavenly Orators, they paint him out the devillish nature and monstrous Crime of Murther, the which they say he redoubleth by denying it, notwithstanding that they have evidence

evidence as clear as the Sun to convince him thereof : and so they call for two Apothecaries Boys, who severally affirm, they sold him Rats-bane at two several times.

But the Devil is still so strong with *Alibius*, as though his Conscience doth hereat afflict and torment him; yet, there is no change nor sign thereof, either seen in his countenance, or discerned in his speeches, but still he perseveres in his obstinacy, and in a bravery pretends to wipe off the Apothecaries Boys evidence, with this poor Evasion, that he bought and used it only to poison Rats : And so again with many smooth words, humble crouches, and hypocritical complements, he useth the ptime of his subtilty and invention to make it appear to his Judges, that he had no way imbrued his hands in the blood of his wife : but this will not avail him, for he is before Lynce-eyed Judges, whose integrity and wisdom, can pierce thorow the foggy mists of excuses, and the obscure Clouds of his far-fetched shifts, and cunningly compacted evasions.

And now to close and wind up this History, after the Jury impannelled had amply heard as well the witnesses against *Alibius* as his defence for himself; and that all the world could testify that his Judges gave him a fair Tryal, they return and report him guilty of murdering his wife *Merilla*; whereat he is put off the Barr, and so for that time sent back to his Prison : and yet the heat of his obstinacy being hereat no way cooled, the edge of his denyal any way rebated, nor the obdurateness of his heart, in the least thing mollified : he, by the way as he passeth, beating his breast, and sometimes out-spreading his arms, saith, It is not his Crime but the Malice of his devillish Daughter that hath cast him away; yea, although many of his compassionate and Christian Friends, do now again in prison, work and perswade him to confession, by alledging him, that God is as Merciful to the repentant, as severe to the impenitent and obstinate, yet all this will not prevail.

The second morning after his conviction, he is brought again from his prison, to the Castle, and so to the Bar, to receive his Judgment, where one of the two most honourable Judges shew him,

That it is his hearkning to the Devil, and his forsaking of God, that hath brought him to this misery; paints and points him out his dissolute life; his frequenting of bad company, his prodigality, and adultery; but above all, his masked hypocrisie, which, he saith, in thinking to deceive God, hath now deceived himself: yea, in heavenly and religious speeches, informs him, how merciful and indulgent God is to repentant sinners; that he must now cast off his thoughts from earth, and ascend and mount them to Heaven, and no longer to think of his body, but of his soul; and so after a learned and Christian-like speech, as well for the instruction of the living, as the consolation of *Alibius*, who was now to prepare himself to die, he pronounceth, that for his execrable murder committed on his own Wife *Merilla*, he should hang till he were dead: and so befought the Lord to be merciful to his soul.

And now is *Alibius* again returned to his prison, but still remaineth obstinate and perverse, affirming to all the world, that, as he hath lived, so he will dye innocently: But God will not suffer him to dye, without confessing and repenting this his bloody and unnatural murder.

These his grave and religious Judges, out of an honourable and Christian charity, send him Divines, to prepare his body to the Death of this world, and his soul to the life of that to come: they deal most effectually, powerfully, and religiously with him in prison; and although they found, that the Devil had strongly enlarded and charmed him, yea, and as it were, hardened his heart to his perdition; yet, God out of his infinite and ineffable mercies, addeth both power and grace to their speeches, and exhortations, so as his eyes being opened, and heart pierced and mollified, they at last so prevail with him, that being terrified with Gods Justice, and encouraged and comforted with his mercies, he with tears, sighs, and groans, confesseth this murder of his Wife, and not only bitterly repents it, but also doth thank these Godly Divines for their charity, care, and zeal for the preservation and saving of his soul, and doth upon his knees beseech them to pray unto the Lord to forgive him.

We have seen *Alibius* murder his Wife *Merilla*; we have seen his apprehension, imprisonment, trial, conviction, and condemnation, for this his execrable and bloody fact: wherein we may observe how the Justice of God still triumphs o're the temptations and malice of the Devil; and how murder, though never so secretly acted, and concealed, will at last be detected and punished. What resteth there now, but that after we have hereby made good use of this example, we see *Alibius* fetched from his Prison, and conveyed to the place of Execution; (whereat, as we have heard, he formerly stumbled in jest, but now he must in earnest) where, although it were timely in the morn, (as having the favour to dye alone, and at least three hours before the other condemned Malefactors) an infinite number of the Citizens of *Brescia*, (of all Ranks, and of both Sexes) assembled to see *Alibius* take his last farewell of this world.

At his ascending up the Ladder, his fair Gray Beard and comely presence drew pity from the hearts,

hearts, and tears from the eyes of the greatest part of the Spectators, to see that the Devil had so strongly enchanted and seduced him to lay violent hands on his Wife, and to see so grave and so proper an aged man thus misfortunately and untimely cast away.

His speech at his end, was brief and short; only he freely confest his Crime, and with infinit sighs and tears besought the world to pray for his soul; he lamented the vanity of his youth, and the dissoluteness of his age; told them, that his neglect of Prayer to God, and his too much confidence in the Devil, had brought him to this shameful end; and therefore besought them again and again to beware by his example: and so having solemnly freed his second Wife *Philicia* from being any way acquainted or accessary with the Murther of his first Wife *Merilla*, he recommending his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, dyed as penitently as he had lived dissolutely and prophanely.

And thus was the life and death of *Alibius*; the which I was the more willingly induced to publish, partly, because I was an eye-witness, both of his arraignment and death, (as I returned from my travels) but more especially, in hope that this example and History may prove to be as great a consolation to the Godly, as a terrour to the unrighteous.

To God be all Glory and Praise.

FINIS.

THE

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
Against the
Crying and Execrable
SIN OF
MURDER.

EXPRESSED

In Thirty several Tragical Histories (digested into Six
Books) which contain great variety of mournful
and memorable Accidents; Amorous,
Moral, and Divine.

BOOK II.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Bennet, for Thomas Lee, 1678.*

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Printed by J. Bennett, for Thomas Lee, 1678.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
AND
TRULY NOBLE

Richard Lord Buckhurst

Earl of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of his Ma-
jesty's County of Sussex.

Right Honourable,

OUT of a resolution, whether more bold or zealous, I know not, I have ad-
vanc'd this second Book of my Tragical Histories to the World, under your
Honour's Patronage and Protection. Neither need I go far to yeild either
your Honour, or the World, a reason of this my Presumption and Ambi-
tion, sith your Virtues, innobling your blood as much as your Nobility illustrates
your Virtues; was the first motive which drew me hereunto: for whiles many o-
thers endeavour to be great, your Honour (resembling your self) not only endea-
vours, but strives to be good; as well knowing, that Goodness is the glory and
essence, yea, the life, and as I may say, the soul of Greatness; and that betwixt
Greatness and Goodness, there is this difference and disparity; that makes us fa-
mous, this, immortal; that, beloved of Men, this, of God; that, accompani-
eth us only to our Graves, and this, to Heaven. My second prevailing Motive
in this my Dedication proceeded from the respect of my particular duty, (as my
first was solely derived from the consideration of your own general and generous Vertues.)
for having the Honour to retain to your Noble Brother, Sir Edward Sackville
Knight, to whom, for many singular respects, and immerited favours (whiles I am my
self) I owe not only my service, but my self; I therein hold me obliged and bound to
proffer and impart this part of my labours to your honour, as the first publick testimo-
ny of my zeal and service, eternally devoted and consecrated to the Illustrious Name
and Family of the Sackvilles; whereof God's Divine Providence hath made your
Honour chief Heir and Pillar. The drift and scope of these Histories are to inform the
World God's Revenge still fights and Triumphs against the crying and execra-
ble sin of (Wilfull and premeditated) Murder, which in these our (impure and
prophane

The Epistle Dedicatory.

prophane) times, is so fatally and frequently co-incident to unregenerated Christi-
ans; which scarles and bloody Crime, is infallibly met with, and rewarded by God's
severe and severe punishment; having purposely published and divulged them to my dear
Country of England, that they may serve (though not by the way of comparison, yet of
application) as the sight of Julius Caesar's bloody Robe (shewed by Marcus Antonius
to the Romans in Campo Martio, when he there pronounced his funeral Oration) there-
by to make his Murther and Murtherers in the greater horror and execration with the
people. The Histories of themselves are as different, as their effects and accidents: Their
Scenes being willfully and sinfully laid in divers parts of Christendom beyond the Seas, and
the Tragedies unfortunately perpetrated and personated by those, who more adhering to im-
piety, than Grace, and to Satan than God, made shipwrack, if not of their souls with
their bodies, I am sure of their lives with their Fortunes, and of their Fortunes with their
Lives. They themselves (or rather their sins) first brought the Materials, I, only the
Collection, Illustration, and Polishing of these their deplorable Histories, which are
Pen in so low a sphere of speech, and so inelegant a phrase, as they can no way merit the
Honour of your perusal, much less of your judgment, and least of all, of your Noble Pro-
tection and Patronage.

Howsoever, my hopes (led and Marshallled by the premises) do as it were flatter me,
that your modesty will pardon my imperfections, and your curiosity at my ignorance and
ignorance, in assigning to print this my rude Pamphlet, to salute and pilgrimage the
World, under the authentical passe-port of your Honour's favour; who of her self is com-
posed of so poor metal (or rather dross) as without the pure gold of your Honourable Name,
it would run a hazard, not to passe currant with the curious wits, and censures of this our
(too curious and too censorious) Age: whereof could I rest assured, I should then not only
rejoyce, but triumph in this my happiness, as so richly exceeding the proportion of my poor
Labours and Merits, that I could not aspire to a greater honour, nor desire a sweeter fe-
licity: And so recommending this my imperfect Pamphlet to your favour, my unworthy
self to your pardon, and your Honour, your Noble Countess, and the sweet young La-
dy your Daughter, to Gods best favours and mercies; I will assume the confidence and
constancy to remain,

Your Honour's in all humility and service,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY VI.

Victorina causeth Syontus to stab and murder her first Husband Souranza, and she her self poisoned. Falling; so they both being miraculously detected and convicted of these their cruel Murthers; be beheaded, and she hanged, and burnt for the same.

WHere Lust takes up our desires, and Revenge and Murther seizeth on our resolutions, it is the true way to make us wretched in this life, and our souls miserable in that to come: for if chastity and charity (the two precious virtues and ornaments of a Christian) steer not our actions on earth, how shall, nay, how can he arrive to the harbour of Heaven? or if we abandon these celestial virtues, to follow and embrace those infernal vices, what do we but take our selves from felicity to misery, and consequently give our selves from God to Satan? But did we seriously (and not trivially) consider that there is a Heaven to reward the Righteous, and so Hell to punish the ungodly, we would neither defile our hearts, nor pollute our souls with the thought, much less with the action of such beastly and inhumane crimes! But in this sinful age of ours, the number is but too great of lascivious and impious Christians, who delight in the profecution and practise thereof: Among whom I here represent the History of an execrable Gentlewoman, and her wretched and unfortunate Lover: who were both born to Honour, and not to infamy; had they had as much grace to secure their lives, as vanity and impiety to ruin them. The History is bloody, and therefore mournful: but if we desert their crimes, we need not fear their punishments; for God is as gracious and propitious to protect the innocent, as just and severe to chastise the guilty.

In Italy the beauty of Europe, and in the City of Venice (the glory of Italy, the Nymph of the Sea, and the pearl and diamond of the world.) in the latter years of the reign of noble *Lepanto*

Donata,) who as Duke, sat at the helm of that potent and powerful Estate) so famous for banishing the Jesuits, and for opposing himself against the intrusion and fulminations of *Pope Paulus Quintus*, in the just defence and maintenance of the prerogatives and privileges of the *Seignory*; there was at that time a gentleman a younger brother, yet of well near fifty years old of the noble family of the *Beraldi*, named *Seignior Giacomo Beraldi*, who dwelt above the *Rialto-Bridge* (that famous Master-piece of Architecture upon the *Canale Grande*, who in the *April* of his youth took to wife the *Dona Lucia*, daughter to *Seignior Lorenzo Burffo*, a Gentleman of *Padua*, by whom he had seven Children, four Sons and three Daughters; so as his Wife and he esteeming themselves happy in their Issue, past away their time in much content and felicity: But God (for some secret and sacred reasons to his Divine Majesty best known) converting his smiles into frowns, within the space of seven years, takes away six of their Children; so as their eldest Daughter only remained living, being a young Gentle-woman of some eighteen years old, named *Dona Vittorina*.

This young Gentlewoman, being noble, rich, and fair, (three powerful and attractive Adammants to draw the affections of many Cavaliers) according to her desert, had divers Gallants who sought her in marriage; But she was of nature proud, cholerick, disdainful, and malicious; Vices enough to ruine both a beauty and a fortune: but of all her suitors and servants, he whom she best loved and affected, was one *Seignior Syptomus*, a Gentleman of the City, who was more noble than rich, and yet more debauched and vicious than noble; but otherwise a very proper young Gallant: but the perfections of the body, are nothing to be compared to the excellent qualities and indowments of the mind, for those are but the varnishes and shadows of a mere man, but these the perfections and excellencies of a wise man, and therein noble; sith indeed wisdom is one of the truest degrees, and most essential parts of nobility. Now if *Vittorina* love *Syptomus*, with no less reciprocal flame and zeal doth *Syptomus* affect *Vittorina*: for, as his eyes behold the delicacy of her personage, and the sweetness of her beauty, so his heart loves either, and adores both; yea, so deep an impression hath she ingraven in his thoughts and contemplations, that he is never merry till he see her, nor pleased till he enjoy the felicity of her company; which *Vittorina* rejoyceth to see, and observes with infinite content and delectation. *Syptomus* thus intangled in the snares of *Vittorina's* beauty, and she likewise in those of his perfections, he resolves to court her, and seek her in Marriage, which he performs with much affection, zeal, and constancy, leaving no industry, care, curiosity, or cost unattempted, to enrich and crown his desires with the precious and inestimable measures of her love. I should make this short discourse swell into an ample History, to particularize, or punctually relate the letters, Sonnets, Presents, Meetings, Dancings, Musick, and Banquets, which past 'twixt these two Lovers, and wherewith *Syptomus* entertained his dear Mistress *Vittorina*. I will therefore purposely omit it, and cover my self with this excuse, which may satistie my Reader, to consider that *Syptomus* (as before) was an *Italian*, whose custom and nature rather exceeds than comes short, in all amorous ceremonies and complements: And therefore, again to resume my History, I must briefly declare, that after the protraction and recess of a years time, *Vittorina* consenteth to *Syptomus* to be his Wife, so far forth as he can obtain the consent of her Father and Mother: a fit and virtuous answer of a daughter, wherein I know not whether she bewray more Modesty and Discretion in her self, or respect and obedience to her Parents.

Syptomus infinitely pleased with this sweet news and delightful melody, is as it ware ravished and wrapt up into heaven with joy, when flattering himself with this poor hope, that as *Vittorina* was courteous, so he should find her Parents kind to him; he, with much respect and honour, repairs to *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, and in fair and discreet terms acquaints them with his long affection to their daughter *Vittorina*; whom (with as much earnestness as humility) he prays to bestow her on him for his Wife: But this old Couple are as much displeased at *Syptomus* his motion, as their daughter *Vittorina* rejoyceth thereat; and so they return him their denial instead of their consent, sith in general terms they thank him for his love and honour, and certifie him that they have otherwise disposed of their daughter. *Syptomus* bites the Lip, and *Vittorina* hangs her head at this their bitter and distastefull answer: but he is too generous and amorous to be put off with this first repulse. Whereupon he employs his Parents and Kinsfolks (whereof some were of the chiefeft rank of Senators and *Magnifico's*) to draw *Beraldi* and *Lucia* to consent to this match, but in vain: for they are deaf to those requests, and resolute in their denial, grounding their refusal upon *Syptomus* his poverty; for they see he is become poor; because in the late *Barbarian Wars* the *Turks* took from his Father and himself most of his Lands and Possessions near *Acquino* in *Dalmatia*, and therefore they resolve to provide a richer Husband for their Daughter. The iniquity of our times is as strange as lamentable; for in matters of marriage, Parents, without due regard either to the natures or affections of their Children, still prefer gold before grace, and many times riches before virtue and Nobility, which concur and meet in one personage:

personage : but divers of these marriages in the end, find either shame, misery, or repentance ; and sometimes all.

Syontus storms as much as *Victorina* grieves at his refusal ; but, to frustrate that, and provide for this, *Beraldi* deals with *Seignior Jovan Baptista Souranza* to marry his Daughter *Victorina*, who is a Gentleman of a good house, but far richer than *Syontus* ; but withal far different in age ; for *Syontus* is but twenty eight years old, and *Souranza* near threescore : So as Gold playing the chiefest part in this Contract, *Souranza* is sure of *Victorina* for his Wife, ere he know her, or hardly hath seen her. *Beraldi* advertiseth his Daughter of his will and pleasure herein : So *Souranza* sees her with affection and joy, and she him with disgrace and grief ; and thus this old Lover the first time entertains his young Mistress with kisses, and she him with tears. He is no sooner departed, but *Victorina* very sorrowfully and pensively throws her self at her Parents feet, and with showers of tears very earnestly and passionately beseeches them, that they will not inforce her to marry *Souranza*, whom (she affirms) she cannot love, much less obey ; prays them to consider what a misery, nay, what a hell it will be to her thoughts and self, to have him in her bed, and *Syontus* in her heart. When she could no further proceed, because her sighs cut her words in pieces, and so grief daunting her heart, and her fear to *Souranza*, and affection to *Syontus*, casting a milk-white veil over her vermillion cheeks, she sinks to the earth in a fainting cold swoon, when her heard-hearted and cruel Parents (more with astonishment than commiseration and pity) steps to her assistance, and again bring her to her senses ; who not forgetting where her speeches ended, she remembers to begin and continue them thus : O my dear Parents! Name not *Souranza* for my husband, but if you will needs give me one, than by all that blood of yours, which streameth in all the veins of my body, of two let me enjoy one, either *Syontus* or my Grave ; he the beginner of my joys, or this the ender of all my miseries and sorrows : Neither is it disobedience in me, but fear of cruelty in your selves, that throws me on the exigent of this request and resolution ; wherein, I pray, consider me by the bonds of nature and not by the rules of avarice and inhumanity. But her Father and Mother (without any respect to her youth and tears, or regard to her affections and prayers) love *Souranza's* wealth so well, as they will hate *Syontus* his poverty, and in it himself : And therefore checking *Victorina* for her folly, and taking her of indiscretion, their command and authority gives a law to her obedience and desires : And, to conclude, they are so bitter, and withal so cruel to her, that within few days they violently inforce her to marry *Souranza*. But this inforced Match will produce repentance and misery of all sides.

As it is a duty in Children to honour and obey their Parents, so it is no less in Parents carefully to regard, and tenderly to affect their Children ; but in matches that are concluded with wealth without affection, their Parents ought to proceed with judgment, not with passion ; with persuasion, not with force : For can there be any hell upon earth comparable to that of a discontented bed ? Or is it not a grief to Parents, through their cruelty, to see their Children live in despair instead of hope, in affliction, instead of joy ; and to dye miserably, whereas they might have lived pleasantly and prosperously ? 'Tis true, that young folks affections are not still well grounded, but for want of advice and counsel, many times meet with misery for felicity ; yet still Marriage is a contract, not for a day, but for ever ; not for an hour, but for the term and lease of our lives ; therefore Parents, in matching their Children, should be rather charitable than greedy for the world, and rather compassionate than rigid : But enough of this ; and again to our History.

We have seen *Victorina*, with an unwilling willingness, inforced to marry *Souranza* ; we shall not go far, before we see what sharp calamities and bitter afflictions and miseries this Match produceth : The argument and cause briefly is thus ; *Victorina* lies with her husband *Souranza*, but cannot love him ; from whence ; (as so many lines from their center) spring forth many mournful and disastrous accidents ; the little Ring of Matrimony incloseth many great and weighty considerations, and among others this is not one of the least ; disparity in years makes no true harmony in affections ; for there is no affinity 'twixt *January* and *May* ; and it is a matter, though not impossible, yet difficult for youth and age to sympathize. *Souranza's* best performance of the rites and duties of Marriage, is but desire ; yea, his age cannot sufficiently estimate, much less reward, the dainties of *Victorina's* youth ; for he is more superstitious than amorous, as delighting rather to kiss an Image in the Church, than his Wife in his Bed : and, not to betray the truth, I must crave leave of modesty, to avow, that she finds little difference 'twixt a Maid and a Wife, so that her lust out-braving her chastity, and sensualities trampling her virtue and honour under foot, whereas her affection should look from *Syontus* to *Souranza*, both she and it contrariwise look from *Souranza* to *Syontus*. Dissembling pleasures, which strangle when they seem to embrace and kiss us, bitter Pills candied in sugar, Cordials to the sense, but corrosives to the soul ! Yea, *Victorina* in forgetting her modesty, will not remember her vow in Marriage ; for had she been as virtuous as young or as chaste as fair, it had not only been her virtue, but her duty, to have smothered the defects

and concealed the imperfections and impotency of her old Husband ; Chastity would have persuaded her to this, but incontinency and lust draw her to a contrary resolution.

Syppontus likewise storms and grieves at this unwished and unequal Match of old *Souranza* with his young and fair *Victorina* ; yea, he hates him so much, and loves her so tenderly and dearly, as he would, but cannot prevent it : for (as before) they are married ; and he, instead of the *Laurel*, is forced to wear the *Willow* ; but his grief finds this comfort, and her discontent this consolation, that sith *Victorina* is not his Wife, she is his Mistress ; and sith *Syppontus* is not her Husband, he is her Servant, or (to use the *Venetian* phrase) she is his *Courtizana*, and he her *Enamorata* : but such Leagues and contracts, of vicious affections, seldom make happy ends ; for as they begin in lust, so commonly they end in infamy and misery. *Syppontus* often familiarizeth with *Victorina* ; yea, their familiarity is such, as I in modesty will not report, sith in charity I cannot ; and although they bear their affections and pleasures secret, yet custom breeding a habit, and that a second Nature, *Souranza* is now no sooner abroad, but *Syppontus* is at home, so as in effect, *Souranza* is but the shadow, and *Syppontus* the substance of *Victorina*'s Husband : but these lascivious Lovers shall pay dear for their affections ; *Syppontus* for entertaining and keeping another Man's Wife ; and *Victorina* for breaking her vow in Wedlock to her Husband, in defiling his bed, and contaminating her body with the foul sin of Adultery.

It had been good and safe for them, if they had not begun these their beastly pleasures, but to give no end to them, must needs prove dangerous and ruinous ; to commit this sin of Adultery is odious, but to persevere therein, is most abominable before God : the reason hereof is as true as pregnant ; for if the reward of a single be death, the redoubling thereof must needs be double damnation. But as it is the nature of Adultery to be accompanied and waited on by other sins, so *Victorina* is not only content to love *Syppontus*, but she makes a farther progression in impiety, and will needs hate her Husband *Souranza* ; who, poor honest Gentleman sick with the Gout, and a Cough of the Lungs, is now distasteful, and which is worse, odious to her : so that she which should be a cordial to his age, his age is now a corrosive to her youth, and she so far forgets both her self and her duty, as she rather contemns than loves him, and as he rejoyleth in her sight, so she delights in nothing so much as in his absence ; and *Syppontus* presence ; she makes her discontents and malice to her Husband known to *Syppontus*, who doth pity, but will not remedy them ; all her speeches tend to wish her self in another world, or her Husband not in this. *Syppontus* is not ignorant whereat she aims ; but although he enjoys the Wife, yet he cannot find in his heart, but is too conscientious to murder the Husband : Had he remained in the constancy of this resolution, he had been happy, and not so miserable and unfortunate to end his days with shame and infamy. But now behold, an unexpected accident draws and throws him on headlong to perpetrate this execrable Murther, for (as the Gentry and Nobility of *Venice* are for the most part Merchants) so *Syppontus* receives suddenly and sorrowful news of two great losses befallen him in the *Levant* Seas, in two several Ships, the one coming from *Aleppo*, taken by the *Turkish* Pirates of *Rhodes* ; the other from *Alexandria*, taken as is supposed, by one of the Duke of *Ossinas* *Napoleitan* Gallies, scouring the Islands of the *Archipelagus*, in which two Vessels he lost at least seventy thousand *Zekines*, it being the two third parts of his whole estate ; and now to maintain his greatness, and bear up his Port and Reputation, knowing *Souranza* to be infinitely rich, and his Wife *Victorina* young, amorous, and fair, he agrees with the devil, and so resolves to further him, and then to marry her, which he knows, she, above any earthly matter chiefly desires. Lo here the foundation and project of a murther, as lamentable as execrable ! Necessity in base spirits may be a powerful, but in those more virtuous and noble, it should never be a pernicious and prodigious Councillor ; for there is as much generosity and fortitude in supporting poverty with patience, as there is covetousness in being ambitious to purchase wealth with infamy.

At the next interview and meeting of *Syppontus* and *Victorina*, she like a bad woman, a wicked wife, and a wretched creature, redoubleth him her complaints and discontents against her Husband ; and because *Syppontus* knows it wisdom to strike whiles the Iron is hot, as also that time must be taken by the fore-lock, he like a wretched Politician lays hold of this occasion and opportunity, and so consenteth to the murder of her Husband ; when from this bloody resolution, they pass to the manner how to effect it : they consult this lamentable business. *Victorina* (industrious in her malice) proposeth to poyson him, and so to bury him in her little Garden : but *Syppontus* dislikes this project, and profers her to murder him in his Gondola, as he comes from *Lucifuzina* ; whereon they agree. So some ten days after, *Victorina* adviseth him, that her Husband is to go to his house of pleasure in the Country near *Padua*, on the bank of the River *Brenta*, where he is only to stay three days. *Syppontus* imbraceth this occasion, and continually wantonizing with his wife in his absence, promiseth her to meet her Husband at his return, and then to dispatch him ; which news with a longing desire this miserable Curtezian *Victorina* attends

attends him, with as much impatience as impudency. *Syontus* in the mean time (in favour of twice ten *Zechines*) is prepared of two wicked *Gondoliers* or *Watermen*, who deeply vow and swear to conceal this Murder. So the precise day of *Souranza's* departure from his Countrey-house being come, *Syontus*, not to fail of his promise to *Victorina*, in the execution of his bloody and damnable attempt, takes his *Gondola*, and hovers in the direct passage betwixt *Lucifina* and *Venice*, for *Souranza's* arrival, who, poor harmless Gentleman, loveth his young Wife so tenderly and dearly, as he thought this short time long that he had waivered from her, but he hath seen his last of her, and alas, alas! he shall see an end of himself; for about five of the clock of the evening (it being Summer time) his usual hour of return, he takes *Gondola* at *Lucifina*, for *Venice*, and neer midway twixt both, *Syontus* espies him, and the sooner, because it being hot weather, and no wind stirring, *Souranza* had caused his curtains to be withdrawn. *Syontus* (inflamed with boyling malice and revenge) with all possible celerity makes towards his *Gondola*, the which disguised and masked he enters, and there with his *Poniard* very devillish stabs him three several times at the heart, when falling down to his feet, he most barbarously cut off his Beard and Nose, (that he might not be known,) and so throws him into the Sea, as also his *Waterman* after him, that they might tell no tales: when having finished these execrable Murthers, he with his *Gondola*, with all possible speed hies first to *Asurano*, and so lands by the *Patriarchy*, from thence by the *Asenal*, and so to his own house behind *Saint Serus's Church*; thereby to cast a fairer varnish on this villany, by landing and coming into the City another way. When being arrived at his house he that night by a confident Servant of his, sends *Victorina* this Letter;

SYONTUS to VICTORINA.

Fair and dear *Victorina*, I have begun, and ended a business, which infinitely imports thy good and my content: the party hath drunk his fill of *White and Claret*, and is now gone to his eternal rest; so a little time, I hope, will wipe off thy old tears, and confirm thy new joys. Be but as affectionate, as I secret, and as secret, as still death I will be affectionate; and thou needst neither fear my fortunes, nor doubt mine: Judge what I would do to injure thee, and for thy sake, fish I have already undertaken and acted a business of this nature. We must for a time refrain each others company, that we may the sooner meet, and embrace, with more content, and less danger.

SYONTUS.

Victorina, tohastely rejoiceth at this news, and the better to cloak her malice, under the veil of secrecy, she laments and complains to her Father of her Husband's long absence. *Souranza's* parents are by *Beraldi* acquainted herewith, they begin to find the time of his stay very long, and now resolve to send his Nephew, *Seignior Andrea Souranza* up the River *Brenta*, to know the cause thereof: he passeth and repasseth the Sluce of *Lucifina*, and brings word that he departed thence for *Venice*, in a *Gondola*, four days since. *Victorina* his Wife grieves, and weeps at his absence; so do his own Parents and Friends, who inquire of all sides, but comfort or news from none what is become of him. And here, Reader, before thy curiosity carry thee farther, leave me three thee to stand astonished and wonder, at the inscrutable and wonderfull judgment of Gods, in the detection of this Murder. For Fishermen some eight days after, casting out their Nets betwixt the Islands of *La Lazzaretto* and *Saint George Major*, bring up this dead body of murdered *Souranza*, being well apparelled: but chiefly for their own discharge, they bring the dead corpse to *Venice*, and land him at *Saint Marks Stairs*; where they extend and expose his body to be known of Passengers. Now behold further Gods miraculous providence, in the discovery and finding out hereof: for, amongst the numberless number of spectators and walkers, who daily and almost hourly frequent and adorn that famous Bursé and incomparable Palace, it happened, that *Andrea Souranza* cast his eye on this dead and Sea-withered Body, on whom he looks with as much steadfastness, as curiosity, as if nature had made his living body a part of that dead; or as if his hot blood had some sympathy and affinity with that of the dead, perceiving, which long since the coldness of the Sea had congealed and frozen: but at last espies a red spot in his Neck (under his right ear) that he brought into the World with him, and which all the Influence and Virtue of the Water of the Sea had not power to deface and wash away; as also observing a Wart over his left eye-lid, which Nature had given his birth, and his Youth his Age; he passionately cries out before the World, that it is the Body of his Uncle, *Seignior Josias Bapista Souranza*: so it is visited by his Parents and Friends, and known to be the same; so they carried him to an adjoining house, and there divesting it naked, find that he hath three several Wounds in his Body, either of a Sword or *Poniard*, which gives matter of talk, and administeth cause of administration in all the City. So they bury him honourably according

according to his rank and degree, and all knowing him to be murdered, inwardly bewail his untimely, and lament his mournful death: But especially his Wife *Viliorina*, who having formerly plaid the Scrumpet, then the Murtheress, now takes on the mask, and assumes the representation of an Hypocrite; outwardly seeming to die for sorrow, when God, and her soul ulcerated Conscience know, that inwardly her heart leapt for joy, thus to be depriv'd, and freed of her old Husband: Yea, and the more to blear the eyes, and eclipse the judgment of the world, forcasting the least shadow of suspicion on her for this unnatural murder, she and her whole family take on black and mourning Attire; and for her self in two months after, never goes forth of her house, except to the Church where her husband was buried: Where her hypocrisie is so infinitely forged, and dissembling, that she is often observed to bedew and wash his Tomb with tears; but these *Grocodile-tears* of hers, and these her false and treacherous sorrows shall not avail her; for although Gods Divine and Sacred Majesty be mercifull in his Justice, yet he is so just in Mercy, as neither the politick secrecy of *Sypontus*, nor the Hypocritical sorrows of *Viliorina*, for this cruel murder, shall go either unmasked or unpunished, but in their due appointed time, they shall be brought forth in their colours, and made publick examples, as well of infamy, as destruction for the same: The manner is thus,

The deceased *Signior Jordan Saurwick* hath a younger brother, named *Signior Hieronymo Saurwick*; who having carefully and curiously observed, that his Sister-in-Law *Viliorina*, never perfectly nor dearly loved his brother her husband, and that she was never so familiar, nor dutiful to him, as it behoov'd her, during the term of her marriage, which partly he attributed to the disparity of their years, in respect of the frozenness of his age, and the heat and freshness of her youth; he began vehemently to suspect her of this murder, which he often revolv'd and ruminated in his mind, as if the suggestion and perswasion thereof, not only bore probability, but truth with it: To which end, as the affection of a true friend (much more of a brother) should pass beyond the grave, and not remain intomb'd; and buried in the dust thereof, he is resolv'd to put his best wits and invention upon the tenter-hooks, to discover and reveal the same; to which end, he breaks with *Viliorina's* Gentlewoman, who waited on her in her Chamber, and who indeed was his own Niece, *Felicia*, to know what Gentlemen chiefly frequented her Lady. *Felicia* informs her Uncle, that *Signior Sypontus* is many nights with her, that there is much affection and familiarity between them, and that he sends her many Letters. Her Uncle glad of the glimmering light, which he hopes will produce a greater and perfecter, conjures her to intercept some of his Letters, for the more effectual discovery of his brother's, and her Uncle's death. So *Felicia* promiseth her best care and fidelity herein, and shortly effecteth it: For in few days after, being sent by her Lady *Viliorina* to a Casser of her to fetch her a new pair of Roman Gloves, she opening an Ivory Box, therein finds a Letter, which she reads, and seeing it signed by *Sypontus*, she thinks it no sin to be false to her Lady, and true to her Uncle, and so very secretly and furtively ends it to him; which indeed was the very Letter we have formerly seen and read: Now is his jealousie and suspicion confirm'd. So rowling and sacrificing revenge to his dead and murdered brother, away he goes to three chief Judges of the County, who sit over criminal causes; and very passionately accuseth *Sypontus* and *Viliorina* for the murder, committed on the person of his brother. *Signior Jordan Baptista Saurwick*, at Sea; whereupon they are both committed prisoners, but requested in several Chambers. *Sypontus* is first examined, then *Viliorina*; they both very constantly deny the murder, and with many sugred words, and subtle evasions, intimate and innuente, their innocencies therein: So the next day the Judges produce *Sypontus* his own Letter, the sight whereof extremely afflicteth and vexeth him, but he is constant in his denial, and resolute in that constancy, and so takes on a brazen face, and with many imprecations and imprecations, again and again denies it; averring, It is not his hand, but a meet imposture and invention of his enemies, who have counterfeited it, purposely to procure his ruin and destruction; yet inwardly to himself he feareth all is discovered, and that there is no means left him to escape death, whose Image and form he now too apparently and fatally sees before his eyes. So he is sent back to his Prison, and his Judges in the morning consult on his Face, where he is no sooner arrived, but bolting his Chamber privately to himself, he considering thither either *Viliorina*, or some for her, had betrayed him by his own Letter, he in bitter fury of choler and passion, throws away his Hat, now crosseth his arms, and then beats his breast, and stamping with his feet, as late vengeance to himself bandeth forth these speeches,

And is it possible, that I must now lose my life through *Viliorina* her folly, and treachery, in whose hands I depos'd both my secrets and life? Have I done what I have done for her sake, and with this reward she gives me? And such there is no other witness, must mine own Dittie be produced in Justice against me? What will I not do? What have I not done for her sake? Would it were, that I should live to be rewarded with this monstrous and inhuman ingratitude, when for

for sorrow and indignation, not able to contain himself, he takes Pen and Paper, and writes *Victorina* this ensuing Letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

IS it possible that thy affection to me hath been all this while feigned, and that thou, whom I trusted with all my secrets, art now become the only woman of the world to betray me? I have hazarded my life for thy sake; and must I now be so unfortunate and wretched, to lose it through thy treachery? When I bore matters with such care and secrecy, that no witness whatsoever could be produced against me, must mine own Letter, which was safely delivered thee, be brought forth to convict me of my crime, and so to incur death, which otherwise I had avoided? Is this the reward of my love? Is this thy recompence of my affection? O *Victorina*! *Victorina*! Such is my tender esteem of thy sweet youth and beauty, that had I enjoyed a thousand lives, I would have reputed myself happy to have lost them all for thy sake and service: and having but one, wilt thou be so cruel to deprive me thereof! But that my loyalty and my affection may shine in thy malice, take this for thy comfort, that as I have ever liv'd, so I will now dye thy true Servant and faithful Lover.

SYPONTUS.

But observe here the error of *Syponthus* his judgment; for whiles he imputes it to *Victorina*'s treachery, that his Letter will occasion his death, he is so irreligious and impious; as he looks not up to Heaven, to consider that the defection thereof proceeds from Gods immediate finger and providence. No, no. For the Devil yet holds his thoughts so fast captivated and intangled in the snares of *Victorina*'s beauty, as he hath not yet the grace to look from his crime, to his repentance; nor consequently from Earth to Heaven: but like a prophane *Libertine*, and unregenerated person, being within a small point of time near his end, he yet thinks not of his soul, nor of God, but only dallies away the remainder of his hours, in the miserable contemplation of his fond affection, and beastly sensuality.

By this time *Victorina* hath receiv'd his Letter; at the news and reading whereof, such is the passion of her frenzy, which, (she though unjustly) terms love, that she is all in tears, sighs, and lamentable exclamations; she knows it impossible for any other of the world to be the revealer of *Syponthus* his Letter, but only the Maid *Felicia*, whom in her uncharitable revenge she curseth to the pit of hell: but that which adds a greater torment to her torments, and a more sensible degree of affliction to her miserable sorrows, is, to see that her *Syponthus* (whom by many degrees she loves far dearer than her life) sinisterly suspecteth her fidelity towards him: yea, so far, as he not only calls her affection, but her treachery, in question: and this indeed seems to drown her in her tears. But yet notwithstanding, so fervent is her love towards him; as the fear of his death draws her to a resolution of her own: so if *Syponthus* dye, she vows she will be her own accuser, and so not live, but dye with him. Strange effects of love, or rather of folly, sith love being irregular, and taking false objects, (in its true character) is not love, but folly: to which end, calling for Ink and paper, she bitterly weeping, indites and sends him these few lines, in answer of his.

VICTORINA to SYPONTUS.

IWere the most wretched and ingrateful Lady of the world; yea, a Lady who should not then deserve either to see or live in the world, if *Victorina* should any way, prove treacherous to *Syponthus*, who hath still been so true and kind to her. But believe me, dear *Syponthus*, and I speak in the presence of God, upon peril of my soul, I am as innocent, as that Witch, that Devil; my Maid *Felicia*, is guilty of the producing of thy Letter, which I fear will prove thy death: and joyce, that in it, it shall likewise prove mine. For, to clear myself of ingratitude and treachery, as I have lived; so I will dye with thee; that as we mutually participated the joys of life, so we may the torments of death: for although thy Letter accuse me not of my Husband *Souranza*'s Murder, yet that my affection may shine in my Loyalty, and that in my affection, I will not survive, but dye with thee, I will accuse myself to my Judges, not only as accessory, but as Author of that Murder: and this resolution of mine I write thee with tears, and will shortly seal it with my blood.

VICTORINA.

Syponthus in the midst of his perplexities and sorrows, receives this Letter from *Victorina*, the sweetness of whose affection and constancy, much revives his joy, and comforteth him: for now her innocency defaceth his suspicion of her ingratitude and treachery; and withal, he plainly sees, and truly believes, that it was *Felicia*, not *Victorina*, who brought this Letter to Light.

But when he descends to the latter part of the Letter, and finds her resolution to dye with him, then he condemns his former error in taxing her, and in requital, loves her so tenderly and dearly, that he vows he will be so far from accusing her as accessary of her Husband's murder, as both the Rack, and his Death shall clear and proclaim her innocency. Had the ground of these fervent and reciprocal affections of *Victorina* and *Sypontus* been laid in virtue, as they were in vice; or in chastity, and not in Lust and Adultery, they would have given cause to the whole world as justly to praise, as now to dispraise them; and then to have been as ambitious of their imitation, as now of their contempt and detestation.

So *Sypontus* (as before) having fully and definitively resolved, not to accuse but to clear *Victorina* of this Murther; as also, that he would dye alone, and leave her youth and beauty to the enjoying of many more earthly pleasures; he expecting hourly to be sent for before his Judges, to sit upon his torment or death, thinking himself bound both in affection and honour, to signify *Victorina* his pleasure herein, he craves his Jaylor's absence, and with much affection and passion, writes her this his last Letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

Sweet *Victorina*, thy Letter hath given me so full satisfaction, as I repent me of my rash credulity conceived against thy affection and constancy, and now lay the fault of the discovery of my Letter, where it is, and ought to be, on *Felicia*, not on thy self. It is with a sorrowful, but true presage, that I fore-see my life hastens to her period: the Rack is already prepared for my torments, and I hourly expect when I shall be strack'd to receive them, which for thy sake I will embrace and suffer with as much constancy as patience. I will deny my own guiltiness the first time, but not the second, but in my torments and death, I will requite thee of thine, with as true a resolution, as earth expects to lose me, and I hope to find Heaven. Therefore by all the bonds of love and affection that ever have been betwixt us, I first pray, then conjure thee to change thy resolution, and to stand on thine innocence. For if thou wilt, or desirest to gratifie me with thy last affection and courtesie at my death, let me bear this one content and joy to my grave, That *Victorina* will live for *Sypontus* his sake, though *Sypontus* dye for hers.

SYPONTUS.

He had no sooner sent away this his Letter to *Victorina*, but he himself is sent for to appear before his Judges, who upon his second examination and denial adjudged him to the Rack; which he endured with admirable patience and constancy; yea, he cannot be drawn to confess, but stands firm in his denial, and not only clears himself, but also acquits *Victorina*. *Heronymus Saurius* doth, notwithstanding, earnestly follow and solicit the Judges; and God, out of his immense Mercy, and profound Providence, so ordaineth, that their Consciences suggest and prompt them, that *Sypontus* is the actor of this execrable Murther. Wherefore the next day they administer him double torment; when lo, his resolution and strength failing him, he acknowledgeth the Letter his, and confesseth it was himself that had murdered *Signior Formo Baptista Saurius*; but withal, protesteth constantly, that *Victorina* is innocent, and no way accessary hereunto. The Judges rejoyce at *Sypontus* his confession, as much as they grieve at the foulness of his fact: and so, although they were also desirous to hang him, yet considering he was a *Venetian Gentleman* (and consequently had a great voice in the great Council of the *Seigniorie*) they adjudg him the next day to lose his head betwixt the two Columns at Saint *Mark's* place, and so for that night send him back to his prison to prepare himself to dye. *Sypontus* is no sooner departed from them, but they consult on *Victorina*, whether she were guilty or innocent of her Husband *Saurius*'s Murther: but they differ in opinion; some would likewise have her Racked; but others of them, more advised and modest, reply, that *Sypontus* his Letter intimated only his affection to *Victorina*, but no way her malice to her dead husband *Saurius*, not that she was any way guilty or accessary to his Murther: so they resolve to forbear her, and not to put her to the torment, except *Sypontus* accuse her at his Execution. Now the very night that he was to dye the next morn, he infinitely desires his Jaylor to permit him to confer with *Victorina*, and to take his last leave of her; which is denied him, as having received command from Authority to the contrary: whereat extremely grieving, he is called away by some Divines, whom the charity of that grave Senate send him, to prepare and direct his soul in her passage and transmigration to Heaven. So passing the night in tears and prayers for the foulness of his crime, the morn being come, and nine of the clock stricken, he is brought to the Scaffold, where a world of people concur and flock from all parts of the City, to see this wretched and unfortunate Gentleman act the last Scene and part of his life upon this infamous Theatre. Here *Sypontus* freely confesseth his foul Murther of *Saurius*, but is yet so vain and wretched, as he takes it on his death, that *Victorina* is absolutely innocent hereof: he seems to be very repentant and sorrowful

rowfull for all his sins in general, and for this Murther in particular.

For expiation and reward hereof, his head is severed from his body; a just recompence and punishment for so vicious and bloody a Gentleman, who adhering to adultery more than chastity, to revenge than charity, and to the Devil than God; forgot himself so far, as to commit this execrable and lamentable Murther.

Now, the order and *Decorum* of our History, leads from dead *Syontus*, to living *Vittorina*; who, I know not whether more grieved at his death, or joyced that on the Rack and Scaffold he hath acquitted her of her Husbands Murther. In a word, it is remarkable to behold the vanity and inconstancy of this female Monster, for contrary to her vows, and repugnant to her Letters, *Syontus* is no sooner dead, but her affection towards him dyes with him: yea, his blood is scarce so soon cold, as her zeal and friendship; for she now holds it a pure folly to cast away her youth and life, if she may preserve the one, and save the other; and therefore resolves to try her best art and wit, to make her innocency pass current with her Judges; yea, so desirous and ambitious she is to live, as her female heart hath drawn on this masculine fortitude and generosity, that, if occasion present, she will constantly both out-dare and out-brave the Torments of the Rack, to prevent her death.

Some three days after *Syontus* was executed, the Judges again sit and consult on *Vittorina*; but finding no Evidence nor Witness to accuse her, they at first are of opinion to discharge and free her; only they deem it requisite to terrifie, but not to torment her with the Rack, before they give her her Liberty, whereunto they all agree. So they send for her, and threaten her with the Rack: but she vows, that all the Torments in the World shall never inforce her to confess an untruth, and that she never had the least suspicion that *Syontus* was guilty of this execrable Murther of her Husband: her Judges will not yet believe her; so they cause her to be carried to the Rack, whereunto she very cheerfully and patiently permits herself to be fastned, bidding the Executioner to do his worst, which constancy of hers, her Judges seeing and hearing, they, in pity and commiseration, as well of her youth and beauty, as to her descent, and the tears and prayers of venerable old *Beraldo* her Father, cause her to be loosed, and so in open Court acquit and discharge her.

Here we see this wretched Courtezan *Vittorina* acquitted of her Judges for her Husbands murther, so as triumphing more in her good fortune, than her innocency; she now thinks the storm of her punishment past and ore-blown, and that no future trouble can be reserved for her, or she for it: but her hopes will deceive her: for although she had made her Peace with Earth, yet she hath not with Heaven; and although she have deluded the eyes of her Judges, yet she shall not those of God; but when his appointed hour, and her due time is come, then her crimes and sins, her adultery and murther, shall draw down vengeance from Heaven, to her confusion. In the mean time we shall see this Monster, and disgrace of her Sex, make such bad use of her former danger, as she will again add blood to blood, and Murther to Murther: but God will reserve not only the rod of his wrath for her correction, but the full vials of his indignation for her confusion, as the sequel will shew thee.

Six months are scarce past, since the Murther of her Husband *Syontus*, and the Execution of her *Enamorata Syontus*, but she hath already quite forgotten these two mournful and tragical accidents; and which is more, she is so frolick and youthful, as she hath thrown off her mourning attire, and drawn on her rich apparel, and glittering Jewels, whereof the curiosity of the nobler sort of Gentlemen and Ladies of the City take exact observation; and though *Beraldo* and *Lucia*, her Father and Mother, herein tax her of her indiscretion and immodesty, yet she thinks herself exempt of their commands, and therefore will do it, out of the ambitious priviledge of her own uncontrollable authority and wilfulness. Besides, her thoughts are so youthful, and her carriage so light, as notwithstanding she came (as it were) but now from burying of her first Husband, yet she is resolved without delay, to have a second; her Father and Mother check her of levity and uncivility in embracing this resolution, but in vain; for her impudency returns them this immodest answer, that she will not trifle away her time, but marry. They advise her to be cautious, and to do nothing rashly in this her second Match; that the Misfortune and Scandal of her first may no more reflect on her. But she will make choice of her self by the eyes of her youth, and not by those of their age; by those of her own fancy, and not by those of their election. Her Husband *Syontus* died rich, both in Lands and Monies, and his Widow *Vittorina* without any opposition, enjoyeth all: so she needs not look out for Suiters, for there are Gallants enough, who sue and seek her; but of them all, he whom she best and chiefly affecteth, is one *Seignior Londovicius Fassino*, a very neat and proper young Gentleman of the City, rich, and well descended; his Parents and Kinsmen for the most part being *Clarissimo*, and *Senators*; and all of them Gentlemen of *Venice*; and him *Vittorina* desires and resolves to make her Husband, grounding her chiefest reason and affection on this resolution and foundation, that as *Syontus*

was too old for her, so *Fassino* was young enough, and therefore fit to be her Husband, and she his Wife, measuring him wholly by his exterior personage, and not so much as once prying either into his Vices or Vertues. *Fassino*, who carries a vicious and pernicious Heart, under a pleasing gesture and tongue, and loving *Vittorina's* Wealth more than her Beauty, observing her affection and respect to him, seeks, courts, and wins her. Her Parents understanding hereof, as also that *Fassino* is a vicious and debauched Gentleman, with all their possible power and authority, they seek to divert their Daughter from him. But she is deaf to their requests, and resolved, that she followed the stream of their commands in her first Match, so she will now the current of her own pleasures and affections in this her second: and so, to the wonder of *Venice*, and the grief of all her Parents and Friends; before she had above ten days conferred with *Fassino*, she marries him. But this Match shall not succeed according to their desires; for *Vittorina* shall shortly repent it, and *Fassino* soon rue and smart for it, sith it is a *Maxim*, that sudden affections prove seldom prosperous; for if they have not time to settle and take root, they are incident alsoon to fade as hoarsh, especially if they are contracted and grounded more for lust than love, and more for wealth than virtue.

The first month of this marriage, *Fassino* keeps good correspondence and observance with his Wife; but thenceforth he breaks pale, and rangeth; for the truth is, although he were but a young Gentleman, yet (which is lamentable) he was an old whoremaster, which lascivious profession of his, threatens the ruine, not only of his health, but of his fortune and reputation; so now, when he should be at home, he is abroad; yea, not only by day, but by night, that, upon the whole, *Vittorina* is more a Widow than a Wife: at which unlook't and unwish't for news, she not only bites the lip, but very often puts finger in her eye and weeps; for it gripes and grieves her at Heart, to see her self thus slighted, neglected, and abused by *Fassino*, whom, of all the Gallies of the City, she had elected and choien for her Husband; she is infinitely grieved hereat, and yet her jealousy infinitely exceeds her grief and sorrow: and now as graceless as she is, she thinks God hath purposely sent her this lascivious *Fassino* for her second Husband, as a just plague and punishment, to revenge her adultery committed against *Sotomata* her first; so, had she had more grace, and less vanity and impiety, she would have made better use of this consideration, and not so soon forgot it, and, in it, her self.

Now as it is the nature of Jealousie, to have more eyes than *Argus*, and so to pry and see every where; *Vittorina* her curiosity, or rather her malice herein, finds out that her Husband *Fassino* familiarly frequenteth and useth the company of many Courtezans, especially of the Lady *Palmerina*, one of the most famous and reputed Beauties of *Venice*: and this news indeed strikes her at the very gall with sorrow and vexation; fain she would reform and remedy this vice of her Husband; but how, she knows not: for she sees little or no hope to reclaim him, sith he not only tenderly loves *Palmerina*, but, which is worse, she apparently sees, that for her sake, he contemns her self and her company; for when he comes home, he hath no delight in her, but only in his Line or Books, which is but to pass his melancholy, for his Lady *Palmerina's* absence, till he again revisit her; so wholly neglected, and as I may truly say, almost forsaken of her Husband, she knows not what to do, nor how to bear her self in those furious storms of her grief, and miserable tempest of her jealousy; but of two different courses to reclaim him from this his sin of whoredome, she takes the worst; for instead of counselling and dissuading her Husband, she torments him with a thousand scandalous and injurious speeches: but this instead of quenching, doth but only bring oyl to the flame of his lust; for if he repaired home to her seldom before, now he scarce at all comes near her; so as she is a Wife, yet no Wife; and hath a Husband, yet no husband; but this is not the way to reclaim him, for fair speeches and sweet exhortations may prevail, when choller cannot.

And now it is, that this wretched and execrable Lady, again assumes bloody resolutions against her second Husband as she had formerly done against her first, vowing that he shall dye, ere she will live to be thus contemned and abused of him; yea, her hot love to him is soon grown cold, and her fervent affections, already so frozen, that now she thinks on nothing else but how to be revenged, and to be rid of him; and is so impious and graceless, as she cares not how, nor in what manner soever she send him from this World to another: for the Devil hath drawn a resolution from her, or rather she from the Devil, that here he shall not much longer live. Good God! what an impious and wretched Fury of hell will *Vittorina* prove her self here on earth? for the blood and life of one Husband cannot quench the thirst of her lust and revenge, but she must and will imbue her hands in that of two; as if it were not enough for her to trot, but that she will needs gallop and ride post to hell. O what pity is it, to see a Lady so wretched and execrable! O what an Execrable Wretchedness is it, to see a Lady so inhuman, and so devoid of pity! But the Devil is strong with her, because her faith is weak with God; therefore she will advance, she will not retire in this her bloody design and resolution. Wherefore we shall

shall shortly see *Fassino* his Adultery punished with death, by his Wife *Victorina*'s revenge; and this murder of hers justly rewarded and revenged with the punishment of her own: the bloodier our actions are, the severer God's Judgments, and the sharper his revenge will be.

Of all sorts and degrees of Inhumane and Violent Deaths, this wretched Lady *Victorina* thinks poyson the surest, and yet the most secret to dispatch her Husband. This invention came immediately from the Devil, and is only practised by his Members, of which number she will desperately and damnably make her self one: her lust and revenge, like miserable advocates, and fatal Orators, persuade her to this execrable attempt, wherein by cutting off her Husband's life, she shall find, that she likewise casts away her own life. So neither grace nor nature prevailing, she sends for an Apothecary, named *Augustino*; and when she hath conjured, and he promised his secrecy, she acquaints him, that her new husband *Fassino* keeps Courtezans to her nose, and daily and hourly offendeth her many other insupportable abuses and disgraces; in requital and revenge whereof she is resolved to poyson him, and prays him to undertake and perform it, and that she will reward him with three hundred *Zeckines* for his labour.

Of all Professions and Faculties, there are good and bad; *Augustino* loves God too well, herein to obey the Devil; he hath too much grace, to be so impious and graceless, and vows that he will not buy gold at so dear a rate, as the price of blood; so as a good Christian and a true Child of God, he not only refuseth *Victorina*'s motion and proffer, but in religious terms, seeks to divert and persuade her from this her bloody attempt. But she is resolute in her malice, and wilful in her revenge, and therefore will perform it her self, sith *Augustino* will not: so (by a second hand) she procures poyson from a strange *Emperick*; whereof the City of *Venice*, more than others of *Italy*, aboundeth: so she only waits for an opportunity, which very shortly; though, alas, too too soon, presents it self; the manner thus.

It is impossible that *Fassino* his dissolute life, & extream debauching can keep him long from sickness; for this punishment is always incident and hereditary to that sin. He complains thereof to his Wife *Victorina*, who receives this news rather with gladness, than commiseration and pity, and so taking his bed, he prays her to make him some comfortable hot broth for his Stomack: which news she hears, and embraceth inwardly with joy, outwardly with disdain. For albeit she lays hold of this opportunity to poyson him, yet she dissembles her malice; and the better to colour her villany, because she knows it the smoother and shorter way to be revenged in poysoning him, she will not make the broth her self, but commands her Maid *Felicia* to do it (of whom we have formerly spoken, in the discovery of *Syppontus* his Letter to her Uncle *Hieronymo Sourance*) which treacherous office of hers, our malicious and devillish *Victorina* her Lady and Mistress, hath now a plot in her head, to requite with an execrable & hellish recompence: for while *Felicia* is boiling of the broth, her Lady *Victorina* trips to her Chamber and Closet, and fetcheth out the poyson, invloped in a Paper, whereof she takes two parts and brings down with her, and whiles she had purposely sent *Felicia* from the fire, she runs and throws it into the broth, which for the present no while altered the colour thereof: so *Fassino* called for it, this poor innocent Gentlewoman *Felicia*; (not suspecting or dreaming of poyson) gives it him, which (as ignorant thereof) he sups up; and this was about nine or ten of the clock in the morning.

Now while *Felicia* is acting this mournful tragedy on *Fassino* in his Chamber, her Lady *Victorina* is acting another in hers; for she takes the other third part of the poyson, and secretly opening *Felicia*'s Trunk, puts it into a painted box which she found therein, and so locks it again, hoping (though indeed with a wretched and hellish hope) that her husband being dead, his body opened, and the poyson found in her Trunk, she would give out that *Felicia* had poysoned him with broth that Morn, and this found in her Chest, would make her guilty of the Murder: for which she knew she must needs dye. See, see, the devillish double malice of this wretched Lady *Victorina*; as well to her husband *Fassino*, as her maid *Felicia*! But as finely as the Devil hath taught her to spin the thread of this her malice and revenge, yet though her plot have taken effect and hold of her husband, nevertheless she shall in the end fail of hers to innocent *Felicia*: in the interim, though to the eyes of the world it seem at first to succeed according to her desires by the by, yet it shall not in the main: But that murder and this treason of *Victorina* shall not, go long either undetected, or unpunished.

This poyson working in *Fassino* his Stomack and Body, begins by degrees to cut off his vital Spirits, so as his strength fails him, his red Cheeks already look pale and earthy, and his body infinitely swells: he calls for his Wife *Victorina*, who with all haste and expedition, tells her secretly, that he fears *Felicia* hath poysoned him with the broth she gave him in the Morning, and so requesteth her to send for his Parents and Friends to be present at his Death, for live he could not. *Victorina* like a dissembling she-devil, tears her hair for anger, and for meer sorrow seems to drown her self in her tears at this news; kisseth and sawrs on her husband, and in all possible

suble haſte ſends away of all ſides for his Kinsfolk and Friends, who haſtily repair thither, and finde *Faſſino* almoſt dead; ſo, they with tears enquire his ſickneſſe; when with open voice his Wife *Victorina* crys out, that her wretched Maid *Felicia* had with broth that moſt poiſoned him; which *Faſſino* his memory and tongue yet ſerved him to confeſſe and aver, word for word, as his Wife *Victorina* had related them: whereat they are all ſorrowfull and weep, and then, and there, cauſe *Felicia* to be apprehended and ſhut ſaſt in a Chamber; who (poor harmleſſe young Gentlewoman) is amazed at the terror and ſtrangenell of this news, and crys out and weeps ſo bitterly, as ſhe ſeems to melt her ſelf into tears, only ſhe knows her ſelf innocent; and yet fears that this Malice and Revenge proceeds to her from her Lady *Victorina*. Whiles *Felicia* is thus under ſure keeping, her Maſter *Faſſino* dyes; which news is ſoon diſperſed and divulged abroad, to the grief and admiration of the whole City. The next morn the criminal Judges are advertiſed hereof, who repair to *Faſſino* his Houſe, who by this time is dead, and there ſee his breathleſſe Carcaſſ, which they ordain to be opened: the poiſon is plainly found on his ſtomack in its natural priſtine colour; when examining firſt *Felicia*, then *Victorina*'s Parents, they report *Faſſino* his own words uttered a little before his death, that *Felicia* had that moſt poiſoned him with broth; which is averred by *Victorina*, who ſaith, ſhe ſaw her give it him. So they ſend away poor *Felicia* to priſon, but yet with a vehement ſuſpicion, that this poiſoned arrow came out of *Victorina* her own quiver, which they the ſofter believe, in reſpect of her former troubles, and ſuſpicions for the murther of her husband *Syrranza*. So the Judges return and betake themſelves, that very inſtant, to their Tribunal of Juſtice, in the Duke's Palace of Saint *Mark*, where they ſend for *Felicia*, who is brought them unaccompanied of any; for, as miſfortune would, both her Uncle *Hieronymo*, and her Couſin *Andrea Souranza*, were then at *Corfu*, employed in ſome publick affairs for the Seigniory. The Judges examine *Felicia* concerning the broth and poiſon ſhe gave her Maſter. She bitterly ſighing and weeping, confeſſeth the broth, but denies the poiſon; vowing by her part and hope of Heaven, ſhe neither touched nor knew what poiſon was, and deſired no Favour of them, if it were found or proved againſt her; withall ſhe acquaints them, that ſhe fears it is a trick of malice and revenge, clapt on her by her Lady *Victorina*, for the diſcovery of *Syrranza* his Letter. And, to ſpeak truth, the Judges in their Hearts partly adhere and concur with her in this opinion: they demand of her whether her Lady *Victorina* touched this broth, either by the Fire or the Bed? She according to the truth, answers, that to her knowledge or ſight, ſhe touched it not; nor no other but her ſelf. So they ſend her again to priſon, and return ſpeedily to *Faſſino* his houſe; where committing *Victorina* to a ſure guard, they aſcend her Chamber and Cloſet, ſearch all her Trunks, Caſkets, and Boxes, for poiſon, but find none; and ſhe like they do to *Felicia*'s Trunks, which they break open, ſhe having the Key; and in a Box find a quantity of the ſame poiſon, whereby it was apparent ſhe abſolutely poiſoned her Maſter *Faſſino*. The Judges having thus found out, and revealed, as they thought, the true Author of the Murther, they deſcend again, examine *Victorina*, and ſo acquit her. Poor *Felicia* is advertiſed hereof; whereat ſhe is amazed and aſtoniſhed, and thinks that ſome Witch or Devil caſt it there for her deſtruction. She is again ſent for before her Judges, who produce the poiſon found in her Trunk: ſhe denies both the poiſon and the Murther, with many ſighs and tears: ſo they adjudge her to the Rack, which Torment ſhe ſuffereth with much Patience and Conſtancy; notwithstanding her Judges conſidering that ſhe made and gave *Faſſino* the broth, that none touched it but her ſelf, that he dyed of it, and that they found the Remainder of the poiſon in her Trunk, they think her the Murtherer; ſo they pronounce ſentence, that the next morning ſhe ſhall be hanged at Saint *Mark*'s place. She poor ſoul is returned to her priſon; ſhe bewails her miſfortune thus to dye, and be caſt away innocently, taxing her Judges of injuſtice, as her ſoul is ready to answer it to God.

All *Venice* prattleth of this cruel Murther committed by this young Gentlewoman, but for her Lady *Victorina* ſhe triumphs and laughs like a Gypſy, to ſee how with this one ſtone ſhe hath given two ſtrokes, and how one poor drug hath freed her this day of her Husband *Faſſino*, and will to morrow of *Felicia*, of whom ſhe rejoyceth in her ſelf, that now ſhe hath cryed quittance for the diſcovery of *Syrranza* his Letter, which procureth his death: but her hopes may deceive her, or rather the Devil will deceive both her and her hopes too. How true or falſe, righteous or ſinful our actions be, God in his due time will make them appear in their naked colours, and reward thoſe with glory, and theſe with ſhame.

The next morn, according to the landable cuſtom of *Venice*, the mourners of the Seigniory accompany our ſorrowful *Felicia* to the place of Execution, where ſhe modeſtly aſcended the Ladder, with much ſilence, penſivenes, and affliction: at the ſight of whoſe youth and beauty, moſt of that great and infinite of Spectators cannot refrain from tears, and commiſerating & pitying, that ſo ſweet a young Gentlewoman ſhould come to ſo infamous and untimely a Death.

When

When *Felicia* lifting up her hands, and erecting her eyes and heart towards Heaven, she briefly speaks to this effect. She takes Heaven and Earth to witness, that she is innocent of the poysoning of her Master *Fassino*, and ignorant how that poyson should be brought into her Trunk : that as her knowledge cannot accuse, so her Conscience will not acquit her Lady *Victorina* of that fact, only she leaves the detection and judgment thereof to God ; that being ready to forsake the world, sith the world is resolved to forsake her, she as much triumphs in her innocency as grieves at her misfortune : and that she may not only appear in Earth, but be found in Heaven a true Christian, she first forgives her Lady *Victorina*, and her Judges ; and then beseecheth God to forgive her all her sins, whereunto she humbly, and heartily prays all that are present to add their prayers to hers : and so she begins to take off her band, and to prepare her self to dye.

Now, *Christian Reader*, what human wisdom, or earthly capacity, would here conceive or think, that there were any sublunary means left for this comfortless Gentlewoman *Felicia*, either to hope for life, or to flatter her self that she should avoid death ? But lo, as the Children of God cannot fall, because he is the defender of the innocent, and the protector of the righteous, therefore we shall see to our comforts, and find to Gods glory, that this innocent young Gentlewoman shall be miraculously freed of her dangers, and punishment, and her inveterate arch-enemy *Victorina* brought in her stead, to receive this shameful death, in expiation of the horrible murders of her two husbands, which God will now discover, and make apparent to the eyes of the world : for as the Friars and Nuns prepare *Felicia*, to take her last farewell of this world, and so to shut up her life in the direful and mournful Catastrophe of her death ; Behold, by the providence and mercy of God, the Apothecary *Augustino* (of whom this our History hath formerly made an honest and religious mention) arrives from Cape *Istria*, and having left his ship at *Malmocco*, lands in a Gondola at Saint *Marks* stairs ; when knowing and seeing an execution towards, he thrust himself in amongst the croud of people : where beholding so young and so fair a Gentlewoman, ready to die, he demands of those next by him, what she was, and her crime : when being answered, that her name was *Felicia*, a waiting-Gentlewoman to the Lady *Victorina*, who had poysoned her Master *Fassino* ; at the very first report of the names of *Victorina*, and her husband *Fassino*, *Augustino* his blood flasheth up in his face, and his heart began to beat within him, when demanding if no other were accessary to this murder, he was informed, that her Lady *Victorina* was vehemently suspected thereof, but she was cleared, and only *Felicia*, this young Gentlewoman, found guilty thereof ; which words were no sooner delivered him, but God putting into his heart and remembrance, that this Lady *Victorina* would have formerly seduced him for three hundred *Zeckines*, to have poysoned her husband *Fassino*, he confidently believing this young Gentlewoman innocent hereof, with all possible speed, as fast as his legs could drive, he runs up to the Southeast part of the corner of the Gallery of the Dukes Palace, where the Officers sit to see execution done ; the which he requesteth for that time to stop, because he hath something to say concerning the murder of Seignior *Fassino*. Whereupon they call out to the Executioner to forbear : which bred infinite admiration in all the spectators, as wondering at the cause and reason hereof, when, in constant and discreet terms, *Augustino* informs the Judges, that he thinks *Felicia* innocent, and her Lady *Victorina* guilty of this murder, and so relates them the manner, time, and place where *Victorina* her self seduced him to poyson her husband *Fassino*, how she profered him three hundred *Zeckines* to perform it, which he refused, and to the utmost of his power sought to dissuade her from this bloody and execrable business. The Judges are astonished at the strangeness of this news, which they begin confidently to believe, and so bless the hour of *Augustino*'s arrival, that hath with-held them from spilling the innocent blood of *Felicia* ; when commanding her from the place of execution, to her prison, they instantly give order for the Lady *Victorina*'s apprehension, who already had built trophies and triumphs of joy in her heart, to see that all her bloody designs so well succeeded. But now is the Lord's appointed time come, wherein all her cruel Murders, Whoredom, Treachery, and Hypocrisie, shall be brought to light and punished : yea, now it shall no longer be in her power, or in that of the Devil her Schoolmaster, and Seducer, either to diminish the least part of her punishment ; or to add the least moment or point of time to her life. She is all in tears at her apprehension, but they rather ingender envy than pity, in her Judges : And so from the delights and pleasures of her house, she is hastily conveyed to prison.

Her Judges, in honour to the sacred dignity of Justice (the Queen of Earth and Daughter of Heaven) confront her with *Augustino*, who avers his former deposition as constantly in her face, as she denies it impudently in his. But this will not avail her : for now God hath made the probabilities, or rather the sight of her crime too apparent. So without any regard to her prayers tears, or exclamations, they adjudge her to the Rack, where the tenderness of her limbs, the sharpness of her torments, but especially the griefs and pinches of her conscience make her ac-

quit *Felicia*, acknowledgeth *Augustino* his evidence, and condemn her self to be the author both of her first Husband's stabbing, and also her second's poysoning: her Judges as much praise God for her confession, as they detest and are astonish'd at the falseness of these her horrible crimes. So with much joy they first free innocent *Felicia* of her unjust imprisonments; and then knowing it pity that so wretched a Lady as *Victorina*, should live any longer; they, for her abominable cruelties and inhumanities, condemn her (the next morn) to be hang'd and burnt on Saint Marks Place. At the knowledge and divulging of which news, as her Father, Mother, and Kinsfolks extremely grieve, so all *Venice* bless and glorifie God, first, that innocent *Felicia* is saved, and guilty *Victorina* detected and condemned to the shame and punishment of a deserved death.

The same night the Priests and Fryers deal with her about the state of her soul, and its pilgrimage and transmigration to heaven: they find that her youth, lust, and revenge, hath taken a strange possession of the devil, and he in them: for she still loves the memory of *Sypontus*, and envies and detests that of her two Husbands, *Soranzza* and *Fassino*: but they deal effectually with her, and in their speeches depainting her forth the joys of Heaven, and the torments of Hell, they at last happily prevail, and so make her forsake the vanity and impiety of these her passions, by relishing the sweet shours of Gods mercies. So the next morn she is brought to her execution; where the world expecting to hear much matter from her, she is very pensive, and contemplative, and says little; only she prays *Felicia* to forgive her, as also all the Parents of her two Husbands, *Soranzza* and *Fassino*, and likewise of *Sypontus*; but chiefly she invokes God her Saviour and Redeemer, to pardon these her horrible sins of Adultery and Murther, and beseecheth all that are present to pray for her soul; and so according to her sentence, she is first hang'd, and then burnt: whereat all that great affluence and concourse of people, praise the Providence and Justice of God, in cutting off this female Monster, and shame of her sex, *Victorina*; whose tragical and mournful History may we all reade and remember with detestation, that the example hereof be our fore-warning and caveat, not to trust in the deceivable lusts of the flesh, and the treacherous tentations of the Devil, but to rely on the mercies and promises of God, which will never fail his elect, but will assuredly make them happy in their lives, blessed in their deaths, and constantly glorious in their resurrections.

GOD'S



Catalina killed with a Thunderbolt, Sarmata Executed by Beheading, Sebastian's Death, Berinthia's Immurement, and the Execution of the same by Death.

The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY VII.

Catalina causeth her waiting-maid Ansilva two several times to attempt to poyson her own sister Berinthia; wherein failing, she afterwards makes an Emperick termed Sarmata, to poyson her said maid Ansilva. Catalina is killed with a Thunderbolt, and Sarmata hanged, for poysoning Ansilva. Antonio steals Berinthia away by her own consent, whereupon her Brother Sebastiano fights with Antonio, and kills him in a Duell. Berinthia in revenge hereof, afterwards murdereth her own brother Sebastiano; She is adjudged to be immured betwixt two walls, and there languisheth and dies.

HOW foolishly and impiously doth our malice betray our selves, or the devil our souls, when we maliciously betray others? For we are as far from Grace as Wisdom, when we permit either irregular affection or unlawful passion to hale us on to choller, choller to revenge, and revenge to murther. Nay, how exempt are we of Religion, and devoid of all Christian piety and charity, when our thoughts are so ecclipsed, and our judgements darkned, when our consciences are so defiled, and our souls so polluted with revenge, that the eldest Sister seeks to poyson her younger, and this younger afterwards murdereth her own and only Brother, because in a Duell he had formerly slain her Lover? Alas, alas, these are bloody accidents, which not only fight against Grace, but Nature, not only against Earth but Heaven, and not only against our Souls but against God. Neither are these the only Tragedies that our ensuing History reporteth and relateth, for we shall therein farther see a wretched waiting-Gentlewoman poisoned by her more wretched Lady and Mistress, together with her execrable agent, a bloody and graceless Emperick; and all justly revenged and severely punished by the Sword of Gods wrath and indignation. Wherein the Christian Reader may observe, as well to Gods glory as his own consolation, that never pretended or actual Murthers were either committed more secretly, perpetrated more closely, detected more miraculously, or punished more strangely.

strangely and severely; so as if the Devil have not fully possess'd our hearts and Souls, or if our thoughts and resolutions do yet retain the least spark of Grace and Christianity, we shall fly their crimes by the sight and fear of their punishments, re-fetch our wandring and erroneous paths from Hell to Earth, purposely to raise them from Earth to Heaven; and so religiously to give and consecrate both them, and our selves, and souls from sin to righteous life, and consequently (with as much felicity as glory) from Satan to God.

There dwelt in the City of *Avero* in *Portugal*, an ancient Nobleman, termed *Don Jasper de Vilareza*, rich either in quality of earthly greatness, as well of blood as revenues, who was nearly allied to the Marquis of *Beja* in *Spain*, was marrying a Niece of his, named *Dona Alphina*, a Lady remarkably indued with the ornaments of Nature, and the perfections of Grace; for she was both fair and virtuous; thus adding lustre to these, and these returning and reflecting embellishment to that, which made her infinitely beloved of her husband *Vilareza*, and exceedingly honoured of all those who had the honour to know her; and, to crown the felicity of their affections and marriage they had three hopeful children, one son, and two daughters: He, termed *Don Sebastiao*; and they, the *Donas*, *Catalina* and *Berinthia*. He having attained his fifteenth year, was by his Father made Page to Count *Manriques de Lopez*, and continually followed him at Court; and they, from their tenth to their thirteenth years, lived sometimes at *Cosimbra*, other-whiles at *Lisbon*, but commonly at *Avero* with their Parents, who so carefully trained them up in those qualities and Perfections, requisite for Ladies of their rank, as they were no sooner seen, but admired of all who saw them.

But here we make a further progression in this History (thereby the better to unfold and anatomize it); I hold it rather necessary than impertinent, that we take a cursory, though not a curious survey, of both these young Ladies perfections and imperfections, of their Vices and Virtues, their beauty and deformity; That as objects are best known by the opposition of their contraries, so by the way of comparison we may distinguish how to know, and know how to distinguish of the disparity of these two Sisters, in their inclinations, affections, and demeanours.

Catalina was somewhat short of stature, but corpulent of body: *Berinthia* tall, but slender: *Catalina* was of taint and complexion, more brown then fair: *Berinthia* not brown but sweetly fair, or fairly sweet: *Catalina* had a disdainful, *Berinthia* a gracious eye: *Catalina* was proud, *Berinthia* humble. In a word, *Catalina* was of humour extremely imperious, ambitious, and revengeful; and *Berinthia*, modestly courteous, gracious, and religious. So these two young Ladies, growing now to be capable of marriage, many Cavaliers of *Avero* become Servants and Suiters to them, as well in respect of their Fathers nobility and wealth, as for their own beauties and virtues: yea, their fame is generally so spread, that from *Lisbon*, and most of the chiefest Cities of *Portugal*, divers Nobles and Knights resort to their Father *Don Vilareza's* house, to proffer up their affections, to the dignity and merits of his daughters. But his age finding their youth too young to be acquainted with the secrets and mysteries of marriage, puts them all off, either in general terms, or honourable excuses; as holding the matching of his daughters, of so eminent and important consideration, as he thinks it fit he should advisedly consult, and not rashly conclude them; which affection and care of Parents to their Children, is still as honourable as commendable.

Don Sebastiao their Brother, being often both at *Madrid*, *Valladolid*, and *Lisbon*, becomes very intimately and singularly acquainted with *Don Antonio de Rivero*, a noble and rich young Cavalier, by birth likewise a *Portugal*, of the City of *Elvas*, who was first and chief gentleman to the Duke of *Braganza*; and the better to unite and perpetuate their familiarity, he proffers him his eldest Sister in marriage, and prays him at his first conveniency, to ride over to *Avero*, to see her; offering himself to accompany him in his journey, and to second him in that enterprize, as well towards his Father as Sister. *Don Antonio* very kindly and thankfully listeneth to *Don Sebastiao's* courteous and affectionate proffer; and knowing it so far from the least disparagement, as it was a great happiness and honour for him to match himself in so noble a Family, they assign a day for that journey: against when, *Don Antonio* makes ready his preparatives and train, in all respects answerable to his rank and generosity. They arrive at *Avero*, where *Don Jasper de Vilareza*, for his own worth, and his Sons report, receives *Don Antonio* honourably; and entertains him courteously: He visiteth and saluteth, first the Mother, then the two young Ladies her Daughters: And although he cannot dislike *Catalina*; yet so precious and amiable is sweet *Berinthia* in his eye, as he no sooner sees, but loves her: Yea, her piercing eye, her vermilion cheeks, and delicate stature, all such wonders in his heart, as he secretly proclaims himself her Servant, and publicly she his Mistress: To which end he takes time and opportunity at advantage, and so reveals her so much in terms, that intimates the fervency of his zeal; and endears the zeal of his affection and constancy.

Ylogard

Berinthia

Berinthia entertains his motion and speeches with many blushes, which now and then casts a rosiat vail o're the milk-white Lillies of her complexion : and, to speak truth, if *Antonio* be inamored of *Berinthia*, no less is she of him : so as not only their eyes, but their contemplations and hearts seem already to sympathize and burn in the Flame of an equal affection. In a word, by stealth he courts her often. And not to detain my Reader in the intricate Labyrinth of the whole passages of their loves, *Antonio* for this time finds *Berinthia* in this resolution, that, as she hath not the will to grant, so she hath not the power to deny his suit : the rest time will produce.

But so powerfully do the Beauty and Virtues of sweet *Berinthia* work in *Antonio* his affections, that impatient of delays, he finds out her Father and Mother, and in due terms (requisite for him to give, and they receive) demands their Daughter *Berinthia* in marriage. *Vilarezo* thanking *Antonio* for this honour, replies, that of his two Daughters, he thinks *Berinthia* his younger, as unworthy of him, as *Catalina*, his eldest, worthily bestowed on him. *Antonio* answers, that as he cannot deny but *Catalina* is fair, yet he must confess that *Berinthia* is more beautiful to his eye, and more pleasing to his thoughts. *Vilarezo* lastly replies, that he will first match *Catalina* to *Berinthia*, and that he is as content to give him the first, as not as yet resolved to dispose of the second : and so at this time, they on these terms depart, *Vilarezo* taking *Antonio* and his Son *Sebastiano* with him to hunt a Stag, whereof his adjacent Forrest hath plenty. But while *Antonio* his body pursues the Stag, his thoughts are flying after the beauty of his dear and fair *Berinthia* ; who as paragon of beauty and nature, sits Empress, and Queen-Regent in the court of his contemplations and affections. He is wounded at the heart with *Vilarezo* his answer, and *Berinthia* to the gall, when he certified her of her Father's resolution, only modesty (that sweet companion, and precious ornament of Virgins) to the extremity of her power, endeavoured to keep *Antonio* from perceiving, or suspecting so much. *Antonio* prays his dear friend *Sebastiano*, to persuade his Father to give him his Sister *Berinthia* to Wife : he performs the true part of a true friend, and a Gentleman, but in vain ; for his Father *Vilarezo* is resolute, first to marry *Catalina* ; when *Antonio*, not of power so soon to leave the sight and presence of his sweet *Berinthia*, must invent some matter for his stay. And indeed, as Love is the whet-stone of Wit, to give an edge to invention ; so *Antonio*, to enjoy the presence of his fair *Berinthia*, is enforced to make shew, that he neglects her, and affecteth *Catalina* ; and so converseth often with her, but still in general terms, whereat she builds many Castles of hope and content in the Air of her thoughts. For, if *Berinthia* loved *Antonio*, no less doth *Catalina* : strange effects of affection, where two Sisters deeply and dearly love one Gentleman, and when but one, and peradventure neither of them, shall enjoy him.

But as *Catalina* is the pretext, so *Berinthia* is both the sole object and cause of *Antonio*'s stay, whom he courts and layeth close siege to, as often as opportunity makes him happy in the desired happiness and felicity of her company : She gives him blushes for his sighs, and sometimes (although a man) the fervency of his affection was such, as he cannot refrain from returning her tears for her blushes ; when, albeit love persuades him to stay longer in *Avero*, yet discretion calls & commands him away to *Lisbon* ; and all the fruit of his journey that he shall carry thither with him, is this, that, for enjoying fair *Berinthia* to his Wife, he conceives far more reason to hope, than to despair. Next death, there is no second affliction so grievous, or bitter to Lovers, as separation and parting : this *Berinthia* feels ; but will not acknowledge ; and this *Antonio* acknowledgeth because he feels. After Supper, taking her to a window, he secretly prays her to honour him with the acceptance of a poor Scarf, and plain pair of Gloves (which notwithstanding were infinitely rich and wonderfully fair) in token of his affection ; and she, the morn of his departure, by *Diego* his Page, sends him a Handkerchief curiously wrought with hearts and flames, of silk and gold, in sign of her thankfulness. He promiseth *Berinthia* to write, and see her shortly ; and *Catalina* entreats him to be no stranger to *Avero*. To *Catalina* he gives many words, but few kisses ; to *Berinthia*, many kisses, but more tears : His departure makes *Berinthia* sad, as grieving at his absence ; and *Catalina* joyful as hoping of his return : *Catalina* triumphs for joy, hoping that *Antonio* shall be her husband, and *Berinthia*, now begins to look pale with sorrow, fearing she shall not be so happy as to be his Wife. By this time Breakfast is served in, when *Sebastiano* comes, takes *Antonio* and his two Sisters, and carries them to the Parlor, where *Vilarezo* and his Wife *Alphanta* attend *Antonio*'s coming. They all sit down, and although their fare be curious, yet *Antonio*'s eyes feed upon more curious dainties ; as the sparkling eyes, flaxen hair, and vermillion cheeks of *Berinthia*'s incomparable beauty, which is observed of all parts, except of *Berinthia*, who is so secret and cautious in her carriage, as although her affection yet her discretion, will not permit her modesty either to observe or see it. Breakfast ended, *Antonio* taking *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* apart, first gives infinite thanks for his honourable and courteous entertainment, and then very earnestly again prays them not to reject his sute for their Daughter *Berinthia*.

Vilarezo & his wife pray *Antonio* to excuse his bad reception, which they know comes many ways

short of his desires, & also requests him to embrace their motion for their daughter *Catalina*. Thus, after many other complements, he takes his conge of *Vilareta*, kisseth his Wife and two Daughters; first *Catalina*, then *Berinthia*, who though last in years, yet is the first Lady in his desires and thoughts, and the only Queen of his affection. So they are as it were inforced to make a virtue of necessity, and to take a short farewell, instead of a more solemn, which either of them wished, kind but undesired; but their eyes dictate to their hearts, what their tongues cannot express; and of *Antonio* and *Sebastiano* take Coach and away for *Lisbon*; *Antonio* as much triumphing in the beauty of his fair *Berinthia*, as his friend *Sebastiano* grieves, that of his two Sisters, *Antonio* would not accept of *Catalina*, nor his Father consent to give him *Berinthia* for his Wife: notwithstanding they confirm their familiarity and friendship with many interchangeable and reciprocal protestations; that sith they cannot be Brothers, they will live and dye dear and intimate Friends: but I fear the contrary.

Being arrived at *Lisbon*, *Antonio* feels strange alterations in his thoughts and passions: For now he is so infangled in the Fetters of *Berinthia's* Beauty and Virtues, that he will see no other object but her *Idea*, nor (almost) speak of any Lady but of her self: and in these his amorous contemplations he both rejoyleth and triumpheth; but again, remembering the assurance of *Vilareta's* his refusal, and the uncertainty of *Berinthia's* affection and consent, his hopes are nipt in their blossoms, and his joyes as soon fade as flourish: he wisheth that *Avero* were *Lisbon*, and either himself in *Avero* with *Berinthia*, or she in *Lisbon* with him. To attempt the one, he holds it as great a folly as a vanity to wish the other: But he bethinks himself of a remedy for this perplexity, and reputes himself obliged in the bonds, as well of respect, as love, to write to his fair *Berinthia*; and then again he fears that it will find a difficult passage and access to her, because of her Father's dislike, and Sister's jealousy. But the Sun of his affection doth soon dispel and dissipate these doubts, or rather disperse them as Clouds before the Wind: And now to prevent those who might attempt to intercept his Letters, he bethinks himself of an invention, as worthy as commendable in a Lover: He writes *Berinthia* a Letter, and accompanying it with a rich Diamond, sends it her by *Diego* his own Page, to *Avero*: whom purposely, and feignedly he causeth to arm himself with this pretext and colour, that he is in love with *Aniseta*, and Lady *Catalina's* Waiting-Gentlewoman, and hath gotten leave of his Master to come to *Avero* to seek her in Marriage; where, after some fifteen days he arrives, and very secretly delivers his Master's Ring and Letter to *Berinthia*, who (sweet Lady) was then tost with the wind of fear, and the waves of sorrow, that in althistime she heard not from *Antonio*, doubting indeed lest the change of air, places, and objects, might have power to change his affection; when now brushing for joy, as much as she before looked pale for sorrow, she takes the Ring and Letter, and kissing both, she secretly flies to her Chamber, when bolting the door, she with as much affection as impatience, breaking up the seals, therein findes these lines:

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

Sweet *Berinthia*, wert thou as courteous as fair, thou wouldst rest as confident of my affection as I do of thy beauty; and then as much rejoyce in that, as I triumph in this: but as my tongue lately wanted power, so now doth my pen Art, to inform thee how dearly I love thy beauty, and honour thy virtues; so as could thy thoughts pierce into mine, or my heart be so happy to dictate to thine, those should know, and thou see, that *Antonio* is ambitious of no other earthly felicity, than either to live thy husband, or die thy Martyr. Think with thy self, how far thou undervalest, and un-requiest my Zeal, when I will dispair of loving *Catalina*, and yet cannot hope that *Berinthia* will affect me: Only therefore in thee (sweet Lady) it remains, either to crown my joys by that consent, or to immortalize my torments by thy refusal. Be pleased therefore, fair *Berinthia*, so signifie me thy resolution that I may know my doom, and prepare myself, either to wed thee or my grave.

ANTONIO

Berinthia, having again and again perused and o're-read this Letter, gives it a thousand kisses for his sake who wrote and sent it her; and so very secretly locks it up in her Casket, as also the Diamond, and now attends opportunity to confer privately with *Diego*, when he will resolve to return to his Master at *Lisbon* that she may return him an answer, though not so sweet as he expects, yet not so bitter as he fears. In the mean time *Diego* delivereth her Father *Vilareta's* his Master's Letter, in favour of his (pretended) sute to *Aniseta*, as also in thankfulness of his entertainment, without naming either *Catalina*, or *Berinthia*, his Daughters, or once mentioning his return to *Avero*; whereat *Vilareta* grieves, and *Catalina* bites the lip: But *Berinthia* cannot but smile to see *Antonio's* his invention for the false delivery of his Letters, nor yet refrain from laughing

laughing in her self, to see how cunningly his Page *Diego*, courts *Ansilva*, for he makes such demonstration of love to her, and she is so charmed of him, that *Catalina* thinks a short time will finish this match; but he and her Sister *Berinthia* knows the contrary. *Diego* at the end of three days is desirous to depart and *Berinthia* extremely glad of his resolution to stay no longer, so she betakes her self to her Chamber, and writes this Letter to her *Antonio*, in answer of his.

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

HAD I not been sure of your return, then I am sure to my self, I should not have suffered myself to this affliction; nor so many of my Father's friends; and although thy tongue and pen have acquainted me with thy rich soul intended, and devoted to my poor merits, yet judge with thy self, whether thou shouldst make a request thee with observance, or him that gave thee my being, with disobedience. As I desire not to leave thee to my Adversity, so my Father will not permit thee to lose my Husband; and yet, as it is out of my power to remedy the first, so it is not impossible for mine to effect and compass the last: which I resolved to give thee too much hope, rather than I aim to take away some of thy despair, to the end I may find thee as constant in thy Affection, as thou me sincere in my constancy. My Sister's jealousy of me, and my Father's dislike of thee, invites thee to manage this favour of mine with as much secrecy as circumspection.

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

Having folded up, and sealed her Letter, she finds out *Diego*, and beckens him to follow her to the Garden, where in one of the Bowers, she delivers him this Letter, together with a rose of Opales; the which, in token of her love, she conjures him with safety and speed to deliver to his Master *Don Antonio*. *Diego* having his dispatch of *Berinthia*, soon gives *Ansilva* hers, promising to return some three weeks after; at which time he prays her to expect him; when thanking *Viloroza* for his kind entertainment, and he bidding him tell his Master, he would be glad to see him in *Avro*, he leaps to horse, and so parts away for *Lisbon*.

I cannot relate with what incredible, and infinite joy, *Antonio* receives this Letter and Ring from *Berinthia*; and, to write the truth, I think the Letter scarce contained so many syllables as he often read it over, and kissed it. He sees *Berinthia*'s modesty, splend and shine in her affection on, and her affection in her modesty towards him, wherein he glories in that joyce therein, and triumphs in both; but although he be sure of her affection, yet he is not of her self; for he sees her Letter containeth many verbal complements, but all of them not one real promise; and therefore he cannot repute his tranquillity and felicity complete, ere he be crowned with this happiness: besides, he fears that his absence and her Father's presence, may intract of time, by degrees cool the fervency of *Berinthia*'s affection; and yet then he as soon checks his own chiddish, in conceiving the least suspicion of her constancy. Now he thinks to acquaint his intimate friends, and his dear Brother *Sebastiano*, with their affections, but then he condemns that opinion; and revokes it as erroneous and dangerous, and contrary to the rules of love, in failing without the compass of *Berinthia*'s advice and commands; by the which, he holds it both safety and discretion to steer his course and actions. Again, he so infinitely and earnestly longs to see his dear and sweet Mistress, as he resolves to ride over again to *Avro*; but the obstinacy of *Viloroza*, and the jealousy of *Catalina*, makes him end that journey ere he began it. In this perplexity, and contestation of reasons, he is irresolute, what, or what not to do; but in him, considering that delays are dangerous in matters of this nature, he packs up his baggage, and taking his farewell of *Sebastiano*, under pretext of his health, leaves *Lisbon*, and the Duke his Lord and Master, and retires to his own home at *Elvas* (where his Father dying some three years before, had left him sole heir to many rich Manors and Possessions) purposely hereby to be near to *Avro*, that he might give order for all things, and let slip no occasion in the process and prosecution of his affection. The second day, after his arrival to *Elvas*, it being well-near a month since he sent his first, and till then his last Letter to *Berinthia*, he now again dispatcheth his Page *Diego* with a second Letter to her, by whom he sends a Chain of rich Pearl, and a Pair of Gold Bracelets, richly inameled. *Diego*'s arrival is pleasing to *Ansilva*, but extremely joyfull to *Berinthia*; only it nipt *Catalina*'s hopes, because she could not understand by him any certain resolution or assurance of his Masters coming thither. *Diego* had no sooner saluted his *Ansilva*, but (as his more important business) he seeks means to speak with *Berinthia*, which she her self proffereth him; he delivers her his Masters Tokens, and Letter, which she joyfully receiveth; and so trips away to her Chamber, where opening the seals, she therein finds these words:

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

IT is impossible for my pen to express the joys my heart received at the reading of thy Letter : and as I dispraise not thy obedience to thy Father, so infinitely both praise and prize thy affection to me. A thousand times I kissed thy lines, and as often blest the hand that wrote them ; and although they gave me hope for despair, yet, not to dissemble, these hopes have brought me doubt, and doubts fear ; not that thou lovest me ; for that were to disparage my judgment, in seeking to profane thy affection ; but that thou wilt not please to except of my promise not return me thus : wherein, if thou weigh the fervency of my love, I hope thou wilt not tax the incredulity of my fear ; for till I am so happy, not only to hope, but to assure my self that Berinthia will be Antonio's, as Antonio is already Berinthia's, I must needs fear, and therefore cannot truly rejoice. I have left Lisbon, to reside at Elvas ; therefore fair and dear Lady, I beseech thee designate me, dispose my service, and command both. I long to enjoy the felicity of thy presence ; for I take Heaven to witness, thy absence is my hell upon earth.

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having read this Letter, she approves of Antonio's fear, and attributes it to the fervency and sincerity of his affection ; she esteems her self infinitely happy in her good fortune, and choice of so brave a Cavalier for her servant, who she hopes a little time will make her husband ; to which end she will no longer feed him with delays, but now resolves, by his Page Diego, at his return, to signify him so much, and in a word, to send him her heart, as she hath already received his. But she knows not what the Interim of this time will bring forth.

Pass we from Berinthia to her Sister Catalina, whose affection is likewise such to Antonio, as by this time she hath perswaded & induced her Father Valereza to write him a Letter in her behalf by Diego, thereby to draw his resolution, whether he intend to seek her for a Wife or no, or at least to invite him to *Avero*. And although his affection to her Sister Berinthia be kept from her, yet she not only suspects, but fears it. Glad she is of the opportunity of Diego's being there, to convey her Father's Letter to his Master ; and yet that joy of hers is soon dissolved into grief, because all this time he never vouchsafed to write to her : her affection to him flattereth her still with hope, and yet her judgment in her self still suggesteth her despair, for she hath always the image of this conceit in her imagination ; that Antonio loves her Sister Berinthia, and not her self : her suspicion makes her subtle, and so she deals with Ansilva to draw the truth thereof from Diego, who having learned his lesson, acteth his part well ; and I know not, whether with more fidelity or discretion, flatly denies it ; But lo, here betides an accident, which betrays the whole Mystery and History of their affections. On a Sunday-morning, when Berinthia was descended to the Garden to gather flowers, against her going to Church with her Father and Mother, her Sister Catalina runneth into the chamber, to seek the History of Cervantes, which the day before she had lent her ; and not finding it either on the Table or the Window, seeks in the pocket of her Gown, that she wore the day before ; and there unwittingly, and unexpectedly finds the last Letter that Antonio had sent her ; whereby she perceived, it was in vain to hope to enjoy Antonio, sith she now apparently saw, that he was her Sister Berinthia's, and she his : Catalina is hereat both sorrowful and glad ; sorrowful, that she should lose Antonio, and glad that she had found his Letter. And now to shew her affection to him, her malice to her Sister, she will try her wits, to see whether she can frustrate Berinthia, and so obtain Antonio for her self. The passions of men may easily be found out and detected, but the secrets and malice of women difficultly. To which end Catalina shews this Letter to her Father, who exceedingly stothes hereat, and with checks and frowns, curbs Berinthia of Liberty, and resolves in his first Letter to Antonio, to forbid him his house, and her company, except he will leave Berinthia, and take Catalina : and suspecting that his Page Diego's courting of Ansilva, was but only a policy and colour, thereby to convey Letters betwixt his Daughter Berinthia and his Master, he once thought to congee him ; and prohibit him his house, had not Catalina prayed the contrary, who would no way displease her Waiting-Gentlewoman Ansilva, because she was to use her aid and assistance in a matter of great importance ; the unlocking and dilating whereof is thus.

Catalina her affection to Antonio, and consequently her malice to her Sister Berinthia is so violent, that as her Father hath bereaved her of a great part of her liberty, so she is so bloody and cruel, as she vows to deprive her of her life. A hellish resolution in any woman, but a most unnatural and damnable attempt of one Sister to another : but wanting Faith, which is the foundation and bulwark ; and Religion, which is the preservative and antidote of our souls, she runs so wilfully hood-wink'd from God to the Devil, as she will advance, and disdain to retire, till her malicious and jealous thirst be quenched with her Sisters blood. To which end she perswades

swades and bribes *Ansilva* with a hundred Duckets to poyson her Sister *Berinthia*, and promiseth her so much more when she hath effected it : whereunto this wretched and execrable young Waiting-Gentlewoman consenteth, and in brief promiseth to perform it : but God hath otherwise decreed and ordained : To which end she sends into the City for some strong poyson by an unknown Melleager, which is instantly brought her in a small Gally-pot. But let us here both admire and wonder at God's miraculous discovery, and prevention thereof : For, that very night, when *Ansilva* had determinately resolved to have poysoned the Lady *Berinthia*, *Diego* seeks out his Mistis *Ansilva* and finds her solitarily alone in one of the closest over-shadowed Bowers of the Garden, whom he salutes and entertains with many amorous discourses, and more kisses ; In the midst whereof his nose fell suddenly on bleeding, whereat he admired, and she grieved, till at last having bloodied all his own handkerchief, *Ansilva* rusheth hastily to her pocket for hers for him, which suddenly drawing forth, her affection to *Diego* having made her enquire forget her poyson, she with her handkerchief draws out the Gally-pot, which falling on the floor of the Bower (that was paved with square stones) it immediately burst in pieces, when *Diego's* Spaniel liking up the poyson, instantly swelled, and died before them. Whereat *Diego* grew amazed, but far more *Ansilva* ; who blushing with shame, and then growing pale for fear, could not invent either what to say or do, at the strangeness or suddenness of this accident. *Diego* presseth her to know for whom this poyson was provided, and of whom she had it. Her answers are variable, and are so far from agreeing, as they contradict each other, which breeds in her the more fear, and in him astonishment. He conjures her by all the bonds of their affection to discover it ; and with many millions of protestations professeth it shall die with him ; he adds vows to his requests, oaths to his vows, and kisses to his oaths ; so as Maids can difficultly conceal any thing from their Lovers ; but especially fearing that he might peradventure suspect that this poyson was meant and intended for him, she at last vanquished with his importunity, and this consideration, discovereth (as we have formerly understood) that *Catalina* had won her, therewith to poyson her Sister *Berinthia*, because she suspected she was better beloved of his Master *Don Antonio* than her self. *Diego* is infinitely astonished at the strangeness of this news, and like a true and faithful Page to his Master, having drawn this worm from *Ansilva's* snout, and this news from her tongue, under a colour to seek a remedy to stop his blood, giving her my kisses, and promising her his speedy return, he leaves her in the Garden, and so very speedily finds out *Berinthia* ; to whom (with as much truth as curiosity) he from point to point reveals it : praying her to be careful not to receive anything, either from *Catalina* or *Ansilva*, and withal to write, for the next morning he will hie to *Elvas* to reveal it to his Master. *Berinthia* trembles at the report of this strange and unexpected news : so having first thanked God for the discovery of this poyson, and her Sisters malice, she promised him a Letter to his Master, and heartily thanks him for his fidelity and affection towards her, the which she voweth to requite ; and for a pledg and earnest thereof, draws off a Diamond from her finger, and gives it him for this good office.

No sooner hath *Aurora* leapt from the watery bed of *Thetis*, and *Phæbus* discovered his golden beams in the azured Firmament of Heaven, but *Diego* causeth his horse to be made ready, and tells *Ansilva*, that his Father had sent for him to meet him at *La Secoa*, and that he will not fail to be back with her within three days, being ready to depart.

He, under colour of giving order for his horse, leaves her, and steals into *Berinthia's* Chamber ; whom (poor Lady) fear would not permit to take any rest or sleep that night, the which she had partly worn out and employed in writing her mind to her dear *Antonio*, and knowing her self not safe in *Avero* with her Father and Sister, she resolveth to commit her honour, and her life into his protection ; yea, she had no sooner finished and sealed her Letter to that effect, but *Diego* comes and knocks softly at her Chamber-door. *Berinthia* in her Night-gown and attire is ready for him : she admits him, and commends his care, gives him her Letter to his Master, and prays him to use all possible diligence in his return ; and so having received all her commands, he secretly defends the stairs, and taking leave of *Vilarezo*, and lastly kissing his Mistis *Ansilva*, he leaps to horse, rides the first Stage, there leaves his Gennet, and takes Post.

Leave we *Diego* posting towards *Elvas*, and come we to *Catalina*, whose malice finding no rest, nor her revenge remedy, she that very morn, as soon as *Ansilva* came into her Chamber, demands whether she be prepared to perform her own promise, and her hopes ? She answereth her Lady, that less then three days shall effect it, and give a period to all her Sister *Berinthia's* ; Whereat she is exceeding glad, but all this while ignorant what *Diego* hath seen, and *Berinthia* knows of this effect ; *Ansilva* presuming on *Diego's* fidelity, and building on his secrecy ; and therefore less suspecting his journey to *Elvas*, remains still so graceless and impious in her bloody resolution, as she now not only presumes, but assures her self that *Berinthia* is near the edge of her days, and the setting of her life, and therefore like an execrable Agent of the Devil, she

she hath now made ready and provided her self of a second poysoned potion, which she no way doubts but shall send her to her last sleep; but this female-Monster, this bloody she-Emperick may be deceived in her art.

In the interim of which time *Diego* arrives at *Elvas*, and findes out his Master, to whom he very hastily delivers *Berinthia's* Letter, the which *Antonio* having kissed, breaks off the seals, and there, contrary to his hopes, but not to his desires, reads these lines,

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

MY Sister *Catalina's* malice is so extreame to me, such my affection is such to thee, as she degenerates not only from Grace but Nature, and seeks to bereave me of my life. This Bearer, thy Page, whom I pray, love for my sake, such he, under God, hath now preserved me for thine, will more fully and particularly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So such there is no safety for me in my Fathers house, into whose arms and protection shall I throw my self, but only into thine, of whose true and sincere affection I am so constant and confident, as I rest assured thou wilt shew thy self thy self, in preserving my life with honour, and mine honour with my life? It is no point of disobedience in me to my Father, but of dear respect to mine own life, and therefore to thee, for, and by whom I live, that makes me so earnestly desire both thy assistance and sight, such the first will lead me from despair, the second to hope and joy, and both to content; till when, fear and love, with much impatience, make me think hours years, and minutes months.

BERINTHIA.

Antonio is amazed at this strange and unexpected news, and curiously gathers all the Circumstances thereof from his Page, when love, fear, hope, sorrow, and joy act their several parts, as well in his heart as countenance; when prizing *Berinthia's* life and safety a thousand times before his own, he with great expedition dispatcheth away *Diego* the same night to *Avero*, with this ensuing Letter, which he commands him to deliver to his Mistress *Berinthia*, with all possible speed and secret.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

AS the Sun, breaking forth of an obscure cloud, shines the clearer; so doth thy true affection to me, in that damnable malice of thy Sister *Catalina*, to thy self for my sake; in such sort, as I know not whether I more rejoyce as the one, than detest the other. Having therefore first thanked God for thy happy, and miraculous preservation, I next commend my Page, as the second cause of the discovery thereof, and this fidelity of his shall neither be forgotten or unrequited. Think, how tedious time is to me, such I blame, and envy this short Letter of mine, for taking up and usurping any part thereof, till I enjoy the honour to see thee, and the felicity to assist thee. I return it the Post by *Diego*, who brought me thine; and my Coach-man tells me, I shall rather fly than run towards thee. Let the precise hour, I beseech thee, be on Monday night at twelve of the Clock, when I will await thy self, and expect thy commands at the Postern of thy Fathers Arbour; where, let the light of thy Candle be my signet, and the report of my Pistol shall be thine. I am throwing away my Pen, were it not to signifie thee, that my Sword shall protect thy life, and mine honour preserve thine; as also that *Antonio* thinks himself the most unfortunate man of the world, till *Berinthia* be impaled in his arms, or be encloystered in hers.

ANTONIO.

Whiles *Diego* is posting to *Avero*, *Antonio* his Master is preparing to follow him, taking (the next morn) his Coach with six Horses, and three resolute Gentlemen his friends, to assist him, with each his Rapier and case of Pistols. *Diego* first arrives at *Avero*, yea, a day and two nights before him. *Anselva* checks him for his long stay; and *Berinthia* a thousand times thanks him for his speedy return. He delivers her his Masters Letter, and prays her to prepare her self against the prefixed hour. She reads her *Antonio's* Letter with much joy and comfort, which her looks testify, and her heart proclaimeth to her thoughts: she will not be slack or backwards in a matter which so deeply imports her welfare and content; and so with all possible secrecy packs up the chiefest of her Apparel and Jewels in a small trunk, or casket, and willeth the hour to come that she were either in *Antonio's* arms, or he in hers: and for *Diego*, he casteth so subtil a mist and veil before *Anselva's* eyes, as it is impossible either for her, or her Lady *Catalina* to perceiue any thing. But lo, a second treachery is provided to effect that which the first could not; and indeed, which went near to have performed it, had not God miraculously and indulgently reached forth his hand to prevent it: for *Catalina* still perseveres in her inveterate and deadly malice towards her Sister *Berinthia*, as if God had not yet taught her, or rather, that she would

not

not learn the way from Satan; or Grace instructed and directed her from the impiety of so foul a sin, as the murdering of her own and only Sister. For the very night that *Antonio* had promised and assigned to fetch *Berinthia*, as she had betimes retired her self to her chamber, under colour to go to bed, and ready to put on her night habiliments, in comes *Ansilva*, sent by her good and kind (or rather wicked and cruel) sister, with a sweet Posset, (or rather a deadly poyson in her hand, in a silver covered cup:) telling her, that her Lady had drunk one half, and sent her the other, it being (as she affirmed) very cold and refreshing for the liver against the hotness of the weather. But *Berinthia* being forewarned, is armed by her former danger; yet she seems joyful thereof, and so accepts it, returning her sister *Catalina* thanks, saying, she will drink it ere she go to bed; only she prays *Ansilva* first to fetch her Prayer-book and gloves, which in the morn she had left in her Sisters Chamber. So whiles she is wanting, she privately pours it into a silver bason in her Study, and washing the cup three or four several times, she fills some Almond milk therein; and *Ansilva* being returned, takes the said cup, and prays her to tell her Sister, that she drinks it to her health, and withal gives her the good night: and so likewise doth *Ansilva* to her. But what a good night thought she in her heart and conscience, when she knew *Berinthia* should never see day more? So away she trips to her Lady *Catalina*, who demands her if the business be dispatched, and her Sister gone to her rest? Who replies, she hath drunk her last, and is gone to her eternal rest. But they are both deceived in their malicious *Arithmetick*. For, although *Catalina* extreamly rejoyce in the confident and assured death of her sister, yet God ordaineth, that their bloody hopes shall deceive them: as mark the sequel, and you shall see how.

About an hour after *Ansilva*'s departure, by *Berinthia*'s order and appointment, in wonderful secret fort in comes *Diego* to her Chamber, to await the hour of his Masters arrival, and to assist her in her escape and departure. *Berinthia* acquaints him with the potion her Sister *Catalina* had right now sent her by *Ansilva*: he is astonished at this news, as being assured it was poyson, and humbly prays her to make proof hereof on *Catalina*'s Parrot, which that afternoon she had brought with her into her Chamber: and so by her consent *Diego* takes the Parrot, and with a spoon forceth some down its throat: who poor harmless bird, immediately swells and dies before them. They both wonder hereat, and *Berinthia* at one instant both grieves and rejoyceth, greives at her Sister *Catalina*'s malice and cruelty, and rejoyceth for her happy deliverance: first praising God as the Author, then thanking *Diego* as the instrument thereof: and so they throw the remainder of the poyson out at the window, and lay the dead Parrot on the table. And now *Berinthia* attending and waiting the hour of her happiness, which is that of her *Antonio*'s arrival, and of her own departure, with as much desire as impatiency: *Diego* often looking on the hourglass, and *Berinthia* a thousand times on her Watch. So at last with a longing, longing-desire, the joyful hour of twelve is come wherein *Antonio* arrives: he sees the happy light of her candle, and she hears the sweet musick of his Pistol, which reviveth and ravisheth these two Lovers, in the heaven of unexpressible joy and content; when all things being hush't up in silence, and every person of the house soundly sleeping, *Diego* softly takes up the small trunk, and *Berinthia* as secretly follows him: and so they wonderful privately slip into the first Court, and from thence to the postern-door of the Garden, where *Antonio* with a thousand kisses receives her in his arms, having no other light but the lustre of her eyes to light them: for the Moon, that bright *Cynthia*, had conspired and consented to *Berinthia*'s escape, and therefore purposely withdrawn her brightness by hiding and enveloping her self in the darkness of an obscure cloud. *Antonio* locking this sweet prize, this his dear and sweet *Berinthia* in his arms, he with the three Gentlemen his friends conduct her to the end of the street; and *Diego* following them with the Casket, where they all privately and silently take Coach, and having opened the City gate with a silver key, away they speed for *Elvas* with all possible celerity; but I write with grief, that as these affections of *Antonio* and *Berinthia* begin in joy, so (I fear) they will end in as much sorrow and misery.

Leave we them now in their journey for *Elvas*, and return we to *Avero* to bloody *Catalina*, and wretched *Ansilva*, who lying remote from *Berinthia*'s Chamber, could not possibly hear so much as the least step of her descent and departure; although their malice were so extream as to write the truth, they all that night could not sleep for joy that *Berinthia* was dispatched: so they prepare themselves against the morn, to hear some pityful out-cries in the house for *Berinthia*'s death: but seeing it near ten of the Clock, and no rumour nor stir heard, they both (as they were accustomed) went into her Chamber, thinking to feast their eyes upon the lamentable object of this breathless Gentlewoman: but contrary to their bloody hopes, they find the nest, I mean the bed, empty, and *Berinthia* not dead, but escaped and flown away: Only *Catalina*, instead of her Sister finds her own Parrot dead on the table. They are astonished at this news, and look fearfully and desperately each on other. *Ansilva* for her part protests and vows, that

she saw *Berinthia* drink the poyson. But finding *Berinthia's* small trunk wanting, and hearing *Diego* gone, then *Catalina* knows for certain, that she was escaped, and her poysoning plot detected and prevented. So they give the alarm in the house, and she goes directly and acquaints her Father, Mother, and Brother, of her Sister *Berinthia's* flight, but speaks not a word of the poyson, or of the Parrots death. *Vilarezo* grieves to see himself robbed of his daughter, and *Sebastiano* of his Sister: but when they understand that *Diego* was gone with her, then they are confidently assured, that *Antonio* hath carried her away, which is confirmed them by the Porter of the City, who told them, that 'twixt twelve and one, a Coach with a Lady, and four Cavaliers, and a Page (drawn by six horses) past the gate very speedily. *Vilarezo* and his Son *Sebastiano* storm at this affront and disgrace, they consult what to do herein: so first, they resolve to send one to *Elvas*, to know, yea or no, whether *Berinthia* be there with *Antonio*? The Messenger sent, returns, and assures them thereof, as also, that *Antonio* is retired from *Elvas*, to a Castle of his without the walls of the City, where it is reported he keeps the Lady *Berinthia* with much honour and respect. Had old *Vilarezo* had his health and strength, he would himself in person have undertaken this journey, but being sick of the Gout, he sends his Son *Sebastiano* to *Elvas*, accompanied with six resolute Gentlemen, his neer allies, and friends, to draw reason of *Antonio* for this affront and disgrace; and so either by Law, Force, Policy, or Perswasion, to bring back *Berinthia*. *Sebastiano* knowing *Berinthia* to be his Sister, and *Antonio* his former, ancient and intimate friend, with a kind of unwilling willingness accepts of this journey: he comes to *Elvas* and finds his former intelligence true, he repairs to *Antonio's* Castle, accompanied with his six associates. *Antonio* admits them all into the first Court, and only two more of them into the second; where he salutes them kindly, and bids them all welcome to his Castle. *Sebastiano* lays before him the foulness of his fact, in stealing away his Sister in that clandestine and base manner, the scandal which he hath laid upon her, and consequently on all their family and blood, tells him that his Father and himself are resolved to have her again at what price soever; and therefore conjures him by the respect of his own honour, and by the consideration and remembrance of all their former friendship, to deliver him his Sister *Berinthia*. *Antonio* answereth *Sebastiano*, that it was an honourable affection, and no base respect, which led him to assist his Sister *Berinthia* to her flight and escape: that he never was nor would be a just scandal either to her, her family, or blood, that his malicious Sister *Catalina* was the author and cause thereof, who by her waiting Gentlewoman *Ansilva* had twice sought to poyson her: and therefore, since he could not deliver her with his own safety, and his honour and conscience, he was resolved to protect her in his Castle, against any whosoever, that should seek either to enforce or offend her.

Sebastiano is perplexed at this strange news, and wondereth at *Antonio's* resolution: so do the two Gentlemen with him. He desires *Antonio* that he may see and speak with his Sister *Berinthia*; the which he freely and honourably grants: and so taking him by the hand, they enter the Hall, where *Berinthia* having notice hereof (accompanied with two of *Antonio's* Sisters) soon comes, and with chearful countenance advanceth towards her Brother: he salutes her, and the first him, then the other two Gentlemen her Cousins. *Sebastiano* prays *Antonio*, that he may confer apart with his Sister. *Antonio* replies, that his Sister *Berinthia's* pleasure shall ever be his. She willingly consents hereunto, when he taking her by the hand, conducts her to the farthest window, and there shews her, her disobedience to her Father, her dishonour to her self, and grief to her friends, for this her unadvised and rash flight, and so perswades her to return: and that if she intend to marry *Antonio*, this is not the way, but rather a course as irregular as shameful. His Sister *Berinthia* delivered him at full the cause of her departure, and very constantly affirms what *Antonio* had formerly told him of her Sister *Catalina's* two several attempts to poyson her by her waiting Gentlewoman *Ansilva*, though with more ample circumstance and dilation: and to testify the truth, *Diego* is produced, who vows and protests the same. *Sebastiano* checks her of folly and cruelty, shews her, that in seeking to wrong others, she only wrongs her self; that in inventing and casting a faigned crime on her Sister *Catalina*, she makes her own conspicuous and true; that she hath no safety but in her return: whereunto with many reasons he seeks to perswade and induce her.

His Sister *Berinthia* again answereth him that there is no safety for her in *Avero*, and that she cannot expect greater than she finds in *Elvas*: she prays him to think charitably and honourably of her departure, and if ever her Father will love her, she requests him not to hate, but to love *Antonio*, whose Castle she finds a Sanctuary, both for her honour and life; taking God and his Angels, her conscience and soul to witness, that her Sister *Catalina's* crime is true, and not feigned. *Sebastiano* seeing *Antonio* resolute, and his Sister wilful and obstinate, begins to take leave, telling her, that he will leave her to her folly, that to her shame, and her shame to her repentance, and so concludes to go into the City, to resolve on what he hath to do, for her good and his

own honour. *Antonio* prays him to dine in his Castle with his Sister: but he refuseth it; saith he hath given the first breach to their friendship; and his own honour, which he shall repent, if not repair; and so departs. Being come into the City, he consults this business with the Gentlemen, his associates, and both himself and they are of opinion to send one post to acquaint his Father herewith, and so to crave his pleasure and resolution how he shall bear himself herein. It is ever an excellent point both of Wisdom and Discretion, for a Son to steer his actions by the compass of his Father's commands. His Cousen *Villandras* undertakes this journey to *Avero*. Old *Villarezo* is perplexed and grieved at this report, and instead of comfort, receives more afflictions; his care, curiosity, passion, and grief, severally examineth, first *Catalina* then *Ansilva*, who (like Theeves in a Fair, or Murderers in a Forrest) he finds equally constant in their denial, being so devoid of grace, and repleat of impiety, as they confirm and maintain their innocencies with many bitter oaths and asseverations: So, he returns *Villandras* to *Elvas* with this Letter to his Son *Sebastiano*:

VILAREZO to SEBASTIANO.

I Commend thy wisdom, as much as I dispraise *Antonio's* resolution, and grieve as thy Sister *Berinthia's* folly and disobedience. I have carefully and curiously examined the two parties, whom I finde as innocent as constant in the true denial of their falsely objected crimes. I have consulted with Nature and Honour, how herein I might be directed by them, and consequently, thou by me, so thy suggest me this advice, and I advise thee this resolution, Either by the Law of the Kingdom, or by that of thy Sword, with expedition to return me, my Daughter, thy Sister *Berinthia*; and let not the Oratory either of *Antonio's* tongue, or her tears persuade thee to the contrary; for then as she is guilty of our dishonour, so we shall be accessory to hers. Let me understand thy proceeding herein, and according as occasion shall present, if my sickness and weakness will not leave me, I notwithstanding will leave *Avero* to see *Elvas*,

VILAREZO.

Whiles *Sebastiano* is consulting how to free his Sister *Berinthia* from the power of *Antonio*, speak we a little of *Catalina*, who (as skilful in subtilty as malice) seeing her treachery and bloody intents revealed, thinks it now high time to make away and poison *Ansilva*; grounding her resolution on this maxim, both of policy and state, that dead folks do neither harm nor tell tales. But behold here the Justice and Providence of God! she who laid snares for others, must now be taken in them herself: a punishment which the sin of this wretched Gentlewoman finds, because deserved. There is no vice nor malice, but have their pretexts and colours; *Catalina* finds fault with two or three red pimples that *Ansilva* hath in her face, which she will have taken away: She sends for an Emperick, one *Pedro Serminata*; and profereth him one hundred Duckets to poison her, which, like a limb of the devil he undertakes; and infusing poison in some potions, he administred it her: she the very next day dyes: a fit reward and punishment for so graceless and bloody a Gentlewoman, who (as we have formerly seen) made no religion nor conscience, to attempt two several times to poison the fair and virtuous *Berinthia*.

Whiles this Tragedy is acting at *Avero*, *Sebastiano* begins to act another in *Elvas*, but a thousand times less impious, and more honourable: For having received his father's order by *Villandras*, he now sends him into the Castle, to take *Antonio's* and *Berinthia's* last resolution: he is admitted to them: *Villandras* directs his speech first to *Berinthia* then to *Antonio*, to whom he relateth his message, and *Sebastiano's* pleasure. *Berinthia* returns him this answer; Cousen *Villandras*, recommend me courteously to my Brother *Sebastiano*, and tell him my first answer and resolution is, and shall be my last. And (quoth *Antonio*) I pray ye likewise inform him from me, that *Berinthia's* will is my law, and her resolution mine, and that I will be as careful as willing and ready to lose my life in defence and preservation of hers. *Villandras* returns and acquaints *Sebastiano* with this their last resolutions, from which he alledges it is impossible for them to be dissuaded or diverted. *Sebastiano* is beaten with two contrary and irresolute winds, what to do in a business of this nature, either to recover his Sister by Law, or by Arms: by Law, he holds it a course both cowardly and prejudicial, by Arms he sees he must kill himself or his friend; to undertake the first, would be the laughter of *Antonio*; and not to attempt the second, the shame of all *Portugal* and *Spain*: he therefore prefers generosity before reason, and passion above judgment, and so resolves to fight with *Antonio*; to which end he makes choice of his Cousen *Villandras* for his Second, and the next morn sends him to the Castle with this Challenge:

SEBASTIANO to ANTONIO.

Must rather return my Sister *Berinthia* to *Avero*, or lose my life here at *Elvas*, for I had rather die, than live to see her dishonour; she is mine: neither do I first infringe or violate the bonds of my

familiarity, rather thy self, fith thou art both the author and cause hereof: wherefore of two ways resolve on one, either before to-morrow morning at six of the clock render me my Sister Berinthia, or else at that hour meet me on foot, with thy Second, in the square green meadow under thine own Castle, where the choice of two single Rapiers shall await or attend thee: If thou art honourable, thou wilt grant my first; if generous, not deny the second request.

SEBASTIANO.

Antonio receives this Challenge, bears it privately from all the World, especially from his sweet *Berinthia*, who (poor Lady) little imagines or suspects her Brother and Lover are rushing forth for her sake: He returns this answer by *Villandras*, that he cannot grant *Sebastiano* his first request, nor will not deny him his second. So he chooseth a Cousen-german of his, a valiant young Gentleman, termed *Don Belasco*, who willingly and freely engageth himself in this quarrel: So he and *Villandras* that night (with as much friendship as secrecy) meet in the City, and resolve on the Rapiers, and other ceremonies requisite in Duels. The morn appears, when our Combatants leap from their beds to the field; where a little before six (being the appointed hour) all parties appear: the Seconds perform their offices in visiting the principals, who cast off their doublets and draw, and so traversing their ground, they, with judgment and generosity, fall to their business; at the first clofe, *Antonio* is wounded in the right arm, and *Sebastiano* in the left side, which glanced on a rib; at the second, *Sebastiano* wounds *Antonio* betwixt the breast and shoulder, a little above his right pap, and he him clean thorow the body of a large and dangerous wound, whence issued forth abundance of blood: so they divide themselves and take breath: they again fall to it, and at this third clofe, *Sebastiano* repays *Antonio* with a mournful and fatal interest; for he runs him thorow the body on the left side a little below the heart; whereof staggering, he falls, and so *Sebastiano* dispatcheth him, and nails him to the ground stark dead. *Villandras* congratulates with him for his victory; which *Sebastiano* with much modesty ascribes to the power and providence of God, and not to the weakness of his own arm. *Belasco* is no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his Principal, but rather like a generous Gentleman, and a valiant Second, resolves to sell it dearly to *Villandras*. They are not long unheathing of their Rapiers; for as soon as *Belasco* had covered up *Antonio* with his Cloak, they approach; at their first meeting, *Belasco* slightly hurts *Villandras* in the right shoulder, and *Villandras* him thorow the body and reins with a fatal wound, wherewith his sword fell from him, and he to the ground; who fearing and presaging his death, he with a faint language begs his life of *Villandras*, who, at the sight and hearing hereof, throws away his own Rapier, and stoops to assist him. But in vain; for it is not in his power to give him his life; for by this time he is dead, and his soul departed to another world.

This tragical news is soon known and bruited in *Elvas*, whereof the Criminal Judges of that City remit *Sebastiano* with as much ease as *Villandras* with difficulty (in favour of money and friends) and obtain their pardons. And now the news hereof flies to *Antonio's* Castle, where his dead body and that of *Belasco* are speedily conveyed and brought, to the grief and sorrow of all those of the Castle, who bitterly weep for the disaster of their Lord and Master. But all these tears are nothing to those of *Antonio's* two Sisters; nor theirs any thing in comparison of these of our sweet *Berinthia*, who is no sooner advertised hereof, but she falls to the ground with sorrow, and there wrings her hands, beats her breast, and tears off her hair in such mournful and pittful sort, that cruelty her self could not refrain from tears, to see the numberless infinity of hers: counsel, advice, perswasion, cannot perswade her to give a moderation to her mourning, or limits to her sorrows; for they are so violent, as their extremity exceeds all excess. She will see the dead body of her dear *Antonio*, all those of the Castle are not capable to divert her eyes from this woful and pittful object; at the sight whereof she falls to the ground on her knees; and gives to his breathless body a thousand kisses: yea, she washeth his sweet cheeks with a whole deluge and inundation of her last tears; she cannot speak for sighing, nor utter a word for weeping; only wringing her hands, she at last breathed forth these mournful and passionate speeches: O my dear *Antonio*, my sweet and dear *Antonio*, *Antonio*, would God my death had ransomed and prevented thine. O my *Antonio*, my *Antonio*.

Leave we *Berinthia* to her passionate sorrows, and sorrowful passions, from which her Brother *Sebastiano* will soon awake her; who by this time as victor and conquerour, is come to the Castle-gate and demands her, where he sees himself refused, and the draw-bridges and approaches drawn up and rampiered with Barricadoes: he craves aid of the Criminal Judges, who send the *Provost* with an armed company of souldiers; so they force the Castle-Gate with a Pettard, where sorrowful *Berinthia* is delivered into the hands of her joyful and rejoicing Brother *Sebastiano*, who with sweet perswasions, and advice, seeks to exhale and dry up her tears: but her affection is so great, as she is not capable of consolation. In a word, she cannot look on her brother with the eye of affection but of revenge and indignation; yea, she wisheth her self

metamor-

metamorphosed from a Virgin to a Man, that she might be revenged of her Brother for the death of her dear Lover *Antonio*. *Sebastiano* leaving the dead bodies of *Antonio* and *Belasco* to their Graves takes Coach with his incensed and sorrowful Sister *Berinthia*; and so leaves *Elyas* and returns towards *Avero*; where his Father *Vilarezo*, and his Mother *Alphanta* welcome him home with praise, and their Daughter *Berinthia* with checks and frowns, who (the best she may) smotherers her discontents; but yet vows to be revenged of her Brother, for killing the life of her joy, and joy of her life, *Antonio*. But all vows of this nature and quality are better broken than kept, which if *Berinthia* had had the grace to have considered, and made good use of, doubtless her end had proved more joyful, and not so fatal and miserable.

Come we now to *Catalina*, who seeing the object of her affection, *Antonio*, dead, and her Sister *Berinthia* returned, who, for his sake, was that of her living malice, she secretly confelleth her Fault to her Sister, in seeking formerly twice to have poisoned her by *Ansilva*, craves pardon of her, vowing henceforth to convert her malice into affection, and so reconciles her self to her; whereunto her Sister *Berinthia* willingly condescendeth. *Catalina* hath made her peace with her Sister, but she hath not contracted & concluded it with God for *Ansilva*'s death. Earth may forget this Murder, but Heaven will not. God's judgments are as just as secret, and as true as wonderful; for he hath a thousand means to punish us, when we think our selves safest and furthest from punishment: which our wretched *Catalina*, and her execrable *Emperick Sarmata* shall see verified in themselves. For the smock of this their bloody crime of Murder, hath pierced the Vaulks and Windows of Heaven, and is ascended to the Nostrils of the Lord, who hath now bent his Bow, and made ready his Arrows to revenge and punish them. The manner is thus.

A Sister of *Ansilva*'s named *Isabella*, is to be married in *Avero*, who invites the Ladies *Catalina* and *Berinthia* to her Wedding. *Berinthia* is too sorrowful to be so merry, as desirous rather to go to her own Grave, than to any other Nuptials; so she stays at home, only her Sister *Catalina* takes Coach, with an intent to accompany the Bride-woman to Church: but see the Providence and Justice of God, how it surprizeth and overtakes this wretched Gentlewoman *Catalina*; for as she was in her way, the Sun is instantly eclipsed, and the Skies overcast, and so a terrible and fearful Thunder-bolt pierceth her thorow the breast, and lays her near dead in her Coach, her Waiting-maids and Coach-man having no hurt, are yet amazed at this strange and dismal accident: so they then think it fit to return. *Catalina* is for a time speechless, her Parents are as it were dead with grief and sorrow hereat, she is committed to her bed, and searched, and all her Body above her Waist, is found coal-black: the best Physicians and Chirurgions are sent for, they see her death, struggle with that Planet, and therefore adjudg their skill but vain: her strength and senses fall from her, which *Catalina* having the happiness to perceive, and grace to feel, will no longer be seduced with the Devils temptations. The Divines prepare her soul for Heaven, and now she will no longer dissemble with man or God, she will not charge her conscience with so foul a crime as Murder, the which she knows will prove a stop to the fruition of her felicity. She confelleth, she twice procured her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Ansilva* to poison her Sister *Berinthia*; and since that, she hath given *Sarmata* one hundred Duckets to poison the said *Ansilva*, which he performed, and whereof, she humbly begs pardon of all the world, and religiously of God, whom she beseecheth to be merciful to her soul: and so, though she lived prophanely and impudently, yet she died repentantly, and religiously. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta*, her old Parents, grieve and storm at her death, but more extremely at the manner thereof, and especially at the confession of her bloody crimes, as well towards living *Berinthia*, as dead *Ansilva*, onely their Daughter *Berinthia* is silent hereat, glad that she is freed of an enemy; sorrowful, to have lost a Sister: they are infinitely vexed to publish their Daughter *Catalina*'s crimes, yet they are enforced to it, that thereby, this *Sarmata*, this Agent of Hell, may receive condigne Punishment for his bloody offence here on Earth. So they acquaint the Criminal Judges hereof, who decree, Order, and Prepare for his apprehension: *Sarmata* is Revelling and Feasting at *Isabella*'s Wedding, to which he is appointed, and requested to furnish the Sweet-meats for the Banquets; but he little thinks what soure sauce there is providing for him. We are never nearer Danger, than when we think our selves furthest from it: and although his sinful security was such, as the Devil had made him forget his Murder of *Ansilva*, yet God will, and doth remember it; and so, here comes his storm, here his apprehension, and presently his punishment. By this time the news of *Catalina*'s sudden Death (but not of her secret confession) is published in *Avero*, and arrived at the Bride-house, which gives both astonishment and grief to all the World, but especially to *Sarmata*, whose Heart and Conscience now rings him many thundering Peals of Fear, Terror, and Despair, his Bloody Thoughts pursue him like so many Bloody-Hounds, and because he hath forsaken God, therefore the Devil will not forsake him, he counsellet him to fly, and to provide for his safety: but what safety so insecure, so dangerous, or miserable for a Christian, as to throw himself

into the Devils protection? *Sarmiata* hereon fearing that *Catalina* had revealed his poisoning of *Ausilia*, very secretly steals away his Cloak, and so slips down to a Postern-door of the little Court, hoping to escape, but he is deceived of his hopes; for the eye of God's providence finds him out. The house is beleagured for him by Officers, who apprehend him as he issued forth, and so commit him close Prisoner. In the afternoon the Judges examine him upon the poisoning of *Ausilia*, and the receipt of one hundred Duckets to effect it, from *Catalina*, which she at her Death confessed. He adds sin to sin and denies with many impious Oaths, and fearful Imprecations; but they avail him nothing: his Judges censure him to the Rack, where, upon the first torm he confesseth it, but with so graceless an impudency, as he rather rejoyceth, than grieves hereat; where we may observe, how strongly the Devil sticks to him, and how closely he is bewitched to the Devil. So for reparation of this foul crime of his, he is condemned to be Hanged, which the next Morn is performed right against *Vilarezo* his House, at the Gallows purposely erected; and, which is worse than all the rest, as this lewd Villain *Sarmiata* lived prophanely, so he died as desperately, without repenting his bloody fact, or imploring pardon or mercy of God for the same. O miserable example! O fearful end! O bloody and damnable miscreant! We have seen the Theater of this History gored with great variety of blood, the mournful and lamentable spectacle whereof is capable to make any Christian hereat relent into pity, compassion, and tears. But this is not all, we shall yet see more, not that it any way increaseth our terrours, but rather our consolation, sith thereby we may observe that Murthor comes from Satan, and its punishment from God.

Catalina's confession and death is not capable to deface and wash away *Berinthia's* malice and revenge to her brother *Sebastiano*, for killing of her dear and sweet Love *Antonio*. Other Tragedies are past, but this as yet not acted, but to come: Lo, now at last (though indeed too too soon) it comes on the Stage.

The remembrance of *Antonio* and his affections is still fresh in her youthful thoughts & contemplations; yea, his dead *Idea* is always present and living in heart and breast: 'tis true, *Sebastiano* is her Brother; 'tis as true, the faith, that if he had not killed *Antonio*, *Antonio* had been her Husband; Again, she considereth, that as *Antonio's* life preserved hers from death, so her life hath been the cause of his: and as he lost his life for her sake, why should not she likewise leave hers for his? or rather, why should she permit him to live, who hath bereaved her of him? But her living Affection to her dead Friend is so violent, and withall so prejudicate and revengefull, as she neither can, nor will see her Brother, who killed him, but with malice and indignation. Instead of confuting with Nature and Grace, she only converseth with choller and passion; yea, she is so miserably transported in her rage, and withall so outrageously wilful in her resolution, that she shuts the door of her heart to the two former virtues, to whom she should open it, and openeth it to the two latter vices against whom she should shut it. A misery equally ominous and fatal, where Reason is not the chief Mistress of our Passions, and Religion the Queen of our Reason. She sees this bloody attempt of hers, whereinto she is upon entering, is both sinful and impious; & yet her Faith is so weak towards GOD, and the Devil is so strong with her, as she is constant to advance, and resolute not to retire therein. Oh that *Berinthia's* former Virtues should be disgraced with so foul a Vice! and Oh that a face so sweetly fair, should be accompanied and linked with a heart so cruelly barbarous, so bloodily inhuman! for what can she hope for from this attempt in killing her Brother, but likewise to ruine her self? nay, had she had any spark of wit and Grace left her, she should consider, that for this foul offence her body shall receive punishment in this World, and her soul, without repentance, in that to come: but she cannot erect her eyes to Heaven; she is all set on revenge, so the Devil hath plottred the Murthor of her Brother *Sebastiano*, and she, like a most wretched and inhuman Sister, will speedily act it. The manner is thus, (the which I cannot remember without grief, nor pen without tears) she provides her self of a long and sharp Knife, the which, some ten days after the death of her Sister *Catalina*, betwixt four and five of the Clock in the morning, she hides in one of her sleeves, and the better to cover and overveil her villany, she in the same hand takes her Lute, and so enters her Brothers Chamber, and finds him sleeping, being a pretty way distant from hers, and his Page *Philippo* in a lower Chamber under him, resolving that if she had found him waking, she would play on her Lute, and affirm, she came to give him the good morrow. But *Sebastiano's* his fortune, or rather his misfortune was such, that he was then soundly sleeping, without dreaming, or once thinking what should befall him, when this wretched and execrable Sister *Berinthia*, stalks close to him, and laying her Lute softly on the Window, draws out her Devilish Knife forth her sleeve; and as a She-Devil incarnate, on his Throat, so the end that he might neither cry, nor speak; and so, with a Female Hand, yet with a Masculine Courage, she (with as much Malice as Haste) gives him seven several wounds thorow the body, and as near the heart as she could; whereof he twice turning himself in his bed, never sprawled more; and then taking up her Lute, and leaving him reaking in his own blood, she after this her most hellish fact, hies her self to her Chamber.

This

This cruel murder is not so closely perpetrated and acted, but *Philippo*, *Sebastiano's* Page, hears some extraordinary stirring and struggling in his Master's Chamber, and so leaps out of his Bed, and taking his Cloak on his Shoulders, and his Rapier in his hand, he ascends the stairs; where *Berinthia* hath not made so great speed, but he sees her entering her Chamber and throwing her door after her; whence running to his Masters Chamber, he finds the door open, and his Master, most cruelly murdered in his Bed, of eight several wounds; at which bloody and lamentable spectacle, he makes many bitter and pittiful out-crys, whereat all the House is in Allarum, and the folks and servants repair thither of all sides. By this time *Berinthia* hath shifted her outward Taffeta Gown, sprinkled all with blood, and wrapt her bloody Knife close in it, and for the more secrecy throws it into the Closetool, and so waits the coming up of her Father and Mother, whom the mournful eccho, and sorrowful news of their Son *Sebastiano's* cruel Murder, had with an Ocean of tears wafted to his Chamber, with whom *Berinthia* likewise, all blubber'd with Tears, enters. They are all amazed at the sight of this bloody and breathless Corps, and wringing their hands, Father, Mother, Daughter, and Servants, look one on another in this calamity, and at this sorrowful disaster. They search every Chamber, Vault, and Door of the House, and find no body, nor print of drops of blood whatsoever; then *Philippo* the Page cries out, that he fears it is the Lady *Berinthia*, who hath Murdered her Brother, and his Master *Sebastiano*, for that he saw her flying to her Chamber as he ascended the Stairs. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta* his Wife are doubly amazed at this report, but graceless *Berinthia* is no way daunted or affrighted hereat, but affirms she likewise heard some stirring in her Brothers Chamber, which made her arise and come to the Stair-head, where seeing *Philippo*, she being in her Night-Attire, Modestly made her retire to her Chamber. They all believe the Sugar of her words, and the circumstance of her excuse; yet they will not proclaim her innocency till they have searched her Chamber and all her Trunks, where they find no Knife, Stiletto, Dagger, or any offensive Weapon; and so her Father and Mother acquit her; but God will not. Notwithstanding they must advertise the Criminal Judges of this lamentable and bloody Murder of their Son, which they do. So they arrive, visit the dead body, and cause all the house to be searched; but as soon as they heard *Philippo's* Speeches, and suspicion of *Berinthia*, then considering her affection to *Antonio*, and her Brother *Sebastiano's* killing of him at *Elvas*, they attribute this to be her fact, as proceeding from passionate revenge; when the sequel and circumstances thereof being apparent in themselves, they not regarding her Father's prayers, her Mother's requests, and her own tears, seize on her, and so send and commit her close Prisoner: where, wretched Gentlewoman, she hath a whole night left and given her, to see and consider the foulness of the fact, and to prepare her self to her answer: which whether it will breed in her confession or denial, obstinacy or repentance, as yet I know not. So from her imprisonment come we to her answer.

Auero rings with the news of this foul and bloody Murder. All bewails, all lament the death of *Sebastiano*, as a Gentleman who was truly noble, truly generous: but his Father *Vilarezo*, and Mother *Alphanta* seem to drown themselves in their Tears, at these mournful accidents, strange crosses, and unheard-of afflictions of theirs. For though they still not believe, yet they deeply fear, that their Daughter *Berinthia* was the Murderer of her Brother *Sebastiano*. And as affection seems to divert them from this opinion, so reason endeavoureth to persuade and confirm them in the contrary. The next morning the Judges sit, and send for *Berinthia*, who comes accompanied with her Parents, and many of her Kinsfolks; they again examine her, and confront her with *Philippo*; she is firm in her denial, and her Judges find circumstances, but no probability nor witness against her, sufficient to convict her of this crime, yet directed by the finger of God, they condemn her to the Rack. One of her Judges pitying her descent, youth, and beauty, as much as he detests this bloody Murder, intreats that her Chamber may be first curiously searched, ere she were exposed to the Rack. This advice and request is heard and followed with approbation. He and two other Officers, accompanied with some of her Friends, repair to *Vilarezo* his House, and *Berinthia* her Chamber; they leave no place, Trunk, Chest, or Box unsearched: yea, their curiosity, or to say truer, their zeal and fidelity to Justice defends so low, as to visit the Closetool, which for want of the Key, they break open; and behold the Providence and Justice of God! here they find *Berinthia's* bloody Gown, and therein very closely wrapt up that hellish Knife, where-with she perpetrated this inhumane Murder on her only Brother. They praise and glorify God for the discovery hereof, and so return to their Tribunal of Justice, bringing these bloody Evidences with them, which *Berinthia* might all this while have removed, if God, to his glory, and her shame, had not all this time purposely blinded the eyes of her Judgment to the contrary. At the sight hereof, she without any Torment, confesseth the Murder, and with many Tears repents her self of it, adding withall, that her affection to *Antonio* led her to this revenge on her Brother: and therefore beseecheth her Judges to have compassion on her youth.

But

But the foulness of her fact, in those grave and just personages, wipes out the fairness of her request. So they consult, and pronounce sentence against her, That for expiation of this her cruel Murther on the person of her Brother, she the next morn shall be hanged in the publick Market-Place.

So, all praised God for the detection of this lamentable murther, and for the condemnation of this execrable Murtherefs; and those who before looked on her Youth and Beauty with pity, now behold her foul crime with hatred and detestation; and as they applauded the sincerity of her former affection to *Antonio*, so they far more detest and condemn this her inhumane cruelty to her own Brother *Sebastiano*. But what grief is there comparable to that of her Father and Mother? Whose age, content, and patience, is not only battered, but razed down with the several assaults of affection; so as they wish themselves buried, or that their Children had been unborn; for it is rather a torment than a grief to them, that they, whom they hoped would have been props and comforts to their age, should now prove instruments and subjects to shorten their days, and consequently to draw their age to the miseries of an untimely and sorrowful Grave. But although they have tasted a world of grief and anxiety, first for the death of their Daughter *Catalina*, and then of their only Son *Sebastiano*; yet it pierceth them to the heart and gall, that this their last Daughter and Child *Berinthia* should pass by the passage of a Halter, and end her days upon so ignominious and shameful a Stage as the Gallows, which would add a blemish to the lustre of their blood and posterity, that time could never have power either to wipe off, or wash away; which to prevent, *Vilarezo* and his Wife *Alphanta* use all their friends and mortal powers, towards the Judges, to convert their Daughters Sentence into a less shameful, and more honourable death. So although the Gallows be erected, *Berinthia* prepared to dye, and a world of people, yea, in a manner, the whole people of *Avero* concur'd and seated to see her now take her last farewell of the world; yet the importunacy and misery of her Parents, her own descent, youth, and beauty, as also her endeared affection and fervent love to her Lover *Antonio*, at last obtained compassion and favour of her Judges. So they revoke and change their former decree, and sweeten the rigour thereof with one more honourable and mild, and less sharp, bitter, and shameful, and definitively adjudge her to be immured up betwixt two Walls, and there with a slender Dyet, to end the remainder of her days. And this Sentence is speedily put in execution; whereat her Parents, Friends, and Acquaintance, yea, all that knew her, very bitterly grieve and lament; and far the more, in respect they cannot be permitted to see or visit her, or be near them; only the Physicians and Divines had admittance and access to her, those to provide earthly Physick for her body, and these spiritual for her soul. And in this lamentable estate she is very penitent and repentant for all her sins in general, and for this her vile Murther of her Brother in particular: yea, a little imprisonment, or rather the Spirit of GOD, hath opened the eyes of her Faith, who now defying the Devil, who had seduced and drawn her hereunto; she makes also her peace with GOD, and assures her self, that her true repentance hath made hers with him. So unaccustomed to be pent up in so straight and dark a Mew, the yellow Jaundies, and a burning feaver surprize her: and so she ends her miserable days.

Lo, these are the bitter fruits of Revenge and Murther, which the undertakers (by the just judgment of God) are enforced to taste and swallow down, when in the heat of their youth, and height of their impiety, they least dream or think thereof; by the sight of which great Effusion of blood, yea, by all these varieties of mournful and fatal accidents, if we will divorce our thoughts from Hell to Earth, and wed our contemplations and affections from Earth to Heaven; we shall then, as true Christians, and sons of the eternal God, run the race of our mortality in peace in this World, and consequently be rewarded with a glorious Crown of Immortal Felicity in that to come.



Belluile slays Poligny Laurieta visits Belluile's friend in the street Laurieta apprehended Laurieta hangs & burns

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The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY VIII.

Belluile treacherously murdereth Poligny in the street. Laurieta Poligny's Mistress betrayeth Belluile to her Chamber, and there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistol; when assisted by her waiting-maid Lucilla, they likewise give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and so murder him. Lucilla flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake: and Laurieta is taken, hanged, and burnt for the same.

IT is an infallible Maxim, That if we open our hearts to Sin, we shut them to Godliness; for as soon as we follow Satan, God flies from us, because we first fled from him; but that his mercy may shine in our ingratitude, he by his Servants, his holy Spirit, and himself, seeks all means to reclaim us, as well from the vanity of our thoughts, as from the prophaneness, and impurity of our actions: But if we become obstinate and obdurate in our transgressions, and so like Heathens fall from Vice to Vice, whereas we should as Christians, grow up from Virtue to Virtue; then it is not he, but our selves that make both shipwrack of our selves and souls; of our selves in this life, of our souls in that to come; than which no misery can be so great, none so unfortunate and miserable. It is true, the best of God's Children are subject to sin; but to delight and persevere therein, is the true way as well to hell as death. All have not the gift of pure and chaste thoughts, neither can we so conserve or sanctifie our bodies; but that concupiscence may and will sometimes assail us (or rather the devil in it) but to pollute them with fornication, and to transform them from the Temples of the Holy Ghost, to the members of a Harlot; this, though corrupt Nature seem to allow or tolerate, yet Grace doth not only deny but detest. But as one sin is seldom without another, either at its heels or elbow, so too too often it falls out, that Murther accompanieth Fornication and Adultery; as if one of these foul crimes were not enough to make us miserable, but that instead of going, we will needs ride

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post to hell. A woful President, and lamentable and mournful Example whereof I here produce to the view of the world, in three unfortunate personages, in a lascivious Lady, and two leud and debauchd young Gentlemen, who all very lamentably, cast themselves away upon the *Scylla* of Fornication, and the *Charibdis* of Murther; for they found the fruits and end of their beastly pleasures far more bitter than their beginning was sweet: yea, and because at first they would not look on repentance, at last shame looks on them, and they, when it is too late, both on a miserable shame, and a shameful misery. May we all reade it to God's glory, and consequently to the reformation of our lives, and the consolation and salvation of our own souls.

In the beautiful City of *Avignon* (seated in the Kingdom of *France*, and in the Province of *Provence*) being the Capital of the Duchy of *Venissa*, belonging to the Pope, and wherein for the term of well near eighty years, they held their Pontifical See, there dwelt a young Gentlewoman of some twenty years of age, termed *Mademoiselle-Laurieta*, whose Father and Mother being dead; was left alone to her self, their only Child and Heir; being richer in Beauty than Lands, and endued with many excellent qualities and perfections, which gave grace and lustre to her beauty, as her beauty did to them: For, she spake the *Latin* and *Italian* Tongues perfect, was very expert and excellent in singing, dancing, musick, painting, and the like, which made her famous in that City. But as there needs but one Vice to eclipse and drown many Virtues, so this fair *Laurieta* was more beautiful than chaste, and not half so modest as Lascivious. It is as great happiness for Children to enjoy their Parents, as a misery to want them: For *Laurieta's* Father and Mother had been infinitely careful and curious to train her up in the School of Virtue and Piety, wherein her youth had (during the term of their lives) made a happy entrance; and as I may say, a fortune and glorious progression. But when God, the great Moderator and soveraign Judge of the World, had in his eternal Decree and sacred Providence, taken them out of this World, then *Laurieta* was left to the wide world, and to the vanity thereof, without guide or governour; exposed to the variety of the Fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of the times, as a Ship without a Pilot or Helm, subject to the mercy of every merciless wind and wave of the Sea: yea, and then it was, that she forgot her former modesty and chastity; and now began to adore the Shrines of *Venus* and *Cupid*, by polluting and prostituting her body to the beastly pleasures of Lust and Fornication, wherein (it grieves me to relate) she took a great delight and felicity. But she shall pay dear for this bitter-sweet Vice of hers; yea, and though it seem to begin in content and pleasure, yet we shall assuredly see it end in shame, repentance, and misery: For, this sin of Whoredom betrays when it seems to delight us, and strangleth, when it maketh greatest shew to embrace us: so sweet and pure Virtues are Modesty and Chastity; so foul and fatal Vices, are Concupiscence and Lust. But he with whom she was most familiar, and to whom she imparted the greatest part of her favours, was to one *Monsieur de Belluile*, a proper young Gentleman, dwelling near the City of *Arles*, by birth and extraction; Noble, but otherwise more rich than wise; who coming to *Avignon*, no sooner saw *Laurieta*, but he both gloried in the sight of her singular, and triumphed in the contemplation of her exquisite and incomparable beauty, making that his best content, and this his sweetest felicity; that his soveraign good, and this his heaven upon earth: so as losing himself in the Labyrinth of her beauty, and as it were drowning his thoughts in the Sea of his Concupiscence and Sensuality, he spends not only his whole time, but a great part of his wealth in wantonizing and entertaining her: a vicious and foul fault, not only peculiar to *Belluile*, but incident and fatal to too many Gallants as well of most parts of Christendom in general, as of *France* in particular; it being indeed a disastrous and dangerous Rock, whereon many inconsiderate and wretched Gentlemen have suffered Shipwrack, not only of their reputations, healths, and estates, but many times of their lives.

In the mean time *Laurieta* (more Jealous of her fame, than careful to preserve her chastity) is advertised, that *Belluile* is not content to cull the dainties of her beauty and youth, but he forgets himself and his discretion so far, as to vaunt thereof, by letting fall some speeches tending to the blemish and disparagement of her honour: so, as vain and lascivious as she is, yet the touching of this string, affords her harsh and distasteful melody: For, she will seek to cover her shame by her hypocrisie, and so resolves to make him know the foulness of his offence, in that of his baseness and ingratitude: To which end, at her first interview and meeting of him, she not only checks him for it, but forbids, and banisheth him her company: which indeed had been a just cause and opportunity for him to have converted his lust into chastity, and his folly into repentance. But he is too dissolute and vicious, to be so happily reclaimed from *Laurieta*; and therefore he is resolved; not onely to justifie his innocency, but thereby also to persevere in his sin: He is acquainted with many Gentlemen, who forgetting themselves, conceive a felicity and glory, to erect the Trophees of their vanities upon the disparagement of Ladies honours:

honours: yea, he seems so far from being guilty of this error, as he taxeth and condemns others in being guilty or accessary thereunto. So, although his Mistress *Laurieta* remain still coy, strange and haggard to him, yet he persevereth in his affection to her: who at last, adjudging of his innocency by his constancy, and of that by his many Letters and presents which he still sent her; as also observing, that she had no firm grounds, nor could produce any pregnant or valuable witnesses of this report, she again exchangeth her frowns into smiles, and so receives and entertains him into her favour, only with this premonition and caution, That if ever after she heard of his folly and ingratitude in this kind, she would never look him in the face, except with contempt and detestation. So these their dis-joynted affections, as well by oaths as protestations, are again confirmed and cemented; but such lustful contracts, and lascivious familiarities and sympathies, seldom or never make prosperous ends.

Now to give form and life to this History; Not long after, a brave young Gentleman of *Mompellier*, named *Monsieur de Poligny*, having some occasion, comes to *Avignon*, who frequenting their publick Balls or Dancings, no sooner saw our fair and beautiful *Laurieta*, but he falls in love with her, and salutes, and courts her: and from thenceforth deems her so fair, as he useth all means to become her servant, but not in the way of Honour and Marriage, rather with a purpose to make her his Courtesan than his Wife. But he sees himself deceived in the irregular passion of his affection: for, *Laurieta* is averse, and will not be either tractable, or flexible to his desires, so as his suit is vain, and she so deaf to his requests, as neither his prayers, sighs, letters, nor presents, are capable to purchase her favour. *Poligny* infinitely grieves hereat, which notwithstanding makes the flame of his Lust rather increase than diminish: so as after much pensiveness, he begins to beat his wits, and to awaken his invention, how he may Crown his desires by enjoying *Laurieta*, when loe an occasion presenteth it self unto him unexpected.

Mademoiselle la Palaisiere, a rich young Gentlewoman near *Pont Saint Esprit*, living in *Avignon*, and seeing *Poligny* at the Dancing, doth exceedingly fall in love with him; yea, she so admires the sweetness of his favour, and the excellency of his personage, as she rejoiceth in nothing so much; and to write the truth, in nothing else but in his company: so as, had not modestly withheld her, she would have proved her own Advocate, and have informed him thereof her self. *Poligny* receives so many secret signes and testimonies of her affection by private glances, and the like, as he cannot be ignorant thereof: but his love or rather his lust to *Laurieta* hath so absolutely taken up his heart and thoughts, as it hath left no place nor corner for *La Palaisiere*; so as here we may observe and remark a different commixture, and disparity of affections. *Poligny* loves *Laurieta* and not she him, *La Palaisiere* affects *Poligny*, and not he her: what these passions and occurrences will produce, we shall shortly see.

La Palaisiere having her heart pierced thorow with the love of *Poligny*, knowing him to be *Laurieta*'s servant, and she the Mistress of *Belluile*; either out of her affection, or jealousy, or both, resolves at next meeting to acquaint *Poligny* with it, thereby purposely to withdraw his affections from her to her self. The occasion is proffered, and opportunity seems to favour and second her desires. Some three days after, the Jesuites (who as the Mountebanks and Panders of Kingdoms and Estates, leave no Invention, nor Ceremony unattempted, to seduce and bewitch the affections of the world) cause their Scholars to Act a Comedy in their Colledge in this City, whereat all the Nobility and Gentry of the City and adjacent Countrey assemble and meet. Thither comes *Poligny*, hoping to see *Laurieta*, and *La Palaisiere* to see *Poligny*: but *Laurieta* that day was sick, and *Belluile* stays with her to comfort her. So first comes *Poligny*, and seeing he could not see his *Laurieta*, sits down, pensively: then comes *La Palaisiere*, and seeing *Poligny* as far off, prays her Brother, who conducted her, to place her near him. *Poligny* can do no less than salute her, and she triumphing in her good Fortune, takes the advantage of this occasion, and in sweet and sugred terms, (after many pauses, sighs, and lusses) gives him to understand, that she knew his affection to *Laurieta*, and with all that *Belluile* and no other was her servant and favourite. This speech of hers strikes *Poligny* to the quick, so as thereat he not only bites the lip, but hangs his head: yea, this unexpected news, as also *Belluile* and *Laurieta*'s absence, so nettles him, and frame such a *Chymera* of extravagant passions in his heart and thoughts, he could not have the patience to sit out the Comedy; but feigning himself sick, departs to his chamber; where a thousand jealousies, ingendered of his affection, perplexed and tormented him; when remembring *La Palaisiere*'s speeches, and being infinitely desirous to know the truth of *Belluile* his affection to *Laurieta*, and hers to him, he sees no means, nor person so fit to reveal the same, as *Lucilla*, *Laurieta*'s Waiting-maid. This *Lucilla*, *Poligny* wins with Gold: in consideration whereof, she reveals him all, how *Belluile* was her chiefest Minion and Favourite; and yet, for some words, he the other day, in ignorance

or Wine, let fall to the prejudice of her honour, she was like to cashier and discard him. *Laurilla* having thus forgotten her own fidelity, in bewraying the dishonour of her Mistress; *Poligny* understanding *Belluile* to be a coward of his hands, though not of his tongue; and in a word, not to be so compleat a Gallant as he supposed him, he of a subtil and malicious invention, resolves to work on him; and so contrives a plot, which we shall see presently put in execution and acted: he very politickly puts on a good face on all his discontents and passions, and although *Laurietta* would not see him, yet he fairly intrudes himself into *Belluile's* company, and of purpose becomes familiar with him. So they very often meet; for they fence, dance, ride, vault, and hunt together: So as at last none are so great Consorts and Comrades as they. But *Poligny* thinking every hour a year, before he had plaid his prize, makes a party at Tennis with *Belluile* for a Collection, and beats him; and so taking two Gentlemen *La Fontain* and *Borelles*, his friends with them, away they go all four to a Tavern. *Poligny* as secret as malicious in this plot, in the midst of their mirth speaks thus to *Belluile*, Sir, quoth he, I am sorry for your loss of this Collation, but if it please you to honour me with your company to *Orange*, a City which I much desire to see, I will pay you the dinner in requital thereof. *Belluile* verily readily and willingly consents hereunto, and *La Fontain* and *Borelles* vow they will likewise have their share, both of the Journey and Dinner. So the next morn they all take horse for *Orange*; but first *Belluile* gives his Mistress *Laurietta* the good morrow, and acquaints her with his Journey. They view this old City, the ancient Patrimony and Principality of the Illustrious Princes of *Orange*; from whence they derive their name: when *Poligny* having given order for the Dinner, away they go, visit the Castle, and salute the deputed Governour thereof *Monsieur Vofberghe*; they see the part of the Amphitheater yet standing, the Cathedral Church, the double Wall of the City, and the old *Roman* Arch not far off, with all other remarkable objects and monuments; and by this time the Cook and their stomachs tax them of their long stay. So they return to their Inn; fall to their Viands, and like frolick Gentlemen, wash them down with store of Claret; and now *Poligny*, as malicious in heart, as pleasant in countenance and conversation, here casts forth his lure and snare to surprize and intangle *Belluile*. O quoth he, how happy the Gentlemen of *Italy* are to us of *France*, sith after dinner every one goes freely to his Courtizan without controulment! I know not, quoth *La Fontain*, what *Orange* is; but I think *Avignon* is not destitute of good fellow-Wenchies, who make *Venus* their queen, and *Cupid* their god. Surely no, replies *Belluile*, for I am confident, that for Jews and Courtizans, for the greatness of it, it may compare with the best City of *Italy*; for, from the Lady to the Kitchen-maid, I dare say, they'll all prove tractable. Nay, quoth *Borelles*, except still our holy Sisters the Nuns. Not I faith, quoth he, nor my Mistress neither. Indeed, replies *Poligny*, If I knew you had a Mistress of that complexion, I would adventure a Glas of Claret to her health. When *Belluile* (out of a Phantastick *French* humour) affirmed he had a Mistress, whose beauty was so excellent, as he knew he could not receive shame to name her; and if you please to honour her self and me with her health, I proclaim, that *Madamoyelle Laurietta* is my Mistress, and my self her servant.

Of wise and Christian Gentlemen what prophane speeches, and debauchit table-talk are these they use here, as if their glory consisted in their shame, or their best virtues were to be discovered in the worst of vices? For, howsoever the Viands they did eat, may preserve the health of their bodies, yet this dissolute communication of theirs must needs poyson and destroy that of their souls: for, as they should praise God in the receipt of the one, so contrariwise they incense and displease his Sacred Majesty in giving him the other; yea, this is so far from Christianity and Heaven, as it is the high and true way to Atheism and Hell: for, Whores and Healths, in the stead of Prayer and Thanksgiving, are the prodigious and certain fore-runners of a seared conscience, and the dangerous and execrable symptoms of a leprous soul.

Birds are taken by their feet, and Men by their tongues. *Belluile* having so basely and sottishly abused himself in the disparaging of his Mistress *Laurietta*, *Poligny* hath his errand for which he purposely came to *Orange*: So Dinner ended, they very pleasantly return for *Avignon*. That night *Poligny* cannot sleep for joy, or rather for revenge: For, now he presumes to know how to work himself into *Laurietta's* favour, by unhorring *Belluile*. It is a dishonest and base part to betray our friend, and under the cloak of friendship and familiarity to harbour and retain malice against them: but this irregular and violent passion of love in young and untrayed judgments, many times bears down all other respects and considerations. For if Religion and Conscience be contemned, what hope is there that either honesty be regarded, or friendship observed, sith it is the only cement and sinews thereof? But *Poligny* is as resolute, as malicious in his purpose; and therefore the next morn by his Lackey, sends the Lady *Laurietta* this Letter.

POLIGNY

POLIGNY to LAURIETA.

IT is out of sincere affection to thee, and not out of premeditated malice to Belluile, that I presume to signify thee, how lately in my presence at Orenge, his tongue let fall some words that tended to the prejudice and disparagement of thine honour: whereof I know it is not only the part; but the duty of a true Gentleman, to be rather curious in preserving, than any way ingrateful in revealing thereof. Neither do I attempt to send thee this news, thereby to insinuate or draw thee to affect me the more, or him the less: only such it is contrary to my complexion and nature, to permit any Lady to be wronged in my presence; how much less thy self, to whom I owe not my service, but my life? If thou wilt not approve my zeal, yet thou hast all the reason in the world to pardon my presumption: and, to make my Letter real, What my pen affirms to Laurieta, my sword is ready to confirm to Belluile.

POLIGNY.

In the extremity and excess of those three different passions, grief, choler, and astonishment, *Laurieta* receives and reads this Letter, and like a dissolute Gentlewoman, being more careful of her reputation to the world, than of her soul towards God, she knows not whether she have more cause and reason either to approve *Poligny's* affection, or to condemn *Belluile's* folly: it grieves her to the heart, to have bestowed her favours on so base and ingrateful a Gentleman as *Belluile*; vows she will make him repent it, and is so resolute, that this vanity and folly of his shall cost him dear; yea, she is so impatient in these her furies of grief and revenge, that she thought once with all expedition to have sent for *Belluile*, to make him as well see the fruits of his own ingratitude, as to taste the effects of her revenge and indignation: but she holds it requisite and fit, and her self in a manner bound first to thank *Poligny* for his courtesie, by returning him a Letter in answer of his, which she speedily dispatcheth him by his Lackey, To this effect;

LAURIETA to POLIGNY.

I Know not whether thou hast shewed me a truer testimony of thy discretion and affection, than *Belluile* of his envy and folly. But as I rest infinitely obliged to thee for thy care of my reputation; so I resolve shortly to make him know what he deserves in attempting to eclipse and disparage it. Now as I grieve not, so I must confess I cannot refrain from sorrowing, at this his undeserved slander; for as mine innocence defends me from the first, so my sex cannot exempt me from the second; and look what disparity there is betwixt thy generosity and his baseness, so much there is betwixt the whiteness of my chastity and the foulness of his aspersion. I rest so confident of the truth of thy Pen, as I desire no confirmation of thy Sword: and I flatter not, rather assure thy self, that such *Belluile* was so indiscreet to wrong me, he will neither have the wit or courage to right himself. I return thee many hearty thanks for this kind office and courtesie of thine; the which I cannot requite; yet I will not only endeavour, but strive to deserve.

LAURIETA.

Whiles *Poligny* receives *Laurieta's* Letter with much content, and many kisses, as triumphing to see how he hath baffled *Belluile* by working him out, and consequently himself into her favour: we will for a while leave him, to consider whether the end of his treachery to *Belluile* will prove as fortunate & pleasing to him, as the beginning promiseth. And in the mean time we will a little speak of *Laurieta*, to see what course and resolution she means to hold and observe with *Belluile*. It is not enough that she hath written *Poligny* a Letter, but her envy and contempt towards *Belluile* is so implacable, as she with much haste and secrecie sends for him: her requests to him are commands; yea, he needs no other spurres but those of his Lust, and of her Beauty, to make him rather fly than post to her presence; when not so much as once dreaming of his former foolish speeches delivered against his Mistress *Laurieta*, much less of *Poligny's* treason conspired and acted against him, he thinks to kiss her, whom so often he hath formerly killed; but his hopes and her disdain deceive him: for she peremptorily sleights him; when having fire in her looks, and thunder in her speeches, she chargeth him with this scandal delivered by him at *Orenge*, in presence of *Poligny*, against her honour and chastity. And is this (quoth she) the reward a Lady shall deserve and receive, by imparting her favours to a Gentleman? & is this the part of a Gentleman, to credit the Trophies of his glory upon his Mistress's disgrace? are these the fruits of thy sighs and tears, or the effects of thy Requests, Oaths, and Letters? Yea, such was then her furious rage, and devilish revenge, as she was provided of a Stilletto, to have there stab'd him to the heart in her Chamber, had not her Waiting-Maid *Lucilla*, with her best oratory and persuasion, power-

fully diverted her to the contrary, by alledging to her the eminency of the danger, which the foulness and hainousness of that fact brought her into. *Belluile* is amazed at this news, when now proving as prophane to God, as before he was base and ingrateful to *Laurieta*, he, with many oaths and imprecations, denies these speeches, and this slander; and with much passion protesteth his innocency. But this will not satisfy *Laurieta*; for to make his shame the more notorious in his guiltiness, she produceth him *Poligny's* Letter; whereat *Belluile* hangs the head, and seems to let fall the plumes, not only of his pride, but of his courage and justification, yet he bitterly and vehemently persevereth in his denial: but all this is not capable to appease or content *Laurieta*; and which is worst of all, nothing can possibly do it, except he make good her honour, and his own innocency, by a Combate or Duel against *Poligny*. So *Belluile* sees himself driven to a narrow and shrewd push: He hath wronged *Laurieta*; and knows not how to right her; *Poligny* hath wronged him, and there is no way left for him to right himself, but by challenging and fighting with *Poligny*. But he loves *Laurieta* dearly, and therefore must resolve to fight, or lose her. As for his own part, to give him his true character and discription, he is rather a City-Swaggerer, than a Field-Souldier, loves rather to have a fair Sword, than a good one, and to wear it only for shew, not for use; he is ambitious of nothing more, than to be reputed rather than found valiant; In a word, for a Tavern-quarrel, or a Stews-brawl, he is excellent; but to meet his enemy in the Field with a naked Sword, that doth not only daunt, but terrifie him. The greatest comfort and consolation he finds in this his perplexity, is, that he knows he hath many fellows and companions, who are as white-liver'd and as very Cowards as himself: of which number, he flattereth himself with this poor base hope, that it is not impossible for *Poligny* to be one. But what is this to give satisfaction to *Laurieta*, except it may shew himself to be *Belluile*, but not a Gentleman? But all these considerations notwithstanding, he loves *Laurieta* so tenderly and dearly, as not daring see her, till he had met *Poligny*, he plucks up his spirits, and infusing more mettall and courage into his resolutions than accustomed, resolves to fight with him: to which end, having at length fitted himself of an excellent Rapier, whose temper (with as much truth as laughter) I confess was far better than that of his heart, he by his Lackey, some three days after, sends *Poligny* this Challenge.

BELLUILE to POLIGNY.

Thy malice and treachery to me is as odious as remarkable; for whilst I sought to cherish thy friendship, it hath purposely been thy delight and ambition to betray mine, in throwing the apple of discord betwixt the Lady thou wast of, and my self, upon the point of her honour; for whose defence and preservation I owe not only my service, but my life: which error, or rather crime of thine, though thy affection to her may seem to allow, yet my reputation to the world cannot, and my Rapier will not. Therefore, sith I have been the undeserved object of thy malice, think it not strange, that I justly repute and hold thee the cause of my envy; which can receive no other satisfaction or reconciliation, but that to morrow at five in the morn thou meet me without Seconds, on the Bridge by the Iron Stump (the limits betwixt the King and the Pope) with thy single Rapier, where I will attend thee with another; of which two take thou the choice, and give me the refusal. Sleep not too much this night, for in the morn I doubt not but to send thee to thine eternal rest.

BELLUILE.

Poligny receives this Challenge, and admires to see *Belluile's* resolution, from which all former reports could never draw assurance. It is not fear that casts his head into these doubts, or these doubts into his head, for he is too generous to be a Dastard, and too Eagle-bred to turn Craven; for rejoicing in having made *Belluile* swallow a Gudgeon, and triumphing in presuming himself seated in the throne of *Laurieta's* favour, makes him as resolute to receive his Challenge as willing and ready to perform it, only the remembrance that *Belluile* sent it him by a Lackey, and not by a Gentleman, throws him into as much disdain as choller: but he, resembling himself, passeth over this disrespect without respect, and so bids the Lackey tell his Master, that he will not fail to meet him at the hour and place appointed.

The Night doth, or should, bring counsell: *Belluile* wisheth his Challenge unsent; but it being out of his hands, it is out of his power to revoke or recall. *Poligny* is of contrary temper, and, glad in his acceptance thereof, desires that his Sword were in action, as well as his courage in contemplation. So out-passing the Night, which *Belluile* passeth over with as much fear as *Poligny* with generosity, the Curtains of the Night being withdrawn, and the Day appearing, ere five have stricken, *Belluile* notwithstanding is first on the Bridge, and *Poligny* immediately after him: they are without Seconds, and therefore they briefly unbrace, but not uncase their

their Doublets. *Belluile* will be valorous in words; and so according to his challenge, and the right of Duels, offereth *Poligny* the sight and choice of his Rapier. *Poligny* is too brave to dye in his debt, upon the point of honour and magnanimity, and therefore gives him his, as contented with the refusal. So (courtesie for a while contending with valour) they both assume and accept of their own Rapiers; when dividing themselves, they joyn with resolution and fury. At first coming up, *Poligny* gives *Belluile* the first wound in his right shoulder, without receiving any, whereat he is more affrighted than *Poligny* rejoyced; at the second, he receives another wound in the left side, but is not yet so happy to see, or assure himself, that his Rapier hath once touched *Poligny's* Body, or which is less, his Cloathes: whereupon, considering *Poligny's* generosity; and comparing the bad grounds of his quarrel with the faintness and baseness of his courage, he throws away his Sword, prays *Poligny* to desist; for he holds himself satisfied. When *Poligny*, disdainig to taint his honour with the least shadow of dishonour, in receiving *Belluile's* shame, gives him the happiness and fruition of his life, and so they part. Lo, here the first fruits of their foolish and lascivious affection to *Laurieta*: but I fear the second will prove more bitter and bloody. *Belluile* going home with his shame and repentance, and *Poligny* with his Honour and Glory, they hush themselves up in silence, *Poligny* at his Chamber, and *Belluile* at his Chyrurgions house, to dress his wounds, hoping, that as they in their sight saw nobody, so that none had seen them; but they are deceived: for two Souldiers from the Castle-walls not only espy them fighting, but know them. So they divulge it into the City, whereof *Laurieta* being advertised, she sends a confident Gentleman, a Cousen-Germaine of hers, to find out *Belluile* and to know the truth and issue of his Combate, but indeed his Cowardise hath purchased him so much shame, as he will not be seen, much less spoken withall: which *Laurieta* understanding, begins to conceive that the two souldiers report was true, and that undoubtedly he and *Poligny* had met and fought in her behalf: whereupon guessing at the truth, that *Poligny* had given *Belluile* the Foyle: she was once of opinion to have written to *Poligny*, to be informed of the particulars and success of their Combate, which so much imported as well her Honour as her Content. But *Poligny's* affection prevents her curiosity: for as she was calling for pen and paper, he in person ascends the stairs to her Chamber; where, after a complemental and courteous Salute, he informs her (as we have formerly understood) that he hath given *Belluile* two wounds for her sake, and his life for his own. She demands if he himself were not hurt; he answers, No. At both which good news she infinitely rejoyceth, and in token of her thankfulness permits him to gather many kisses, as well from the Roses of her Cheeks, as the Cherries of her Lips: and so from thenceforth he vows to be her professed servant; and she promiseth him to be, though not his Mistress, yet at least his Friend. And here they unite and combine their affections: but that contract, and this familiarity, written only in vice, and sealed in lust, we shall shortly see cancelled and annihilated, with as much pity, as infamy and misery, as the sequel of this History will shew and demonstrate.

While thus *Laurieta* and *Poligny* are triumphing in *Belluile's* foyle, and their own familiarity and affection, how is it possible but he must infinitely grieve for his loss of *Laurieta*, and *La Palaisiere* as much sorrow to see her self deprived and out of hope of her *Poligny*? But they brook their afflictions and passions with variable resolutions: for whiles *La Palaisiere* is im-bathing her self in her tears and discontents, *Belluile* is resolute to quench his revenge in *Poligny's* blood. For, forgetting as well his God as Soul, his honour as himself, he intends to do it by the By, and not by the main, by execrable Treachery, not by magnanimous generosity; yea, the Devil is so strong in his Faith, because that is so weak with his Saviour and Redeemer, as shutting the Doors of his Humanity and Chastity, he opens them to Choller, Revenge, and Murther; yea, and henceforth he is so enraged, and his looks are so gasty and distracted, as if his Thoughts were conducting and incouraging his Hands to perpetrate some bloody Stratagem and Design: which is observed and doubted by his chiefest Familiars and intimate Friends, as also by *La Palaisiere*, whose company he sometimes frequents, not so much out of affection to her; as for consolation from her to himself, sith we are subject both to hope and believe, that our afflictions are partly eased and diminished by the sight and relation of that of others, as sympathizing and participating with them; first in their Flames of Love, then of Grief and Sorrow, in being disdained of those we love. Neither could *Belluile* so cunningly or closely take up the fiery sparks of his malice and revenge, under the Embers of silence and secrecy, but her affection to *Poligny*, and jealousy of his good, made her so tender-ear'd, and sharp-sighted, as she overheard some words that either in jest or in earnest fell from *Belluile's* Tongue; whereby it was apparent to her, that he intended no good, but pretended a secret fatal Malice to him, which a little time might too too soon and unexpectedly discover. Whereupon her Love to *Poligny* was so dear and honourable, although he were so firmly entangled in the Beauty of *Laurieta*, as he would not vouchsafe; rather disdain'd to love her self,

self, that she thought the discovery of *Belluile's* malice to *Poligny*, so much imported *Poligny's* good as she held her self bound, as well in duty as affection, to reveal and relate it him; which she doth in this Letter.

LA PALAISIERE to POLIGNY.

TO testifie thee now the constancy of my affection with Ink, as I have formerly done the fervency thereof with tears, know, Thou hast some cause to fear, and I to doubt, that *Belluile* hath some dangerous project, or bloody design to put in execution, against his honour, and thy life; and as I reveal it thee out of care, so look thou prevent it out of thy own discretion, lest he bereave thee of thy life, as thou hast done him of his *Laurieta*. If thou sieght this my advice, as thou hast already my affection, yet as I remain witness of the purity of the last, so will these lines bare testimony to the world of the candour and sincerity of the first. Neither do I presume to send them thee out of any irregular ambition, to purchase the honour of thy favour, but only to let thee know that my affection is both powerful and capable to shine thorow the Clouds of thy disdain; and that the obscurity of that, neither hath defaced the lustre, nor can eclipse the resplendency of his. Regard therefore thine own safety, albeit thou wilt not respect my content, and although thou please not to give me the honour to be thy Mistress, yet I will take the ambition and resolution to live and dye thine hand-maid.

LA PALAISIERE.

Poligny breaking up the seals of this Letter, laughs to see *La Palaisiere's* affection, and to understand *Belluile's* malice; and being befotted with *Laurieta*, he lost both his wit and judgment in the sight and contemplation of her Beauty; yea, he is grown so fond in his affection and respect towards her, as he is arrived to the Meridian of this simplicity, to deem it a kind of treason to conceal any secret from her: to which end, he shews her *La Palaisiere's* Letter, which he makes his pastime, and she her May-game; yea, so vain is her folly, and so foolish her vanity, to see the passages and events of these their passions, as she not only exceeds the decorum of discretion, but of modesty in her laughter: and which is more, when she again considereth how *Belluile* loves her self, and not she him; *La Palaisiere Poligny*, and not he her, it makes her redouble her mirth and exhilaration in such sort, as she seems to burst with the violence and excess thereof: but this mirth of hers shall be shortly waited and attended on with misery and mourning. But *Poligny* notwithstanding sees himself doubly obliged to *La Palaisiere*, as well for her affection to him, as her care of him, and so holds himself obliged in either of these respects and consideration, to requite her with a Letter: the which now, unknown to *Laurieta*, he writes, and sends her to this effect:

POLIGNY to LA PALAISIERE:

IT is not the least of my joyes; that *Belluile* cannot bear me so much malice, as thou dost affection. 'Tis true, I have not deserved thy love; 'tis more true, I have not merited his hatred, for that proceeds from Heaven, as a divine influence, this from Hell, as an infernal frenzy. I will not feed thee with hope, neither can he give me despair: for (not to dissemble) it is as likely I may love thee, as impossible I shall fear him: he may have the will to do me hurt, I wish it were in my power to do thee good; neither can he be more malicious to perform me that, than I will be ambitious to confound thee this: his malice I entertain with much contempt, thy kind advice and sincere affection with infinite thanks: for when I consider thy Letter, I cannot rightly express or define, whether he begin to hate me, or I to love thee more. I doubt not but to make his deeds prove words to me, and I beseech thee fear not but my words shall prove deeds to thee: for I am as confident shortly to salute fair *La Palaisiere*, as careless when I meet foolish *Belluile*.

POLIGNY.

Having thus dispeeded her his Letter, the vanity of his thoughts and the beastliness of his conceits and sensuality, not only surprizeth his reason, but captivates his judgment; so as *Laurieta's* light defacing *Belluile's* memory, he thinks so much on her affection, as he respects not his malice; but this Vice and that Error shall cost him dear. For whiles he is feasting his eyes on the dainties and rarities of *Laurieta's* beauty, *Belluile's* heart hath agreed with the Devil to prepare him a bloody Banquet: Grace cannot contain him within her limits; therefore impiety dalses so long with him, and he with impiety, that at last this bloody sentence is past in the Court of his hellish resolutions, that *Poligny* must die. The Devils assistance is never wanting in such infernal stratagems: for this is an infallible Maxim, as remarkable as ruinous, That he always makes us fertile, not barren to do evil, never to do good. At first, *Belluile* thinks

thinks on Poyson or Pistol to dispatch *Poligny*: but he finds the first too difficult to attempt, the second, too publick to perform. Some times he is of opinion to ascend his Chamber, and murder him in his Bed; then to shoot him out at a Window as he passeth the Street: but to conclude, understanding that he often comes very late in the night from *Lausiere*, he thinks it best to run him thorow with his Rapier, as he issueth forth her House. And to make short hereon, he resolves.

Now to put the better colour on his villany, he retires himself from *Avignon*, and lives privately some six days in *Orange*, giving it out, that he was gone to the City of *Arles*, in *Provence*; where, at that famous Court of Parliament, he had a Proesse for a Title of Land, shortly to be adjudged; and so in a Dark Night, taking none but his Lackey with him, he being disguised, by favour of Money, passeth the Gate of *Avignon*, and giving his Horse to his Lackey, being secretly informed that *Poligny* was with *Lausiere*, he goes directly to her door, and there at the corner of a little Street stands with his Rapier drawn under his Cloak, with a re-vengeing and greedy desire of Blood to await *Poligny*'s coming forth. The Clock striking one, his Door is opened, and *Poligny* secretly issueth forth, without Candle, having purposely lent away his Lackey, who had then unwittingly carried away his Masters Rapier with him. He is no sooner in the Street, but *Belluile* as a murderous Villain, rushest forth, and so like a lamb of the Devil, sheaths his Rapier in his Breast; when *Poligny* more hurt then amazed, and wanting his Sword, but not courage, indeavoureth by struggling to close with his assassin; and so runs out for assistance: but the Dead of the Night favoureth his butcherly attempt, when withdrawing his Sword, he redoubles his Cruelty, and so again runs him in at the small of the Belly, thorow the Reins, whereat he presently falls down dead at his Feet, having the power to Groan and Cry but not utter a Word. Which *Belluile* espying, and knowing him dispatche, runs to his Horse, which his Lackey held ready at the corner of the next Street, and so rides to the same Gate he entred, which was kept ready for him; which passing, he with all expedition drives away for *Orange*: from whence, the next morn before day, he takes post for *Arles*, the better to conceal and o're-vail this damnable Murder of his. But this policy of his shall deceive his hopes, and return him a fatal reward and interest. For although he can blear the eyes of men, yet he neither can, nor shall, those of God, who in his due time, will out of his sacred justice repay and punish him with confusion.

By this time the Street and Neighbours have taken the allarm of this Tragical accident: so Candles and Torches come from every where, only *Lausiere* having played the Whore before, will seem now (though false) to play the Honest Woman; for she, to cover her shame, will not discover, that her self or any of her House are stirring: and so, although she understood this News, and privately and bitterly wept thereat, yet she keeps fast her Doors and like an ungrateful Strumpet, will permit none of her Servants for a long time to descend. The Criminal Judg and President of the City is advertised of this Murder. The dead Gentleman is known to be *Monsieur Poligny*, and, being beloved, he is exceedingly bewailed of all who knew him, and inquiry and search is made of all sides, and the Lieutenant Criminal shews himself wise, because honest and curious, because wise in the perquisition of this bloody Murder: but as yet time will not, or rather God, who is the Creator and Giver of time, is not as yet pleased to bring it to light; only *Lausiere* knew, and *La Palaisiere* suspected, and all those who were the counsel of the one, or the acquaintance of the other, do likewise both fear and suspect, that only *Belluile* was the bloody and execrable Author thereof; but to report or divulge so much, although they dare, they will not.

As for *La Palaisiere*, her thoughts are taken up and pre-occupied with two several Passions; for as she grieves at *Poligny*'s Death, so she rejoiceth that she hath no hand, nor was any way accessary to his murder; rather, that if he had failed by the Compass of her Advice, he had undoubtedly avoided the ship-wrack of his life, and prevented the Misfortune of his Death; what to think of *Belluile* she knows not, but if he were her Friend before, he hath now made and proclaimed himself her Enemy, by killing her dear and only Friend *Poligny*; and therefore is resolved, that as she could never perfectly brook his company, so now this bloody fact shall make her detest both it and him. But let us a little leave her, and descend to speak of *Lausiere*, to see how she brooks the murder of her intimate Friend *Poligny*; for, sith she assuredly knows and believes that this cruel Murder was performed by no other, but by her professed Enemy *Belluile*, or by some of his Bloody Agents; Love and Revenge conspire to act two different Scenes upon the Theater of her Heart; for in memory and deep affection to her *Poligny*, her pearled tears and mournful sighs infinitely deplore and bewail his disastrous end; so, as sorrow withering the Roses of her Cheeks, and Grief making her cast off her Glittering, to take on mournful attire, she could not refrain from giving all *Avignon* notice how pleasing *Poligny*'s life was to her, by the excess of her lamentations and afflictions demonstrated for his death; or if her sighs

found

found any consolation, or her tears cease or tance, it was administered her by her revenge, which she conceived and intended towards *Bellile*, for this his bloody fact. So as consulting with Choler her with Reason, with Nature not with Grace, with Satan not with God, she vows to be sharply revenged of him, and to make him pay dear for this his base and treacherous murder: yea, the fumes and fury of her revenge are so implacable, and transport her resolutions to so bloody an impetuosity, that resembling her sex and self, she inhumanely, and sacrilegiously darts forth an oath, which her heart sends to her soul, and her soul sends to Earth to Hell, that if the means find not her, she will infallibly find out the means to quench and dry up her tears for *Poligny's* death in the blood of *Bellile*: which, such she is so devoid of Reason, Religion, and Grace, that we shall shortly see her attempt and perform. But leaving her in *Avignon*, let us turn out *Bellile* in *Paris*, who is a Gentleman so prophane in his life, and debauched in his actions and conversations, as instead of repenting, he triumphs at this his Murther: yea, he is become so cunning and impudent, as he grieves not hereat, but only that he had no sooner dispatched his *Poligny*; but the better to delude the world, that neither his hand or sword were guilty in leading *Poligny* from this world in a bloody winding-sheet, his thoughts like so many wounds wrestling his conscience, and his conscience his soul, he thinks himself not safe in *Paris*, where the many-sighted Presidents, and Counsellors of that illustrious Senate of Parliament situate at *Paris*, would find him out for the author of this bloody murder, and therefore leaves both it and himself, and so rides to the City of *Lyon*, accompanied with none but his two lackeys, what to write the truth, acted no part in *Poligny's* mournful Tragedy: neither doth he yet think himself safe there; but within a month after the Murther, thinking directly and severely to fly from the eyes and hands of Justice, thereby to avoid the storm of his punishment, he again takes horse for the great City and Forrest, *Paris*, where he hoped the number of people, Streets, Coaches, and Horses, would not only secure his fear, but prevent his danger, and that here, as in a secure sanctuary and safe harbour he might quietly live in peace and tranquillity: but (as before) the time is not yet come of his punishment, nor if may be, God, out of his inscrutable will and divine Providence, will, when he best pleaseth, return him from whence he came; and by some extraordinary accident make him there feel the passion of his fact in the sharpness and suddenness of his punishment; which as a fierce gust and bitter storm, shall then surprize him, when he least suspects or dreams thereof. But in the interim of his residence, he forgets his new fact of Murther, to remember his old sins of Concoffiance and Whoredom; and so, rather like a lascivious Courier, than a civil moral Christian, he cannot see the Church for the Stews, nor the Preachers or Priests for Panders and Strumpers. But this vanity of his shall cost him dear, and he shall be so miserable to feel the punishment, that he will not be so happy to seek the means to avoid it: for now six months having exhausted and dissipated the greatest part of his gold, and his credit being short of his hopes, it seems as the air of *Paris* is displeasing to him, such he cannot be agreeable to it, and therefore (necessity giving a law to the vanity of his desires) he begins to loath the life of *France*, to love the Province of *Provence*, and to leave *Paris* to see *Avignon*. And now it is, the devil, that subtle and fatal seducer, steps in, and at one time bewitching both his passion and judgment, presents him afresh with the freshness and delicacy of *Laurieta's* beauty, which so revives the sparks of his affection, that lay raked up in the ashes of silence, as he vows there is no beauty to hers; and if he chance spy any fair Ladies, either at Court, or in the City, he proudly affirmeth, and infinitely protesteth, they come far short of his *Laurieta's* delicacy, perfection, and grace; so, as his pride tyrannizing o're his ambition, and his concupiscence o're his judgment, he not so much at once dreaming of the implacable hatred she formerly bore him, and thinking it impossible for her to conceive, much less to know that he murdered *Poligny*, he is constant and resolute to re-seek the felicity to live in her favour and affection, or to die in the pursuit thereof: but that will prove as impossible, as this apparent and feasible. So his absence adding fire to his lust, and excellency to her beauty, he is resolute to send one of his Lackeys to *Avignon*, partly to return with money, and so to meet him at *Lyon*, *Mentins*, or *Nevers*; but more especially in great secrecy to deliver a Letter to his fair and sweet *Laurieta*, and to bring him back her Answer, as if he were still at *Paris*, and not in his Journey downwards. When meaning as yet to conceal his Murther of *Poligny*, he calling for pen and paper, teacheth her these lines.

BELLILE to LAURIETA.

Poligny had but the thousandth part as truly respected me, as I dearly loved thee; thou hadst not so soon cast me out of thy favour, nor God so suddenly him out of this world: but I know not whether more to bewail my misfortune occasioned by thy cruelty, or his misery ingendered through his

own treachery. And indeed, as I grieve at that, so I sorrow at this; for, although he died mine enemy, yet in despite of his malice and death, I will live his friend, and if thou lovedst him, as I think thou didst, I wish I might fight with his Murderer for his own sake, and kill him for thine. I may say, thy affection and beauty deserveth his better; though dare not affirm, I am reserved to be made happy in enjoying of either, much less of both, and least of all of thyself; and yet I must confess, that if our virtues and qualities were known, I should go as near to be thy equal, as he infinitely came short of being mine. What, or what not, I have performed for thy sake, is best known to my self; sith thou disdainest to know it: but if thou wilt please to abandon thy disdain, then my affection and the truth will inform thee, that I have ever constantly resolved to die thy servant, though thou have sworn never to live my Mistress. So that could I but as happily regain thy affection and favour, as I have unhappily and unfortunately lost it, Belluile would quickly forsake Paris to see Avignon, and abandon all the beauties of the World, to continue his homage and service to that of his only fair and sweet Laurieta.

BELLUILE.

With this Letter he sends a Diamond-Ring from his finger, and so dispatcheth his Lackey, who is not long before he arrive at Avignon, where very secretly he delivers Laurieta his Masters Token and Letter, and (treacherous Fury as she is) she kisseth both, and breaking off the Seals, reads the contents, whereat she infinitely seems to rejoyce, and so questioneth the Lackey about his Masters return; who being taught his lesson, told her, that that depended on her pleasure, sith hers was his; and withal prays her for an answer; for, that two days hence he was again to return to his Master for Paris: the which she promiseth. The Lackey gone, she cannot refrain from laughing; yea, she leaps for joy, to see how Belluile is again so besotted, to throw himself into her favour and mercy, and to observe how willing and forward he was to run hood-wink'd to his untimely death and destruction: for the Devil hath fortified her in her former bloody resolution; so that hap what will, she vows she will not fail to kill Belluile, because he had slain her Poligny, and already she wisheth him in Avignon, that she might see an end of this her wished and desired Tragedy. In the mean time she prepares her hypocritical and treacherous Letter, and a rich watchet Scarf embroydered with flames of silver. So his Lackey repaireth to her, to whom she delivereth both, with remembrance of her best love to his Master, and that she hoped shortly to see him in Avignon. The Lackey being provided of his Master's Gold, and this Scarf and Letter, trips away speedily for Lions; where he finds his Master privately husht up in a friends house, expecting his return: he is glad of his own Gold, but more of Laurieta's Letter, when thinking every minute a year before he had read it, he hastily breaking off the seals, finds these lines therein contained.

LAURIETA to BELLUILE.

AS I acknowledge I loved Poligny, so I confess I never hated thee; and if his treacherous insinuations were too prevalent with my credulity, I beseech thee attribute it to my indiscretion, as being a Woman, and not to my inconstancy, as being thy friend; for if he died thine enemy, let it suffice that I live thine hand-maid; and that as he was not reserved for me, so I hope I am wholly for thy self. How far he was my inferiority I will not inquire, only it is both my content and honour, that thou pleasest to vouchsafe to repute me thy equal. I am so far from disclaiming, as I infinitely desire to know what thou hast done for my sake, that I may requite thy love with kisses, and make my thanks wipe off the conceits of my ingratitude. As for my affection, it was never lost to thee, nor shall ever be so long as thou art firm, let my Belluile make haste to see his Laurieta, who hath vowed to rejoyce a thousand times more at his return, than ever she grieved at Poligny's.

LAURIETA.

At the reading of this Letter he is beyond himself, yea, beyond the Moon for joy, so as he wisheth nothing so much, as himself in her arms, or she in his. So he fits himself with a couple of good horses, puts his Lackeys into new suits, and knowing that time and his absence had washed away the remembrance of Poligny's Murder, he speeds away for Avignon; where the first night of his arrival there, he privately visiteth Laurieta. 'twixt whom there is nothing but kisses and imbracings; yea, she so treacherously and sweetly lulls him asleep with the Syren melody of her deceitful speeches, as she prays him to visit her often, and that a little time shall crown him with the fruits of his desire: so, for that night they part. The next day he repairs to her again, when amidst the confluence of many millions of kisses, she prays and conjures him to discover her what he hath done for her sake; when he tying her by oath to secrecy

cie, and she swearing it, he relates to her, that it was himself that in affection to her had slain *Poligny*, as he issued forth of her lodging; when having wrested and extorted this mystery from him, it confirms her malice, and hasteneth on her resolution of his death, which his lascivious thoughts have neither the grace to foresee nor the reason to prevent. She espies he hath still a pistol with him, and desires to know why he bears it? who answereth her, it is to defend himself from his enemies, and that he will never go without it. So again they fall to their kisses, and he to his requests of further and sweeter favour of her; which she for that time again denies him; adding withal, that if he will come to her after Dinner to morrow, she will so dispose of matters, as his pleasure shall be hers; and she will not be her own, but his. So being surprised and ravished with the extasie of a thousand sweet approaching pleasures, he returns to his Chamber, and she to her malice: where whiles he gluts himself with his hope of delight, she doth no less with her desire of revenge. And now ruminating on the manner of his death, she thinks nothing so fit or easie to dispatch him, as his own Pistol, and so thinking she should need her Waiting-maid *Lucilla's* assistance (of whom this our history hath formerly made mention) she acquaints her with her purpose, the next day to murder *Belluile* in her Chamber; and so with the lure of Gold, and many fair promises, draws her to consent herunto, and enjoyns her to be provided of a good Ponyard under her Gown for the same purpose, if need should require; which *Lucilla* promiseth. Now this night, as *Belluile* could not sleep for joy, so could not *Laurieta* for revenge, who is so weighed down to malice and murder, as she wisheth the hour come for her to reduce her devillish contemplation into bloody action. But this hour shall come too soon for them both; for as Lovers are impatient of delays, so *Belluile* hath no sooner dined, but taking his Horse and two Lackeys, he says he will take the ayre of the fields that afternoon, but will first call in and see his Mistress *Laurieta*. So he alights at her door, and without the least fear of danger, or apprehension of death, very joyfully ascends *Laurieta's* Chamber; who dissembling wretch as she is; very kindly meets and receives him, and the better to smother and dissemble her murderious intent, is not only prodigal in taking but in giving him kisses. *Belluile*, like a dissolute and lascivious Gentleman, whispers *Laurieta* in her ear, that he is come to receive the fruits of his hopes, and of her promise and courtesie: when considering that his Horse and two Lackeys were at door, she returns him this in his ear, that she is wholly his, and that it is out of her power to deny or refuse him any thing, only she prays him to send away his Lackeys, because their familiarity needed no witness. Thus whiles he calls them up, to bid them carry away his Horse to the Gate that leads to *Marfeilles*, and there to wait his coming, *Laurieta* steps to her Waiting-maid *Lucilla*, and bids her make ready her Ponyard, and stand close to her: for now (quoth she) the hour is come that I will be revenged of *Belluile* for my *Poligny's* death: the which she had no sooner spoken, but *Belluile* returns to her; when redoubling his kisses, he little or rather not at all fearing he was so near death, or death him, being ready to retire himself to a withdrawing Chambr, which *Laurieta* treacherously informed him she had purposely provided for him, he takes his Pistol, and lays it on the Table of the outer Chamber, wherein they then were; which she espying, as the instrument she infinitely desired to finger, takes it in her hand, and prays him to shew her how to shoot it off: so taking it from her, he told her, if she pleased, he would discharge it before her, for her sake. Why (quoth she) is it charged? Yea replies *Belluile*, with a single Bullet. Nay then (quoth *Laurieta*) put in one Bullet more, and if you can espy any Crow out of the Window, either on the house or Church-top, if it please you I will play the man, and shoot it for your sake: When poor *Belluile*, desirous to please her in any thing, looks out at the Window, and espies two Crows on the Crosse of the *Augustines* Fryers Church, which he very joyfully relates to *Laurieta*, and so at her request claps in a second Bullet more; for (quoth she) if I strike not both, I will be sure to pay one; and prays him to lean out at Window, to see how near she could feather them; which (miserable Gentleman) he performing, the Pistol being bent, she behind him dischargeth it directly in his own Reins; whereat he amazedly staggering, *Lucilla* seconding her bloody Mistress, steps to him, and with her Ponyard gives him five or six wounds thorow the body; so as without speaking or groaning, he falls dead at their feet: Whereat *Laurieta* Triumphant and leaping for joy, uttereth these bloody and prophane speeches; O *Poligny*, whiles thou art in Heaven, this have I done in Earth for thy sake, and in revenge of thy cruel death! Which having performed, they more cruelly than Cruelty her self, drag his breathless carcass, reeking in his blood, down the stairs, into a low obscure Cellar, where making a shallow Grave, they there bury him in his Clothes, and so pile up a great quantity of Billers on him, as if that Wooden monument had power to conceal their Murther, and his body from the eyes and suspition of all the world. Good God! What Devils incarnate, and infernal Furies are these, thus to imbrue their hands in the blood of this Gentleman?

But as close as they act and contrive this their bloody and inhuman murder on earth, yet Heaven will both detect and revenge it; for when they least dream thereof, God's wrath and vengeance will surprize them, to their utter confusion and destruction, and it may be sooner than they are aware of.

For the two Lackeys having stayed at the City Gate with their Masters horse till night, they return and seek him at *Laurieta's* House, where they left him; *Laurieta* informs them he stayed not an hour after them, and since she saw him not; which news doth infinitely afflict and vex them. But they return to his Lodging, and like dutiful and faithful Servants, betwixt hope and fear await his return that Night, and all the next Day, but in vain. And now they begin to be amazed at his long and unaccustomed absence, and so consult this important business to some Gentlemen, their Master's confident and intimate Friends; who together with them repair to *Laurieta's* House; and again and again demand her for *Monsieur de Belluile*: but they find her constant in her first answer; and yet, guided by the Finger and Providence of God, they bewray a kind of perturbation in her looks, and discover some distraction and extravagancy in her speeches: whereupon calling to their minds her former discourtesie to him for *Poligny's* sake; and his fighting with him on the Bridg for hers, as also this sudden and violent suspected murder of him, they suspect and fear, there is more in the Wind than as yet they know; and so acquaint the Criminal Judges herewith, who as wise Senators, having severally examined both her and her Maid *Lucilla*, and *Belluile's* Lackeys, they conclude to imprison *Laurieta*, which is instantly performed: whereat she is extremely amazed and terrified; but howsoever, she is resolute to deny all, and constant to stand upon her Justification and Innocency. So her Judges adjudg her to the Torments of the Rack, which (with a Masculine, yea, with a Hellish Fortitude) she endureth, without revealing the least shadow, either of Fear or Guiltiness; but they detain her still Prisoner, and hope that G O D will make time discover the Murder of *Belluile*; For eight days being now past, they are become confident that he is not in this World; but in another. In the mean time, her bloody Waiting-maid *Lucilla* hath continual recourse to her Lady *Laurieta* in Prison, where like impious and prophane wretches, they enterchangeably swear secrecie each to other, sith on eithers discovery depends no less than both their deaths.

Whiles this news is generally divulged in *Avignon*, *Daulphine*, *Provence*, and *Languedock*, and no news at all to be had or gathered of *Belluile*; *La Palaisiere*, who shined with as many Virtues as *Laurieta* was obscured with Vices, out of compassion and Christian charity, some three weeks after, visiteth *Laurieta* in Prison, although she partly believed and knew, that she never affected or loved her; when aiming to add consolation to her afflictions; as God would have it, *Laurieta* out of her ignorance or folly, returns *La Palaisiere* this unlooked for answer: That her self was as innocent of *Belluile's* death, as she was of *Poligny's*. Which words being overheard by some curious head of the Company; were instantly carried and reported to the Criminal Judges; who instantly cause *La Palaisiere* to be apprehended and brought before them; whom they examine upon *Poligny's* death, which doth no way affright or afflict her, because her conscience was untainted, and her self as innocent as innocency her self thereof. They deal further with her, to understand the passages of former businesses betwixt her self, *Poligny*, and *Belluile*. She gives them a true and faithful account thereof, yea, and relates them as much and no more than this History hath formerly related; and to verifie and confirm her speeches, like a discreet young Gentlewoman, she gives them the Keys of a Trunk of hers, wherein she saith is her copy of a Letter she wrote to *Poligny*; and his answer again to her; which she prays them to send for, for her better clearing and discharge. The Judges send speedily away for these Letters, which are found, produced, and read, directly concurring with the true circumstance of her former deposition: whereupon with much applause and commendation they acquit and discharge her. But if *La Palaisiere's* Virtues have cleared her; *Laurieta's* Vices (which the Judges begin to smell out by *Poligny's* Letter) do the more narrowly and straightly imprison her; and yet knowing that *La Palaisiere* neither had, nor could any way accuse her, for either of these two Murders; she sets a good face on her bad heart, and so very bravely frolicks it in prison, and to speak truth, with far more joy, and less fear than heretofore: but to check and overthrow these vain triumphs of hers in their birth, and to nip them in their buds, news is brought her that her Waiting-maid *Lucilla* is secretly fled: which her Judges understanding; they now more vehemently than ever heretofore suspect, (that without doubt) *Laurieta* was the author; and her Maid *Lucilla* the accessary of *Belluile's* Murder; and so they set all the City and Country for her apprehension. And this news indeed makes *Laurieta* fear that she will infallibly be taken; which doth amaze and afflict her; and indeed hereat she cannot refrain from biting of her lip, and hanging down her head: but see the miraculous and just judgment of the Lord upon this wretched and bloody *Lucilla*! for she, for fear flying, as it is supposed, that

night from *Avignon* to *Orenge*, to her Parents, was there drowned, and the next morn found and taken up dead in one of the Fenny Lakes betwixt the two Cities. Which news, being reported to *Laurieta*, she again converts her fear into hope, and sorrows into joys, as knowing well that dead bodies can tell no tales. But the Wisdom and Integrity of the Judges, by the apparency of *Laurieta's* strime in that of her Waiting-Maids flight, again command her to be racked: but the devil is yet so strong with her, and she with the devil, that she again indures the cruelty of these torments with a wonderful patience, with an admirable constancy and resolution, and so courageously and stoutly denying her crime, peremptorily maintaining her innocency & justification, her Judges led by the consideration of the sharpness and bitterness of her torments, as also that they could find no direct proof or substantial evidence against her, begin to conceive and imagine that it might be the Waiting-Maid, and not the Mistress, that had sent *Belluile* into another World; and so resolve, the Week following, if they heard nothing in the mean time to accuse *Laurieta*, to release and acquit her: which *Laurieta* understanding, the torments which her limbs and body feel are nothing in respect of those contentments and joys her heart and thoughts conceive; and already building Castles and Triumphs in her heart and contemplations; for the hope and joy of her speedy enlargement; she, in her apparel and behaviour, flaunts it out far braver than before. But she hath not yet made her peace with her Judges, neither have they pronounced her *Quitta est*. And alas, how foolishly and ignorantly doth the vanity of her hopes deceive and betray her, when as the foulness of her soul, and contamination of her conscience, every hour and minute prompt her, that God, the Judge of Judges, who hath seen, will in his good time and pleasure both detect and punish as well her Whoredom as her Murther, in her Death! And lo, here comes both the cause and the manner thereof, wherein God's providence and justice do miraculously resplend and shine.

For *Laurieta* being indebted to her Land-Lord *Monsieur de Richcourt*, as well for a whole years rent, as for three hundred Livres in money, which he had lent her, being impatient of her delays, but more of her disgrace, lets out that part of his House, which she held of him, to the Dean of *Carpentras*, who for his health sake came to sojourn that Winter in *Avignon*; and despairing of her enlargement, and to satisfy himself, begins to sell away her Household-stuff, yea, to the very Billets which she had in her Cellar, which he retains for himself; whereof when his servants came to clear the Cellar, they removing the last Billets, find the earth newly removed and opened in the length and proportion of a Grave: whereat wondring, they presently inform their Master, who viewing the same, as God would have it, he instantly apprehended and believed, that *Laurieta* had undoubtedly killed *Belluile*, and there buried him: when not permitting his servants to remove the least jot of earth, he as a discreet & honest Citizen, with all possible celerity trips away to the Criminal Judges, and acquaints them herewith; who concurring with *Richcourt* in his opinion and belief, they dispeed themselves to the House and Cellar, where causing the new opened earth to be removed, behold, they find the miserable dead body of *Belluile* there inhumanely thrown in, and buried in his Cloathes, which causing to be taken off, thereby to search his body; they find him shot into the reins with two Pistol-Bullets, and his body stab'd and pierced with six several wounds of a Rapier or Ponyard: they are amazed at this pitiful and lamentable spectacle; and so resting confident it could be no other but *Laurieta* and her Maid *Lucilla*, that had committed this cruel Murther, they privately and secretly cause *Belluile's* dead body to be conveyed to the Prison, and there, when *Laurieta* least dreamt thereof, expose it to her sight, and in rough terms charge and cry out upon her for this Murther; but this monster of nature, and she-devil of her sex, hath yet her heart obdurate with revenge, and her soul so o're-clouded and benumm'd with impiety, as she is nothing daunted or terrified with the sight hereof; but with many fearful imprecations and asseverations stands peremptorily in her innocency, and out of the heat of her malice & choller, terms them Devils or Witches, that are her accusers. But her Judges who can no longer be deluded with her Vows, nor will no more give ear to her perfidious Oaths, command to have her Paps seared off with hot burning Pincers, thereby to vindicate the truth of her cruel murther, from the falsehood of her impious and impudent denial thereof. Whereat amazed and astonished, and seeing this cruel torment ready to be inflicted and presented her, God was so indulgent to her sins, and so merciful to her soul, as the Devil flying from her, and she from his temptations, she raining down many rivolets and showers of tears from her eyes, and evaporating many volleys of sighs from her heart, throwing her self down on her knees to the earth, and lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven, with much bewailing and bitterness, she at last confelleth to her Judges, that she & her Waiting-maid *Lucilla* were the murderers of *Belluile*; and for the which she said, that through her humble contrition and hearty repentance, she hoped that God would pardon her soul in the life to come, though she knew they would not her body in this. Whereupon the Judges in horror and execration of her inhuman and bloody Crime, pronounce sentence of death upon her, and condemn her, the next day after dinner, first to be hanged, then burnt in the same street right against her

her lodging, *Monsieur de Richcourt's* house; and likewise, sith *Lucilla* was both an accessory and actor in this bloody Tragedy, that her body should be taken out of the Grave and likewise burnt with hers in the same fire: which accordingly was executed in the presence of an infinite number of people both of the Citizens, and adjacent neighbours of *Avignon*; *Laurieta* uttering upon the Ladder a short, but a most Christian and penitent speech to the people, tending first to dissuade them all by her example from those foul and crying sins of Whoredom, Revenge, and Murder; and then to request and perswade them, that they would assist her with their religious and devout prayers in her soul's passage and flight towards Heaven: yet adding withall, that as her Crime, so her Grief was redoubled, because as she had killed *Belluile* for *Poligny's* sake, so she was sure that *Belluile* had killed *Poligny* for hers.

And thus, Christian Reader, were the dissolute lives and mournful deaths of these two unfortunate Gentlemen, *Poligny* and *Belluile*; and of this lascivious and bloody Curtizan *Laurieta*, and her Waiting-Maid *Lucilla*. A Tragical History, worthy both of our observation and detestation; and indeed these are the bitter fruits of Lust, Whoredom, and Revenge, and the inseparable companions which infallibly await and attend them; the very sight and consideration whereof are capable, not only to administer consolation to the righteous, but to strike terror to the ungodly. O therefore, that we may beware by these their fatal and dangerous sins: for this is the only perfect and true way to repent and avoid their punishments.



The Triumph of Gods Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murder.

ALL THE WORLD IS A THEATRE

The

...the world is a stage, and all the men and women merely players; they have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven times as many as he is years. So the stage is full of actors, and the world is a stage, and all the men and women merely players; they have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven times as many as he is years.

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The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY IX.

Jacamo de Castelnovo lustfully falls in love with his Daughter in Law Perina, his own Son Francisco de Castelnovo's Wife; whom to enjoy, he causeth Jerantha first to poison his own Lady Fidelia, and then his said Son Francisco de Castelnovo: in revenge whereof, Perina treacherously murdereth him in his bed. Jerantha ready to dye in Travel of Child confesseth her two murders, for the which she is hanged and burnt. Perina hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetual imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dyes.

WE need not send our curiosity (or our curiosity us) to seek Tygers and Monsters in Africa; for Europe hath but too many: who are so cruel and inhuman, not only to imbrue, but to imbathe themselves in the innocent blood of their Christian Brethren. And as Religion prohibits us to kill, and commands us to love our enemies; with what audacious and prophane impiety dare we then murder our Friends, nay those of our own blood, and who are the greatest part of our selves? And although Italy hath lately afforded many Tragical Presidents, and fearful examples of this nature (whereof I have given some to my former, and referred others to my future Books) yet, in my Conceit, it hath produced none more bloody and inhuman than this, whether we respect the Murthers or the Persons. For here we shall see a wretched and execrable Old Man so besotted in Lust, and Flaming in Malice and Revenge, as, being both a Husband and Father, he by a Hellish young Gentlewoman (his Strumpet) poysoneth both his own Wife and his own Son: It was his Vanity which first inkindled

inkindled the fire of his Lust; it is then his Impiety which gives way to the Devil to blow the Coals thereto, and so to convert it into Murther. O that Sin should so triumph o're Grace, and not Grace o're Sin! O that Age and Nature should not teach us to be less bloody, and more compassionate and charitable! And alas, alas, by poyson, that drug of the Devil, who first brought the damnable invention thereof from Hell, to be practised here on earth only by his Agents and Members, we shall likewise see him killed by his Daughter-in-Law; for formerly poysoning of her Husband: Lust seduced him to perpetrate those; Affection, or rather bloody Revenge, drew her on to perform this, and consequently to her punishment due for the same. Had they had more Grace and Religion, they would not have been so inhuman, but falling from that, no marvel if they fell to be so wretched and miserable: for if we dye well, we seldome live ill; if we live ill, we usually never dye well; for it is the end that crowns the beginning, not the beginning the end. Therefore if we will be happy in our lives, and blessed in our deaths, we must follow Vertue, and fly from Vice, love Chastity and Charity, and hate Lust and Envy, prefer Heaven before Earth, our Souls before our Bodies, and despise Satan with a holy resolution both to fear and love God.

Savoy is the Country, and *Nice* the City (seated upon the *Mediterranean* Sea, being the strongest Bulwark against *France*, and the best Fortres and Key of *Italy*) where the Scene of this ensuing Tragical History is laid, the which to refresh from the Head-spring, and fountain of its original, it must carry our curiosity and understanding over those famous Mountains, the *Alpes*, and from thence to the City of *Saint John de Maurienne*, where of late and fresh memory dwelt an aged Gentleman, of rich revenues and great wealth, named *Seignior Antonio de Arconeto*, who had newly by his deceased Wife, the Lady *Eleanora de Bibanti*, two Children, to wit, a Son and a Daughter; that, named *Seignior Alexandro*; and this, the Lady *Perina*; a little different in years, for he was eighteen, and she but fifteen; but more in qualities and conditions, for he was by Nature perverse and cholerick, but she, mild, courteous, and gracious. Again, they differed much in the lineaments and proportion of their bodies; for *Alexandro*, like his Father, was short, crook-back'd, and hard-favour'd: and *Perina*, resembling her Mother, tall, straight-waisted, and fair: so as it being a Principle and Maxim in Nature, that Parents (for the most part) love those Children best, who best resemble them; as the Mother *Eleanora* preferred *Perina* in her affection before *Alexandro*; so contrariwise their Father *Arconeto* did *Alexandro* before *Perina*. but as God had called *Eleanora* out of this life, and left her Husband *Arconeto* to survive her; so *Alexandro's* joy proved his Sister *Perina's* misery and affliction: for he was so happy to see himself tenderly cherished and affected, and she so unfortunate to perceive her self slighted and dis-respected of her Father; wherein, as I praise *Arconeto's* intimate love to his Son, so I cannot but discommend, and withall, pity his immerited and unnatural neglect to his Daughter; wherein, as *Alexandro* triumphing in the one, judge judicious Reader, if *Perina* had not cause enough to grieve and lament at the other. But as the drift and scope of this History looks another way, so for my part, who have undertaken to pen it, it is the least of my intent or purpose to give instruction and direction, how Parents should bear themselves in their affections towards their Children: for loving one, and hating another, the joy of the one proves oftentimes the others sorrow; and in giving that too much hope, we many times administer this too much cause of despair, or if the inclinations and affections of Parents be more narrowly tied, and strictly linked to prefer and love one Child above the other, yet sith they are the equal issue of our loyns, and we the only Parents of their youth, we should be as well cautious in the distribution of our favours, as in the demonstration of our dis-respects towards them. But enough of this digression; and now again to our History.

As *Alexandro* grows up in years, so he doth in ambition and ostentation: for if he play the Bravado abroad among Gentlemen and Ladies, so authorized by his fathers hatred to his Sister, he at home becomes a pretty Tyrant to her; yea, his carriage is so stern and imperious towards her, as if she were rather his Slave than his Sister, or his laundress and his hand-maid than any part of himself, which notwithstanding it was both a daily grief to her heart; and a continual torment to her thoughts; yet *Perina's* sweet perfections, and gracious virtues and behaviour, make her digest and brook all with wonderful constancy; and an admirable patience, for well she knows, that if she should complain to her Father, of her Brother's unkindness towards her, she should thereby reap no other remedy and redress but this, That the one would laugh, and the other triumph thereat; and that the issue thereof would prove her complaints to be the May-game of the one, and mocking-stock of the other. But God hath ordained briefly to ease her of a great part of her undeserved discontents and afflictions: for lo, her Brother *Alexandro*, debauching and surfeiting at a Banquet at *Susa*, returns home, surprised of a hot pestilent Fever, which

which notwithstanding the care of his Father, or the Art of his expertest Physicians, he, in three days, is taken out of this life.

And now guided by the light of nature, and the instinct of common sense and reason, who would not surmise or think, but that *Arconeto*, having buried his Son *Alexandro*, should now love his only Daughter and Child *Perina* far dearer and tenderer than before! But alas, nothing less; for he is not so kind, and therefore she cannot be so happy; yea, which is worse, although his words be her commands, and his pleasure her law, yet he contemns both her and her obedience, and never looks on her with love and affection, but still with disdain and envy: yea, in a word, his distaste is so extream and bitter against her, as he is never better pleased, than when she is furthest from him, so as her absence may delight and content him, but her presence cannot. Which unnatural disrespect, and unjust cruelty of her Father towards her, doth so nip the joys of her youth, and the blossoms of her health and beauty, as, poor young Gentlewoman, she becomes infinite melancholy, and extream weak and sickly; which being observed and pitied of all her kinsfolks and friends, as being her Father's only Child, and Heir to all his Lands and Riches, an Aunt of hers, being her Mother's Sister, and likewise her God-mother, termed the Lady *Dominica*, a Widow-woman of the same City, works so with her Brother-in-Law *Arconeto*, that he is content to permit his Daughter *Perina* to reside and dwell with her: whereat as the Aunt is not a little glad, so the Niece beyond measure infinitely rejoiceth, and triumphs thereat, both hoping that her absence may, and will procure her Father's affection, which her presence could not; and that having more liberty and less bondage, she might again in a short time recover her former health and content; or else that God, out of his divine providence, and pleasure in Heaven, might call and allot her out some gallant Husband here on earth, with whom, in the contents and pleasures of Marriage, she might end her future dayes in as much tranquillity and felicity, as she had formerly lived in discontent and affliction: and indeed the event, though not in the first, yet in the two last points, answereth their expectations.

The Lady *Dominica* hath formerly contracted a Daughter of hers, named *Dona Bertha*, to a Cavalier of the City of *Nice*, termed *Seignior Bartholomeo Spelassi*, by descent noble, and of good revenues and wealth. And now the appointed time is come for their Marriage: to which end, up come's *Spelassi* from *Nice* to *Saint John de Maurienne*, assisted and followed by many Gallant young Gentlemen of his kinsfolks and Friends; and, in a word, with a Train well befitting his rank and quality, where these Nuptials are solemnized with great variety of pomp and pleasure; as Feasting, Dancing, Masks, Running at the Ring, and the like; for in these amorous and Court-like Revels, the *Savoyards* (as participating both of the *French* and *Italian* humours) take a singular delight and felicity: But, as many times one Wedding occasioneth and produceth another, so Fortune, or, to speak more properly and truly, God ordained, that the Lady *Dominica* appointed her Niece *Perina*, to conduct the Bride-groom her Son-in-Law *Spelassi*, to the Church; and he had allotted one of the noblest and eminent Cavaliers that came with him, named *Seignior Francisco de Castelnovo*, to perform the same Ceremony to his Bride the *Dona Bertha*, being a Knight of *Malta*, native of the City of *Nice*, and Son and Heir to *Seignior Giacomo de Castelnovo*, a very ancient and rich Baron of *Savoy*. Now as *Perina* was a most beautiful and fair young Lady, so was our young *Castelnovo* a very proper Gallant Cavalier; and sith the occasion of this Marriage, and the fortunacy and opportunity of their united office, by a kind of destined and happy priviledge, authorized each to be familiar in the others company and presence: so, as Lovers begin to court first in jest, then in earnest, the hearts and breasts of this young couple are in the end equally surprised with the flame of affection; yea, his personage and Dancing, and her beauty and singing, mutually kindle this fire of love in their thoughts and contemplations; which either imagineth, and both perceive, and understand, by the dumb Oratory and silent Rhetorick of their eyes: Which *Castelnovo* knowing her descent and quality answerable to his, he intends to seek her in Marriage. When, not any longer to suppress or conceal their affections, they after dinner, dancing in company of divers others in the Garden, he singeth out the Lady *Perina*, his new Mistress apart in a Bower, closely over-veil'd with Vines, Sycamores, and Cyprus trees, and there, amidst sighs and words, reveals his deep affection to her. But to avoid the prolixious relation of this their Garden interview and conference, although at first *Perina's* modesty (the sweetest ornament and virtue of a Lady) was such, as she not only kept her self, but likewise her affection to her self, yet her courteous and thankful answers, waited and seconded by many delicious blushes, and amorous sighs, although not publickly, yet privately inform'd her Lover *Castelnovo*, that she likewise loved him: so as during the term of fifteen dayes, which *Spelassi* and he remained in *Saint John de Maurienne*, he never left courting her, till he had obtained her

her affection, and consent to be his Wife; drawn thereto by these two attractive and seducing reasons: First, that *Castelnovo* was a gallant and proper Cavalier, as also her equal in descent and means; and then, that she should live in *Nice* with a Husband who dearly loved her, and no longer in *Saint John de Maurienne*, with a Father who extremely hated her: Neither can these our young Lovers bear their affections so secret, but the whole company, especially the Lady *Dominica* her Aunt perceives it, and deeming it a fit match for her Niece, rejoiceth thereat, *Castelnovo* secretly acquaints her therewith, and intreats her best assistance therein, towards her Brother *Arconeto*; which she promiseth, and forthwith attempteth: when *Castelnovo*, taking time at advantage, seconds her in his suit for his Daughter, to her old Father.

Now her Father *Arconeto* (degenerating from the natural affection of a Father towards his Daughter) is so willing to part with her to any Husband, that he may no more see her, nor be troubled with her presence; as thinking a far worse Match good enough; he thinks this infinitely too good for her; and so at the least shadow of the very first motion consents thereunto; which not only banisheth *Perina's* old Grief, but confirmeth *Castelnovo's* new joyes; yea, they like two sweet and virtuous Lovers, so extremely rejoyce and triumph thereat, as he riding home Possessing *Nice*, to acquaint his own Father *Signior Jacomo de Castelnovo* therewith; and swiftly returning again to *Saint John de Maurienne*, with his consent and approbation; this marriage of *Castelnovo* and *Perina*, is almost as soon solemnized, as that of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*; though indeed more obscure, and with far less Pomp and Bravery, in respect of the perverseness and distaste of her stroward old Father *Arconeto*. So, fifteen dayes being expired since *Spelassi* and *Castelnovo* their first departure from *Nice*, they leave *Saint John de Maurienne*, to return and conduct their Brides home to *Nice*, robbing that to enrich this City with two such Beautiful and Gallant Ladies; as were *Bertha* and *Perina*.

Now the better to add Life and Form to this History, or rather to approach the more material and essential parts thereof, we must here leave to speak of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*, and wholly tie our thoughts and curiosity to *Castelnovo* and *Perina*, two principal and unfortunate Persons, who both have mournful parts to act upon the Stage and Theatre of *Nice*; for this Marriage of theirs is not begun with the tenth part of so many joyes, as we shall shortly see it waited and attended on, yea, dissolved and finished both with tears and blood.

Castelnovo having brought Home his fair and dear *Perina* to *Nice*, she is very honourably welcomed, and courteously received and entertained of his old Father *Signior Jacomo de Castelnovo*, and of the Lady *Fidelis* his Mother, and so are all her Kinsfolks and Friends, who accompany her; yea, there wants no feasting nor revelling in *Nice*, to testify how much they congratulate and rejoyce at their Son's good Fortune and Happiness; and for *Castelnovo* and *Perina* themselves, they are so greatly ravished with content, and drowned in the joys and delights of Marriage, as though they have two Bodies, yet but one Hearts Desire, and affection; yea, they are so extremely in Love each with other, as they believe there is no Heaven upon Earth, to that of each others Presence. But they shall be deceived herein; for there are Tragical Storms arising, to trouble the Serenity of this Marriage, and the felicity and tranquillity of these affections.

For it is both with Grief and Shame that I must be so immodest and therefore unfortunate, to relate, that the old Baron *Jacomo de Castelnovo*, aged of some threescore and eight years, hath so far forgotten his God and himself, his conscience and his soul, grace and nature and humanity, as gazing on the fresh and delicious Beauty of our sweet Lady *Perina* his own Son's Wife, he gives the Reins both of his obscene desires, and inordinate affections, to Lust after her: O how my heart trembles to think how he who is white with the Snow of a venerable Age, should now lasciviously idolatrise to Beauty! how he that hath (as it were) one foot in his Grave, should lustfully desire to have the other in his Son's Bed! how he that hath his Veins dried up, and withered, and nothing living in him but desire, should yet of all the Beautyes of the world, desire only to enjoy that of his Son's Wife! how he, that hath scarce any time left him to be repentant & sorrowful for his old Sins, will now anew make himself guilty of these foul Sins of Adultery, and I may in a manner say of Incest! how he that hath not given the Flower of his Youth, will yet still lasciviously and wilfully refuse to bestow the Bran of his Age on his God! alas miserable *Castelnovo*, wretched old man, or rather lubricious and beastly Letcher, thus to drown thy Thoughts in the hell of Concupiscence and Adultery, when it were far fitter thou shouldst lift them up to Heaven, in the sacrifice of Prayer, and other pious and religious contemplations! But all this will not prevail to stop the current of his voluptuousness, and the progression of his sensuality: for without respect of his God, or regard of his soul, he is resolute in his desires, to make a Strumpet of his Daughter in Law, and to make his Son's Wife his Whore: but God will deceive his hopes, and prevent his Villany.

Now the better and sooner to draw her to his lascivious Desires, he is wonderful courteous and affable to her, still walking and talking with her, yea, and many times kissing her; whereof both her Husband and self are infinitely joyful, but especially *Perina*, because she finds a great alleviation in her fortune, in that her Father in Law *Castelnovo* proves as courteous to her, as her own Father *Ardenno* is cruel. But poor innocent soul, and sweet and chaste Lady, little dost thou either dream, or think on his lascivious intent against thine Honour and Chastity. Old *Castelnovo* wallowing in the filthiness, and burning in the fire of his new Lust, and losing himself and his thoughts in the Labyrinth of his Daughter in Law *Perina*'s Beauty, he thinks on nothing so much, nay, on nothing else, but how to obtain her to his lascivious Will: but not daring, or rather fearing to acquaint her with his inordinate and beastly purpose, whiles his Son, her Husband, is at home present with her, he forgeth and frames a plot, both unnatural and treacherous, to make him induce and follow the Wars in waiting on the Duke *Charles Emanuel*, or the Prince *Amadeo Visconti* his Son and Heir, who with their Warlike Troops were resolute to expell the Duke of *Feria Visconti* of *Milain*; with his Spanish Regiments, out of *Vercelle*, *Cassal*, and the other Towns of *Quibione*: to which end his lustful affection to *Perina*, made him eloquent in perswading, and powerful in drawing her Husband to this Martial action, so full of Honor and Glory; adding, that his Honour, and the service of his Prince and Countrey, called him to the Field, and that he should not wholly drown himself in the Beauty of his young Wife, and the pleasures of Marriage. His Son *Castelnovo* not at all suspecting or dreaming what a dangerous Snake lay lurking under the green Leaves of his Father's Sugred Speeches and perswasions, like a noble and generous Knight as he was, needs no other advocate but his own Honour and Martial Disposition to embark him in these Wars; and although the Beauty, Requests, and Tears of his young Lady were vehement solicitors to divert him, yet he is resolute to leave her for three or four months. And so making ready his Arms, Train, Horses and preparatives, he giving her many kisses, and she returning him a world of sighs and tears, leaves *Nice*, and so finds out the Duke and his Army in *Piedmont*; where for a little time we will leave him.

It is a question very disputable, and which by my weak capacity and judgment cannot well be decided, Whether this departure of young *Castelnovo* to the Wars, made his Father more glad, or his Wife sorrowful: for as she was all in tears, so was he in mirth and jollity, being so vain in Lust and so lustful in his Vanity, as he trims up his Beard, and goes neater and withal more youthful in his Apparel than accustomed; yea, his Lust had so metamorphosed him, as if it had a prophane influence, and secret power to renew old age in him. But alas, alas, what perfection of Chastity can we expect or hope for in youth, when we see no better signs and fruits in one of threescore and eight years! But I will follow the stream of our History, though indeed the Relation of this old lascivious Letcher's Lust and Vanity to his Daughter in Law *Perina*, equally afflict me with grief and pity to publish it.

I am then constrained to write and averr, that although meer shame and unnaturalness do as yet withhold this wretched Father's tongue, from vomiting forth his adulterated Lust to his fair and chaste Daughter in Law *Perina*, yet his Lust is so immodestly lascivious, as he cannot keep himself out of her company, not, being in it, refrain from kissing her; but to see the innocency, and observe the purity of her Thoughts, she nevertheless not so much as any way suspects or dreams of his lascivious intent, although indeed she thinks this courtesie of his, somewhat exceeds the privilege of a Father, & the Duty of a Daughter: but measuring this by the cruelty of her own Father, she poor silly soul, thinks her self in this respect now as happy, as heretofore she was miserable. Only the absence of her dear Husband *Castelnovo*, doth both torture and torment her, and the more, for that he is in the field at Wars; when God knoweth, she desireth and wisheth he should be at home with her in peace.

But whiles *Perina* looks from *Savoy* to *Piedmont*, from *Nice* to *Vercelli*, and from her self to her Lord and Husband, her other self, we must not forget, because our History will remember, her Mother in Law *Fidelia*, which now we must admit and re-conduct to act her part upon the Theatre hereof; who, observing her Husbands immodest and unwise Familiarity demonstrated to the young Lady *Perina* her Son's Wife, as also his alteration in Humours and apparel, but chiefly in his accustomed Distractions and Sighs in his rest and repose; she more out of Verbose Wisdom, than foolish Jealousie, aims at his vain Lust towards this young Lady her Daughter in Law; whereat the both admires with Grief, and wonders with anxiety of Affliction and Sorrow, to see her old Husband, in the Winter of his Age, so sottish and beastly to Lust after his own Son's young Wife; to see that no respect of Heaven, no regard of Conscience, nor apprehension of Damnation and Hell, had the Grace or Power, either to kill these lascivious Thoughts in their Conception, or to strangle them in their Birth, to see that he

he who was ready to go to his Bed of Death, should now (like the *Salammandra* in the fire) be burning with desire, to go to that of Lust and Adultery; and to see him so devoid of Pity, as he must needs joyn Incest with Adultery, as if one of these beastly sins alone, were not enough enormous and prodigious to make his life miserable, and his death wretched. And although she hath cause enough of sorrow in her self, yet when she thinks of her Husband's Age, and Daughter's Youth, of his lust and her chastity, and, which is more, of the most degenerate and unnatural part of a Father to seek to pollute and defile his own Son's Bed, and consequently his own honour; This indeed goes near her, and this, and only this, makes her look on him, both with envy and pity: but her age having taught her to love Discreetly, and to hate and disdain Jealousie, she bears this as patiently as she may, till at last seeking and finding out a fit opportunity, she, both with tears in her eyes, and grief in her speeches, very secretly checks him for these his inordinate and lascivious desires towards the young Lady *Perina*, their Daughter-in-Law.

But as it is the nature of Sin so to betray and inveigle our Judgment, that we flatter our selves with a false conceit, none can perceive it in us; so this old Licker, her Husband, thinking that he had danced in a Net, from the Jealousie and suspicion of all the World, in thus affecting his Son's Wife, he, like a lewd and wretched old Varlet, is so far from relishing these his old Wife's Speeches and Exhortations, or from being reclaimed thereby, as he disdaineth both them, and her; and from henceforth is so imperious, and withall bitter to her, as he never looks on her with Affection, but Envy; which nevertheless the (now Modest Wife, and Grave Matron) holds it a part not only of her Love, but of her Duty, by sweet Speeches, and soft means of perswasion, to divert him from this Fond and Lascivious Humour of his. But observe the Vanity of his Lasciviousness, and the Impiety of his Thoughts and Resolutions; for all her prayers and Perswasions serve only rather to set, than rebate the Edge of his Lust, and rather bring Oyl to increase, than Water to quench the Flame of his Immodest and Irregular Affection, so as seeing that she stood in the way of obtaining his Beastly Pleasures; he, like a prophane and barbarous Husband, terms her no more his Wife, but his *Midea*; and, which is worse, he, out of the heat both of his Lust and Choler, vows he will soon remove her from this World to another.

And here the Devil, ambitious and desirous of nothing so much, as to fill up the empty rooms of his vast and infernal Kingdom, by miserable and execrable degrees takes possession first of his thoughts, then of his heart, and lastly of his soul; so as being constant in his indignation and choler, and resolute in this his impious and bloody revenge, he means to dispatch and murder her, who, for the term of forty two years had been his most loving Wife, and faithful Bed-fellow; but withall he will act it so privately, as not having as yet discovered his affection to his Daughter *Perina* he will therefore conceal both from her and all the World the Murder of his Wife *Fidelia*, except only to those graceless and execrable Agents he meant to employ in this mournful and bloody business.

To which end, (with a hellish Ratiocination) ruminating and revolving on the manner thereof, he having run over the Circumstances of many Violent and Tragical Deaths, at last resolves to poyson her, and deems none so fit to undertake it, as her own Waiting-Gentlewoman *Jerantha*; the which authorized by his former lascivious dalliance with her, as also in favour of five hundred Ducks that he will give her, he is confident she will undertake and finish; neither doth he fail in his bloody hopes; for what with the Honey of his flattering Speeches, and the Sugar of his Gold, she, like an infernal Fury, and a Monster of her Sex, most ingratiously and inhumanly consents thereto; so as putting poyson into white-breath, which some mortallage she was accustomed to make and give her Lady, it spreading into her Veins, and extolling the radical Humour of her Life and Strength, within eight dayes carries this Aged and vertuous Matron to her Grave, and her Soul to Heaven. But her Murderers shall pay dear for this her untimely end.

The Lady *Perina*, and all the Lady *Fidelia*'s Kinsfolks and Friends infinitely lament and bewail her Death; and indeed so doth the whole City of *Nice*, where for her Decent and Vertues she is infinitely beloved and affected; but all these tears of theirs are nothing in comparison of those of her wicked and execrable Husband *Castelnovo*, who, although he inwardly rejoices, yet he outwardly seems to be exceedingly afflicted and dejected. But as he hath heretofore acted the part of a Murderer, and now of an Hypocrite, yet, have we but a little patience, and we shall see that detected, this unmasked; and both punished.

Whiles this mournful Tragedy is acted in *Nice*, the Mediation of the French King and Pope reconcile the differences, give end to the Wars, and conclude Peace betwixt Spain and Savoy.

So home returns the Duke of *Peris* to *Millain*; the noble Duke of *Savoy*, and the generous Princes his Sons, to *Turin*; the Marshal *De Desdiguieres*, and the Baron of *Termes*, into *France*; and consequently home comes our Knight *Castelnovo* to *Nice*: where thinking to rejoyce with his young Wife, he is so unfortunate to mourn for the Death of his old Mother; but GOD knows, that neither of them know the least spark or shadow of her cruel and untimely Murther, and less, the cause thereof. Now for his lascivious & bloody Father, albeit, to cast a vail before his thoughts, and his intents and affections, he publickly mourns for his Wife's Death, and rejoyceth for his Sons Return; yet contrariwise he privately mourns for this, and rejoyceth for that. But to leave the remembrance of *Fidelis*, to assume that of our *Perina*; I know not whether she grieved more at first husband's absence, or rejoyce at his presence, sith her affections to him was so tender and fervent in her heart and soul she esteemed that as much her Hell, as this her Heaven upon Earth: but these joys of hers are but fires of straw, or flattering Sun-shine, which are suddenly washed either away with a shower, or eclipsed and banished by a tempest; for whiles her hopes flatter her belief of her Husbands continual stay and residence with her, her Father-in-Law's Lust to her, forsaking and considering that it was impossible to think to obtain her at home, ere her Husband and Son were again employed and sent abroad, makes all his thoughts, aim, care, and industry tend that way, as if time had no power to make him repent the former Murther of his Wife, or Grace influence to renounce the future defiling and dishonouring of his Daughter-in-Law.

But he is as constant in his Lust to her, as resolute in his dispatching and sending away of him; only he must find out some pregnant, virtuous, and honourable pretext and colour for the effecting of his design and resolution, because he well knows his Son *Castelnovo* is as wise and generous in himself, as amorous of his beautiful young Lady *Perina*: but his Lust, which is the cause of his Resolution, or rather his vanity, which is the Author of his Lust, at one time suggests him these two several employments for his Son; either to send him into *France* with the Prince Major, who was lately contracted, and shortly to espouse *Madam Christiene* the King's second Sister, or else under the insinuation of some great Pensions and Offices that were shortly to be disposed of in *Malta*, again to send him back thither: and his harping on these two strings, was the only musick and melody which he now gave his Son; who after he had, a month or two at most, recreated himself in the sweet company of his dear and sweet Wife *Perina*, he least of all aiming whereat his Father aimed, by his absence again gives way, and consents to his desire of his departure: but the choice of these two different employments is yet questionable and unresolved of betwixt the Father and his Son: For as the Son's curiosity desireth for to see the Court of *France*, which as yet he hath not seen; so his Father's Lust and Malice is to have him return honorably to *Malta*, from whence he hath formerly received his honour of Knight-hood, and there to obtain a Pension during the term of his life.

The Son imbraceth the pleasures of the Journey of *France*, before the Profit and Honour of the Voyage of *Malta*: But the Father aiming at other ends, prefers this of *Malta* before that of *France*; so as time working an impression in his thoughts, and his Father's desire a kind of natural Command in his will, and of filial Obedience in his Resolution, he at last resolves on *Malta*.

But as neither of these two enterprizes of young *Castelnovo* is pleasing but distastful to his young and fair Lady *Perina*; so if her affliction and misery be such, as of the two her Husband must needs attempt and prosecute one, then sith he may go into *France* by Land, and cannot to *Malta* but by Sea; she at last, with an enforced willingness (sympathizing with his first inclination) likewise desires that the Object of his Journey, and the Period of his Voyage be *France*, not *Malta*; as relying rather in hearing from him to stand at the speed and fidelity of a Post, than at the unconstancy of the Winds and the mercy of the Seas.

So all things prepared and ready for his Voyage, *Perina* importunately begging, and her Husband *Castelnovo* confidently promising his speedy return, she conducting him over the Hill to *Villafrauca*, in her Coach: they there, with many reciprocal kisses, sighs and tears, take leave each of other; he imbarcking himself upon a French Gally bound from *Marsilles* to *Malta*, (which *Perina* there accidentally) and she committing him to the auspicious favour of the Wind and Sea, very sorrowfully returns for *Nice*.

Thus leaving the Son floating and wafting on the Seas, let us again return to his unnatural and beastly Father, who seeing his Wife gone to Heaven, and his Son to *Malta*, and all things hither-to to succeed according to his lascivious Desires, doth now assure himself, that either by fair or foul Means he will reap his Pleasure of his Beautiful Daughter-in-Law *Perina*.

To which end he gives her the sole government and superintendence of his house, with intent and hope the sooner to govern, and surer to command her : and so forgetting modesty, and his list giving a Law to his conscience, fifteen days are scarce past, till finding her in her Chamber playing on her Lute, he after some pauses, coughs, and kisses, bewrays and vomiteth her forth his fervent affection and desire.

But for mine own part, I highly disdain to pollute and vilifie this History with the obscene and lascivious speeches, wherewith this old Letcher *Castelnovo* courts this young Lady *Perina* his Daughter-in-Law, as holding them as unworthy of my relation, as of my Reader's knowledge, of my modest pen, as of their chaste ears, only judging of their nature and quality by their effects. The beastliness and unexpectedness thereof, first made *Perina* extremely blush for shame and choler, and then immediately again look pale with grief and disdain, when not able to brook, or hearken to his lewd speeches, much less his hateful presence, she, in the defence and preservation of her chastity, which she preferred before her life, giving him a sharp answer, and a bitter denial ; and grieving to see a Father so graceless and impious, to seek to defile his own Son's bed in her dishonour, she throws away her Lute, and so very hastily and cholerickly abandoneth his presence, and her own Chamber. At which he bites his lip for rage, and hangs down his head for indignation. But at last, sin and the devil raining in him, makes him that he will not take this first repulse for his last answer and denial : but, resolute to persevere in his lubricity, he in every walk, garden, and room, frequents and haunts her as her Ghost, as thinking to obtain that from her through his importunity, which he could not by his persuasion ; but this his impudency shall not prevail.

Now as his sinful motion infinitely grieved her, so his perseverance and importunity therein doth doubly afflict and torment her : how to appease this storm, to quench the fire of his Lust, and deface the remembrance and feeling of her grief, she knows not. For alas, alas, she is so unhappy, as her own Father *Arconeto*, and her Aunt *Dominica* are at *St. John de Mauriene*, her sweet and dear Husband's in *Malta*, and her Mother-in-Law, the Lady *Fidelis* in Heaven ; so that she hath no intimate nor secret familiars, nor any bosome-friend to reveal these her sorrows and afflictions. Once she thought to steal away from *Nice*, so to pass the Mountains, and to fly back to *Saint John de Mauriene* : but again considering the dishonour, and withall, the danger to undertake this journey, as also the cold reception and entertainment she should there find of her own hard-hearted Father, who would rather deride than pity her afflictions : she altereth this resolution, and so resolves a little longer to stay in *Nice*, hoping and praying, that God would rectifie her Father-in-Law *Castelnovo*'s judgment, and reform the errors of his lascivious thoughts and desires. And so for her part, hating the Father as much as she loved the Son her Husband ; he could not be more Prodigal of his lewd speeches and tentations to her, than she was of her sighs and tears to understand and repel them. A thousand times she willets her self in *Malta*, with the Knight her Husband, or he in *Nice* with her : and could her body so soon have flown or sailed thither as her thoughts, he had long since enjoyed the happiness of her presence and the felicity of his Father's absence. But, sith she is too miserable to be so fortunate, she hath yet this consolation left her to sweeten the bitterness of her afflictions, and this hope to revive and comfort her against her despair, that her Letter may procure his speedy return from *Malta* to *Nice*. Whereon resolving, although the occasion and grounds thereof were as strange as shameful, she secretly steals to her Chamber, and locking the door to her, takes her pen and paper, and rather with tears than Ink, writes him these few lines.

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

Although mine eyes and heart can better weep and sigh for mine afflictions, than my pen depaint them ; yet I should infinitely wrong thee in my self, and my self in thee, if I inform thee not by this my Letter (the secret Ambassador of my heart) that my affection desires, and mine honour requires thy speedy return to me ; I would unlock thee this mystery, and make it more obvious and apparent to the eye of thine understanding, but that mine own modesty, and another's shame commands my Pen to silence herein. And again, my tears so confusedly and mournfully interrupt my sight, that my tears, and both my pen, as although I have the will, yet I want the power to enlarge thee. Only my dear *Castelnovo*, if ever thy *Perina* were dear to thee, make her happy with thy sight, who would her self not only miserable, but, accursed in thy absence. For till *Nice* be thy *Malta*, Heaven and Earth cannot rejoice me.

PERINA.

Having

Having written this her Letter, she finds a confident and intimate friend of her Husbands, a Gentleman named *Seignior Benedetto Sabia*, who undertakes the safe conveyance, and secret delivery thereof into *Malta* to *Castelnovo*: so, giving it him with store of Gold, to defray the charge of his journey, as also a pair of Gold Bracelets for a token to her Knight and Husband, he imbarks for *Genova*, so to *Naples*, and from thence in a *Napolitan* Galley, arrives in short time, to the renowned and famous Isle of *Malta*, the inexpugnable Bulwark of Christendom, and the curb and bridle of audacious insulting *Turky*, where finding out the Knight *Seignior Francisco de Castelnovo*, he effectually and fairly delivers him his Ladies Letter, Bracelets, and Message, who withdrawing himself to a Window, hath no sooner broken up the seals and read the Letter, but he is at first much perplexed at the unexpected news thereof; he reads it o're again and again, and finds it so obscure, as he cannot gather or conceive her meaning therein, but at last construing it only to be a wile and fetch of her affection, to re-fetch and call him home to *Nice* to her: he loth as yet to lose and abandon his hopes of preferment in that Island, which now the great Master hath promised him, dispatcheth *Sabia* back for *Nice*, and plucking off a rich Emerald from his finger, delivers it him for his Lady *Perina* as a token of his dear and fervent affection, and with it a Letter in answer of hers.

In the interim of *Sabia* his absence to *Malta*; our old lascivious Baron *Castelnovo* is not idle in *Nice*, in still seeking to draw our Lady *Perina* to his Adulterous desire, and will; yea, he is become so obscene in his requests and speeches, as they not only exceed chastity, but civility, so as the (poor Lady) can find no truce, nor obtain any intermission from these his beastly solicitations; but resolving still to preserve her honour with her life; her pure chastity shines clearer in the midst of these his impure temptations, than the Sun doth, being invironed and encompassed with many obscure clouds: but she thinks every hour a year, before she sees her Knight *Castelnovo*, safely returned from *Malta*; when lo, *Sabia*, arriving at *Villafranca*, trips over to *Nice*, and understanding *Perina* privately bolted up in her Chamber, he repairs to her, and there delivers her, her Knight *Castelnovo*'s Ring and Letter, although not himself; when tearing off the seals, she therein finds these words:

CASTELNOVO to PERINA:

MY Fair and Dear *Perina*, the knowledge of thy sighs and tears the more afflict and grieve me; in respect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occasioned them: 'tis true, thy affliction deserves my return; and the preservation of thine honour; not only to request, but to require and command it: but I am so assured of that, and so confident of this, as I know thou wilt carry the first to thy grave, and the second to Heaven. So; if any one since my departure have fallen in Love with thy beauty, thou must not find it strange, much less grieve thereat, such the excellency thereof hath power, not only to captivate one but many; yea, the consideration thereof should rather rejoyce, than afflict thee, such whatsoever he be, the shame in the end will remain his, and the glory thine. But dear and sweet Lady, I think thine honour is only the pretext, and thy affliction the cause, so earnestly to desire my return: wherunto I would willingly consent, but that the daily expectation of my preferment, must a little longer detain me here: only this is my resolution, and I pray, let it be thy assurance, I will dispatch my affairs here with all possible expedition, and shall never think my self happy, till I re-imbarke from *Malta*, and land at *Nice*.

CASTELNOVO.

Having o're-read her Letter, she, the better to dissemble her secret passions and griefs, very courteously confers with *Sabia*: of whom having for that time thankfully taken her leave; she for meer sorrow and affliction throws her self on her bed, from thence on the floor, to see her hopes deceived of her Husbands return; and now she knows neither what to say or do in this her misery and perplexity; for she sees that her Father-in-Law's obstinacy, and consequently her sorrow grows from bad to worse, that he is so far from reclaiming, as he is resolute in his lascivious and beastly solicitations: So that seeing his fair speeches and entreaties cannot prevail with her, he exchangeth his resolution and former language, and so adds threats to his requests, and frowns to his smiles, as if force should extort and obtain that, which fair means could not; yea, and sometimes he intermingleth and administ'reth her such heart-killing menaces as she hath now reason not only to doubt of his lust, but also to fear his revenge: which considering, she, as well to preserve her honour, as to provide for the safety of her life, will once again prove the

the kindness of her own unkind Father *Arconte*, and so determineth to leave *Nice*, and to fly unto *Saint John de Mauriene*: now to assist and accompany her in this her secret escape, she thinks none so fit, as *Sabia*; who for her Husband's affection, and her own virtues, willingly consenteth to her: so she preparing her apparel, and he her train, they in a dark night (when pale-fac'd *Cynthia* enveloped her self in a multitude of black and obscure clouds, purposely to assist and favour her in this her laudable and honourable flight) take horse, and so with great expedition pass the Mountains, and recover *Saint John de Mauriene*; where, though she be not truly welcome to her own Father *Arconte*, yet her honour and her life are truly secured from the lust and revenge of her lascivious Father-in-law *Castelnovo*: nevertheless, the cause and manner of her escape, but chiefly the consideration of her Husband's absence in the passage of this business, doth still so bitterly afflict her, as she is become pale and sickly; whereupon she is resolute, once again, to send back *Sabia* to *Malta*, to her Knight and Husband, with a second Letter, in hope it may effect and procure his return, which her first could not: and so calling for Pen and Paper, she traceth thereon these few lines.

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

Sith thou wilt not leave *Malta*, to see *Nice* for my sake; I have left *Nice* to live, or rather to dye, in *Saint John de Mauriene* for thine: 'tis true, my affection hath desired thy return, which thou hast not granted me: 'tis as true, that one, to whom Nature hath given a prime and singular interest in thee, and thee in him, hath sought the defloration of mine Honour, which my heart and duty have denied him. Thou art confident of my affection to thee; if thine had been so faithful and servent to my self, Neither Sea nor Land had had power to separate us. If any Preferment be dearer to thee, than my Life, stay in *Malta*: or if my Life be dearer than it, then return to *Saint John de Mauriene*, where thou mayest find me; for in *Nice* I will not be found of thee. Hadst thou not purposely mistaken the Cause for the Pretext, in my importunity of thy return, I would have digested it with far more content, and less affliction: but sith neither my Affection or Honour hath power to effect it, at least let the regard of my life; sith that will not accompany me, if thou any longer absent thy self from me: make therefore haste to see thy *Perina*, if ever thou think to see her again; and let her bear this one content to her grave, That she may disclose thee a secret; which, but to thy self, she will conceal from all the world.

PERINA.

Whiles *Sabia* is again speeding towards *Malta*, with *Perina's* second Letter to her Husband *Castelnovo*, we will a little speak of old *Castelnovo* the Father; who seeing his Daughter-in-law *Perina* fled, and consequently his hopes with her, he is extremely perplexed and afflicted hereat. All the House and City is sought for her, and he himself breaks off the lock of her chamber-door; where he finds the Nest, but the Bird flown away; her Bed, but not her self: so as his thoughts doubly torment and astonish him; first to be frustrated of his hopes and desires to enjoy her; then, because she will bewray his lascivious suit and affection, to her Husband, his Son; which of all sides will procure him not only shame, but infamy: yea; now it is, although before he would not, that he fees his error and vanity in attempting to make shipwrack of her Honour and Chastity, which is the glory, and should be the *Paladium* of Ladies: but it is too late to recover her again: and therefore, although he know how to repent, yet he is ignorant how to remedy or redeem it, sith his attempt and enterprise was not only odious to God, but infamous to men, opposite to Grace, and repugnant and contradictory to Nature. Besides, this his lustful folly proceeding from himself, looks two ways, and hath a double reflexion, first on *Perina* the Wife, then on *Castelnovo* her Husband; and his own Son; who, he is assured, will be all fire hereat: yea; this crime of his is so high and so beastly a nature, as he knows not what to say to him, or how to look him in the face, when he shall arrive from *Malta*, which his guilty Conscience tells him will be shortly: neither doth the Calculation or Arithmetick of his fear, deceive him; for by this time is *Sabia* again arrived at *Malta*, where he delivers *Castelnovo* his Wife's second Letter, the which doth so nettle and sting his heart to the quick at the bitter and unexpected news it relates, as he esteems himself no longer himself, because he is not with his dear Wife, who is the one half, yea the greatest part of himself. Wherefore, admiring who in *Nice*, yea in his Father's house, should be so impudently lascivious, to seek to blemish his Honour, in that of his Lady's; he making her sighs and tears his, with all expedition and haste

provides

provides for her departure from *Malta*; and yet his love, his fear, or both, conducing and concurring in one, makes him instantly resolve to dispatch and return *Sabia*, as the Harbinger, to proclaim his coming; the which he doth, and chargeth him with this Letter to his fair Wife and dear Lady *Perina*.

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

THAT sudden departure from *Nice* to *Saint John de Mauriene*, doth equally afflict and amaze me: I burn with desire, to know as well the Author, as the Cause thereof, that I may likewise know how to right thee, in revenging myself of him. I have thought it fit to return *Seignior Sabia* again to thee, as soon as he arrived to me, being ready within two days to embark as timely as himself; so that if Wind and Sea hate me not too much, in more loving and favouring him, I am confident to bring and deliver thee myself, as soon as he shall thee this my Letter; and judge whether I speak it from my heart and soul, for the estimation of thy love, and the preservation of thy honour, make me already deem minutes, months; and hours, years; till my presence be made happy with thine. I come, fair *Perina*, sweet Wife, and dear Lady, I come; and if Heaven prove propitious to my most religious prayers and desires here on earth, our meeting shall be shortly as sweet and happy, as our parting was bitter and sorrowful.

CASTELNOVO.

So, according to this Letter, as first *Sabia* embarks from *Malta* to *Nice*, before him; so he likewise arrives at *Genova*, the day after he did at *Nice*; from whence posting over the Mountains, he arrives at *Saint John de Mauriene*; where, at his Father-in-law *Arconeto's* House, he finds his dear and sweet Lady *Perina*, who every minute of time, with much impatient longing and desire, expected his arrival; (as having the night before received his second and last Letter by *Sabia*, which advertised her hereof) so like true and faithful Turtle Doves, esteeming each others presence their most sovereign felicity, they fall to their billing and kisses, to inform themselves how sweet this their happy meeting was each to other. And here our Knight, *Castelno*, cannot be so curious or hasty to enquire, as his Lady *Perina* was to relate the cause of her sudden departure from *Nice*; to *Saint John de Mauriene*, occasioned by the unnatural lust and lasciviousness of his Father, (as we have formerly understood); the which, with many sighs and tears, she depaints forth to him in all its circumstances and colours. He is amazed at this strange and unexpected news; and far the more, to think that his own Father should (in the Winter of his age) attempt or seek to defile his honour and bed, in the person of this his fair and chaste Lady *Perina*: he wondereth to see so little grace in so many years; and that if Nature had not, yet Religion should have had power to banish these lascivious thoughts from his heart and memory: so with outspread arms he tenderly embraceth and kisseth her, highly extolling her chastity, and applauding the discreet carriage of her escape; being himself resolute to stay in *Saint John de Mauriene*, with her Father *Arconeto*, and not to return to *Nice* to his own Father *Castelno*. But he shall as soon infringe as make this his resolution; for by this time his Father understanding of his Son's return from *Malta* to *Saint John de Mauriene*, and knowing that his Lady *Perina* hath not fail'd to bewray him his lascivious suit and desire, attempted against her honour; as also grieving at the remembrance of his former folly, and future shame, in knowing what a foul scandal both it and his Son's absence would procure and engender him, he resolves to confess his crime, and so by the meditation of a periwasive and softening Letter, to endeavour to reclaim them again from *Saint John de Mauriene*, to *Nice*; when calling for pen and paper, he writes these few ensuing Lines, and sends them his Son by a Gentlewoman of his.

CASTELNOVO to his Son CASTELNOVO.

I am as glad of thy arrival from *Malta*, as sorrowful for thy absence from *Nice*; and sith to deny, it is to double our errors and imperfections, I will not go further than my self to find the cause thereof, sith I know that my lascivious and graceless attempt against the honour of thy chaste Lady, hath done thee to this resolution: but now I write it to my future comfort, as much as I conceived it to my former shame. That Grace hath vanquished Nature; and Religion, Lust, in me; so as I am at present not only sorrowful, but repentant for that crime of mine, which I no more remember, but with horror; nor think of, but with detestation. My soul hath made my peace with God, and my heart desires to recover it both with my self and her: and as I hope He will forget it, so I beseech you both to forgive it.

it me, being ready to confirm this my reconciliation, as well with my tongue as pen. Wherefore sith thou art the sole prop of my age, and comfort of my life, make me not so unfortunate or miserable, to be tax'd with the scandal of my shame, and thy absence; but bring back thy Lady with thee: for here I profess before Heaven and Earth, That I will henceforth as much honour her for her Chastity, as heretofore I lasciviously sought to betray and violate it.

CASTELNOVO.

This virtuous and religious Letter of the Father, prevails with the Son, and his fair and chaste Lady; so as their secrecies and discretions, hush up this business in silence; and within eight days they both return from *Saint John de Mauriene*, to *Nice*; where they are courteously welcomed, and respectively received and entertained of their Father, whose contrition for his former folly, is outwardly so great, as he hath tears in his eyes at the remembrance thereof: so as making good the promise of his Letter, he very patiently and sorrowfully implores their pardon and remission; which they instantly grant him, with as much willingness as alacrity. So the report and thought hereof is obscured and vanished, as if it had never been; and all things and parties so reconciled, as, to common sense, nothing in the world is capable to trouble the tranquillity of this reconciliation and atonement. But alas! alas! we shall very briefly see the contrary: For old *Castelnovo*, the Father, notwithstanding all these Religious promises, and sincere shews of repentance and tears, is so far from being the man he seems to be, as although he have made his peace with his Son and Daughter, yet, ay me, (I write it with grief!) he hath not with his Conscience; nor his Conscience with God: for, although he have a chaste and religious tongue, yet he still retaineth a lascivious and adulterate heart: yea, he is so far from conversion and reformation, as the new sight and review of the Lady *Perina's* fresh and delicate beauty, doth revive those sparks, and refresh those flames of his lust, which seemed to be raked up in the embers of her absence. And what is this, but to be a Christian in shew, and a Miscreant in effect? To hide a foul soul under a fair face? and to make Religion and Hypocrisy, a fatal and miserable cloak for his villany? But though he dissembles with God, yet we shall see, and he find, that God will not dissemble with him; and in thinking to betray God, Satan in the end will betray him. The manner is thus.

As he resumes his old suit, and newly burns in love and lustful desire, to erect the Trophies of his lascivious and incestuous pleasures upon the ruins of his Daughter-in-law's chastity and honour; so he likewise sees it impossible to think to perform, or hope to accomplish it, as long as his Son, her Husband, lives; and therefore, losing his judgment either in the Labyrinth of her beauty, or in the turbulent Ocean of his own concupiscence and lust; he, contrary to the rules of Grace, and the Laws and principles of Nature, swaps a bargain with the Devil to poison him. To which end, to shew himself the Monster of men, and the bloodiest President of a most degenerate Father, which this, or many precedent Ages ever produced or afforded; he hath again recourse to his Hellish Agent *Jerantha*, in favour of five hundred Ducats, to send the Son into Heaven after the Mother, and to make him equal with her, as in nature, so in (the dissolution thereof) death. A bloody design, and mournful project, which we shall presently be informed to see acted upon the Theater of this History.

But *Jerantha* is at first so repentant for the death of the Mother, as she will not consent to that of the Son. And had she continued in this Religious resolution, she had lived more fortunately, and not dyed so miserably and shamefully, as we shall briefly see. For our old Letcher *Castelnovo* her Master, seeing his Gold could not this second time prevail with *Jerantha*; being equally enflamed as well with lust to *Perina*, as with malice and revenge to his Son *Castelnovo* her Husband, he is so implacable therein, as he promiseth to marry her, if she will attempt and perform it. So, although his first battery failed, yet his second doth not: for the Devil hath made her so ambitious of greatness and honour, that of a simple Waiting-Gentlewoman, to become a great Lady, she consents thereunto: and, which is a thousand pities to report, within less than six days performs it, when (God knows) the innocency of this harmless young Gentleman, his Son, never dreamt or suspected it.

At the sight of this his sudden death, his Lady *Perina* is ready to dye for grief, yea to drown her self in the Ocean and Deluge of her tears; tearing her hair, and striving to deface the excellency of her beauty, with a kind of careless neglect, as if she were resolute not to survive him. And if the Lady *Perina* bewrayed many deplorable demonstrations of sorrow for the death of her Husband; no less doth his Father *Castelnovo* for that of his Son; only their griefs (conformable to their passions) are diametrically different and opposite; for hers were fervent and true, as proceeding from the sincerity of her affection; and his hypocritical and feigned; as derived from the profundity of his Malice and Revenge towards

him. And not to transgress from the *Decorum* and truth of our History, old *Castelnovo* could not so artificially bear and over-vail his sorrows for his Sons death, but (the premises considered) our young afflicted Widow and Lady, vehemently suspecteth he hath a hand therein; and likewise partly believes, that *Jerantha* is likewise accessary and engaged therein, in respect she looks more aloft, and is grown more familiar with her Lord and Master, than before. And indeed, as her sorrows encrease her jealousy, so her jealousy throws her into a passionate and violent resolution of Revenge, both against him and her, if she can be futrely assured that they had murdered and poysoned the Knight her Husband.

Now to be assured hereof, she thus reasoneth with her self; That if her Father-in-Law were the Murderer of his Son her Husband, his malice and hatred to him, proceeded from his beastly lust to her self; and that he now dispatched, he would again shortly revive and renew his old lascivious suit to her: which if he did, she vows to take a sharp and cruel Revenge of him, which she will limit with no less than his death. And indeed we shall not go far to see the event and truth answer her suspicion. For within a month or two after her Husband was laid in his untimely grave, his old lustful and lascivious Father doth again burst and vomit forth his beastly solicitations against her Chastity and Honour: which observing, she somewhat disdainfully and coyly puts him off, but yet not so passionately nor cholerickly as before, only of purpose to make him the more eager in his pursuit, thereby the better to draw him to her lure, that she might perpetrate her malice, and act her revenge on him, and so make his death the object of her rage and indignation, as his lust and malice were the cause of the sorrows of her life. But unfortunate and miserable Lady, What a bloody and hellish Enterprize dost thou engage thy self in? And why hath thy affection so blinded thy Conscience and Soul, to make thy self the Author and Actor of so mournful and bloody a Tragedy? For alas! alas! sweet *Perina*! I know not whether more to commend thy affection to thy Husband, or condemn thy cruel malice intended to his Father. For, O Grief! O pity! where are thy Virtues, where is thy Religion, where thy Conscience, thy Soul, thy God, thus to give thy self over to the hellish tentations of Satan? Thou, which heretofore fled'st from Adultery, wilt thou now follow Murder? or because thy heart would not be accessary to that, shall thy Soul be now so irreligious and impious, to be guilty of this? But as her Father-in-Law is resolute in his Lust towards her, so is she likewise in her Revenge towards him; and far the more, in that she perceives *Jerantha's* great belly sufficiently proclaims that she hath plaid the Strumpet: and which is worse, she fears, with her execrable and wretched Father-in-Law: as now no longer able to stop the furious and impetuous current of her revenge, she is so graceless and bloody, as she vows first to dispatch the Lord and Master, then the Waiting-Gentlewoman; as her thoughts and Soul suggest her they had done first the Mother, then the Son: so impious are her thoughts, so inhuman and bloody her resolutions.

Now in the interim of this time, the old Letcher her Father is again become impudent and importunate in his Suit. So our wretched Lady *Perina* degenerating from her former Virtues, and indeed from her self, she, after many requests and solicitations, very feignedly seems to yield and strike fail to his desire; but indeed with a bloody intent to dispatch him out of this World. So having concluded this sinful fatal Match, there wants nothing but the finishing and accomplishing thereof; only they differ in the manner and circumstances: the Father is desirous to go to the Daughter-in-law's bed, the Daughter to the Father-in-law's; but both conclude that the night, and not the day, shall give end to this lascivious and beastly business; his reason is, to avoid the Jealousie and Rage of *Jerantha*, whom now, although she be near her time of deliverance, he refuseth to marry her: but the Lady *Perina's* is, that she may pollute and stain his own bed with his blood, and not hers; but especially, because she may have the fitter means to stab and murder him: and hereon they conclude. To which end, not only the night, but the hour is appointed betwixt them: which being come, and *Castelnovo* in bed, burning with impatience and desire for her arrival, he thinking on nothing but his beastly pleasures, nor she, but on her cruel malice and revenge: she softly enters his Chamber, but not in her night, but her day-attire, having a *Pisa* Ponyard close in her sleeve; when having bolted his chamber-door, because none should divert her from this her bloody design; she approaching his bed, and he lifting himself up purposely to welcome and kiss her, she seeing his breast open and naked, like an incensed Fury, draws out her Ponyard, and uttering these words, *Thou wretched Whore-master and Murderer of this life of mine own Honour, and the death of my dear Knight and Husband, thy Son.* And so stabbing him at the heart with many blows, she kills him stark dead, and leaves him reeking in his hot blood, without giving him time to speak a word; only he fetcht a shriek and a groan or two, as his soul took her last farewell of his

his body, which being over-heard by the servants of the house, they ascend his Chamber, and find our inhuman *Perina* issuing forth, all gored with the effusion of his blood, having the bloody Ponyard, which was the fatal instrument of this cruel Murder, in her hand. They are amazed at this bloody and mournful spectacle: so they seize on her, and the report being flying through the City, the Criminal Judges that night cause her to be imprisoned for the fact, which she is resolved no way to deny, but to acknowledge, or rather glorying than grieving thereat.

Ferantha, at the very first understanding hereof, vehemently suspects that two poisoning Murders will now come to light, and so as great as her belly is, she to provide for her safety, very secretly steals away to a dear friend's house of hers in the City, which now from all parties ratleth and resoundeth of this cruel and unnatural Murder: yea, it likewise paleth the *Monks*, and is speedily bruited and known in *Saint John de Maurienne*, where although her Father *Archanes* would never heretofore affect her, yet he now exceedingly grieves at this her bloody attempt, and imminent danger: but her irregular affection, and inhuman revenge, will not as yet permit her Conscience to inform and shew her the hainousness of her cruel and bloody Fact. But God will be more merciful to her and her soul.

Some two dayes after, she is arraigned for the same, where she freely confesseth it, having nothing to alledg for her excuse, but that she perfectly knew, that her Father-in-Law *Castelnovo*, and his Strumpet *Ferantha*, had at least poisoned the Knight her Husband, if not likewise the Lady *Fidelia* his Mother: the which, although they had some reason and ground to suspect, because of *Ferantha's* sudden flight; yet sith this could no way diminish, or extenuate her Murder of her Father-in-Law, they condemn our unfortunate Lady *Perina* to be hanged, and so send her to Prison to prepare her self to dye. But the advice of some, and the friendship and compassion of others, as pitying her youth and beauty, and commending her chastity and affection to her Knight and Husband; counsel and perswade her to appeal from the sentence of the Court of *Nice* to the Sennate of *Chambery*, (which is the Sovereign and Capital of *Savoy*) whither we shall shortly see her conducted and brought.

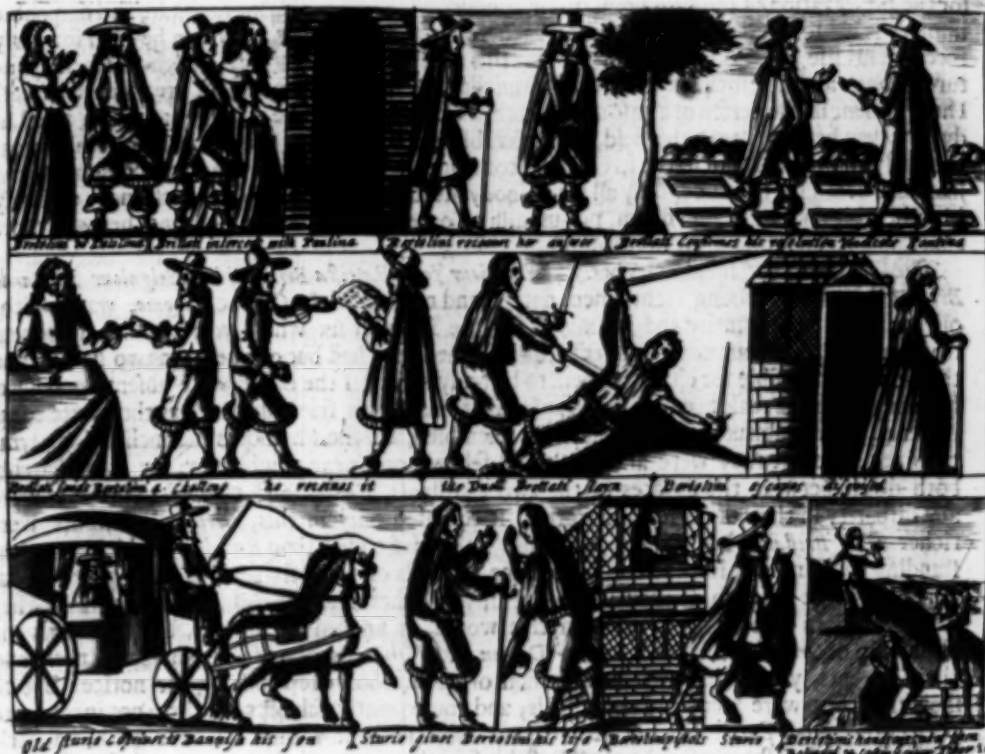
In which mean time, let us observe the wonderful Justice and Providence of God shewed likewise upon this execrable Waiting-Gentlewoman *Ferantha*, for so cruelly poisoning the Lady *Fidelia* and the Knight *Castelnovo* her Son: who although search were every where made for her; yet she having hush't her self up privately, albeit her bloody thoughts and guilty conscience, for the same continually torture and torment her; yet she is so impious and graceless; as she no way fears the danger of the Law, and much less the severe tempest of Gods indignation and revenge, which now notwithstanding in the midst of her security, will according to her bloody deserts and crimes, suddenly surprize and overtake her: for now this accident of her Lord *Castelnovo's* Murder, and of the Lady *Perina's* Imprisonment; or to speak more properly and truly, of God's sacred Decree, and divine Judgement, throws her into the sharp and bitter pains of travel for child; with whose heart-killing gripes and convulsions, she is so miserably tortured and tormented, as she her self, her Mid-wife, and all the Women near her, judge and think it impossible for her to escape death: when seeing no hope of life, and that already her pains and torments had made her but as it were the very Image and Anatomy of death, she begins to look from Sin to Repentance, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God; and so taking on and assuming a Christian resolution, she will not charge her soul with concealing of this single Adultery, much less of her double Murders; but very penitently confesseth all, as well it, as them; and so commits her self to the unparallel'd and mercilefs mercies of her pains and torments; hoping they will speedily send her from this World, to a better. But her Adultery and Murders are such odious and execrable crimes in Gods sight, as he will free her from these dangers of Child-birth; and because worthy, will reserve her for a shameful and infamous death. So she is safely delivered of a young Son, who is more fair than happy, as being the off-spring of lascivious Parents, and the issue of an adulterous bed; and by Gods providence, and her own confession, she, for these her beastly and bloody crimes, is the second day committed to prison, and the third hang'd and burnt in *Nice*, and her ashes thrown into the air. A just reward and punishment for so hellish and inhuman a Gentlewoman; who though otherwise she shewed many Testimonies and Signs of Repentance at her end, yet her crimes were so foul and odious to the World, as at her death she was so miserable, as she found not one Spectator, either to weep for her, or to lament or condole with her.

And now, to shut up this History, let us carry our curiosities and expectations from *Nice* to *Chambery*, and from dead *Ferantha* to our living *Perina*, where that grave and illustrious Senate, in consideration of her famous chastity, and singular affection to the Knight her Hus-

band, as also her noble Parentage and tender years, they moderate the sentence of *Nice*, for murdering her Father-in-Law *Castellano*; and so instead of hanging, adjudge her there to have her right hand cut off, and her self to perpetual imprisonment in *Nice*; where God's secret Justice for this her bloody Murther; and the remembrance of her dead Husband, and living sorrows, so sharply torment and afflict her, as she lived not long in Prison, but exceedingly pined away of a languishing Consumption, and so very sorrowfully and repentantly ended her days, being exceedingly lamented of her Kinsfolks, and pitied of all her acquaintance; and, had not her affection been blinded, and her rage and revenge too much triumphed o're her thoughts and resolutions, she had lived as happy, as she dyed miserable; and have served for as great a grace and ornament to her Countrey, as *Jerantha* and old *Castellano* her Father-in-Law, were a scandal and shame.

Thus we see how God's revenging-Justice still meets with Murther. O that we may read this History with fear, and profit thereby in reformation; that dying to sin, and living to righteousness, we may peaceably dye in this World, and gloriously live and reign in that to come.

The



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY X.

Bertolini seeks Paulina in marriage; but she loves Sturio, and not himself: he prays her Brother Brellati, his dear Friend, to sollicite her for him; which he doth, but cannot prevail: whereupon Bertolini lets fall some disgraceful speeches, both against her Honour, and his Reputation: for which, Brellati challengeth the Field of him; where Bertolini kills him, and he flies for the same: Sturio seeks to marry her, but his Father will not consent thereto, and so conveys him away secretly: for which two disasters, Paulina dyes for sorrow. Sturio findes out Bertolini, and sends him a Challenge; and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kills Sturio with a Petronel, in the Street, from a Window: he is taken for this second Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River.

Albeit that Valour be requisite in a Gentleman, (and one of his most essential Virtues, and proper Ornaments) yet sith Charity is the true mark and character of a Christian, we should not rashly resolve to hazzard the loss of our Lives for the preservation of the meer title and vain point of our Honour; but rather religiously endeavour to save our souls in that of our own lives, as also those of our Christian brethren: for in Duels and Single Combats, (which though the heat of youth and revenge seem to allow, yet Reason will not, and Religion cannot) did we only hazzard our bodies, and not our souls, then our warrant to fight, were in earth as just, as now the hazzarding of our souls and bodies, is odious and distastful to Heaven, sith in seeking to deface Man, the creature, we assuredly attempt to strike and stab at the Majesty of God the Creator: but if there be any colour or shadow of honour to kill our adversary for

for the preservation of the vain point of our honour; what an ignoble ingratitude, and damnable impiety is it, for a Gentleman likewise treacherously to kill another, of whom he hath formerly received his life; yea, as Grace fights against this former sort of fighting, so both Grace and Nature impugn and detest this second sort of Murther. A woful and mournful president whereof, They present in the person of a base and wretched Gentleman, whose irregular affection to a Lady, first slew her brother in the field, an execrable revenge to her lover, next draw him treacherously to Murther him in the street; and consequently, to his own condign punishment, and shameful death for the same. May all such bloody Murtherers still meet with such ends; and may his miserable and infamous death, pre-monish all other Gentlemen to live and become more charitable and less bloody by his example.

The friendship and familiarity betwixt *Seignior John Baptista Bertolini* and *Seignior Leonardo Brellari*, two noble young Gentlemen, native and resident of the City of *Rome*, was (without intermission) so intire and intimate, for the space of six whole years, which led them from their years of fourteen, to twenty, as it seemed they had but one heart in two bodies, and that it was impossible for either of them to be truly merry, if the other were absent: and surely, many were the reasons which laid the foundations of this friendship: for as they were equal in years, so their statures and complexions resembled, and their humours and inclinations sympathized: likewise they were ancient School-fellows, and near neighbours; for their Parents both dwelt betwixt the Palaces of the two Cardinals, *Farnesi* and *Caponius*: if there were any disparity in their dignities and worths, it consisted only in this, *Bertolini's* Parents were richer than *Brellari's* but *Brellari* was more nobly descended than *Bertolini*; which notwithstanding could no way impeach or hinder the progress of their friendship, but rather it flourished with the time; so as they increasing in years they likewise did in affection, as if they were ambitious of nothing so much in this world, as not only to imitate, but to surpass the friendship of *Orestes* and *Pilades*, and of *Damon* and *Pithias*; whereof, all who know them and their Parents, yea all that part and division of *Rome*, took deep and singular notice: but to shew that they were Men, and not Angels, and consequently subject to frailty, not inherent to perfection; that Earth was not Heaven, nor *Rome* the shadow thereof: have we but a little patience, we shall shortly see the thred of this friendship cut off, the props and fortifications thereof razed, battered, and laid level with the ground; yea, we shall see time change with time, friendship turned into enmity, fellows to foes, love to loathing, courtesie to cruelty, and in a word, life to death; as observe the sequel of this History, and it will briefly inform you how.

Bertolini sees that *Brellari* hath a fair and delicate Sister, termed *Donna Paulina*, somewhat younger than himself; and yet not so young, but that the Clock of her age had stricken eighteen; and therefore proclaimed her at least capable, if not desirous of marriage: and although he be a Novice in the Art of Love, yet Nature hath made him so good a Scholar in the Principles and Rudiments thereof, as he sees her fair, and therefore must love her; rich in the excellency and delicacy of beauty, and therefore is resolute to love her, and only her: for gazing on the influence and splendor of her piercing eyes, he cannot behold them without wonder; and then prying and contemplating on the Roseat and Lilly tincture of her cheeks, he cannot see these without admiration, nor refrain from admiring them without affection: but again, remarking the slenderness of her body, and the sweetness of her vertues, and seeing her as gracious as fair, and that her inward perfections added as much lustre to her exterior beauty, as this reflected ornament and decoration to those; he, as young as he was, vows himself her servant; and withal swore, That either she or his grave, must be his Wife and Mistress.

Bertolini thus surprised and nettled with the beauty of his dearly Sweet; and sweetly Fair *Paulina*, he is enforced to neglect a great part of his accompanying the Brother, thereby to court the Sister: so he many times purposely forsakes *Brellari*, to follow *Paulina*; and delights in nothing so much as in her presence, and (in that regard) in his absence: not that it was possible in his conceit and imagination, for him any way to hate him, in loving her; rather, that in general terms he must love *Brellari* for *Paulina's* sake: and in particular, only affect her for his own. And as his Wealth and ambition made him confident he should obtain her for his Wife, so he in fair, amorous, and honourable terms, as well by his own solicitations, letters, promises, and presents, as by those of his Parents, seeks her in Marriage; yea, and when these could not suffice, he, to shew himself as true as fervent a Lover, he adds sighs, tears, prayers, and oaths. But all these Solicitors serve only to betray and deceive his hopes; for if *Bertolini* were extremely desirous to marry *Paulina*, she is also resolute not to match him: which discords in affection, seldom or never make any true harmony in

His wealth deceiving him, he hath recourse to her only Brother, and his best and dearest Friend *Brellati*, to whom he relates the profundity and fervency of his affection to his Sister *Paulina*, acquaints him with his suit, and her denial; his attempt, and her repulse therein; and by the power and bonds of all their former friendship and familiarity, entreats and conjures him to become his Orator and Advocate towards her, in his behalf: whose smiles, he alledgeth, are his life; and frowns his death: *Brellati* having his generosity and judgment blinded with the respect of *Bertolini* his Wealth; as also of the affection he bore him, all other considerations laid apart, like a better Friend to him, than a Brother to his Sister *Paulina*, promiseth him his best furtherance and assistance in the process of this his affection: and so with his truest Oratory, best Eloquence, and sweetest Perswasion, begins to deal effectually with her herein: but, as our hopes are subject and incident to deceive us; so *Bertolini* and *Brellati* come far too short of theirs: for *Paulina*, in absolute and down-right terms, prays her Brother to inform and resolve *Bertolini*, That she hath otherways settled and engaged her affection: and therefore prays him to seek another Mistress, sith she hath found another Lover and Servant, with whom she means to live and dye. Her Brother (for his Friend's sake) is extremely sorrowful hereat, and prays his Sister to name to him her Servant. She binds him by Oath to secrecy. So he swearing, she informs him it is *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, a very ancient Noble-man of the City. He tells her, he is a Gentleman more noble than rich; and she replies, That *Bertolini* is more rich than noble, and therefore she will refuse him, and marry *Sturio*. He is obstinate in his requests, as she resolute in her denial. So having performed the part of a Friend for his Friend, and commending the Nobility and virtues of *Sturio*, as much as he pitied the weakness of his estate and wealth, he leaves his Sister to her affection and designs, and so with an unwilling willingness (without any extenuation) delivers his friend *Bertolini* her definitive answer: yet performs his promise to his Sister, in concealing *Sturio* his name.

Bertolini is all in fire and choler at this news, and begins no longer to look on his Friend *Brellati*, with the eyes of affection, but of contempt and indignation; and so consulting with his Passion, not with his Judgment; with Rage, and not with Reason; as immoderate anger seldom looks right, commonly squint-eyed; he in the heat of his wrath, and height of his revenge, very much neglects and slights him; yea, and most uncivilly and abruptly departs from him, as if he were no longer worthy of the bare complement of Farewel. Which *Brellati* well observes; and in observing, remembers; and in remembering, grieves at; sith *Bertolini* was his most intimate and dearest friend; and in his behalf, did occasion present, he was ready, not only to sacrifice his best service, but his best life. Lo here the first breach and violation, which *Bertolini* gives to their friendship: but the second is not far behind: For, in the next company he meets, which was some two days after, walking in Cardinal *Farnesi* his Galleries, in presence of some four or five Gentlemen, both of his and of *Brellati*'s acquaintance; he forgot himself so much, as some demanding for his Consort *Brellati*, he cholerickly replied, That he was a base and beggerly Gentleman, and therefore henceforth disdained this company; and that his Sister *Paulina* was a lascivious and dissembling Strumpet. But although the fire of his choler had foolishly banded forth these speeches in the air; yet they fell not to the ground: but some of the company then present, that very night report them to *Brellati*. It is impossible for my Pen to relate how passionately and tenderly he takes it; yea, his affliction and grief herein is far the more redoubled, in that (contrary to his desires and wishes) he is assured his Sister *Paulina* is likewise acquainted with the vanity and injustice of these speeches; the conceit and remembrance whereof, make her enraged and sorrowful eyes, pour forth many Rivolets and Rivers of tears, upon the Roses and Lillies of her beauty. But as she is too impatient to relish this scandalous affront and disparagement; so her Brother *Brellati* is too generous and noble to digest it: whereof burning to know the truth; and resolving, if he found it true, sharply to revenge it on *Bertolini*; he passeth away the night in restless and distracted slumbers. And so the very next morn, taking his Sword and Lackey with him, he goes to *Bertolini* his Father's house, and meeting first with him, demands of him for his Son *Seignior John Baptista Bertolini*. His Father informs him, he is in the Garden very solitarily walking, and prays *Brellati* to go to him; who needing no many requests, entreats, and with his Hat in his hand approacheth him. *Bertolini* doth the like, and meets him half way; when he being pale for anger, and *Bertolini* blushing for shame, he prays him to exempt the Garden of his Servants, because he hath something to reveal and impart him in secret, which needeth no witnesses: when *Bertolini* commanding his Servants to depart, *Brellati* chargeth him with these disgraceful speeches, vomited forth two days since, against his Honour; as also that of his only dear Sister *Paulina*, in Cardinal *Farnesi* his Palace, in presence of *Seignior*

Alessandro Fontani, Seignior *Rbanusio Pluvino*, and Seignior *Antonio Volcomari*, (which words we have formerly understood.)

Bertolini is no way dismayed or daunted hereat, either in courage or complexion; and so losing his honour in his indiscretion, or rather burying his discretion in his dishonour; he, with fire in his looks, and thunder in his speeches, tells *Brellati*, that he confesseth these speeches his: adding withall, That what his Tongue hath affirmed, his Sword shall be ready to make good and justifie: whereon they cover. When *Brellati* demanding of him, if this were his last resolution; he told him, yea. Then (quoth he) I pray expect mine shortly: and so without giving each other the Good-morrow, they part; *Brellati* still leaving *Bertolini* in his Father's Gardea. His Sister *Paulina* having notice of her Brother's speaking with *Bertolini*, very curiously and carefully awaits his return; when rushing into his Chamber, she with tears and sighs demands of him the issue of his conference with *Bertolini*; and whether he were so impudent to deliver these dishonourable and base speeches both of her self and him. But her Brother, like a true noble Roman, is too generous and brave to acquaint her with his design and resolution; and so in general terms, prays her not to afflict her self at these speeches, and that this difference will be very shortly decided and ended, to her honour, and his own content. Brother (quoth she) if you will not right mine honour, and vindicate the unspotted purity of my reputation, I am sure that my true Lover, Seignior *Paulus Sturis*, will, though with the hazzard and loss of his own life, had he but the least notice thereof. He shall not need, Sister, quoth he; for a day or two will reconcile and finish this business: and so forthat time he leaves his Sister *Paulina*, and shuts himself up in his Chamber; where, not long able to contain himself against the insolency and basefnes of *Bertolini*, he calls for Pen and Paper, and more respecting his Honour than his Life, writes him this Challenge; the which, immediately after Dinner, he sends him by Seignior *Valerio*, a confident Gentleman, his Follower.

BRELLATI to BERTOLINI.

THE scandalous reports, like thy self, are so base, and I and my Sister so honourably descended and bred, as I doubt not, but the disgrace and disparagement which thou hast unjustly offered us, will unjustly return and fall on thy self. And to the end thou maist find, that my Sword is purposely reserved to correct and chastize thy tongue; as thou art a Roman, and a Gentleman, meet me single, to morrow at five in the morn; without Port Populi, in the next field behind Cardinal Borromeo's Palace, and there I will give thee the choice of two good Rapiers, or Ponyards, and gladly accept of the refusal, to draw reason of thee for those wrongs wherewith thou injuriously and maliciously traduced us: and to wipe the truth, as I desire, so I can receive no other satisfaction, but this, whereunto thy Malice invites, and my Honour obligeth me.

BRELLATI

Valerio performs his part well and fairly; working and screwing himself into *Bertolini's* presence, very secretly delivers him his Master's Challenge. *Bertolini* not ignorant, but conjecturing what it means, breaks off the Seals, and at the perusal thereof, though his Cause be unjust and dishonourable, yet in his countenance and speeches, he shews much constancy, fortitude, and resolution; when considering they were to fight single, and that therefore *Valerio* could be no second, he deeming his Master had concealed this secret business from him, contents himself to give him only his Answer: Tell your Master, Seignior *Brellati*, from me, that I will not fail to meet him according to his desire and appointment. And so *Valerio* takes his leave, and departs; when finding out his Master, he reports him *Bertolini's* Answer: whereat he is so far from being any way appal'd or daunted, as he infinitely rejoiceth thereat. In the mean time, he is curious in preparing two singular good Rapiers, and Ponyards, of equal Length, Hilts, and Temper. And thus with much impatient patience, (as Revenge is an enemy to Sleep) they not out-sleep, but out-watch the night. So the morn and day stealing and breaking into their windows, they are no sooner out of their beds, but into the field; their Chirurgions awaiting their arrivals by the Pyramids, in the place of Port Populi, by which of necessity they were to pass; when, tying up their Horses to the Hedges, like resolute Gentlemen, they throw off their Doublets, commanding their Chirurgions not to stir from their stations; when disclaining words, they both draw, and fall to deeds, thus.

Brellati presenteth the first thrust, and *Bertolini* gives him the first wound in his left shoulder, whereat he is enflamed, and so returns *Bertolini* the interest of a most dangerous one on his right

right-side, but it touch'd neither his bowels, nor quoyf. They try again, so *Brellati* again wounds *Bertolini* in his left hand, when his Rapier running thorow his Sinnewes and Arteries, he is no longer able to hold his Ponyard; but despite his resolution and courage, it falls out of his hand; which unlook'd-for disaster, doth much perplex and afflict him. But *Brellati* is too generous and noble, to blemish or taint his honour, by taking any advantage of this his adversaries misfortune: and so to clear his doubts and scruples, very valiantly and bravely throws away his own Ponyard to the hedge, that they might be as equal in Weapons, as Courage. But *Bertolini* will basely requite this courtesie. They retire and take breath; and so traversing their grounds, thereby to take the benefit of the Sun, they again joyn; at the first close of this second meeting, *Brellati* runs *Bertolini* into the right flank; when withdrawing his Rapier, and leaping back to put himself upon his defensive-guard and posture, his foot slipping, he could not prevent falling to the ground; when *Bertolini* following him close, and being eager in his pursuit, and blood-thirsty in his revenge, he forgetting *Brellati*'s former courtesie, and working upon the fortune of his misfortune, right then and there nailed him to the ground; and so redoubling his thrust, acted a perpetual divorce betwixt his body and soul; when *Brellati*'s Chirurgion shedding tears on his dead Master, and beginning to take order for his decent conveyance into the City, *Bertolini* takes up his Chirurgion behind him; and so with all possible speed and celerity (the better to avoid the danger of the Law) posts o're the fields, and comes into Mount Cavallo-Gate, and husheth himself up privately in a friends house of his, near his Fathers.

All Rome begins to eccho forth and resound this Murther; and far the more, because *Bertolini* and *Brellati* were so dear and intimate friends, but, as good news comes always lame and bad rides post; so within one hour of *Brellati*'s Murther, the news thereof is brought first to his Father, then to his Sister *Paulina*; whereat he grieves, and she stormes; he sorroweth, and she weeps and laments; and in a word, the Father would, but cannot; and the Daughter can, but will not be comforted at this sad and mournful Tragedy. Neither must we forget, but remember Seignior *Paulus Sturio*; who loving *Paulina* a thousand times dearer than his own life, is no sooner acquainted, but afflicted with this news of *Brellati* his death, as being his dear friend, and, which is more, the only Brother of his dearest and only Mistress *Paulina*; so as Lovers and Friends being best known and discerned in calamities and afflictions; he repairs to her, condoles with her, and useth his chiefest art and zeal, not only to participate, but wholly to deprive her of her sorrows; yea, to prove himself a constant friend, and a faithful lover to her, he proffereth her not only his service, but his life, as well to right her honour, as to revenge her Brother's death on *Bertolini*: but this affection and perswasion of *Sturio*, is not capable to wipe off, or exhale his Lady *Paulina*'s tears.

But again to *Bertolini*, who is so far from contrition and repentance of this his bloody fact; as like a prophane Miscreant, and debauchd and dissolute Gentleman, he triumphs and glories therein: yea, his impudency is become so ignorant and his ignorance so sottish, as he began to enter into a resolution again to court and seek *Paulina* for his Wife, without respecting or regarding either the publick danger of the Law, or that of *Paulina*'s private revenge: for sure her Brother's death had thrown her into such violent passions of grief and extremities of sorrow, as if his folly had made her so happy, doubtless her revenge would have made him more miserable: but God had taught her rage more reason, and her malice and cruelty not so much impiety; yea, it pleased his Divine Majesty not so soon to call him to an account, and punish him for this his bloody fact; but reserving him for a future shame and punishment, being affrighted with a tumultuous rumor and alarm of a general search to be made that night for his apprehension, he very subtilly, in a Capuchin's habit passeth St. John de Latran's Gate, and there, having Post-horses laid for him, he, as swift as the wind, gallops away for Naples, and imbarcking himself for Sicily, passeth the Phære of Messina, lands at that City, and so rides up to Palermo, where he thinks himself safe.

But, having not made his peace with God, where ever he flies, God will in due time finde him out, when he least dreams or thinks thereof. But although the power and influence of time be so predominate, as to deface the Actions and the Accidents of time: yet *Paulina* can give no truce to her tears; nor will she administer any comfort or consolation to her sorrows for her Brother's death: and if ever, now it is, that *Sturio* resembling himself, doth begin to make her sorrows his: for having deeply rooted and settled his affection on *Paulina*, and naturally engraven her Beauty and Picture, in the very center of his heart and thoughts, he begins to make his private love and affection to her, publick; and so, having already won her heart from her self, he now endeavoureth to win her from her Friends,

and then to marry her. But old Seignior *Sturio* his Father, is no sooner advertised of *Brellati* his death, of *Bertolini*'s flight, and of his Son's affection and intent to take *Paulina* to Wife; but disclaiming he should match so low, and withall so poor, as also fearing that this might likewise engage his Son in some quarrel betwixt him and *Bertolini*, he resolves privately to convey him away out of *Rome*, into some retired or obscure place, from whence he should not return, till his absence had cooled and extenuated the heat of his affection to *Paulina*, and of his malice and revenge to *Bertolini*: to which end, three weeks are scarce past, but taking his Son with him in the Coach, under colour to take the air in the fields of *Rome*, beyond *St. Paul's Church*, he having given the Coach-man his lesson, commands him to drive away, and having two *Braves* or *Russians* with him, they dispose, or rather inforce the humour of his Son *Sturio* to patience, and despight himself, they carry him to *Naples*, where a Brigantine being purposely prepared, he shippeth over his Son for the Island of *Capri*, or *Caprea*, where, long since, *Sejanus* his ambition caused *Tiberius* to sojourn, whiles he played the petty king, and domineer'd as Emperor at *Rome* in his absence) and gives him to the keeping and guard of Seignior *Alphonfus Drisfa*, Captain of that Island, with request and charge, not to permit him to return, for the main, for the term of one whole year; without his express order to the contrary.

It is for none but for Lovers to judge, how tenderly *Sturio* and his sweet Lady *Paulina* grieve at the news of this their sudden and unexpected separation: yea, their sighs and tears are so infinite for this their disaster, as all the words of the world are not capable to express them. As for *Paulina*, she had so long and so bitterly wept for her Brother's death, as it was a meer cruelty of sorrow to enforce her to play any further part in sorrow, for the departure and captivity of her Lover *Sturio*: but her afflictions falling in, each on the neck of other, (in imitation of the Waves of the Sea, occasioned by the breath and blast of *Boreas*) threaten her not only with present sickness, but with approaching death. Again she understands of *Bertolini*'s safety and prosperity in *Cicilia*, where he triumphs in his victory, for killing her Brother *Brellati*; and, like a base Gentleman, continually erects his Trophees of detraction upon the ruins and tomb of her honour: and these considerations (like reserved afflictions) again newly afflict and torment her, so as having lost her Jewel and her Joy, her Brother and her Lover, *Brellati* and *Sturio*, she begins to be extream sick, weak, and faint; yea, the Roses of her cheeks, are transfigured to Lillies; the relucient lustre of her eyes, to dimness and obscurity; and, to use but a word, not only her heart, but her tongue begins to fail, and to strike fail to immoderate sorrow and disconsolation. Her Parents and Friends grieve hereat, and far the more, in respect they know not how to remedy it: and for her self, if she enjoy any comfort in this life, it is only in hope that she shall shortly leave it, to enjoy that of a better. Thus, while sorrow, vexation, and sickness make haste to spin out the thred and web of her life, if her griefs are extream and insupportable in *Rome*, no less are those of her Lover, *Sturio*, in *Caprea*: for it frets him to the heart and gall, to see how his Father hath bereaved and betrayed him of his Mistress *Paulina*'s presence; the only content and felicity which this life or earth could afford him; a thousand times he wisheth himself with her, and as often kisseth her remembrance and Idea; and then, as their affections, so their malice concurring and sympathizing, he again wisheth that he may be so happy to fight with *Bertolini* for the disgrace of his Lady *Paulina*; and she, for the death of her Brother *Brellati*; and in that affection, and this revenge, he with much affliction, and no comfort, passeth away many bitter days and torments in the misery of this his enforced exile and banishment: and although his curiosity, and affection, or subtilty, could never crown him with the happiness or felicity to free himself of his guards and captivity, and so to steal away from that Island in some Foist or Gally for the main; yet understanding that two days after, there was one bound for the Port of *Civita Vecchia*, he, to testifie his affection, constancy, and torments, to his dear and fair *Paulina*, takes occasion to write her a Letter to *Rome*; the which, that it might come the faster to her own hands, he incloseth in another to an intimate and dear friend of his. The tenor of his Letter was thus.

STURIO to PAULINA.

I know not whether I more grieve at my absence from thee, than at the manner thereof; yet sure I am, that both conjoyn'd to make me, in this Island of *Caprea*, feel the torment, not of a feigned Purgatory, but of a true Hell. It was my purpose to console with thee for the untimely death of thy Brother.

Brother, it is now not only my resolution, but my practice, to mourn with my self for thy banishment, or rather wish that for mine; and when my sorrows have most need of consolation, then again that consolation finds most cause of sorrow: for thinking of Bertolini, methinks I see thy false disparagement on his malicious tongue; and thy Brother Brellati his true death on his bloody Sword; and yet have neither the honour or happiness to revenge either; and, which is worse, not be permitted to know where he is, that I may revenge them. But I wish I were only incident and obliged to support this affliction, conditionally than were exempt thereof, or that I might know the limits and period of our absence, thereby to hope for an end and remedy thereof; which now I can find no motives to know, nor cause to hope. O how I have often envied Leander's happiness! And if Love could make any impossibilities possible, the Mediterranean Sea should long since have been my Hellespont, my Body my Bark, my Arms my Oars, to have wafted me from my Abidos, to thy Sestos; from my Caprea, to thy Rome, to thy sweet Paulina, my only fair and dear Hero; And although the constancy and servency of my love to thee suggested me many inventions to escape the misery of exile; yet the Argus-eyes of my Father's malice, in that of my Guardians jealousy, cannot be enchanted or lulled asleep with the melody of so unfortunate a Mercury, as myself. But Time shall shortly ait and finish, what impatience cannot: till when, dear and sweet Paulina, retain me in thy thoughts, as I do thee in heart and memory; and doubt not but a few weeks will make us as happy, as we are now miserable.

STURIO.

Paulina, in the midst of her sorrows and sickness, receives this Letter from her best and dearest friend, Sturio; and although she rejoices to hear of his health and welfare in Caprea, yet she is more glad, that the extremity of her sickness and weakness inform her, she shall shortly dye in Rome: for vanquished with afflictions, and overcome with variety of grief and discontents, she in conceit already hath left this world, and is by this time half way in her progress and pilgrimage towards Heaven, yet in love to her dear Sturio, who wrote her this kind Letter, she will not be so unkind, but will kiss it for his sake that sent it her: and peradventure if she had been so happy, that he might have been the bearer and deliverer thereof himself, or that he had born and delivered himself to her instead of his Letter, he might then have given some comfort to her sorrows, and some consolation to her discontents and afflictions; whereas now seeing him exiled and mewed up in Caprea, without any appearance of return, she sees she hath more reason to fly to her old despair, than to any new hope; and so wisheth the desired hour were at last come, wherein she might give her last farewell to this world: but again perusing and over-reading his Letter, she finds it full fraught with love and affection towards her, and therefore disdaining to prove ingrateful to any, especially to Sturio, who is so kind and courteous to her; calls for Pen and Paper, and by his own conveyance returns him this Answer.

PAULINA to STURIO.

I Cannot rightly define, whether the receipt of the Letter made me more glad; or the Contents, so sorrowfull: for as I infinitely rejoiced to understand thou wert living; so I extremely grieved to hear there was no certainty of thy releasment and return. Whether or no Caprea be thy Purgatory, I know not; but sure I am, Rome is my Hell, sith I cannot be there with thee; nor thou here with me: and as I lamented with sighs, I could not dye with my Brother; so I grieve with tears, thou I cannot live with thee. But why write I of living, when this mournful Tragedy, and thy disastrous Exile, hath made me more ready to dye, than live: or rather, not fit to live, but dye: Far, despaireing of thy return, how can I hope for comfort, sith it only lived in thy presence, as my heart and joy did in thee? As for Bertolini's folly to me, and crime to my Brother, if thy Sword punish him not, God's just Revenge will; and wishing this as a Woman, as a Christian, I pardon and forgive him, and so (I pray) do thou for my sake, if thou wilt not that of my dead Brothers: Could prayers or wishes have effected thy return to me, my tears had long since been thy Hellespont and Mediterranean Sea, and my sighs had fill'd the Sails of thy desires and resolutions, to have passed Ostia, floated up Tiber, and landed at Ripa to me. But alas! alas! here in remembering Hero's felicity and joy, I cannot forget my sorrows and afflictions: for as Leander lived in her arms, so I cannot be so fortunate, either to live or dye in my Sturio's: and if now, as a skillful Mercury, thou couldst inveigle the eyes both of thy Father's malice, and Guardians jealousy, yet that happiness would come too late, and out of season for me; for before thou shalt have plotted thy flight and escape from Caprea to Rome, I shall have acted and finished mine from Rome to Heaven. I would send thee more lines, but that my weak hand and feeble fingers have not the power; though the will, any longer.

linger to retain my Pen. Heaven will make us happy, though Earth cannot; therefore my dear Sturio, let this be our last and best consolation, As these Joys are temporary and transitory; so these will be permanent and eternal.

PAULINA.

This Letter of *Paulina* to *Sturio*, meets with a speedy passage from *Rome* to *Caprea*; who receiving it, and thinking to have found her in her true and perfect health, with much joy and affection breaks up the seals thereof; when, contrary to his hope and expectation, understanding of her sickness and approach to death, he tenderly and bitterly weeps at his own misfortune; in her discontent and disaster; yea, he passionately and sorrowfully bewails his Father's cruelty, in thus banishing him from her sight and presence, from the contemplation of whose beauty, and from his innate affection to her, the Fates and Destinies cannot banish him. But alas! unfortunate *Sturio*! the news of thy *Paulina's* sickness, is but the Prologue to the ensuing sorrows and afflictions that are ready to befall and surprize thee: for the news of her death; shall shortly follow her Letter; and if that drew tears from thine eyes, this shall drown thine eyes in the Ocean of thy Tears; neither shall he stay long to feel the miserable impetuosity of this mournful storm. For scarce twenty days are past, after the writing of her Letter to *Sturio*; but *Paulina* languishing with grief, despair, sorrow, and sickness, as a Female Love-Martyr, takes her last leave and farewell of this World, in *Rome*; it being not in the power or affection of her Parents, any longer to divert her from paying this her last due and tribute unto Nature, sith we all have our lives lent, not given us: and therefore as we receive so must we repay them to our Creator and Redeemer, of whom we have first received them.

His Old *Sturio* is as glad in *Rome* for the death of *Paulina*, as her Parents grieve thereat; and now it is that he intends to be as happy and joyful in his Son's presence, as he hath formerly made himself sorrowful in occasioning his absence: whereupon, with all expedition, he dispatcheth a Servant of his to *Caprea*, with a Letter to signify his Son thereof, and consequently, to recall him. This news of *Paulina's* death, infinitely afflicts and torments our *Sturio*: for the being the Queen of his affections, and the sovereign Goddess of his delights and desires, he resembleth himself, and so like a true Lover, as he is acteth a wonderful mournful part of sorrow for her unwished and unexpected death; he is no longer himself: nay, such was his living affection to *Paulina*, and such is his immoderate sorrow for her death, as he will not be himself, because she is gone, who was the greatest and chiefest part of himself. But as wounds cannot be cured ere searched; so passion transporting his thoughts beyond reason; and revenge, beyond passion; he, for the time present, forsakes the effect, to follow the cause; and so hath no other object before his eyes and thoughts, but that of *Bertolini's* killing of her Brother *Brellati*; and this of his Father's unkind banishing of him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: wherefore, that he may out-live his sorrows, and apply a Lenitive to his Corrosive, he vows to revenge both. The manner is thus.

That, as his Father deceived his hopes in carrying him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: so he will deceive those of his sad Father, in carrying himself from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, there to find out *Bertolini*, and to fight with him. It is not the point of Honour, much less, Judgment, and least of all, Religion, that precipitates and throws him on this bloody, and therefore uncharitable resolution: but it is the vanity of his thoughts, and his living-affection to his dead Mistress, *Paulina*, which gives life and birth to it: for he (trampling on all dissuasions and opposition) finding a Galley of *Naples*, bound from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, very secretly embarks himself in her, and contemning the impetuosity of the Winds, and the merciless mercy of the Seas, lands at *Palermo*; where hushing himself up the first night privately in his Inn, and informing himself that *Bertolini* was in that City, he, the next morn, by his Lackey, sends him this Challenge.

STURIO to BERTOLINI.

HAVING killed my dear *Paulina*, in the scandal of her honour, and the death of her Brother *Brellati*, my afflictions and sorrows to survive her, make me condemn mine own life, to seek thine: to which purpose I have left *Caprea* to find *Cicily*, and in it, thy self. Wherefore, as thou art *Bertolini*, fail not to meet me this Evening 'twixt five and six of the Clock, in the next Meadow behind the *Carthusian's* Monastery; where my self, assisted only with a Chirurgeon, and the choice of two single Rapiers, will expect and attend thee. Thy Generosity invites thee, and my Affection and Honour obligeth me to be the only Guests of this Bloody Banquet.

STURIO.

Bertolini

Bertolini receives and reads this Challenge, which, to write the truth; is not so pleasing to him, as was that of *Brellati*: he sees himself and his honour engaged to fight, and knows not how to exempt and free himself thereof. For, first, he considereth that the ground of his Defence and Quarrel is not good, sith, he knew in his soul and conscience, that *Paulina* was as chaste as fair, and that he had wronged himself in seeking to wrong and scandalize her; then, that he perfectly understood, *Sturio* was valiant and generous; yea, and very expert and constant in unconquancy: so that he began not only to doubt, but fear, that as he had killed *Brellati*, so *Sturio* was reserved to kill him: but again, considering that his birth and blood was noble, it contrariwise so incited and animated his courage, and inflamed and set an edge on his Generosity, as with a kind of unwilling willingness, he accepts of *Sturio's* Challenge; and so bade his Lackey tell his Master from him, That he would not fail to meet him, to give him his wellcom to *Palermo*. the Clock strikes five, and long before six, our two young Gentlemen come riding into the field; where giving their Horses to their Chirurgions, with command not to stir till their duty and office call them, they both draw, and so approach each other: but although this fury of theirs begin in blood, yet it shall not here end in death. At the first coming up, *Sturio* wards *Bertolini's* thrust, and runs him into the right flank, of a deep wound; at the second, he wounds him again in the neck, which draws much blood from him: neither is the third meeting more propitious, or less fatal, to him: for *Sturio*, without receiving any touch or scar, gives him a third wound betwixt his small ribs; whereat his courage feareth, and his strength fainteth; when willing to save his life, though with the loss of his Honour, he throws away his Rapier, and, with his Hat in his hand, begs his life of *Sturio*, and with as much truth as integrity, confesseth and voweth, that he is infinitely sorrowful and repentant for the scandal delivered against the Honour of his most fair and chaste Lady *Paulina*, for the which he craves pardon and remission. *Sturio* is astonished at this unexpected and cowardly act of *Bertolini*, whereat he bites his lip, but I know not whether more with disdain than anger; only at first, the remembrance of *Brellati* and *Paulina's* deaths, for the present, make him inexorable to his request and submission: but at last, making Reason give a law to Choler, and Religion to Revenge; and considering that he was more a man, sith a Christian; as also, that the luster of his Blood and Extraction, had distinguished him from the Vulgar, and so made him honourable and noble; he, not as a cruel Tyger, but as a generous Lion, disdaineth to blemish his Reputation and Valour, in killing a disarmed man: and so his Honour out-braving his Valour and Revenge, he, as a truly noble Gentleman, gives *Bertolini* his life, as holding himself satisfied, by having righted the Honour of his dead Mistress *Paulina*, in *Bertolini's* confession and contrition, so they sheathe up their swords; and like loving friends, return together into the City, where *Sturio* prepareth for his departure, and *Bertolini* betaketh himself to have his wounds dressed and cured.

This Combat, or Duel, is not so secretly carried betwixt them and their Chirurgions, but all *Palermo* resounds and prattles thereof: and, which is more, this news speedily falls from *Cesly* to *Naples*, and from thence rides post to *Rome*, where *Sturio* and *Bertolini* likewise in short space arrive: but first comes *Sturio*, then *Bertolini*, whose Father by this time hath obtained his pardon for killing of *Brellati*. The Nobility and Gentry of *Rome* speak diversly and differently of our two late returned Gallants: some out of reason, highly applaud *Sturio's* fighting with *Bertolini*, occasioned through his affection to his dead Mistress *Paulina*; and then his humanity and courtesie shewed and extended him, in giving him his life: Others, out of the errors of youth and vanity, tax and condemn him for not dispatching and killing him. Again, many extol *Bertolini's* Valour in killing *Brellati*; but all taunt and tax him for his Cowardize, in not fighting it out with *Sturio*; and, which is worse, for disgracefully begging and receiving his life of him.

Bertolini finds this scandal thrown and retorted on him, to be very distastful and dishonourable; inso much as he cannot relish it, but with discontent; nor digest it, but with extreme indignation and choler; which throws him so violently on the execrable humour of revenge, as he vows to make *Sturio* pay dear for giving too much liberty to his tongue, to the prejudice of his honour and reputation.

Puft up thus with these three execrable humours and vices, disdain, envy and revenge; whereof the least is great, and capable enough to ruine both a fortune and a life; he, out of a wretched resolution (unworthy the generosity of a Gentleman) not only forgets *Sturio's* his singular courtesie in giving him his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to take it from him, but also remembreth; and in remembrance, resolveth to repay him with the ungrateful requital, and mournful interest of depriving him of his. O extreme ingratitude! O uncharitable and base resolution! Yea, he is so devoid of reason, and the purity of his soul and conscience so contaminated and vilified with the contemplation and object of blood, as he gives

gives way thereto, and resolves thereon; yea permits it to forsake God, of purpose wilfully to follow the Devil. Yea, his thoughts are so surpris'd and taken up with this execrable and hellish resolution of Murther, as he thinks of nothing else but of the means and manner how to dispatch *Sturio*, and so to send him in a bloody Winding-sheet, from this life to another. To fight with him again in the field, he dares not; to assassinate and murder him in his bed, he cannot, sith he must pass five or six several Chambers, ere he can come at him; and to Pistol him in the open street, though it be less difficult, yet he finds it most dangerous; sith he sees *Sturio* still went better followed and accompanied than himself, as indeed being far more eminent of Birth, and more noble of Extraction, than himself. But he shall want no invention to accomplish and bring this his bloody resolution to pass; for if he fail thereof, the Devil is still at his elbow to prompt and instruct him therein; yea his impiety is grown so strong with the Devil, and his Faith so weak with God, as now having turned over the Records of his Revenge, he at last resolves to shoot *Sturio* from a Window, with a Petronel, as he passeth the street; and upon the attempt and finishing of this his hellish stratagem, and bloody Tragedy, the Devil and he strike hands, and conclude it, the contriving and perpetrating whereof, shall in the end strangle him, because he was so prophane and graceless, as he would not strangle the first conceits thereof, in their births and conceptions.

But leave we here *Bertolini*, ruminating on his intended bloody crime of Murther, and come we a little to speak of poor unfortunate *Sturio*, who not dreaming of this malice, much less of his ungrateful and bloody revenge intended against him; like a mournful and disconsolate constant Lover, is thinking on nothing so much, as on the living-beauty and Idea of his dead *Paulina*. And although he knew it as palpable folly to bewray his immoderate sorrows, as discretion to conceal them; yet their impetuosity and fervency, gives such a predominating law to his resolutions, as he cannot refrain from often stealing into *Sancta Maria de Rotunda's* Church, where she was buried, and there secretly bedews her Tomb, and washes her Sepulcher with his tears: an act and ceremony of Lovers, which though affection authorize, yet Religion doth neither justifie, nor can approve. All the care of his Father and Friend, is to seek how to purge his peniveness, and to wipe off his melancholly sorrows; and sorrowful melancholiness: to which end, they proffer him great variety of noble and beautiful Ladies in marriage, hoping that the sight and presence of a new Beauty, would deface the memory and absence of an old: but their policy proves vain; for noble *Sturio* will be as constant in his sorrows for his sweet *Paulina's* death as he was in his affection to her whilst that she lived: and therefore, although that their power enforce him for to see divers, yet his will can never by any means be drawn or enforced for to love any, as having inviolably contracted himself to this definitive resolution, That sith he could not be *Paulina's* Husband, he will never wed himself to any other Wife than his Grave.

And here I begin to write rather with tears than ink, when I apprehend and consider how soon our poor and innocent *Sturio* shall be, by the bloody hand of *Bertolini*, laid in his unfortunate and untimely Grave. Ah *Sturio*, *Sturio*! hadst thou been more vindictive, and less generous and compassionate, thou hadst prevented thy death, by killing *Bertolini*, when thy valour in *Caprea* formerly reduced and exposed him to the mercy of thy Sword; or if thou hadst believed this Maxim, That dead men can never offend or hurt; thou needst not have relied and trusted upon the false promises of an incensed and irreconcilable enemy: but what shall I say? It was not thy honour, but *Bertolini's* infamy, which hasteneth and procureth thy death. O that thou shouldst be so true a Friend to thine Enemy, and he prove so deadly an Enemy to thee his true Friend! *Sturio* gave *Bertolini* his life; and *Bertolini*, in requital, will give *Sturio* his death: but such monstrous and bloody ingratitude, will never go unpunished of God: for as it is odious to Earth, so it is execrable to Heaven: but I must be so unfortunate, to bring this deplorable Tragedy upon the Theatre of this History. A misery of miseries, that we are many times nearest our ends, when we think our selves farthest from them! and (not to rush into the sacred and secret Closet of God's inscrutable Providence) I can find no other pregnant reason thereof, either in Divinity or Nature, but that at all times, and in all places, we should be still prepared and ready for death, ere death for us; and not protracting or procrastinating the hour thereof, but whensoever it shall please God for to call us to him, or himself to us, that (like good and pious Christians) death may still find us always armed for to meet, never unprovided for to encounter it.

But *Bertolini* is so obstinate in his malice, and so wretchedly implacable in his revenge, as understanding that *Sturio* is accustomed to go to his Morning's Mass at the English Colledge, he provides both himself, and his Petronel charged with a brace of Bullets; or rather, the Devil provides both the Bullets, the Petronel, and himself; and so, watching the advantage of his

his hour and time on a Monday morning, a little after the Cardinals, *Farnesi* and *Caponius*, were ridden with their Trains to the Consistory, putting himself into an unknown house betwixt the said *English* Colledge, and the Palace of *Farnesi*, he having his cock bent, and seeing *Sturio* coming in the street, upon his prancing *Barbary*-horse, and Foot-cloth, like a graceless and bloody Villain (having neither the fear of God, nor the salvation or damnation of his soul before his eyes, nor once imagining that he shoots at the Majesty of God the Creator, in killing and defacing Man, his Image and Creature) lets fly at him, and the Devil had made him so curious and expert a Marks-man, as both the Bullets pierce the trunk of his breast; with which mortal wounds, our innocent *Sturio* no longer able to sit his Horse, tumbles down dead to the ground, without having the power to utter a word, but only to breathe forth two or three lamentable and deadly groans. And this was the unfortunate and mournful end of this noble Gentleman, *Sturio*, which I cannot relate, without sighs; nor remember, without tears.

This bloody Tragedy, acted on so brave a Gallant, in the very bowels and heart of *Rome*, doth extremely amaze and draw all the Spectators to lamentation and mourning; and his two Servants, who walked by his Horse-side, are so busie in lifting him up and rubbing the temples of their dead Master, as they forget to re-search and enquire for his Murtherer: but the assistants and standers by, hearing the report of the Piece, and not only seeing the smoke in the Window and air, but this noble Gentleman dead in the street, they ascend the house, and find the Petronel on the Table, but the shooter fled away upon a swift *Spanish* Gennet, by the back-door; they of the house affirming, with tears in their eyes, That they knew not the Gentleman that did it, neither was it in their powers to stop or prevent his escape.

This fatal and mournful news, dispersed and spread o're the City of *Rome*; the Serjeants and Captains Guard are busie to find out the Murtherer, who by this time they know to be *Seignior Bertolini*, but being gallantly mounted, he speeds away thorow the streets amain; and is so far from despair, as he makes no doubt but to recover the *Lateran* Gate; and to escape this his second danger, as fortunately as he did his first, by flying into the Kingdom of *Naples*: but his hopes shall deceive him; for if he bought *Brellus's* Murther at an easie rate, God hath now ordained and decreed, that he shall pay dear for this his second, of *Sturio*: and lo here the impetuous storm of God's just revenge and indignation now befalls him when he least fears or thinks thereof. The manner thus.

As he was swiftly galloping thorow *Campo de Fuogo* (the publick place where the Pope (that Antichrist of *Rome*) burns the children of God for the profession of his glorious Gospel) and being at the farther end thereof, with an intent to draw towards the back-side of the Capitol, behold, two Bricklayers, building of a House, upon a Scaffold two stories high in the street, as *Bertolini* passed, both the Scaffold and the two Bricklayers fell down upon him: and his horse, and so beat them both to the ground: but as yet the news of *Sturio's* Murther was not arrived thither; so as danger and fear making *Bertolini* forget the hurt of his fall, he again riseth up, and calls for his horse, which was speedily brought him; so leaping into the Saddle, he spurs away with as much celerity as his Gennet could possibly drive under him. But if he have escaped this first Judgment of God, he shall not the second: for having past the Capitol; and the Amphitheater, his Gennet, 'twixt that and the *Lateran*, fell under him; which putting his shoulder out of joynt, the poor afflicted Beast could not rise with his Master, who by this time is more afflicted and grieved, than the harmless Gennet he rides upon. Whereupon being amazed, and fearing that the search would instantly follow and surprize him, he leaving his Horse, betakes himself to his own heels, and so with much terror both of mind and conscience, he knows not whither to go, or where to hide himself: but at last considering, that the greatest dangers have need of the least distraction, and most discretion, he thinks to fly on his right hand to *Horto Farnesi*, or the Gardens and Orchards which belong to that Illustrious Family: but then again, fearing to meet with a wooden face, instead of finding an open door, he leaves that resolution, and (as fast as his legs and feet can bear him) flies on his left hand up towards *Nero's* Tower (so famous for that Emperor's infamy, in standing thereon when he delighted to see all *Rome* on fire) and here in the ruins and demolitions of an infinite number of Palaces, Churches, and other stupendious Buildings, our murtherous *Bertolini* hides and husheth up himself, hoping if the day were past, to escape, and recover some secret Friends house, by night.

But God is too just to let this his cruel fact pass unrevenge, and this bloody Murther unpunished; for he hath scarce been there half an hour, but he is known there, found out, and hemm'd in of all sides by the Captain's Guard, arm'd with Partisans and Pistols. Here *Bertolini* considering himself a *Roman* Gentleman, would fain have made some resistance with his Rapier: but seeing their numbers to increase, and himself alone; as also, that it would farther

augment his crime, and exasperate his Judges against him; he at their first summons delivereth up his Rapier, and yields, and rendereth himself into their hands, who presently convey him to prison, where he shall have but little time to think of his hainous and bloody Murthers, ere we shall see him brought forth and arraigned before his Judges: but, in the interim, all *Rome* is possessed and informed hereof.

So the second morning of *Bertolini* his imprisonment, he is fetcht before his Judges, where at first the Devil is so strong with him, as he once thought to have denied this Murther of *Sturio*: but God proving more merciful to his soul, he, upon his Judges grave and Religious Remonstrances, with many sighs and tears freely confelleth it, humbly beseeching them to take pity of his young years, and that it was only the heat of youth, and the vanity of his ambitious honour, which had thus betrayed and seduced his soul to perpetrate this cruel and impious Murther: and for the which, he extreemly and bitterly repented himself.

But the arrow of God's wrath and revenge, is now fully bent against *Bertolini*, as his bullets were against *Sturio*: so as his Sacred Majesty, causing his Judges to resemble themselves, they are deaf to his requests, and tell him, It is not his youth, or his ambition, but the Devil that hath seduced and drawn him to perform this bloody Murther: and so, for expiation thereof, they, in consideration he is a *Roman* Gentleman, nobly descended, will not hang him, but adjudge his two hands to be cut off before the house where he shot at *Sturio*, and then afterwards to be beheaded at the common place of Execution, at the foot of *S. Angelo's Bridge*; his Head to be set upon a Pole over *St. John de Lateran's Gate*, and his body to be thrown into *Tiber*: which the next day was accordingly executed in presence of many thousand people of both Sexes, and of all Ranks, notwithstanding the importunate solicitations which his Father made to Cardinal *Borghese*, (the Pope *Paulinus Quintus* Nephew) to the contrary; who was too noble and generous to assist him in so base and ignoble a Murther.

And these were the lives and deaths of these three unfortunate *Roman* Gentlemen, *Brellati*, *Sturio*, and *Bertolini*; and of that beautiful, chaste, and sorrowful Lady, *Paulina*. And here we conclude and shut up this their mournful History, I have been informed, That the curious Wits of *Rome* made many exquisite Epitaphs upon the deaths of *Sturio* and *Paulina*; as also, that *Bertolini* made a Religious and most Christian Speech at his end, of which I must confess I was not so happy to recover the sight or copies of either; for if I had, I would not have failed to have inserted and placed them at the end of this History, to have served as a grace and ornament thereunto, in interlacing my Prose with other Verses, for the better delight and recreation of my Reader. But I must (justly) crave excuse herein: for my curiosity sought them, though my unfortunacy found them not. And because I wholly aim rather to profit than to please my Reader, let us forget the shadows, to remember the substance; and so look from the Map to the Moral of this History; that the foul example of *Bertolini's* crime of Murther, and the justness of his punishment, may make us less bloody, and more compassionate and charitable to our Christian Brethren, and consequently more pious towards God, of whom we all bear the living Image, and true and lively Character.

F I N I S.

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
Against the
Crying and Execrable
SIN OF
MURDER.

EXPRESSED

In Thirty several Tragical Histories (digested into Six
Books) which contain great variety of mournful
and memorable Accidents, Amorous,
Moral, and Divine.

BOOK III.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Bennet*, for *Thomas Lee*, 1678.

THE

GODS REVENGE

CRIMINAL AND EXECUTABLE

MURDER.

TRANSLATED

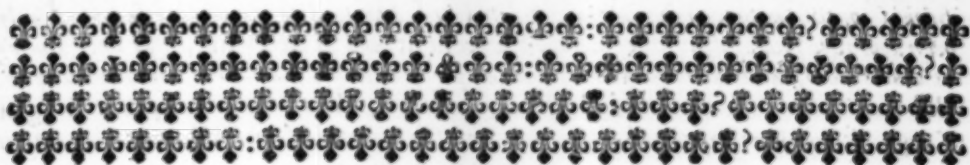
FROM THE ORIGINAL TRAGEDY OF THE
GODS (WHICH CONTAINS GREAT VARIETY OF MOUNTAIN
AND MARVELLOUS ACCIDENTS, AND
MORAL AND POLITICAL

BOOK III.

Written by JOHN RYLANDS.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. BARNES, for Thomas Long, 1678.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

And truly worthy of all Honour,

W I L L I A M

EARL OF

PEMBROKE,

Lord Chamberlain to His Majesty, Knight of the Thrice
Noble Order of the Garter, and one of the Lords
of His most Honourable Privy Council.

Right Honourable,

I *is not your Dignity, but your Virtues ; not your Greatness, but your Goodness,*
which first conjured my affection, then commanded my resolution to direct these (fo-
reign) Tragical Histories to your Honour's Protection and Patronage: For whilst
others (sailing with the corrupt Tide and Corrent of the Times) not only admire,
but adore the exterior parts of men, their Fortunes ; I for my part, both honour and
reverence their interior qualities and ornaments, Piety, Fidelity, Generosity, (three
Daughters of Heaven, embling and personating the three Heavenly Graces on Earth,
Faith, Hope, Charity) who transport and convey our Memories as far as the limits
of Time, and a degree beyond it ; and (on the wings of Truth) mount our Fames from
Earth to Heaven, from Envy to Glory, and from Mortality to Eternity. Not but
that I every way respect and honour that Blood which is Noble: but, that I yet more
dearly honour, and deeply affect those Virtues which have a secret, and as I may justly
say) a sacred power in them to ennoble Nobility ; both which transcendent Priviledges.
finding hand in hand cheerfully to march, and really to sympathize in your Honour,
which upon the resplendent lustre of your actions, Envy is not capable to insinuate a ble-
misb, nor Detraction of power to introduce or inforce a disparagement) was the sole pre-
vailing-motive of this my Zeal and Ambition. And when I consider that the Morality,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Ends, and Punishments, of these foul and crying Sins of Murther, which my two former Books (of this nature) have already related and divulged to the world, have not only been approved, but applauded, of our most Excellent and Sacred King, (as only aiming at God's glory, and our own reformation and preservation) ; I rather hope than despair, that this Third (wherein the just Revenge of God, the Great and Supreme King of Kings, is no less apparent and conspicuous) will be accepted of your Honour. Again, it fights against Murther, which not only seeks to slay Humanity, but therein to murder Religion, which is the Life and Soul thereof. It denounceth War against Nature and Grace, against the Divine Ordinances of Heaven, and the Coactive and Penal Laws of Earth, whereby they are established and maintained, as being the Cement and Sinews, the Veins and Arteries of Monarchies and Commonweals ; as also, against the Majesty of God, and the Crowns and Dignities of Sovereign Kings and Princes, his Royal Deputies and Vice gerents here on Earth, sith thereby he loseth souls, and these subjects ; yea, so general and prodigious a progression doth this scarlet Sin of premeditated and wilful Murther make in the universal World, and with so bloody a deluge and inundation, it not only washes, but (as it were) drowns the face of Christian, that we have now far truer cause to cry out, and juster reason to exclaim, than did Quintus Catulus, (so many Centuries of years since) O with whom, or where shall we live in safety, sith in Wars we kill those who are armed ; and in Peace, who are unarmed ? Yea your Honour, who (with a happy Constancy, and constant Happiness) is still a professed Champion for Charity against Envy, and a Tutelary Protector for Virtue against Vice, (whiles divers Great ones of the World, make it not only their practice, but their glory, to perform the contrary) will, I hope, run over these mournful Histories (and the several accidents they relate) with your eye of pity, and spirit of compassion ; and therein with a religious joy, and pious insultation, not only admire the Providence, but applaud and magnifie the Justice of God, in so timely cutting off these Monsters of Nature, and bloody Butchers of Mankind, with these their condign punishments, and deserved deaths : In which Hope and Confidence, this Book is no more mine, but your Honours, and no less is he who collected and penned it. And that my Name may futurely oblige me to make this present Promise of my Pen real ; whiles many others (in a virtuous emulation) contend to deserve the Honour of your Favour, and strive to purchase the felicity of your Commands, none shall do it with more Integrity, and less Vanity than

Your Honours truly devoted

JOHN REYNOLDS.



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY XI.

De Salez killeth Vaumartin in a Duel. La Hay causeth Michaelle to poyson La Frange, De Salez loves La Hay; and, because his Father Argentier will not consent that he marry her, stifeth him in his bed, and then takes her to his Wife: She turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuseth her of this bloody fact, and himself for murdering his Father Argentier: so his dead body is hang'd to the Gallows, then burnt: La Hay confesseth this Murther, and likewise that she caus'd Michaelle to poyson La Frange: she hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive: Michaelle is broken on the Wheel, and his dead body thrown into the River.

Although our perverse Nature, and rebellious Thoughts may for a while make us esteem Envy to be no Vice, and Murther a Virtue, yet if we will erect the eyes of our Faith, and so look from our selves to our souls, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God, we shall then assuredly find, that hating our Christian Brother, we hate Christ who made us Brothers; and murdering him, that we maliciously and presumptuously attempt to crucifie Christ; by whom we must, without whom we cannot be saved. But if we will turn Atheists, and believe there is a Heaven, but no God; or Devils, and say, there is a God but no Heaven, then that uncharitable Tenent of Envy may be held lawful, and this bloody position of Mutther practised, because privileged; else not. Wherefore let us who are Christians, re-send this Devilish Doctrine, and Doctrine of Devils, to Hell from whence it came, and to the Devil himself who first broached and invented it; sith we cannot profess it, without making our selves Agents; nor perpetrat it, without becoming his very limbs and members, in regard they will infallibly prove woful fore-runners of our misery, and the wretched He-
rals

raids of our perdition: as the bloody Actors of this ensuing mournful History will make good, and instance to us in themselves, when the severe Judgments and Punishments of God beset them so suddenly, as it was too late for them either to revoke or bewail the enormity of these their foul and infernal crimes.

Toulouse (as well for greatness as state, the third City and Court of Parliament of France) is the place wherein we shall understand, there was lately committed and perpetrated a Tragical History, which hath many mournful and bloody dependances; the which to branch forth, and depaint in their naked colours, we must understand, that therein lived a Counsellor of that famous Court (being a rich Gentleman, well descended) termed *Monsieur de Argentier*, whose Wife, being deceased, left him Father only to one hopeful Son, of the age of two and twenty years, termed *Monsieur de Salez*, who being wholly addicted to the Wars (from which Martial Profession it was impossible for his old Father to divert or withdraw him) he procured him an Ensign's place under *Monsieur de Roquelaur*, whom he served in the *Adriatick* Sea, under the Noble and generous *Venetians*, who then stood rather jealous than fearful of the power and greatness of Spain: but the *Chimera* of that War (after the term of three or four years being vanished and blown away, and consequently betwixt those two mighty Estates, a new Peace contracted and concluded (although the old had not been actually broken and decelerated) home returns *Monsieur de Roquelaur*, for *Gascogne*, and with him *De Salez*, for *Languedoc* and *Toulouse*, where he is received of his Father with much content and joy, not that he is contented to see his Son profess these military courses (which only affords the smoak of Honour, and not the solidity of Profit) but rather that he exceedingly rejoiced him to see him return therefrom; and from whence, if he cannot hope that his requests will solely divert him, yet he is resolved and assured, that his commands both will and shall. To which end (as any humour is soonest subject to be expelled and defaced by its contrary, so) the old Counsellor, having as much Judgment and Providence in his head, as his Son hath Vanity in his thoughts, and Rashness in his resolutions, doth both request and command him to leave the War for Peace, Arms for Love, the Camp for the City, and his Captain for a Wife, and so no longer to march and fight under the Banners of *Mars* and *Bellona*, but under the Standards of *Venus* and *Himeneus*: to which effect, he proffers him the choice of many rich and fair young Gentlewomen of the Countrey, to his Wife; but especially (and with far more earnestness than any other) to an exceeding rich Match in the City, which was a young Gentlewoman termed *La Frange*, being the only Child of *Monsieur de Clugny*, one of the most famous and richest Presidents of that Court, young of years, as being but sixteen or seventeen, but withall deformed both in favour and body: for she was of a brown and fowr Complexion; and not only a Dwarf in stature, but also exceeding crook-back'd, and yet beyond measure very amorous and desirous of a Husband: only the Endowments of her mind most richly recompenced, and made satisfaction for the defects of her body: for she had an active and nimble wit, a sweet and figured tongue, a rich memory, and a powerful and happy judgment; and was indeed an excellent Dancer and Singer, and withal a most perfect and exquisite Musician. But as yet *De Salez* Warlike and Generous resolution, could not be so soon made flexible, to imbrace the motion of a Wife, and so returns his denial instead of his consent: but his wife old Father *Argentier*, being therefore the more curious of his Son *De Salez* his prosperity and welfare, because he apparently saw he no way regarded, but every way neglected it himself (his Son's exorbitant resolution notwithstanding) although he knew that *Mademoiselle La Frange* had many noble Suitors, who sought her in Marriage: yet relying upon his ancient acquaintance and familiarity with the President, *De Clugny*, and also that that Daughter of his, and this his Son, were of both parties their only children; he taking time at advantage, breaks with him about the Match: whereunto *De Clugny* hearkens rather with delight, than distaste: for if there were any disparity in the dignity of their Offices, he well knows that *Argentier's* Blood and Wealth did at least equalize, if not exceed his: or if he conceited any scruple in his thoughts which impugned or imposed it, it was only because *De Salez* was a Soldier, and not a Lawyer, and consequently delighted to use a Sword, before his pen; and to wear and prefer a Scarlet Cloak, before a Black. But then again, these repugnant and averse reasons were as soon buried, as born; and defaced, as conceived and engraven in him; when he considered that he himself in his adolescence, was of the same humour and inclination, and therefore that Experience had made him a President to himself, that Time was both the reformer and refiner of manners, and that (in all well-born and well-bred spirits) the Precepts of a Father, and the sweet conversation and counsel of a Wife, had power to metamorphose the conditions of a young Husband: whereupon the old Fathers often meet and consult hereon, and so being fully agreed on all conditions

conditions, they likewise appoint a solemn meeting for their children; but the effect and issue of this their interview, will not correspond and answer their desires.

La Frange (as we have formerly said) being deformed and crook-back't, was no way agreeable, but displeasing to *De Salez*; but he being a tall and neat-timber'd Gentleman, of a fair and feminine complexion, she instantly most tenderly affected, and dearly loved him. In a word, I must request the curiosity of the *Reader* briefly to be informed and advertised, that as she beheld him with the eyes of love and desire, so did he her with those of contempt and disdain: she building Castles of content, in the air of her thoughts and hopes, that Heaven would make him her Husband; and he razing both her and her memory out of that of his contemplations, vowing that Earth should never make her his Wife. Thus, though the Parents have already shut up the Contract, yet their Children shall never live to celebrate the Nuptials; for we shall see diversity of Tragical Accidents which are providing, and almost ready to oppose and impugn it. Parents think to be the Causes, but God will still be the Author of Marriages: for if his Sacred and Divine Majesty make them not first in Heaven, they shall never see them solemnized nor consummated on Earth.

And here, to make an orderly progression in this History, the *Reader* must likewise understand, that of all other of *La Frange's* Suitors, none sought her with so much importunity and impatience, as the Baron of *Vaumartin*, whose chiefest House and Lands, lay betwixt *Algemortes* and *Narbone*, (a Noble-man of some thirty years old) who (like many others of his stamp and rank) had spent the greatest part of his Youth and Means, in *Paris*, in lasciviously debauching and revelling with the *Parisian* Ladies and Dames: so that the vanity of his pleasures and expences, making his Lands flie away piece-meal, and the devastating and fall of his Trees and Woods, making the rest of his Mannors shake (an example and president for all other debauched Gallants to observe and beware of): he leaves *Paris* with curses, and his bitter-sweet sins with repentance; and so to repair his errors, and to redeem his lost time and decayed Estate) he comes home to *Languedoc*; where hearing in *Tholouse* of the President *De Clugny's* great Wealth, which he must solely leave to his only Child and Daughter *La Frange*, who was now marriageable; he resolves to set all his other business and designs apart, and so to lay siege, and seek her of her Father, and Self, in Marriage. Now to take the better direction and observation of this History, we must likewise understand, that this Baron of *Vaumartin* was of a swart complexion, a Dwarf of stature, and every way as crook-back't as *La Frange*; which the more flattered him in his hopes, and egged him on in his pursuit, hoping indeed (though with as much vanity as ignorance) that this their corporal resemblance, would the sooner induce and draw her to affect him: but his *Arithmetick*, or rather his *Judgment*, will deceive him: for, it is conformity of Humours and Inclinations, and not of Faces and Bodies, which breeds and enflames a sympathy in affections. But he is resolute in his re-search, and so better loving the Father's Wealth, than the Daughter's Beauty; he well assisted and followed, (with a Train and Equipage worthy of his Birth, and her Merits) first seeks the Daughter of her Father, then her self of her self. As for the old President *De Clugny*, he hath heard of his debauched pranks and riots in *Paris*, and therefore vow'd, that his Wealth gotten with wisdom and purchased with providence, study, and care; in his Age shall never pay for the obscene pleasures and vicious prodigalities of his Youth: and so with many verbal Complements, (resolving that he shall never triumph in the conquest of his Daughter) he in general terms puts him off.

As for *La Frange* her self, the sweetness of *De Salez's* Complexion and Personage is so deeply imprinted in her heart and thought, that it is impossible for *Vaumartin* to finde any admittance or entrance; for, she speaks of none but *De Salez*, thinks of none but *De Salez*; nor wisheth her self with any but with *De Salez*. Again she wonders at *Vaumartin's* simplicity, in seeking her for his Wife; for if she hate deformity in her self, how is it either likely or possible, that she can love it in her Husband? no; no; though *De Salez* will not love *La Frange*, yet *La Frange* must and will love *De Salez*, and none but him: and therefore sith *De Salez's* sweet feature is a Pearl in her eye, needs must *Vaumartin* be an eye-sore to her; yea, and if Modesty will permit me to speak or write an immodest truth, her heart doth for burn and flame in love to *De Salez*, that both day and night she many times with sighs, sometimes with tears, wisheth her self either impaled in his arms, or he enclioistered in hers.

Now, by this time, *Vaumartin* hath full notice and advertisement of her dear affection devoted to none but to *De Salez*; as likewise, his slighting and disdainning her: whereupon, encouraged by this, and disheartned by that, he leaves no cost, nor curiosity (either in Gifts, Dancing, Musick, or Banquets) unattempted, to crown his wants, rather than his desires

desires and pleasures, with this, though deformed, yet rich Heir, *La Frange*: so leaving him to his vain suit in courting her, I speak we a little of *De Salez*, that sith he will not affect *La Frange*; we may yet observe and discover which way he intends to shape the course of his affections and resolutions.

For albeit he had formerly addicted himself and resolutions to be a professed Soldier; yet *Peace* calling him home now to *Pleasure*, and that to *Effeminacy*, a fatal and dangerous Vice, which in the iniquity of these our times, and depraved manners, not only most insensibly creeps into common Soldiers and Commanders, but also into all Armies, and into many Estates and Kingdoms, still to the disparagement of their glory, and sometime to the price of their ruin, and peril of their subversion; he began to let his Colours hang dusty, and his Pike and Partizan rusty by the walls, and to frequent the company of Ladies; which the old Councillor, his Father, observes with joy; hoping that in the end he shall draw him to affect and marry *La Frange*: but these hopes of his will prove vain, and this his joy will soon be exchanged into sorrow, and metamorphosed into affliction and misery; for that his Son is partly resolved to marry, 'tis true; but as true it is, he is fully resolved never to love, much less to marry *La Frange*.

Now we must understand, that in *Tholouse* there dwelt a Merchant of Silks, or as we in England say a *Silk-man* termed *Monsieur de Soulange*; rather reputed rich of others, than known so of himself: and yet, being an old Widower, to the end the sooner to get him a new Wife, he puts a good face on his Estate, and maintains himself, Family, and House, with great pomp and expences, having no Son, but three fair Daughters, all marriageable: and yet (out of ambition, and in emulation of the Gentry) severally known and stiled by their titles, not by their names, as *Mesdameselles de Marfy*, *La Perverte*, and *La Hay*, all famous for their beauties, and indeed for their pureness and excellency thereof, justly reputed and held the prime Birds of the City, and yet the youngest of them, *La Hay*, was the *Phoenix* of all the Three: for she was so sweetly fair, and fairly sweet of complexion, as she drew all eyes to do homage to hers; so as it was almost impossible for any man to look on her without loving her, or to gaze on her, without desiring her: for her Body was so straight and slender, and the Roses of her Cheeks so deliciously gracing the Lillies, and the Lillies the Roses, that the greatest Gallant either of the City or Countrey, held himself not only happy, but honoured with the felicity of her presence and company. But, in one word, to give these three Sisters their true Characters, *De Marfy* and *La Perverte*, were far more virtuous than *La Hay*, though *La Hay* were far fairer than they; for as *Religion* and *Piety* was their chiefest delight and exercise, as more desirous to imbellish their souls, than their bodies; so wanton pleasure, and vain lasciviousness, was hers, as rather delighting to please and adorn her body, than her soul; they being more virtuous than fair; she more fair than virtuous; different inclinations and resolutions: these as happy and blessed, as hers wretched and impious: their actions might have been a precedent, yea a Pilot to have conducted her Fame as well to the Temple of Honour, as to the Harbour of Immortal Glory, and of glorious Immortality; but she vows she will prove a President to her self, and her pleasure shall be a Pilot to her Will, although she miss the Temple of Honour, to find out that of beastly Concupiscence; and the Harbour of Immortal Glory, to suffer shipwrack upon the Shelves of inglorious Infamy, and the Rock of Infamous Perdition.

To this *Monsieur de Soulange's* House, the Beauties of his three Daughters, but especially that of *La Hay*, and withal her pleasing and tractable affability, invites many young Gentlemen, and the eminentest Citizens, who there pass their time in courting and conversing, in dancing, singing, and the like; whereunto the Youth of *France*, more than any other people of the World, are most licentiously addicted: and as things are best discerned and distinguished by their contraries; so the Virtues of *De Marfy*, and *La Perverte*, were made more apparent by *La Hay's* Vices; and her Lust and Whoredoms, were more palpably notorious in their Chastity. O that so sweet a Creature should be subject to so foul a sin! and that Beauty, the best gift (and, as I may say, the Gold) of Nature, should be thus villified and polluted with the beastly pleasures of carnal concupiscence, and obscene sensuality! For, ay me! I write it with as much grief to my self, as shame to her; She was too prodigal of her Favours: for she imparted them liberally unto some for Love; but unto most, for Money; not caring to whom she prostituted her Body, so they filled her Purse; thereby to support her Pride, and maintain the excess and vanity of her Bravery: and yet she was so subtil and cautious therein, that although she were a professed Courtesan, she would nevertheless Publicly seem a pure and unspotted Virgin; and the better to fortifie her Fame, and to make the reputation of her Chastity pass current with the world, she would swear all those to conceal her favours, on whom

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soever she imparted and bestowed them: but if this lascivious subtilty of hers have power to blear the eyes of the world, how can this her beastly sin of Fornication be unseen of God, when the Windows, Walls, and Beams of her Chamber, yea, her very Bed whereon she hath acted her Whoredoms, shall one day give in evidence, and serve as witnesses against her; yea, and be Petitioners on earth, that God will requite and reward them with vengeance and confusion from Heaven.

Now, among the rest of those debauched Gentlemen, who devoted their lascivious service, and sacrificed their foud affection to *La Hay's* beauty, in comes our *De Salez* to enrol himself one; who, feasting and surfetting his eyes on the delicacies of her fresh and sweet complexion, leaves his own Father's house to frequent her's; yea, his desires are so lustfully enflamed with her beauty, as with his best art and policy he lays close siege to her Chastity, and with many gifts, requests, and oaths, seeks to endear her to his desires and pleasure. But see the subtilty of this lascivious young *Courtisan*; for, knowing *De Salez* deeply in love with her, and to be the only Child of his Father, and he one of the richest Councillors of *Tholouse*, she conceives a plot in her head, to go a fishing to make him her Husband, and so bears her self wonderful modest and coy, casting a cloke and veil of Chastity over her unchast desires and actions, as if she were now a Virgin, yea a Saint to him, though heretofore she had many times played the Strumpet with others. But her denial doth rather enflame, than quench the fire of his lust; so as making many assaults to raze down the defences of her refusal, that he may enter and take possession of her heart and favour, his best Art and Oratory proves vain: for she outwardly retires her affection, thereby the better inwardly to advance and finish her purposes: so this repulse of her's makes him hang his head, and become pensive and melancholy; the true signs and symptoms of a foolish and fantastical Lover, as in effect we shall shortly see *De Salez* will prove himself. For the colder she is in affection to him, the hotter is he in lust with her; forgetting the wars, yea, his discretion, himself, and all, to crown his desires in enjoying her: the which she well observing, begins to triumph in her good fortune, as thinking him already fairly come to the hook; and so hopes, that if the line of his folly, and her good fortune and wit hold, she will soon make him her Husband, and her self his Wife: for, having formerly met with many Knaves in others, she now begins to rest confident, either to find or to make a fool of him, thereby to serve as a veil to over-veil her Whoredoms. He pleads hard to her for love; she replies, it is impossible to find love in lust. He vows he will dye her servant; she swears she will never live his Strumpet. He protesteth, that she shall share of his estate; she tells him plainly, that she had rather live a poor Wife, than dye a rich *Courtisan*. He replies, that he adores her beauty; she answers, that she knows no other, but that he only seeks to profane and defile it. And here, with more facility to make him swallow either a Gull or a Gudgeon, or both; she, by stealth, permits him to cull some kisses, as well from the Cherries of her lips, as the Roses of her cheeks; and in the interim, like an hypocritical dissembling Quean, reads him many Lectures on the pureness of Chastity and the foulness of Lust, on the blessedness of Marriage, and the wretched estate of Fornication. Prophan and impious Giglet! whose speeches are perfumed with Virtue, and yet her actions stink, and are polluted and infected with Vice! dissembling *Siren*, who casts forth bitter-sweet enchanting tunes and charms, to please the sense, and yet purposely to poyson the soul: Pills of wormwood, candy'd in Sugar; honey to the palat; but gall to the stomach: a fatal Rock, whereon many inconsiderate and debauched young Gentlemen have unfortunately suffered Shipwrack; a wretched Gulph and Labyrinth, which contains all variety of endless miseries and calamities, whereunto whosoever enters with pleasure, is sure to retire with tears, curses and repentance. A plague sent us from Heaven in our age, for a just guerdon and recompence of the sins and folly of our youth. And into this intricate Labyrinth, and bottomless Gulph of misery and calamity, is our rash and lustful young Gallant, cheerfully entering and steering his course, without either the Star of hope, or Compass of felicity and safety, bearing our top and top-gallant; yea, (as I may say) with all the sails of his folly bearing, and with the Flag, Ensign, and pendants of his obscene and lascivious desires, playing and dallying in the Air of *La Hay's* fatal and infectious beauty; which hath so closely surpris'd his Judgment, captivated his Thoughts, and eclipsed his Discretion, as in her absence and presence he extols as well her Virtues, as her Beauty, to the Skies; vowing that she is so fair a Nymph, and so pure a Virgin, as she deserves rather to be his Wife, than his Strumpet; or rather, not his Strumpet, but his Wife. And so two months being past since he first frequented her, and sought to seduce and obtain her to his lascivious desires; and seeing (dissembling Quean as she is) that therein she bore her self infinitely chaste and modest, and that it was impossible for him to observe or remarke any other inclination or testimony, either in her words or carriage, his wits are so besotted and intrangled

in the fetters of her beauty, that he prefers her sweet feature and complexion, a thousand times before *La Frange's* deformed; and vows, that he had rather dye *La Hay's* slave, than ever live to be *La Frange's* Husband. But this folly of his, in the end, shall cost him dear, and so lead him to another, far more unnatural, and, as I may justly say, damnable: But we must proceed orderly in this History, and do therefore reserve that part till anon.

By this time the sly subtilty, and seeming-chast behaviour of *La Hay*, hath acted wonders in *De Salez's* heart; so as she now hopes confidently and shortly to play her prize in surprising him: for he is extremely amorous, besotted, and (as I may say) drunk with the love of her Self and Beauty: so, on a Sunday, as she returned from *Vespers*, he repairs to her Father's house to see her; whom he finds in her Chamber alone, waiting and attending him, having purposely dressed her self in a rich new Gown and Petticoat, and trimmed and adorned her self in her gayest and most curious Attire, thereby with more ease and facility to draw him to her lure: So as her Beauty being both seconded and graced by her Apparel, she so ravished his heart, and delighted his senses, as he cannot refrain from kissing her, but this Honey of her lips, will, in the end, prove poison to his heart. And here again he lays close siege to her Chastity; but still she gives him the repulse and refusal, as if she were a *Diana*, and not a *Venus*: He vows he doth affect, and will ever honour her: and she, That if he honour her, she will still affect him. In the way of Love, quoth he, I am wholly yours: and, quoth she, in that of Honour I will not be mine own, but yours. I will, quoth he, in all affection both live and dye your servant: and, replies she, in all Chastity I will live to dye your Handmaid. He affirms, He cannot be more hers in heart, then he is: nor I, quoth she, less yours in lust, than I am. It is, quoth he, my Love which makes me report so much: and, quoth she, it is my Fear which makes me affirm no less. Why, quoth he, should my Love procure your Fear? My Fear, quoth she, is wholly engendred and derived from your Lust, but not from your Love. I pray express your self, quoth he: she replies, My Blushes may, but my Tongue dare not. Quoth he, Did your affection equalize mine, *La Hay* would accept of *De Salez*, and not refuse him. Nay, quoth she, did *De Salez* know how infinitely mine exceeds his, he would not refuse *La Hay*, but accept of her. Why, quoth he, *De Salez* desires none but *La Hay*: Nor, quoth she, *La Hay* any in the World but *De Salez*. Whereupon *De Salez*, being provoked with his own lust, and animated and encouraged by her sweet speeches, he very joyfully (yet falsely) flattering himself with the conquest of her favour and consent, shuts the door, and (like a most lascivious and dissolute Gentleman) takes her in his arms, and strives to convey her to the Bed, resolving there to enrich himself with more than kisses; yea, to reap the fruit of his beastly pleasures, and obscene and brutish desires; but his hopes shall deceive him: For, although *La Hay* be a Courtesan in heart, yet she will not be so in tongue, especially now, where to get her self a rich Husband, it behoves her to play her prize in Chastity, as if she were as vertuous as fair, and as chaste as lovely. Wherefore exclaiming, and storming at this his lascivious attempt and enterprise, levelled at the depuration and shipwrack of her Honour, she with a violent power, and enraged violence, unskrews her self forth his Arms, and with a world of hypocritical sighs and tears, flies to his Ponyard, which he had thrown on the Table; and, unsheathing it, vows that she will be a second *Lucretia*; and, that if she cannot kill him before he have defiled and deflowered her, yet, that she will assuredly murder her self after; because she is fully resolved, That her Chastity shall out-live her, not she her Chastity. A religious and honourable resolution of hers, if it had proceeded from a chaste and sanctified heart: but alas! nothing less; for she speaks it out of Subtilty, not out of Virtue; out of Policy, no way out of Piety. *De Salez*, by this time having wholly lost his judgement in the sweet and roseat Garden of her delicious Complexion, vows that he is now as deeply in love with her Chastity, as formerly with her Beauty. When seeking to appease her Choler, and to pacifie her Indignation, as also to give truce to his own thoughts, and content to his desires; he swears he is so far from intending her any dishonour, as he is resolved to do her all the honour of the world; yea, so far, as, if she please, he is ready to accept her for his Wife; protesting, that of all the Maidens of the world, he is desirous to be Husband to none but her self; and that the fault shall be hers, if he make not his words deeds. *La Hay* having her thoughts tickled with delight, to hear the pleasant melody of these his sugared speeches, doth thereat presently bury her sighs, and dry up her tears; when, throwing away the Ponyard, and making him a most respectful courtesie, and grateful reverence, she with extended arms runs to him, and hangs about his neck, vowing that she loves no man in the

World

World but himself; and in consenting to be her Husband, she will till death yeeld not only to be his faithful Wife, in attending his pleasure, but his observant Handmaid, to receive and obey his Commands: and so they interchangeably greet each other with thanks and kisses. But yet, she knowing that his Father *Argentier* was both rich and eminent, and her own poor, and of a far inferior rank; she is so politick and subtil in the managing of this her affection, as she is resolved to make sure work, and to do nothing by halfs; so as knowing that words are but wind, and what *De Salez* promiseth her now, he may either forget or deny to morrow; she intends to catch at *Opportunitie's* fore-lock; and so with a sweet and ingenuous insinuation, draws him to give her a Diamond-Ring in token of Marriage; and she, in exchange, returns him a small Gold Bracelet, which she wore upon her arm next her heart. And yet again, considering that his Father would very difficultly (or never) be drawn to consent to this Match, she can give no true content to her desires, nor satisfaction to her fear, before she have united and linked him to her, in a more stricter and firmer bond of assurance; when not only feasting but (as it were) surfeiting him with variety of kisses, she bethinks her self of a policy as worthy of her wit for attempting, as of his folly for performing: for directing him her speech (which she accompanied with many amorous, yet dissembling smiles) she told him she would futurely exceed him in constancy, and now out-brave him in affection; when taking Pen and Paper, she writes him a fair promise and firm assurance of her self unto him (in the manner of a Contract); and to make it the more powerful and authentical, subscribes her name and sign to it, and betwixt sighs and blushing, she delivers it to him; no way doubting, but rather assuring her self, that he would requite her with the like courtesie and obligation, as indeed the event answered her desires and wishes. For *De Salez* having now no power left him to see by his own eyes; I mean, by those of his Judgment, but only by these of his intemperate passion, and passionate affection; he is so far from descrying, much less from suspecting her policy, as very simply and sottishly he attributes it to the fervency of her affection; the which he interprets and entertains, I know not whether with more joy, or delectation; and so vowing not to dye her debtor for Courtesie, he very rashly and inconsiderately writes another to the same effect, and flies so far from wit and discretion, as to shew himself her Superior in affection, as well as in sex: he purposely cuts his finger, and so confirms his name thereunto with his own blood, and then with a million of kisses delivers it her, vowing that her pleasure shall be his law, in the accomplishing thereof: only he prays her for a time to be secret and silent herein, for that he fears he shall hardly draw his Father to consent hereunto: the which she very courteously grants him. And so he triumphing in her Beauty, and she in his Wealth; he in her Youth, and she in his Simplicity, they for that time part, not doubting but they shall shortly reap the fruits of their Matrimonial desires and wishes: for till then, she swears (though with an equivocating reservation to forswear herself) she will live a most pure and unspotted Virgin; and that as the least of her affection and courtesie toward him, shall be smiles, the most shall be kisses.

But this affection (or rather folly) of *De Salez*, in contracting himself to *La Hay*, is not so secretly born, but as her former unchastity was a general argument of talk to the whole City of *Thouluse*; so now this of her subtilty and good fortune, is, that of its universal prating and admiration, occasioned and redoubled by the opposite considerations of *Argentier's* known Wealth, and *De Soullange's* supposed poverty: and again, of *De Salez's* supposed Chastity, and of *De La Hay's* notoriously known Whoredoms. And as *Fame* is still so tarting a goddess, that events and accidents of this nature can hardly be concealed, and difficultly suppressed and smothered; so by this time, contrary to the expectations and hopes of our two young Lovers, the old Councillor *Argentier* hath notice of this unlooked-for news, and of this unwished-for familiarity betwixt his Son, and that Strumpet *La Hay*; when considering the great opposition betwixt *De Clugney's* Nobility and Wealth, and *De Soullange's* mean Extraction and Poverty; as also, by a true and uncontrollable *Antithesis*, comparing the foul and enormous Vices of *La Hay*, with the sweet and resplendiant virtues of *La Frange*, he (as much disdainning that Match, as desiring this for his Son) very hastily sends for him into the Arbor, where purposely attending him, he with lightning in his looks, and thunder in his speeches, lays before him the simplicity and sottishness of his resolution, in preferring *La Hay* before *La Frange*, a Strumpet before a Virgin, and a Pedler's Brat before a rich Gentleman's only Daughter and Heir: shews him the infamy of the first, and the glory of the last Match; there his unavoidable misery, here his assured happiness: the first, his utter ruine and shipwrack; and in the last, his infallible prosperity and felicity: and so intermixing threats with tears, with a passionate Paternal affection he endeavoureth to perswade him to leave *La Hay*, and to marry *La Frange*; or if not, he vows and swears, wholly to dis-inherit and from thenceforth never repute or esteem him his Son.

But *De Salez*, his foolish vanity and vain affection in himself towards his new contracted Love, *La Hay*, is so great; and consequently his filial obedience to his Father so small, as notwithstanding this his wholsome advice and counsel, he is still resolute and constant to prefer *La Hay* before *La Frange*; the beauty of the one, before the deformity of the other; his own content, before his Father's; and *Soulanges* estate and birth, before the great wealth and noble extraction of *De Clugny*: But this rashness, indiscretion, and ingratitude of his, will cost him dear.

Now if *Argentier* have perfect intelligence and curious notice of his Son's familiarity with that fair yet lewd Courtesan *La Hay*; no less hath *La Frange*; who, poor soul, is so deeply enamored of *De Salez*, as at the very first news and conceit, that another should enjoy him, and not her self, for very grief and sorrow she seems to drown her self in the deluge of her tears. His Father is cholerick thereat, she mournful; he incensed, she afflicted; he enraged, and she perplexed and tormented: his passions and anger proceed from suspicion, that he shall so soon find a Daughter-in-law in *La Hay*; her sighs and tears, from fear, that she shall so soon lose her Love, though not her Lover, his Son *De Salez*. Again, the argument of his choler, is *La Hay*'s unchastity and poverty; and the cause of her disconsolation, *De Salez*'s wealth and virtues: likewise she sees, that *Argentier* hath no reason to hope, that his son will marry her self, such is her deformity; and again, that he hath all the reason of the world, as well to doubt, as fear, that he will wed *La Hay*, such is her beauty. But sith *De Salez* will bear no more respect to his Father, nor affection to *La Frange*, leave we therefore his Father *Argentier*'s passions, and *La Frange*'s perplexities, to be appeased and qualified by Time, or rather by God, the Author and Giver of Time; who out of his All-seeing Providence, and Sacred Pleasure, only knows in Heaven how best to dispose and manage the actions of earth; and so come we to other unexpected occurrences and events, which like so many interjecting and intervening points, are contained within the circumference of this History.

I have so long insisted on the affections of *De Salez* and *La Hay*; as (but to the judicious and temperate Reader) it would seem to appear, that the Baron of *Vaumartin* hath wholly forgotten to remember his to his Lady *La Frange*: But to put that doubt out of question, and this question out of doubt, we shall see him return too too soon, to act a part not so religious and honourable, as bloody, upon the Theater of this History: For by this time both his Creditors and his Debts are grown so clamorous, and his Reputation and Land so near forfeited, for want of disingaging, as to secure the one, and to provide for the other, he knows no other invention nor means, but to gain *La Frange* to his Wife: when, as it were provoked and precipitated on by the necessity of this exigent, his thoughts leave Heaven, to flie to Hell; and consequently, flye from God to Satan, to consult, how either by the by, or the main, he may obtain her; yea, though with the peril and hazzard of his own life, to cut off theirs who seek herein to prevent his desires and designs. In which Hellish ratiocination, he, as devoid of Reason, as that is exempt either of Grace or Piety, thus reasoneth with himself: *De Clugny* hates me, for seeking to marry his Daughter; and that she may remedy for me: but, which is worst of all, she loves *De Salez*, and seeks and desires to marry him; and this I must remedy in time, if I ever expect to obtain or enjoy her; and so resolves to make him away; but is, as yet irresolute how to perpetrate, and in what manner to finish so execrable a business. But this is not only the voice of his malice, but the sentence of his revenge, that *De Salez* must dye. Wretched *Vaumartin*, unworthy to bear the name of a man, much less of a Baron, but least of all, of a Christian; in that, because *De Salez* hates *La Frange*, and she loves him, that therefore thou wilt not love but hate him; or because she loves him, and not thy self, that therefore thou wilt kill him, that she may love thee. See, see, rash and inconsiderate Noble-man, how treacherously the Devil hath hood-winked, yea, inveigled thy judgment, and besotted thy senses to kill one that loves thee; to kill I say, a Gentleman who hath not offended thee, but is every way thy friend, no way thine enemy: or if thou think it wisdom, that covetousness must redeem thy former prodigality; alas, alas, canst thou yet be so cruel to think it either lawful or religious, that future Murther should either occasion or authorize it? But the Devil hath so far prevailed with his impious resolutions, that again he resolves *De Salez* must dye: and yet thou thinkst poison as unworthy of him, as he is worthy of thy Sword: so, had thy last resolution been answerable to thy first, assure thy self thou hadst made thy self more happy, and not so miserable: for, as poisoning was the invention of the Devil, and is practised by none but his Agents; so this dishonourable point of honour, to fight Duels, was never instituted by God, nor professed by those who really profess his Gospel; yea, it is not only, truly to dishonour God, in seeking falsely to preserve our own Honour and Reputation, but we assuredly stab at the Majesty of the Creator, in seeking to deface man his Creature; and to use

use but a word, as it is repugnant both to Nature and Grace ; so though it begin in the heat of passion and pleasure, it many times terminates in Repentance, but still in true Infamy and Misery.

But *Vaumartin's* Faith being so strong with Satan, and so weak with his Saviour, he will not take a Law from Religion, to give to his Envy ; but rather, takes one from his Envy, to give to his Religion ; and so very prophanely and rashly, by his Lackey, *La Rose*, sends *De Salez* this Challenge.

VAUMARTIN to DE SALEZ.

IF thou seek the cause of my malice, thou mayst find it in the Lady *La Frange's* affection to thee, and hatred to my self : wherefore hold it not strange, that I now command my Pen to invite thee, and thy Sword, to meet me to morrow on horse-back, without Seconds, 'twixt five and six in the morning, behind the Jacobin's Garden. Love and Valour, thou knowest, are never capable of much expostulation, as desirous rather to be tried in action, than seen in words. Could that sweet Lady (who will not be mine, because thou art hers) have affected me more, or thee less, we might have proved as true Friends, as now our Reputations conjure us either to live or dye Honourable Enemies.

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and read this Challenge, doth not a little wonder at the Baron of *Vaumartin's* strange passion and resolution, in sending it him : especially, sith he knows that the motives and grounds of his malice, were so unjust and frivolous : so, how to answer him, as yet he knows not : for, as his generosity one way invites him to fight ; so his discretion another way, perswades him from it. But considering the poor esteem he makes either of the Lady *La Frange*, or her affection ; thinking it folly to fight without cause, and to hazzard his life without reason, he calls for Pen and Paper, and as a wise, yet valiant Gentleman, by his own Lackey returns the Baron of *Vaumartin* this Answer.

DE SALEZ to VAUMARTIN.

I Have seen many Challenges, but none of the nature of thine now sent me : for, to write thee the truth, the grounds and foundations thereof are unjust, false, or both : for, bring but the eyes of thy judgment, and not of thy passion, to be Judge and Umpire betwixt us, and thou shalt both see and find that I not only disclaim the Lady *La Frange's* affection, but her self ; sith I appertain to another, and she shall never to me. I here shew thee my love, through this true perspective of my heart ; and, which if it will not satisfy thy malice, then know, that my weak Valour is neither capable nor desirous of further expostulation, than that my Sword is as willing to bring thee deeds, as thy Pen was to send me words : for either single, or with Seconds ; either on foot, or on horse-back, I will still be ready to give reason to those who will not relish nor receive any but their own : and in this resolution of mine, I know I shall either live with Reputation, or dye with Honour.

DE SALEZ.

Vaumartin having received and perused this Letter of refusal from *De Salez*, he out of the heat of his passion, and height of his folly, reputes it rather to cowardize, than discretion, in him : and so his courage and revenge the more insulting and enflam'd thereat, he bending his brows (as if *Comeimpt* and Envy late wreath'd in the furrows thereof) very speedily again returns him his Lackey, with this rash Answer.

VAUMARTIN to DE SALEZ.

THY Answer gives me no satisfaction, sith I know, that to deny thy affection to the Lady *La Frange*, is to deny the light of the Sun in his brightest and hottest Meridian : neither are the grounds or foundation of my Challenge, either unjust or false, as thou in thy false Perspective endeavourest to make me see or believe : for, being ignorant who is thy Mistress, I know thou resolvest to make no Lady of the World thy Wife, but *La Frange* ; so as I cannot rightly define, whether thy proceeding with me be more subtil, or malicious ; or to what end thou shouldest attempt the one or practise the other towards me, unless out of a premeditated resolution and purpose, thereby to make thy glory the more apparent and conspicuous in my shame. Wherefore, sith thy friendship is false to me, I must, nay I will see, if thy valour will prove true to thy self ; and whether the effects of thy Sword, be as great in substance, as the vanity of thy Pen depicts them, in shew and ostentation : so my Challenge is still my resolution ; and the perform-

performance thereof must be thine, except thou resolve to live with as much Infamy, as the conclusion of thy Letter promiseth, thou art ready to dye with Reputation and Honour.

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and run over this Letter, and seeing that *Vaumartin* was still wilful and resolute to fight, thinks that he should degenerate from Himself, his Blood, and Profession, if he did not now accept and answer this his Challenge: wherefore, calling for *Vaumartin's* Lackey, he rounds him thus in the ear; Tell thy Master, that if I live, I will not fail to breakfast with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation. Thus we see two inconsiderate Gentlemen agreed, their Match concluded, and nothing but the night to hinder them from fighting; as if their glory consisted in their shame; and as if Nature had never taught them how to preserve their lives; nor Grace their souls.

So the Morn peeping forth through the Windows of Heaven, as soon as the Sun with his glistering beams began to salute the Woods and Mountains, our two resolute Champions bravely mounted, with each his Chirurgion, are in the field at the assign'd Rendezvous; and first comes *Vaumartin*, and then immediately *De Salez*; when their Chirurgions performing the duty and office of Seconds, being some hundred paces distant, they give Spurs to their Steeds, and so drawing their Swords, swiftly part, like two flashes of Lightning each toward other. At their first meeting, *De Salez* gives *Vaumartin* the first hurt in the right shoulder; and he, *De Salez* another in requital, in the right side of the neck; when, being both good *Cavaliers* (and well near as equal in years, as courages), they turn short, and then fall to it again with bravery and resolution; when again *Vaumartin* runs *De Salez* through his left Arm, of a deep and wide wound, and he only slightly cuts his Shirt upon his Ribs, giving him only a raze or scar; but as yet, both free from any danger of death; so they mutually consent to breathe: but their ambitions and courage of both sides are so exasperated and inflamed, as although they are all bloody, yet this will not suffice: so they fall to it again; and in this close, *De Salez* his horse stumbles with him; whereat *Vaumartin* (though a Dwarf in stature, yet not in Valour and Policy) taking the advantage of this accident, gives him first a lick o're his pate, and then runs him at the short Ribs; but *De Salez* reining up his Horse, proved favourable to him; for by that means, *Vaumartin's* Sword met and glanced on a Rib, without doing him any farther hurt. *De Salez* seeing the redoubling of his wounds, begins to redouble his courage; and disdainful thus to be out-braved and beaten by a *Pigmy*, he lays home at *Vaumartin*, and at their very next close, runs him thorow the body of a deep and mortal wound, a little above the Navel; whereat his Sword presently falls out of his hand to the ground, and he immediately likewise from his Horse stark dead, without having the grace or happiness, either to call on, or name God. O what pity, what misery is it, that a *Christian* should dye like a Beast, having neither power to pray, nor felicity to repent. Thus we see the Challenger killed; and he who would have murdered a stranger, murdered himself by a stranger; a Lesson to teach others to beware, by the Tragical and mournful end of this rash Noble-man. *De Salez* seeing *Vaumartin* dead, praiseth God for his victory; and so leaving his breathless Corps to his sorrowful Chirurgion, he gallops away to the next Village, where he causeth his wounds to be dressed; and from thence provides for his safety.

All *Tholouse* rings and resounds of this disastrous and Tragical accident. *De Clugny* is glad that *De Salez* hath escaped death; yet sorrowful that *Vaumartin* is killed, in respect he fears he undertook this quarrel for his Daughter *La Frange's* sake; who hearing that *De Salez's* wounds are no way mortal, infinitely rejoiceth and triumpheth thereat, flattering her self (though with this false hope) that he affected her far more dearer than he made shew of, or else that he would never have fought with *Vaumartin* for her sake; nor have killed him, but for his own. And thus, though humanity made her grieve for *Vaumartin's* death, yet that grief of hers was as suddenly converted into joy, when she saw he received it by the hand of *De Salez*, whom she respected and affected more dearly than all the Gentlemen of the world. Now, as for his Father *Argentier*, the life of his Son likewise wiped off the remembrance of *Vaumartin's* death; and yet it grieved him inwardly, that he to whom he gave life, should give death to another; and far the more, in that this unfortunate accident must now enforce him to beg pardon from that grave Court of Parliament, for this Murther perpetrated by his Son, sith he had formerly so often pleaded for Justice against others, for the like crime and offence: but all these joys of *Argentier*, *De Clugny*, and his Daughter *La Frange* are nothing to those of *La Hay* for the life and victory of her dear *De Salez*; leaping, as it were, for meet content and pleasure, that she should shortly see and enjoy him for her Husband; and that God

hath

hath both reserved and preserved him, to crown her with the Sweetness of this desired felicity.

Thus while *La Frange* and *La Hay* triumph and congratulate the return of *De Salez*, to *Argentier* publickly and *De Clugny* privately, imploy their chiefest power, friends, and authority, to procure his pardon, first from the King, then from the *Parliament*, whereof they are two famous Members; Which at last, (by the means and favour of the *Duke of Ventadour*) they obtain. So this murder of his, is remitted in Earth, but I fear me, will not be forgotten in Heaven: for though men be inconstant in their decrees, yet God will be firm and upright, as well in the distribution, as execution of his judgment. Men as they are men may err, but as they are Christians they should not; but God (either to please or displease them) neither can nor will.

De Salez, no sooner hath escaped this danger, but, forgetting his former follies, and his Father's advice and house, he again, in a manner, voluntarily imprisoneth himself with his Mistress *La Hay*, in hers; whereat, as his Father storm's, so *De Clugny* and *La Frange* bite the lip, hoping that his good office in procuring him his pardon, would more strictly have united him to her self, and consequently sequestred him from *La Hay*; but nothing less, for he sings his old tune, and will rather run the hazard of his old Father's displeasure, than leave *La Hay* to take *La Frange*: whereat his Father *Argentier* reneweth his choler, and revives his indignation against him, as desiring nothing so much in this life, as to see him married to *La Frange*, but he shall never live to see it; for there are many disastrous accidents preparing, to cross and prevent it.

While these things happen in *Thoulouze*, there betides an unexpected and unwished business, which must call away *Argentier* to *Paris*: for the Lords of the Privy Council of *France*, having received some informations and grievances against the body of the Court of *Parliament* of *Thoulouze*, command them speedily to send up some Deputies, to answer such matters as shall be objected against them; whereupon, the gravity and wisdom of that Court, in obedience to their Superiors, elect two Presidents and four Counsellors, to undertake that journey and business, among whom *De Clugny* is chosen for one of the Presidents, and *Argentier* for one of the Counsellors; as indeed their Integrity and profound Wisdom and Experience had made them eminent in that Court. As for *De Clugny*, at his importunate request (made to the Court) he was dispensed with from that journey; by alleadging that his Age and Sickness made him altogether unfit to undertake it: but all the evasions and excuses which *Argentier* could make, could not exempt him, but he must needs see *Paris*. But first, before his departure, he had a long and serious Conference with *De Clugny*, how to affect the so long desired match of his Son and Daughter, the finishing whereof was referred till his return from *Paris*, which sweet news infinitely rejoiced and delighted the young Lady *La Frange*: and the immediate night before he was to take Coach, he calls his Son *De Salez* to him, and with a perswasive and powerful speech, requested him in his absence to love *La Frange*; which he, in plain terms, protested and vowed to his Father, he could not; then he conjures him, never to marry *La Hay*, which likewise he would not grant; and to conclude, sith his Father could not prevail in the two former, he commanded him upon his blessing, that he would never marry any wife whatsoever without his consent, the which indeed *De Salez* could not deny, but faithfully promised his Father; yea, and bound it with an oath; yet still hoping, that it was as possible for him to draw his Father to consent he should marry *La Hay*, as it was impossible for his Father ever to persuade him to marry *La Frange*: and so that night the Father takes leave of the Son, and he the next morning of his Father, wishing him a prosperous journey, and a speedy return: who suspecting, and fearing, that in his absence, contrary to his requests and prayers, his Son would only abandon *La Frange* to frequent *La Hay*; he being arrived to the City of *Tours*, thought himself bound in Nature, as well for his own content, as his Son's tranquillity and prosperity, again to signify him his mind in some few lines of advice and counsel, and to send it him by the ordinary Carrier of *Thoulouze*, which was then in that City, bound thither from *Paris*: His Letter spake thus.

ARGENTIER to DE SALEZ.

IT is out of a Fatherly, and (as I may say) a religious care of thy good, that I now send thee these few ensuing lines: for thy Youth cannot see that which my Age knows, How many miseries are subject to woe and attend on Vice, and how many blessings on Virtue; if *La Frange* be not fair, yet she is comely, not contemptible: but sith her defects of Nature are so richly recompensed with the Ornaments of Fortune, and the excellencies of Grace; why should thy affection prefer *La Hay* before her, who hath nothing but a painted face to overveil the deformity of her other vices? If thou wilt leave a Saint to marry

marry a Strumpet, then take La Hay, and forsake La Frange; but if thou wilt forsake a Strumpet, to take a Saint, then marry La Frange and leave La Hay; for look what difference there is between their births, thou shalt find ten times more between the chastity of the one, and the levity of the other: if thou espouse the first, thou shalt find Content and Honour; if the second, Shame and Repentance: for I know not whether La Frange will bring thee more happiness, or La Hay misery. This Letter shall serve as a witness betwixt God, my self, and thee; that if thou perform me not thy promise and oath, I will deny thee my blessing; and deprive thee of my lands:

ARGENTIER.

De Salez having received this his Father's Letter in Tholouse, exceedingly grieves to see him disgrace his Mistress, by the scandalous name of a Strumpet, which he knows she is not, and therefore will never believe it; yes, he vows, that if it were any other in the world, who had offered him that intolerable affront, he would revenge it, though with the price and peril of his life. La Hay perceiveth this discontent and alteration of Mirth in him, but from what point of the Compass this wind proceeds, she neither knows, nor as yet can conceive: but which determineth to make the discovery thereof her greatest Ambition, and not her least Care; which she now well knows it behoves her to do, sith she finds De Salez less free, and more reserved and pensive in his speeches, than accustomed. But when in vain she had thereunto used many smiles and fetches; lo, here falls out an unlook'd-for accident, which betrays her the very Pith and Quintessence of the mystery: For on a time, when he lay slumbering on the table, she as accustomed, diving into his pockets for sweet-meats, or rather for Gold (of both which, he many times went well furnished) she findes his Father's (aforesaid) Letter, which she knew by the direction; and so flying into another Chamber, and bolting the door after her, she there reads it both with grief and choler; when, stung to the quick, and bitten to the heart and gall, to see her reputation and honour thus traduced and scandalized by the Father of her pretended Husband; she, with tears and interjected sighs and groans, flies back to De Salez, and holding the Letter in her hand, like a dissembling and impious Strumpet, as she was, there shews it him; takes Heaven and Earth to bear witness of her innocency, and of the irreparable and extream wrong his Father had offered her, in seeking to eclipse the glory of her chastity, which she swears she will bear pure and unspotted, not only to his bed, but to her own Grave. But alas alas, these are the effects and passions of dissimulation, not of truth; of her profaneness, not of her piety, which time will make apparent to De Salez; though now her beauty and tears be predominate with his judgment and folly, as he cannot, because he will not see it. So being still as constant in his fottishness, as she in her hypocrisy; he gives her many sweet kisses, and with a Catalogue of sugered words, seeks to appease and comfort her, whom he hath far more reason to execrate and curse. But for her part, her heart is not so afflicted: for, remembering her self, still her wits are her own: and so remembering the conclusion of the Letter, and fearing that De Salez his promise and oath to his Father, might infringe and contradict his to her; she tells him, that her love is so fervent and infinite towards him, as she can give no intermission, nor truce to her tears, before he reveal her his oath and promise, which his Father's Letter informed her he had formerly made him.

De Salez, seeing himself put to so strict an accident and push, doth both blush for shame, and again look pale for anger, when for a small time, irresolute how to bear himself in a matter of this different Nature, wherein he must either violate his obedience to his Father, or infringe his fidelity and honour to his Mistress; he at last (consulting with folly, not with discretion, and with Vanity, not with Judgment) doth so adore her beauty, and commiserate her tears, as he foolishly reveals her his oath, given his Father (Verbatim as we have formerly understood it;) adding withal, that she hath far more reason to rejoyce, than grieve hereat; That a little time shall cancel his said late promise and oath to his Father, and confirm his former to her: For, sweet La Hay (quoth he) come what will, two months shall never pass, ere I marry thee; when sealing his speeches with many kisses, our hypocritical afflicted Gentlewoman is presently again come to her self, and in all outward appearance, her discontents are removed, her choler pacified, her tears exhaled, and her sighs evaporated and blown away.

But all this is false, like her self, and treacherous like her beauty: For this Letter of Argemier to his Son, and his promise and oath to his Father, hath acted such wonders in her heart, and imprinted such extravagancies in her thoughts, as she cannot easily remove or supplant it, nor difficultly forget or deface it, whatsoever she speak or make shew of to the contrary; for thus she reasoneth with her self: That her whoredoms are already revealed to Argemier, and for any thing she knows, may likewise be discovered to his Son, how closely soever she either act or conceal them. That La Frange's descent, wealth and virtues, will, in the end over-prise and weigh

weigh down her mean extraction, poverty, and beauty; and in the end, that the wisdom of the Father, will infallibly triumph over the folly of the Son, except her policy interpose, and her vigilancy prevent it; which to prevent and effect, she sees no other obstacle to her content, nor bar to her preferment, but only *La Frange*: for, quoth she, if *La Frange* shine in the firmament of *De Salez*, affection, *La Hay* must set; or if *La Hay* will shine, *La Frange* must set: again, if she fall not, I cannot stand; and if she stand, I must needs fall; and as the Sky is not capable of two Suns, so both of us cannot shine in the Horizon of his heart and thoughts at once: except thus, that *La Hay* may live to see *La Frange* his Wife, and her self his Strumpet; when burning with false zeal to *De Salez*, and true inveterate malice to *La Frange*, she forgetting God, swaps a bargain with the Devil, that *La Frange* must first go to her grave ere *La Hay* come to his bed, and so resolves to sacrifice her as a Victim to her malice and jealousy, and to send her out of this world, in an untimely and bloody Coffin. Hellish Aphorists, infernal Positions, odious to Earth and execrable to Heaven!

For wretched and impious strumpet, wilt thou needs not only gallop, but flye to Hell, and so redouble thy crimes purposely to redouble thy torments; as first of Whoredome, then of Murder? Wretched, yea, thrice wretched woman! how dar'st thou see Earth, to think of Heaven; when thy acted crimes are so odious, and thy pretended ones so monstrous, as thou deservest to be shut forth of the one, and spued out of the other? For alas, consider what this poor Gentlewoman hath done to thee, that thou shouldest do this to her; She bears the Image of God, and wilt thou therefore bear that of the Devil to destroy her? Ah me, where is thy Religion, thy Conscience, thy Soul; that thou wilt thus hellishly imbathe thy hands in her blood, and imbrue thy heart in her murder? If it be not that her virtues cry lie on thy vices, thou hast no reason in Nature, and less in Grace, to attempt a deed so Tragical, an act so inhuman and execrable: But rest assured, that if thou proceed and finish this infernal and bloody stratagem of thine, although thou chance go unpunished of men, yet the Lord (in his due time) will find thee out, and both severely scourge and sharply revenge and chastise thee.

The effects of malice and revenge in men are finite, in women infinite; theirs may have bounds and ends, but these none, or at least, seldom and difficultly: for having once conceived these two monsters in their fantasies and brains, they long till they are delivered and disburthened of them; and so to bring their abortive issue to perfection, they (for the most part) are sharp and severe in their designs, and sudden and malicious in their execution, hating all delays, so it be not to do evil: So this our bloody and vicious Strumpet *La Hay*, is resolute to advance, and not to retire in this diabolical business of hers. Of all kind of violent deaths, she thinks none either so sure and secret as poyson, whether she consider the manner, or the matter; If the Devil himself had not invented this unparalleled cruelty, his agents and members had never known how to have administered and practised it. But having resolved on the drug and ingredient, she now bethinks her self of some hellish Emperick or Factor of Hell, to apply and give it her; and her inveterate and implacable hatred making her curious in the research and inquiry thereof, she is at last advertised, that there is an old Italian Emperick in *Mompellier*, termed St. *Bernardo Michael*, who is his Arts-Master in that infernal profession; when wholly concealing this mystery and business from *De Salez*, she by a second means (with promise of store of Gold) sends away for *Michael* from *Mompellier*, who in hope thereof, packs up his drugs and trinkets, and within three days arrives at *Toulouse*; where she thinks no where so fit and secret as the Church to consult and resolve on this bloody business, the hour is eight the next morn, and the place the *Cordeliers*, (or *Grey Fryers*) Church, appointed and agreed on betwixt them, where they both meet; but she (the better to disguise her self and to blear the eyes of the world) wraps her self about in a great furred Cloak, and muffles her self up with a large Coyf of Velvet, and a rich Tassata Scarf over it, as if she were some grave and reverend old Matron; so being brought to each others presence, they being both on their knees, he to his Book, and she to her Beads, she proposeth him the poysoning of *La Frange*, daughter to the President de *Clugny*, for the which she promiseth to give him three hundred Crowns of the Sun to perform it; whereof he shall now have one in hand, and the other two when he hath dispatched her. *Michael* like a limb of the Devil, being deeply in love, and allured with this Gold, undertakes it; when swearing secrecy, and withall to perform it within ten days, she gives him the hundred Crowns tyed up in her Handkerchief, and so for that time they part.

Good God! what prophane Christians, what monsters of nature, and devils incarnate by profession are these, thus to pollute and defile the Church ordained for prayer, with the price and sale of innocent blood, a most prodigious and hellish impiety, since there is no sin so odious or execrable to God, as that which is masked with piety, and overveiled with the Cloak of

sanctity. And what a damnable young strumpet, and old villain are they, in so holy a place to treat and conclude so hellish a business? but beware, for the Sword and arrow of Gods just revenge, and revenging justice, threatens yea with no less than utter confusion and destruction.

La Hay infinitely glad of this agreement, returns from the Church, and *Michael* as glad of her Gold, (being informed of *La Frange's* deformity, and to lose no time) trip away towards *President De Clugny's* house, taking that for a fit occasion to assay to make his Daughter become his patient, and he her *Emperick*: who sleepingly insinuating, and skewing himself into his knowledg and acquaintance, (in which profession the *Empericks* and *Mountebanks* of Italy, come no way short, but rather exceed all other Nations of the World) he proffers him his best service and skill, to redress and reform the body of the young Lady his Daughter, adding with all (thereby to add the more belief and credit to his speeches) that he is so far from despairing or doubting, as he is very confident thereof: and, in the phrases and mysteries of his profession, gives him in outward appearance many inward and plausible reasons to induce him to believe it. The good old *President*, who preferring the cure of his Daughter before any other earthly respect, having heard of *Michael's* Fame, begins to relish his reasons, and yet not ignorant that the *Mountebanks* and *Charlatans* of Italy, are Cousin-germans to the *Alchemists* of France, who promise to make Gold of Dross, and yet only bring forth Dross for Gold: he holds it fit to take a consultation of the learnedst Physicians, and expert Chirurgions of the City, whereunto *Michael* willingly consents; so they sit being six in number, *Michael* delivers him his reasons to redress the deformity of this young Ladie's body (the *President* her Father being present) whose reasons are heard, and controverted of all sides betwixt them; the conclusion is, four are of opinion that this cure is repugnant to the grounds of Physick and the principles of Chirurgery, and therefore impossible to be affected, the other two are of a contrary judgment, and hold it seasonable, and that many times God blesteth the art and labour of a man not only beyond expectation, but also beyond hope and reason; so *De Clugny* seeing that these two with *Michael* were three against four; he in respect of the tender care and affection he bore his Daughter, resolves to imploy him, and gives him an hundred double Pistols in hand to attempt it; with promise of as much more, when he had performed it; whereof this miscreant and hellish *Emperick* *Michael* being exceedingly glad, he betakes himself to his business, visits the young Lady, who promiseth him to redouble her Fathers sum, if he make her body straight: when to reduce his impious contemplation into infernal action, he outwardly applyeth Plaisters and Searcloths to her body, and inwardly administred her pills and potions, and (O grief to write it !) therein infuseth deadly poyson, which he knows at the end of ten days, will assuredly make a divorce between her body and soul, and so send that to the death of this world, and this to the life of that to come. So this sweet and innocent Lady (wishing good to her self, and hurt to none in the world) first finds a giddiness and swimming in her head, and within some six days after (in which time the poyson had dispersed it self throughout all the veins and pores of her body) many sharp gripes, and bitter throws and convulsions, whereat her Father grieves and she weeps; only that graceless villain her *Emperick*, bids them be of good comfort, and that the more pain and grief she suffered, the better and speedier hope there was of her cure, but yet inwardly in his devilish heart, knew that the poyson effectually operated and wrought with her as he desired and expected, and that by these infallible signs and symptoms, his patient drew near the period of her end. Whereupon he repairs secretly to *La Hay*, and bids her provide the rest of his money, for that *La Frange* could not possibly live two days to an end; whereat she triumphing and rejoycing with much alacrity, again promiseth it him: and indeed the hellish art of this execrable *Emperick* doth not now deceive him, though in the end, the malice of the Devil his Doctor will; for just as the tenth day was expired, this harmless sweet young Lady dies, to the incomparable and unspeakable grief of the good old *President* her Father; for that she was the staff of his age, and the chief and only comfort of his life, who disconsolately and mournfully seemed to drown himself in tears hereat, cursing the hour that he first saw this accursed *Emperick* *Michael*, who had robbed him of his only joy and delight, of his dear and sweet Daughter *La Frange*. But this murderous *Michael* having learnt of the Devil to fear no colours, means not to step a foot from *Tholouse*, and so sends away for *La Hay*, of whom he craves the performance of her promise, for that (quoth he) he had performed his. Why (quoth *La Hay*) is that crook-backt dwarf *La Frange* dead? She is gone (quoth *Michael*) to her eternal rest: when *La Hay* not able to retain her self for excess of joy, runs to him, gives him the other hundred Crowns, together with many kisses, which take (quoth she) as a pledg of my continual good will towards thee; when again swearing secrecy, they both take leave each of other, and part.

The news of *La Frange's* death, ratleth and resoundeth all over *Tholouse*, her Kinsfolk grieve

at it, her friends lament it, and all who either knew her, or her fame, bewail it; only *De Salez*, and execrable *La Hay* excepted, who knowing her to have been the only stop and hindrance of their marriage, they are so ravished with joy hereat, as they seem to contest and envy each other, who shall first bring the news hereof each to other: yea, the excess of *De Salez*'s joy is as boundless, as that of *La Hay*'s delight, so that he seems to flye to her Father's house; where she, with out-spread arms receives and entertains him; and there they mutually congratulate each other for this her death; he affirming, and she believing, that *La Frange* being gone to Heaven, it shall not be long ere the Church make them man and wife on earth. In the mean time he being wholly ignorant of her poysoning, and yet the old President her Father, and the rest of her friends suspecting it, they cause her body to be opened: and although they find no direct poyson, yet remarketh a little kind of yellow tincture on her heart and liver, as also some shew thereof through her frozen veins; They cause *Michaele* to be apprehended and imprisoned, and so procure a Decree from the Parliament to have him rack'd: At the news whereof *La Hay* is extreemly tormented and perplexed, as well foreseeing and knowing, that her life lay at the mercy of his tongue: wherefore to fortifie his secrecie, and thereby to secure her own fear and danger, she by a confident friend of his, sends him a hundred French Crowns more and promiseth him to give him a rich Diamond, worth as much again; who (as before) being extreemly covetous, and the Devil (resembling himself) still harping to him on that string which most delights him, his heart is so devillishly obdurate, and his fortitude so armed and prepared, as his patience and constancy not only indures, but out-braves the cruelty of his torments, and so he is acquitted of this his pretended crime: but he hath not as yet made his peace with God.

And now is *De Salez* resolved to make a journey to *Paris*, to draw his father's consent that he may marry *La Hay*; but the wisdom of the Father shall anticipate the folly of the Son, for he having heard in *Paris* of *La Franges* death, and still fearing, that because of his frequent familiarity with that Strumpet *La Hay*, he will in the end marry her. He in *Paris* buys a Captains place for him in the Regiment of the Kings Guard, and likewise dealt with a very rich Counsellour of that Court of Parliament, named *Monsieur de Briançon*, that his Son may marry his eldest Daughter *Madamoyselle de Plessis*, a very sweet and fair young Gentlewoman; and the old folks are already agreed on all conditions, only it rests, that the young see and love: To which end, *Argentier* writes away with all speed to *Thoulouse* for his Son *De Salez* to come up to him, who before he had received his Father's Letter, (as we have formerly understood) was ready to undertake that journey: *La Hay* infinitely fearful and jealous to lose her prey, with *Grocodile* tears in her eyes, and *Hyena*-aspects in her looks, informs *De Salez*, that she feareth that his Father hath provided a wife for him in *Paris*; but he vows and swears to her, that neither his Father, nor the whole world, shall make him marry any other than her self; and so after many embraces and kisses, he takes horse and leaves *Thoulouse*.

Being arrived at *Paris*, his Father very joyfully bids him welcome, and refers to confer with him till the next morning; but such is *De Salez*'s rashness and folly, as he hath no sooner supped in company of his Father, but he prays to speak with him. When the servants voyding the Chamber, he earnestly and humbly beseecheth him, sith that *La Frange* is dead, he will now be pleased that he may marry *La Hay*, whom, quoth he, I only affect and love before all the Maids of the world: His Father exceedingly incensed hereat, vows that he had rather see him fairly buried in his Grave, and that of all the females of the world, he shall not marry *La Hay*: and so for that night, they betake themselves to their beds; the Father grieves with his Son's folly, the Son with his Father's aversness. The next morning *Argentier* calls for his Son; When the doors shut, he bids him shut his eyes to his foolish familiarity with *La Hay*, and now to open them to the preferment he hath purchased him; and so relates him how he hath procured him the honour of a Captains-place, in the Regiment of the Kings Guard; as also a very fair young Gentlewoman for his wife, termed *Madamoyselle de Plessis*, the eldest Daughter of *Monsieur de Briançon*, one of the richest Counsellours of *Paris*; But *De Salez* having his eyes and thoughts wholly fixed on *La Hay*, with a discontented look, returns his Father this perverse and disobedient Reply:

That he will not accept of the Captains place, nor once see *De Plessis*, but that he is constantly resolved, either to wed *La Hay*; or his Grave; whereat his Father is so extreemly incensed, as with much passion and choler, he commands him henceforth, not to dare so much as to name him *La Hay*, swearing by his Saviour, that if he do, for his obstinaty and disobedience, he will disinherite him; as indeed he might, having himself purchased three parts of his lands and revenues, through his care and industry in his profession: and so in much discontent and choler leaves him, going to his Colleagues of *Thoulouse*, who are already attending his coming.

De Salez is all on fire at this his fathers bitter resolution against him, and storms and fumes, not only beyond the bounds of Reason, Religion, and Humanity, but also beyond himself. For *La Hay* is his sole delight and joy, and that his Father hath vowed he should never marry her, his affection to her makes him resolve to dispatch his Father, yea his head couceives such murtherous thoughts, and his heart attracts, and assumes such degenerate and devilish blood against him, that like an execrable wretch, and a hellish Son, disdaining to take counsel from God, and therefore taking it from the Devil his bloody Tutor and abettor, he vows he will forthwith rid his hands of his Father; and he will therefore send him into another world, because he would give him no content in this.

Oh wretched Monster of Nature, limb of the Devil, nay, a very Devil thy self, thus to resolve to take his life from him that gave thee thine; Foul stain of mankind! bloody Parricidious miscreant! can no respect either of thy natural and filial obedience to thy kind and dear Father, or of his white hairs, and venerable old age, restrain thee? or no consideration of thy conscience or thy soul, of Heaven or Hell deter thee from this bloody, inhuman and damnable design of thine, in laying violent hands on him? O me, where are thy thoughts, where thy senses, where thy heart, thy soul, to act so execrable and infernal a Tragedy, on him without whom thou hadst not been! On thy Father, whom, by the Laws of Heaven and Earth, thou oughtst both to love, honour, reverence and obey,

But *De Salez* being resolute in this inhuman rage and implacable malice and fury, watcheth how he may take time at advantage, to effect and finish this his bloody business, and one night after Supper, hearing his old Father complain that he found himself not well, and commanding his Clark *De Buissie*, very early in the next morning to carry his water to Dr *Salepin*, a famous Physician, whose Chamber was far off, in the place *Maubert*, he himself lying in *Grevelles* street; *De Salez* thinks this a fit opportunity to dispatch his Father, the which, O a thousand griefs and pitties to speak of, he accordingly performeth. For the morn appearing, his Father having sent away his Clark with his water, and betaking himself to sleep till he return: His watchful and murtherous Son, having purposely made himself ready, and through the Key-hole and crannies of the Chamber door, espying his Father sleeping, he intends that this shall be his last sleep: When softly stealing into his Chamber, he, (encouraged and animated by the Devil) and approaching his bed, as exempt of fear or grace, without any more delay or circumstance, stifles his Father betwixt two Pillows; when leaving him breathless in his bed, his face exposed to the air, and the door shut, goes down, gives the Master of the house the good morrow, and so trips away as fast as he can, to the sign of the Swan within St. *Honoryes* Gate; and from thence rides away to St. *Clow*, (two leagues distant from *Paris*) to see *Gondies* Gardens, Fountains, and House, wherein that execrable and damnable *Jacobine* Fryer *Jaques Clement*, murdered *Henry the third, King of France*, but with an intent to return to his Father's Lodging immediately after dinner, and to plead ignorance of the fact; and withall, if occasion serve, to stand upon his innocency and justification, as indeed he did. Now his Fathers Clark *De Buissie* returning in the morning from Doctor *Salepin*, entring his Master's Chamber, finds him stark dead, and almost cold in his bed: whereat he makes many out-crys, and grievous exclamations; the man of the house hereat ascends the Chamber, infinitely laments and grieves at this sorrowful accident and spectacle, vows to *De Buissie*, that he saw none whosoever in his house, much less in his Masters Chamber, and that his Son *Monsieur de Salez* departed as soon as he himself; they search his body, and find it no way wounded, so they beleve and resolve that some Ague hath carried him away; yet they hold it rather wisdom than folly, to acquaint the Lieutenant Criminal therewith, fearing lest he might after suspect either violence or poyson; So he comes, confers with his Son *De Salez*, with his Clark *De Buissie*, and with the man of the house, he visits the dead body, finds only his head somewhat swollen, which his Physician affirms, may be his striving and struggling with death. When the *Lieutenant*, out of his zeal and integrity to Justice, having informed himself of Dr. *Salepin*, of *De Buissie*'s being with him, as also from St. *Clow* of his Son *De Salez*, being there timely in the morning, and withall that his Trunks were all safe, and nothing wanting, they banish all suspition, and without farther inquiry or doubt, commend the dead Corps to the Grave; whose Funeral, with exterior shew of extream grief, and sorrow, *De Salez* performs in *Paris*, with all decency and decorum, answerable in all respects to his Father's rank and quality. But we shall shortly see this mask of his devillish hypocrisie pulled off, and this inhuman paricide of his, both shamefully and sharply revenged, by the just judgment and finger of God: The manner is thus.

This harmless and innocent old Father *Argentier*, is no sooner laid in his untimely Grave, but his bloody and execrable Son *De Salez*, within eight days after leaves *Paris*, and returns to
Tholouse,

Thoulouze; where already this sorrowful news is dispersed and divulged, being for his virtues and integrity of life, generally bewailed of the whole City; only graceless and impudent *La Hay* triumphs hereat, and her very heart and thoughts dance for joy heretofore; she welcomes home her *De Salez* with a world of sweet and sugred kisses, who; as glad of her presence, returns her them with a plentiful and prodigal interest; but his lustful love to her is so fervent, and his folly in himself so perverse and obstinate, as he hath scarce the patience, much less the respect and modesty to wear blacks for his Father six weeks; but cast them off, takes on gaudy and Scarlet Apparel, and very solemnly marries *La Hay*. Whereby in respect of the inequality of their descents and means; but especially, of her whorish conditions, he makes himself the Laughter and May-game of all *Thoulouze*.

But, Good God! what a prodigious and hellish match is this; flesh man and wife and both are murderers? O execrable and miserable Wretches! O bloody and impious Miscreants! for sure if this marriage of yours prove happy, I may boldly and truly say, there will never any prove unfortunate and miserable. For, alas, alas, what do these impious and damnable crimes of theirs deserve and portend; but misery, ruine, and confusion of all sides? neither shall the curiosity of our enquiry carry us far, before we see it surprized and befall them. For before they had been fully married three months; *De Salez* reaping his desires; and feasting himself with the pleasures of her youth; he directly, contrary to his hopes and expectation, is enforced to see and know, that which before he would have thought never to have known or seen; for, thinking his wife to have been a modest and chaste *Diana* (he now sees she is a debauched *Lais*); yea, his misery is so great, as he needs no spectacle to see, that she daily makes him a Knight of the Forked Order; and almost every hour, despite of his care and jealousy, claps a Cuckow's Feather in his Hat; which to prevent and remedy, the first admistrereth requests and perswasions; and then complains to her Father: But these are too weak reasons, and too gentle motives, to prevail with so insatiable a Strumpet; so as she is constrained to add threats to his requests, and in the end, blows to his threats. But as it is impossible for the *Leopard* to change his skin, and the *Aethiopian* his hue; so *De Salez* sees it without lost to think to reclaim his wife from her beastly sin of Adultery, wherein (notwithstanding all that possibly he can do) she takes such delight and habitude, as by this time she is grown so extremely impudent, as when her Husband is at home, she is abroad ganging; and he is no sooner abroad, but she is instantly at home, revelling with her Russians: Yea, she is grown to that height of obscenity, as she contemns and slightes her Husband; that whether he be abroad or at home, she will play the whore before his face with open doors; which although it be too late for him to remedy, yet it bites him to the heart, and grieves him to the Gall; and now it is that he a thousand times thinks of his Father's advice and counsel in forsaking her; and as often wished he had followed it. Now it is, that his antient murdering of his Father, thunders forth horror, terror, and repentance to his soul and guilty conscience; and now it is that he withers from his heart; that he had been blinde when he first saw her, and fairly laid in his Grave, before he lay with her in bed. But these his complaints and griefs, bring him only vexation and miseries instead of comfort; for now he utterly despair; and sees no hope of his wife's reformation: Whereupon he resolves to divorce himself from her, and to that end takes counsel thereon: but it is not so secretly managed by him; but the Strumpet his Wife hath present notice and inkling thereof, whereupon seeing her Husband extorting rich, both in Lands, Coyn, Plate, and other rich household stuff, she vows not to quit her great Joynture, share and interest hereof thus: But before he had enrolled his Sute in the Spiritual Court, or any way vented his own shame, and his wives infamy in publick, she, like a true Courtisan, and debauched Strumpet as she was, vows to prevent him that would prevent her, and to send him to his death, that would seek to divorce her; and in respect of his jealousy and malice, that as she had formerly poysoned *La Fraigne* for her Husband's sake, so she would now murder him for her own.

But miserable and execrable wretch! Oh, to what a monstrous height and huge sum will all these thy beastly sins, and bloody enormities arise and amount unto? But *La Hay*, *Malice*, and *Revenge*, like three infernal Furies, so possess and pre-occupate her senses, as she will not reitire till she hath sent her Husband unto another world, in a bloody winding-sheet. To which end, watching the time when most of her servants were gone abroad to gather in the Vintage, she softly opening her Husband's Chamber-door, steals in, and finding him soundly sleeping, approucheeth his bed, when drawing such a Razor from her sleeve, which she had purposely provided, she with an implacable and damnable malice steps to him, and cuts his throat, speaking only these words to her self, *Lo, here the reward of thy Jealousie!* when throwing the Knife, and her outward Taffata Gown into the house of Office, she leaving him weltring in

his blood, very secretly conveys her self thorow the Gallery to the Garden, where her Waiting-gentlewoman attends her, and so hies away to the Church, thinking with a wretched impiety to cloak this her second murder, as her former, under the veil of Religion and piety; but her hopes, and the devil that gave them her, will now deceive her.

De Salez her Husband striving and struggling for life against the pangs of death; fear and haste (contrary to her intent and minde) had so made his murderous wives hand shake and tremble, as she did not fully cut his throat-bole, but he could yet both cry and groan, which he did very mournfully; and, which indeed was soon over-heard by a man and a maid-servant of his, who only remained in the house, who hearing their Master's voyce, and hastily running up, at these his pitiful and lamentable out-cries; stepping to his assistance; they hear him (with his best power) utter these fearful speeches; *That Strumpet my wife hath kill'd me: O what she Devil my wife hath murder'd me.* Whereat they cry out at the Windows to the Neighbours for help, alledging that their Master is murdered. The Neighbours assemble and hear him report so much; so they send away for his Confessor, and the Lieutenant Criminal; to both whom he again confesseth, *That it is the Strumpet his Wife, who hath murder'd him.* And then raising himself up in his bed, (with as much strength as his dying wound would permit him) he taking them both by the hands, with infinite sighs and tears reveals to them, that he it was who at the seducing of the Devil, had stifled his Father *Argemier* to death in *Paris*; that he did it only to marry this whore his murderous wife *La Hay*; that the killing of his Father, yea, the very remembrance thereof, infinitely grieves his heart and soul, and for the which he infinitely repenteth himself, and beseecheth the Lord of mercy, in mercy to forgive it him; and likewise prayed all that were present to pray unto God for him; and these were his last words, for now his fleeting and fading breath would permit him to say no more.

All that were present are amazed at this lamentable confession of his, to see that he should murder his Father, and his execrable wife, well near himself; so they all glorifie God for the detection and discovery hereof. But the Lieutenant Criminal, and the Councillors his associates step to the Window, and consult to have him hanged, while he is yet living; for the murdering of his Father. But *De Salez* saves them that labour; for there and then he sinks into his bed, and dyes away before them; so they instantly search the House and City for this wretched Murtherefs *La Hay*, whom impious and bloody Strumpet, they at last find in the *Dominick Friar's Church* at a Sermon, from whence with much obloquy and indignity they drag her to prison, where they charge her with the murder of her Husband *De Salez*, which the Devil as yet will not permit her to confess; but being adjudged by them to the Rack, she at the very first torment confesseth it.

Upon which several murders, the Criminal Judges of the *Townells* proceeded to sentence: So first, they adjudged the dead body of *De Salez* for so inhumanly murdering his Father *Argemier*, to be half a day hang'd by the heels to the common Gallows, and then to be burnt to Ashes, which was accordingly executed: Then they adjudge his Wife *La Hay*, for murdering him, the next day to be strangled, then burnt: so that night some Divines deal with her in Prison about the state of her soul, whom they find infinitely obdured through the vanity of her youth; and the temptation of the Devil; but they work effectually with her, and so at last, (by the mercies of God) draw her to contrition and repentance; when willing her not to charge her soul with the concealing of any other crime; and shewing her the dangers thereof, she very freely, yet sorrowfully confesseth, how she it was, that for three hundred Crowns, had caused the *Emperick Michale* to poison *La Frange*, for the which she told them, she was now exceeding repentant and sorrowful: Whereof the Divines (sith it was not delivered them under the seal of Confession) advertising the Judges, they all wonder at Gods providence, to see how all these murders are discovered and burst forth, one in the neck of the other; so they alter her sentence, and for these double murders, they condemn her, to have her right hand cut off, and then to be burnt alive: and so they make curious inquiry and research to apprehend this old bloody Varlet *Michale*.

In the mean time, that very afternoon, this miserable and murderous Curtesan *La Hay* though to the grief of her sorrowful Father and Sisters, yet to the joy of all *Thoulse*, is brought and fastened to the stake, where her hand being first struck off, she with many sighs and tears, delivereth these words: That her crimes were so foul and odious, as she was ashamed to look either God or Man in the face: That she was very sorrowful for causing *La Frange* to be poisoned, as also for murdering of her Husband *De Salez*, whose wealth she only affirmed she loved, but not himself, the which she wholly attributed to the lust and vanity of her youth, to her neglect of prayer, and forsaking of God: which made the Devil so strong with her, and she with the Devil; and which was the sole cause and ground of this her miserable

cable ruin and destruction; she with tears and prayers besought the Lord to be good unto her soul; and (and lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven) likewise beseeches the whole Assembly to pray heartily unto God for her: when, recommending her Soul into the hands of her Redeemer, the fire being alighted, her body was soon consumed to ashes: whose lamentable, yet just end and punishment, caused a number of Spectators to weep, as yet pitying her youth and beauty, as much as they detested the enormity of her crimes.

And now for this devillish and murderous Emperick, *Michael*, although as soon as he heard of *La Haye's* imprisonment, he (to save himself) left *Tholose*, and fled towards *Cahors*, disguised in a Fryer's habit, with his Beard shaven, yet by the care of the *Choir of Parliament*, or rather by the immediate finger and providence of God, he is found out, and brought back to *Tholose*: where, for poisoning of *La France*, (the which he now without the Rack confesseth) he is adjudged to be broken on the Wheel, there to remain till he be dead, and then his body to be thrown into the River of *Garonne*: the which the same day is accordingly executed and performed, to the infinite joy of all the Spectators: but as he lived at *Tholose*, so he desperately dyed a Death, without any shew at all, either of contrition or repentance; only he vomited forth this wretched speech: That because the *World* had so much to say to him, he would say nothing to the *World*, but bad the *Executioner* dispatch him.

Now by the sight of this mournful and bloody History, the *Christian Reader* may observe and see how Gods Revenge doth still triumph against *Murther*, and how he in his due time and providence doth assuredly still detect and punish it. It is a History which may serve to deter and fore-warn all young Gentlemen, not to frequent the companies of Whores and Strumpets, and all Sons not to transgress the will of their Parents, much less not to dare to lay violent hands on them. It is a Glass, wherein young Gentlewomen and Wives may to the life see what bitter fruits and sharp ends ever attend upon Whoredom and Murther: it is a lively Example for all kind of *Empericks* and *Druggsters* whatsoever, to consider how severely God doth infallibly revenge and punish the Poisoning of his Saints and Children. In a word, it is a Lesson and Caveat for all people, and for all degrees of people, but especially of Christians, (who profess the Gospel of Christ, not only to detest these foul sins of Revenge and Murther in others, but to hate and abhor them in themselves: which that all may endeavour to practice and perform, grant good God, who indeed art the only Giver of all Goodness.

See the Triumph of Gods Revenge

in the History of the

Execution of the

Emperick Michael

X

The



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY XII.

Albemare causeth Pedro and Leonardo to murder Baretano; and he after marryeth Clara, whom Baretano first sought to marry; he causeth his man Valerio to poyson Pedro in Prison; and by a Letter which Leonardo sent him, Clara perceives that her Husband Albemare had hired and caused Pedro and Leonardo to murder her first Baretano; which Letter she reveals to the Judge; so he is hanged, and likewise Valerio and Leonardo, for these their bloody crimes.

With what face can we presume to tread on the face of the Earth, or dare lift up our eyes to that of Heaven, when our thoughts are so rebellious to conspire, and our hearts and resolutions so cruel, to imbrue our hands in the innocent blood of our harmless and Christian Brethren? Thoughts they are, which in seeming to please our senses, poyson our hearts, (and do therefore truly poyson our souls, because they so falsely please our senses.) Resolutions they are, which we cannot conceive or attempt with more inhumanity, than finish with misery; sith in thinking to send them to their untimely graves, we assuredly send our selves to our miserable and infamous ends: whereof in this ensuing History, we shall find many woful Precedents, and mournful Examples, in divers unfortunate and wretched persons, who were born to happiness, not to infamy; to prosperity, not to misery; if they had had so much Grace to secure their Lives, as Vanity and Impiety to ruin them. It is a History purposely produced and penned for our detestation, not for our imitation; sith it is a point of (true and happy) wisdom in all men, to beware by other mens harms. Reade it then with a full intent to profit thy self thereby, and so thou mayest boldly and safely rest assured, that the sight of their sin and punishment, will prove the reformation of thine own.

Fruitful

Fruitful and fair *Lombardy* is the Country; and the great, populous, and rich City of *Millan*, (the Capital of that Dutchy) the place where the Scene of this mournful and Tragical History is laid, where perpetrated: the which to re-setch from its first spring and original, thereby the more truly to inform our curiosity, and instruct our knowledge. We must then understand, that long since the Duke of *Feria* succeeded the Count de *Fuentes*, as *Vice-roy* of that potent and flourishing Dutchy, for king *Philip* the third of *Spain*, his Master. There was native and resident in that City, an ancient Noble-man, termed *Seignior Leonardo Capello*, who in his younger years had married a *Spanish* Lady, and brought her from *Spain* to *Millan*, termed *Dona Maria de Castiana*: he exceeding rich and noble: and she as noble and fair: he by his Father's side ally'd to Cardinal *Charles Borromeo*, since Sainted by Pope *Paul V.* she by her Mother, to the present Duke of *Albucurque*: he infinitely honoured for his extraction and wealth; she no less beloved and respected for her beauty and virtues: and although there were but few Marriages contracted between the *Millanese* and *Spaniards*, and those very seldom prove successful and prosperous, in respect of the antipathy which for the most part is hereditary, betwixt the commands of the *Spaniards*, and the subjection of the *Millanese*; yet it seemed that this of *Capello* and *Castiana*, was first instituted in Heaven, ere consummated on Earth: for so sweetly did their years, humours, and affections, conjoin and sympathize, as although they were two persons, yet I may truly affirm and say, they had but one heart, affection, and desire, which was mutually to please, and reciprocally to affect and love each other. And as Marriages cannot be reputed truly happy and fortunate, if they be not blessed and crown'd with the blessings of Children, (which indeed is not only the sweetest life of human content, but also the best and sweetest content of our human life) so they had not been long married, ere God honoured them and their Nuptial Bed, with a beautiful and delicate young Daughter, termed *Dona Clara*, the only Child of their loyns, and Heir of their Lands and Virtues: being indeed the true picture of themselves, and the joyful pledge and seal of their infinite and invaluable affections; who having over-pass'd her infancy, and obtained the eighteenth year of her age, she was so exquisitely adorned with beauty, and so excellently endued and enriched with virtues, as distinctly for either, or jointly for both, she was, and was truly reputed, the *Paragon of Nature*, the *Pride of Beauty*, the *Wonder of Millan*, the *Glory of her Sex*, and the *Phoenix of her Time*. And because the purity and perfection of her Beauty deserves to be seen through this dim *Perspective*, and the dignity of her Virtues known of the Reader in this my impolished Relation. For the first she was of stature indifferently tall, but exceeding straight and slender; her Hair either of a deep Chestnut-colour, or rather of a light black: but to which most adhering and inclining, fancy might, but curiosity could difficultly distinguish: her complexion and tincture, rather of an amorous and lovely brown, than of a Roseat and Lilly die; but yet so sweetly pure, and purely sweet, (and withal, rather fat than lean) that no earthly object could more delight and please the eye, or ravish the sense. And for her eyes, those two relucant Lamps and Stars of Love, they were so black and piercing, that they had a secret and imperious influence to draw all other eyes to gaze and do homage to hers, as if all were bound to love her; and she so modest, as if purposely framed to love none but her self. Neither did her Front, Lips, Neck, or Paps, any way detract, but every way add to the perfection of her other excellencies of Nature: for, the first seemed to be the *Promontory* of the *Graces*. The second, the *Residence* of *Delight* and *Pleasure*. The third, the *Pyramids* of *State* and *Majesty*. And the fourth, the *Hills* and *Valley* of *Love*. But leave we the dainties of her body, now, to speak of the rarities and excellencies of her Mind; which I cannot rightly define, whether the curiosity and care of her Parents in her education, or her own ingenious and apt inclination to Virtue and Honour, were more predominant in her: for in either, or rather in both, she was so exquisite and excellent, that in *Languages*, *Singing*, *Musick*, *Dancing*, *Wisdom*, *Temperance* and *Modesty*, she was so fully compleat and rare, that to give her her due, and no more, she could not be parallel'd by any young Lady of *Lombardy*, or *Italy*, nor equaliz'd but by her self.

Thus if her noble extraction, and Father's wealth, made her surmount others, and her delicious sweet beauty and virtues excel her self, no marvel if those *Adamants*, and these excellencies draw divers of the best *Cavaliers* and chiefest *Gallants*, both of *Millan* and *Lombardy*, to affect and seek her in marriage: and indeed, although she be sought by divers of them with much respect and honour, answerable in all respects to her rank and quality; yet neither her Parents, or self, are so much importuned by any, as by *Seignior Giovanni Albemare*, a young noble Gentleman of the City, who was adorned and fortified with these human priviledges, to be well descended, rich, and of some twenty five years old; a match in the eye and censure of the World,

yea, and in all outward appearance correspondent and equivalent; if his generous perfections and virtues had paralleld hers, or if the candor and sincerity of her affection had not justly transported her thoughts and heart from him, because she had formerly fixed and settled them on another Gentleman, younger of years than *Albemare*, but in all other respects, as well of *Nature*, as *Fortune*, every way his Superiour, named *Seignior Alphonsus Baretano*, a young Gentleman of one of the noblest Families of *Millan*, of some eighteen years old, whose Father was lately deceased, and had left him sole heir to many rich Lands and Possessions; but (withall) exceedingly entangled in Law, and engaged in many Debts and Mortgages, whereunto the vanity and prodigality of his youth had deeply precipitated and ingulphed him; which consequently reflecting and falling on his Son, we shall see will prove a hinderance to his marriage, and an obstacle to his content and preferment. But to observe some order and *decorum* in the conduction and relation of this History, we must briefly be informed, That as of all the Beauties of *Lombardy*, *Albemare* only chiefly affected and loved *Clara*; so, of all the Cavaliers of the world, *Clara* affected and loved no other but *Baretano*: for, as conformity of years, manners, and inclinations, breed a sympathy in affections; so they in their tender youth, often frequented one the other's company, sometimes at the Dancing and Musick-Masters, but many times at Weddings, Feasts, and noble Assemblies; being well near as equal in age, as in complexion and stature. Again, the vicinity of their residence, added much to the combining and enflaming of their affections; for they were opposite in nothing but in their Mansion-houses, from whose Galleries and Windows, many times publicly, but more often by stealth, their eyes could not refrain to tilt at each other with the invisible Launces of Love and Affection; which bred such a habit, and that habit (so powerful) a second nature, that it was now become impossible for them not to gaze each on other: so as if the innocency of their puerility made them delight in each other's sight and company with desire; so now their more ripe years inforce them to desire it with delectation: for whenas yet they were so young, as they knew not the instinct and influence of Nature (which cannot be taught by a more powerful or ingenious *Tutrix* than her self), yet they never met, but kissed; nor kissed, but as if their hearts and thoughts checked their lips for taking such short farewells each of other. But now when their years had proclaimed them both very capable to march under the Standard of *Hymeneus*, this *Venus*, and that *Adonis*, (for so her fresh beauty, and his flourishing youth (with as much right as fame in *Millan*) generally entituled them) they felt some pleasure wanting, which as yet they could not find; and therefore uo marvel if they desired to find that which they wanted: so as burning in affection each to other, *Clara* hearing spoken of a Husband, infinitely wished that *Baretano* were hers; and when he heard of a Wife, he ardently longed, and fervently desired, that *Clara* were his. Neither can I rightly say, whether he were more affectionate in his constancy to her, or she constant and resolute in her affection to him; so that as heretofore they hardly knew the way to kiss, now time (running on her swift career) had taught them to desire to marry; and that whereas formerly *Baretano* only termed *Clara* his sweet Maid, and she him her dear Friend; now Love had suggested and given them new desires, and therefore new Epithets: some times, as well in earnest as in jest, he could not refrain to term her his sweet Wife; nor she him, her dear Husband: and herein their tongues were only but the outward Heralds of their inward hearts, as their hearts were of their more secret and retired desires. And as fervent love and true discretion very seldom concur and meet; although affection made them rich in inventing new inventions to meet and kiss; yet they were so poor, or rather so blind in discretion, as they could not bear their affections in secrecie and silence, but by this time they are bewrayed to their Parents, and divulged to their acquaintance: but if any grieve and storm at this unexpected news, it is first *Albemare*, then *Capello* and *Cassiana*, betwixt whom there was a secret promise, and verbal contract, That he, and no other, should marry their Daughter.

Thus we see, that *Albemare* and *Baretano* are become Competitors and rivals in their affections; for either of them affect *Clara* as the Mistress of their thoughts, and both adore her as the Queen-Regent of their desires. But, as they sympathize in their hopes, to purchase her to their Wife; so they differ in the means and progress of their resolutions, how to obtain her. For whiles *Baretano* sues the Daughter before her Parents, so doth *Albemare* the Parents before their Daughter: but what effects and ends these beginnings will produce, ye shall shortly see, and they themselves very soon both feel and find.

Capello and *Cassiana* (as we have formerly said) with much affliction and grief understanding of their Daughter's affection to *Baretano*, and reciprocally of his to her, they with much impatience and passion relate it to *Albemare*, whose affection to *Clara* hath made him so subtil towards them, as although his heart knows this news, yet he makes his tongue deny the knowledge

knowledge thereof, when protesting of his intire and fervent affection to her, and that he must either wed her or his Grave; they consult on this important business, how they may dethronize *Baretano*, and inthronize *Albemare* in the chair and choice of *Clara's* affection: as for *Capello* and *Castiana*, they so highly affect *Albemare's* great and free Estate, and so disdainfully hate the intricate incumbrances of *Baretano's*, as they vow their resolutions shall fail by the Compass of his desires; and he in exchange, that his affections and desires shall still steer their course by that of their resolutions: So from the matter of their agreement, they proceed to the manner how to effect it; to which end her Father and Mother single their Daughter apart, and in mild and fair terms, demand of her what hath past betwixt her and *Baretano*; and whether she be so simple and inconsiderate, to take so poor a Gentleman for her Husband, whose Estate is so weak and small, as it cannot well maintain himself, much less her. *Clara* already prepared and armed by her affection to receive these or the like speeches from her Parents, having twice or thrice metamorphosed the Lillies of her Cheeks into Roses, very temperately and modestly returns them this discreet and respective answer.

That as she must needs affirm, she is confident of *Baretano's* affection to her, so she must as truly deny, that as yet he had ever motioned her for marriage; which if he had, considering that his Birth, Means, and Virtues, were such as every way deserved not only her equal, but her superior, she is enforced to reveal them, that she loves him so tenderly and dearly, as, if her will and pleasure be not contradicted by theirs, it will be not only her joy, but her felicity, to accept, and take him for her Husband, before all others of the world.

But this modest answer of hers, they hold too peremptory for a Child to give, and Parents to receive; as if it favoured more of irregular zeal to *Baretano*, than of due respect and obedience to themselves: yet the sooner to divert her from her own desires and resolutions, to make her flexible to theirs, they as yet hold it fit, rather to continue mild than imperious towards her; and so by depraving the deserts, and debasing the merits of *Baretano*, to seek to extol and magnifie those of *Albemare*, as if the first were only a Foyl, and the second a rich Diamond, worthy of her affection and wearing: and indeed so exquisite and excellent a *Cavalier* they depaint him to her in the richest frame and pomp of all his praises, as well of the endowments of mind, as of those of *Fortune*, that they leave no insinuating *Oratory* unessay'd, nor persuasive attempt unattempted, to make her shake hands with *Baretano*, and consequently to extend her arms and heart to receive and retain *Albemare*: but although she were young in years and experience, yet love in this fragrant and flourishing spring of her youth, had so refined her judgment, and indoctrinated and prompted her tongue, that her thoughts, commanded and marshalled by her heart, and both by her desires and affections to *Baretano*, she confusedly intermixing and interrupting her words with many far-fetch'd broken sighs, again returns her Parents this reply.

If your Age will not, yet my Youth, or rather my heart informs me, That *Baretano* as far exceeds *Albemare* in the privileges of the mind and body, as *Albemare* doth him in those of *Fortune*: but that my resolutions and answers may answer and correspond with my obedience, Although I love *Baretano*, yet I will never hate, rather honour *Albemare*; but to make him my Husband, or my self his Wife, if Earth have, I hope Heaven hath not decreed it; and I humbly beseech you, that this may rest your resolution, as I assuredly think it shall and will remain mine.

Capello and *Castiana*, (like discreet Parents) seeing their Daughter *Clara* wholly wedded (in a manner) to the singularity of her own will, they yet conceive it to be far more requisite to revert her reasons by fair means, than refute and resist them by force, with love and discretion hath still reference to that, and this relation still to choler, many times to repentance: whereupon, minding her of the blessings which infallibly attend filial obedience, and the miseries and curses which individually wait on contempt and disobedience, hoping that time will effect that which importunity cannot; they as then leave her to her thoughts, and she them to their care, caring for nothing so much, nay, I may well say, for nothing else, than to see her affection divorced from *Baretano*, and contracted and wedded to *Albemare*, who having curious correspondence and intelligence with them, he is ever and anon ascertained, not only what hath, but what doth pass betwixt them and their Daughter; and withal, is advised by them, to delay no time, but to frequent and haunt her as her Ghost and shadow; yea, and no more to conceal his affection and suit from her, but to acquaint *Millan* therewith, with it was no disparagement, but rather an equal honour for him to match with *Clara*, and *Clara* with him. Which concluded betwixt *Capello* and *Castiana*, *Albemare* is so far from rejecting this advice and counsel, as he embraceth it with much joy and delectation, and vows (though with the period of his life) to persevere and pursue her in marriage. To which end, authorized as well by his own affection, as their authority, *Clara* is neither abroad, nor at home,

but he meets her, gives away all time from himself, to give himself to her; so as it seems to the eye of the world, that *Capello's* house is now become his, and that his Daughter *Clara* likewise shortly shall be; yea, he adds such curiosity to his care, and such care to his affection in courting her, as she cannot be either at Mass or *Vespers*, but he is either with her, or near her; and when in solemn pomp or zeal she visits the *Domo* (or Cathedral Church) of that City, and in it the Shrine of the new St. *Charles*, then he waits and attends on her at the Porch-stairs, sometimes with his Coach, but many times (as the custom of *Milan* is) on his Foot-cloth, and prancing *Barbary*-horse, to conduct her home; yea, and not to fail in any complement of an accomplished Lover (besides the harmony of his own insinuation and solicitation) he greets her with rich Presents, and salutes her with all variety of Melodious Musick, and mellifluous Voices: but all this notwithstanding, although he every way use his best art and industry, and her Father and Mother their best skill to make her flexible to his desires, and their pleasure; yet she, as having her thoughts fully bent and fixed on her dear and sweet *Baretano*, looks haggard and averie on *Albemare*, giving him such general answers, and cold entertainment, as he seeth he hath far more reason to despair, then hope to obtain her. Whereupon, doubting of her affection, he hath again recourse to her parents love, who to confirm and seal it him, seeing fair means will not prevail with their Daughter, they resolve to use force, and so to add threats to their requests, and choler to their perswasions, to make her abandon *Baretano*, and embrace *Albemare*. But if the first prevail not with her, the second cannot; for she now tells them plainly, that she neither can nor will affect any man for her Husband, but *Baretano*: and yet she is so far from any determinate resolution to marry him, as she affirms, That their Will shall be her Law, and their Pleasure, her Resolution.

Whiles thus *Albemare* in the way of marriage seeks out fair and sweet *Clara* publicly, so less doth *Baretano* privately; and although with less vanity and ostentation, yet he hopes with far more fortunacy and success, as grounding his hopes upon these reasons: That in heart and soul *Clara* is only his, as both in soul and heart he is hers: so he entertains her many times with his Letters; and yet not to shew himself a Novice in discretion, nor a Coward in affection, he making her content, his commands; as she did his desires, her felicity; he, in remote Churches and Chappels, (for whose number *Milan* exceeds *Rome*) hath both the happiness and honour privately to meet her, where if they violate the sanctity of the place, in conferring and cherishing their affections; yet they sanctify their affections, in desiring that some Church or Chappel might invest and crown them with the religious honour and holy dignity of Marriage. For having jested of love heretofore, now like true Lovers they henceforth resolve to Love, not in jest, but in earnest: and as of their two hearts they have already made one; so now they mean and intend to dispose of their bodies, thereby to make one of two. And this is their sole desire; and this, and only this, is their chief delight, and most pleasing desires and wishes.

But as it is the nature of Love, for Lovers to desire to see none but themselves, and yet are seen of many; so this their familiarity and frequent meeting, is again reported to her Father and Mother, whereto they murmur with grief, and grieve with discontent and affliction: and now not to subtract, but to add to their vexation, it is resolved between our two young amorous Turtle-Doves, *Baretano*, and his fair *Clara*, that he should publicly motion them for her in Marriage; which he in wonderful fair terms, and orderly decorum (as well by his Friends; as himself) performeth. When, contrary to his wishes, but not his expectation, they give him so cold entertainment, and his suit such poor and sharp acceptance, as they (in affection and zeal to *Albemare*) not only deny him their Daughter, but their House: an answer so uncivil, and therefore so unjust, as might give a testimony some way of their care, yet no way of their discretion to themselves, or affection to their Daughter. And here I must confess, that I can difficultly define whether this resolution and answer of *Capello* and *Cassiana*, more delighted *Albemare*, discontented *Baretano*, or afflicted *Clara*; who although in the entrance of their Loves, their hopes seem'd to be nipt, and their desires cross'd by the frowns of their Parents, yet they love each other so tenderly and deeply, as these discontents notwithstanding, they will not retire, but are resolute to advance in the progress of this their chaste and fervent affection: and although their commands seem to give a law to her obedience, in not permitting her to be frequented of *Baretano*; yet her obedience is so enforced to take a more stronger of her affection, as despite her Parents malice and jealousy towards them, when they are sweetly sleeping in their beds, then is their Daughter *Clara* walking with *Baretano*; and he with her, often-times walking and talking in the Arbours, and billing in the close Galleries of the Garden; which they cannot conceal or bear so closely, but her Father and Mother have exact notice and intelligence thereof by some of their trusty servants, whom

whom they had purposely appointed as Centinels to espy and discover their meeting. Whereupon (as much in hatred to *Baretano*, as in affection to *Albemare*) knowing that if the cause be once removed, the effect is subject soon to follow and ensue; they very suddenly and privately send away their Daughter from *Millan* to *Modena*, by Coach, there to be mewed and pent up with the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt; and, besides her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Adriana*, none to accompany and conduct her, but only *Albemare*, hoping that in a small time, his presence and importunate solicitations, would deface the memory of *Baretano*, to ingrave his own in the heart and thoughts of his sweet *Clara*; who, poor soul, seeing her self exiled and banished from the society of her *Baretano*'s sight and company, wherein under Heaven she chiefly and only delighted; she hereat doth, as it were, drown her self in the Ocean of her tears, storming as well at the cruelty of her Parents, as at her own affliction and misfortune; and no less doth her *Baretano* for the absence of his sweet Saint and dear Lady *Clara*: for as their affection, so their affliction is equal; now mourning as much at each other's absence, as formerly they rejoiced and triumphed in their presence. But, although the jealousy of *Capello* and *Cristiana* were very careful to watch and observe *Baretano* in *Millan*; and the zeal and affection of *Albemare*'s, safely to guard, and sweetly to attend on *Clara* in *Modena*: yet as fire suppressed, flames forth with more violence; and Rivers stopped, overflow with more impetuosity; so despite of the one's vigilancy, and the other's jealousy, though *Baretano* cannot be so happy and blessed to ride over to *Modena*, to see and salute his *Clara*: yet Love, which is the refiner of inventions and wit, and the polisher of judgment, cannot yet detain him from visiting her with his Letters, the which in respect of the hard access and difficult passage to her, he is enforced to send her by subtil means and secret messengers. And the better to overshadow the curiosity of his Arts, and the Art of his affection herein; he, among many others, makes use of a Fryer and a Hermit; for the conveyance of two Letters to *Modena* to his Lady, which (as fit Agents for such amorous employments) they (with more cunning and fidelity, then zeal and religion) safely delivered her, and likewise returned him her answers thereof. And because the fervency of their affections and constancies, each to other, are more lively depainted and represented in these two, than in any other of their Letters; therefore I thought my self in a manner bound here to insert them, to the end to give the better spirit and grace to their History, and the fuller satisfaction and content to the curiosity of the Reader. That which *Baretano* sent *Clara* upon her departure from *Millan* to *Modena*, by the Fryer, spaketh thus.

BARETANO to CLARA.

HOW justly may I term my self unfortunate, sith I am enforced to be miserable; before I know what belongs to happiness? For, if ever I found any content, or Heaven upon Earth, it was only in thy sweet presence; which thy sudden absence, and unexpected exile, hath now made, at least, my Purgatory; if not my Hell. Fair *Clara*, judge of thy *Baretano* by thy self, what a matchless grief it is to my heart, and a heart-killing terror to my thoughts, to see thee made captive to my Rival, and that the Fates and thy Parents seem to be so propitious to his desires, and so inexorable and cruel to mine; That I must live alone in *Millan* without thee, and be alone in *Modena* with thee; which makes, that I know not whether I more envy his joy, or lament and pity mine own sorrows and afflictions. But if I have any sense or shadow of comfort in my calamity, it only consists in this, that as thou carriest away my heart with thee, so thou wilt vouchsafe to return me thine in thy Letter, by a reciprocal requital and exchange. For if thou neither bring me thy self, nor send me that, I may be sought in *Millan*, but found no where but in Heaven. Were I privileged by thy consent, much more authorized by thy command, I would speedily rather fly then post to thee: for fair and dear *Clara*, as thou art my sole joy, and sovereign felicity; so, whilst I breathe this air of life, thy will shall be my law, thy command my compass; and thy pleasure my resolution.

BARETANO.

Her Answer returned by the Fryer to *Baretano* at *Millan*, was to this effect.

CLARA to BARETANO.

IT is for none but our selves to judge, how equally we participate and share of misery, in being deprived of each others presence. Thou termest my absence either thy Purgatory, or thy Hell: and my afflictions and torments for thine are so great, and withall so infinite, as I have all the equity and reason of the world to repute them not only one but both. Thou art mistaken in the point of my stratum, for whilst *Albemare* vows himself to be my Captive, I disdain to be his, and both vow and triumph

to be only Baretano's. I know not whether I have brought thy heart with me to Modena; but sure I am; I left mine with thee in Millan. If my Parents seem now pleasing and propitious to him, I am yet so far from despair, as I confidently hope the Fates will not prove cruel or inexorable to thee, and in thee to my self: but rather, that a little time will change their resolutions and decrees, sith they cannot our affections and constancy. If Clara be thy sole joy, and sovereign felicity, no less is Baretano hers: and albeit I could wish either thou here with my self in Modena, or I there with thee in Millan; yet such is my Aunt Emelia's care, and Albemare's jealousy over me, that wert thou in this City, thou couldst difficultly see me, but impossibly speak with me: wherefore refrain a whiles, and let thy Journey hither to me, be ended ere began; yet with this proviso and condition, that the cause thereof, thy affection to me, be begun, never to be ended: and think, that my stay and exile here shall be as short, as either my best art in my self can invent, or truest zeal to thee, suggest. In which Intrim, let us solace our selves, and visit each other by the Ambassadors of our Hearts, I mean our Letters: and this resolve, my dear Baretano, that during our absence, whiles thou dost feast on my Idea, I will not fail to surfeit on thine.

CLARA.

Baretano's other Letter, sent Clara to Modena, by the Pilgrim, was couched and penned in these terms.

BARETANO to CLARA.

HAD not thy requests (in thy last Letter) granted out a Prohibition against my desires and wishes, I had long since left Millan, to have seen Modena, and in it thy self, my sweet and dear Lady: but I speak it to my present comfort, and future consolation and joy, that it is excess, no want of affection, which insuseth this provident care, and careful providence, to thy resolutions, to the end that thy return make us as joyful, as thy departure sorrowful; and consequently, that the last prove as sweet unto our hearts and thoughts, as the first was bitter. And yet believe me, dear Clara, that my affection is so entire and fervent to thee, because I know thine is reciprocally so to my self, that I deem it not only capable to make difficult things easier, but, which is more, impossible things possible: for, for thy sake, what would I not attempt? and to enjoy thy sight and presence, what would I leave unperformed? But if thou wilt not permit me to come to thee to Modena, nor yet speedily resolve to return to me to Millan, Sorrow will then prevent my Joy, and Despair, my Hope: for, if thou hasten not thy arrival and our interview, sickness will be my death. Wert thou as kind, as frir; or as affectionate, as I am fervent in affection, thou wilt then rather suffer me to live with thee, than to dye for thee: for in this rest confident, that if thou deny me that request, I cannot Nature this tribute, my Affection this homage, or thy Beauty this sacrifice.

BARETANO.

And Clara her Answer hereunto to Millan to Baretano, by the foresaid Pilgrim, was traced in these words:

CLARA to BARETANO.

THE last command of my Parents and the first resolution of my Aunt Emelia, and my sister Albemare, have now reduced me to so strict a sequestration (rather captivity) as only my thoughts, hardly my pen, hath the freedom and power to signifie thee so much. But as calms ensue tempests; and sun-shine, showers; so I beseech thee to brook it with as much patience, as I do with grief; and not only hope but resolve, that violence is never permanent, and all extreams subject to revolution and change. Wherefore my dear Baretano, consider and think with thyself, that my stay from Millan, and thy prohibition from Modena, hath his two-fold excuse, that is in my will, but not as yet in my power to perform; and this will rather hinder, than any way advance the accomplishing of our desires; sith a little time may effect that wish my Parents, which I fear importunity will never; neither can thy heart so much long for my sight, or wish for my presence, as my soul doth for thine: sith to give thee but one word for all, Thy self and only thy self, art both the life of my joy, and the joy of my life, A thousand times a day I wish Modena were Millan, and again as often, that Albemare were metamorphosed into Baretano. Therefore I am so far from preventing thy joy, as, though at the price of my death, I am ready to sacrifice my life for the preservation of thine, as also for the banishing of thy despair; Write me not then of thy sickness, lest thou as soon hear of my death: and I know not what request to deny thee, sith I have already granted and given thee my self, which is all that either I can give or thou desire: cherish thy self for my sake, and I will thy remembrance for mine.

CLARA.

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By these loving Letters of these our Lovers, the Reader may observe and remark, what a firm league, and strict and constant friendship, there was contracted and settled betwixt them, and what a hell their absence was each to others thoughts and contemplations. In the mean time, whilst *Baretano* entertains *Clara* with Letters, *Albemare* doth with words: wherein he useth his best Rhetorick and Oratory, to draw her to his desires; and withal, to listen and spy out, if there passe any passages of Letters, or other correspondence, betwixt them. Which although *Clara* her affection to *Baretano* vow, and her discretion to her self resolve, to conceal and obscure from *Albemare*; yet lo, here falls out a sinister and unexpected accident, which will discover and bewray it; yea, and of all sides, and to all parties produce grief, sorrow, choler and repentance, which in effect (briefly) is thus.

Clara had reason, in her former Letter sent by the Pilgrim, to term this her sequestration in *Modena* a captivity, since the bounds of her Aunt *Emelia's* two small Gardens; and the walls of her little Park, were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, and her self, as it were, immured; for farther she was not permitted to go, except to the Church with her Aunt in her Coach, but still accompanied by *Albemare*, who left no minutes or occasions, as well to see her, as to be seen of her. Now to give some truce (though not peace) to her discontented, and thereby somewhat to calm the impetuosity of those tempests, which love had stirred up in her heart and thoughts for the absence of her *Baretano*, she, never better accompanied than when alone, sometime past away the irksomness of her time in walking in the Gardens, but many times in the Park close shut, followed only by her Waiting-gentlewoman *Adriana*; for in respect of her Aunts unkindness, and *Albemare's* jealousy, she would neither accept of her familiarity, nor of his company. Now to the nearest end of the Park, not far distant from the second Garden, was a curious walk, ranked about with many rows of *Sycamore*-trees; and at the farther end thereof a close o're-shadwed Bower; yea, so closely veiled, that the rays of the Sun could neither peep in, to scorch the pureness of her beauty, or to contend with the piercing lustre and resplendency of her eyes; and to this Bower, in a fair and clear day, *Clara* (about three of the clock after dinner) repairs, having in her hand to delude the time the old amorous History of *Hero* and *Leander*, which was very lately illustrated, and newly reprinted in *Milain*, and wherein indeed for the conformity of their loves with her own, she took a singular delight to read; but that which gave sweeter musick to her thoughts, and felicity to her heart and mind, were her *Baretano's* two Letters (which we have formerly seen) and which as then she had purposely brought with her to survey and peruse; yea, she reads them over again and again; and, to write the truth, more often than there are words, or I think syllables therein contained; but when she descends to his name, she cannot refrain from kissing it; yea, and such is her tender love to *Baretano*, as she bedews it with her tears; a thousand times she wished her self with him, or he with her, and bitterly blames the cruelty of her Parents, for separating their bodies, sith she not only hoped, but assured her self, that God had conjoined and united their hearts. But whilst she in the midst of these passionate extasies seems to be rapt up into the Heaven of joy, at the perusal of these Letters of *Baretano*, and then again to be plunged into the hell of sorrow, at the consideration and remembrance of his absence, she hears a voice, which she thinks is not far off from her, when looking forth the Bower, and deeming it to be that of her Waiting-gentlewoman, whom she saw sometime what near her, gathering of Straw-berries and wild Lillies, she within a sight-shoot from her, perceives it to be her Lover (but not her Love) *Albemare*, who knowing her there in the Bower, and for want of other talk, speaking to the Echo, she guessed by his discourse, (wherein she was not deceived) that he had an intent to salute and speak with her; which to prevent, because it wholly displeased her to be cumbered with the company of so unwelcomed a guest as himself, she hastily folds up her Letters in her Handkercher, and clapping them (at last as she thought) into the pocket of her Gown, takes her Book in her hand, and calling *Adriana*, trips away back towards the Garden, by the other side of the Park, purposely to elchew and avoid him, as indeed she did.

Albemare grieves to see *Clara's* coyness and cruelty toward him; although she were departed forth the Park from him, yet his affection is so fervent to her, as he will needs ascend the Bower, esteeming it not only a kind of content, but a blessing to his thoughts; sith he cannot be where she is, yet to be where she hath been; when thinking to mount the stairs of the Bower, he unexpectedly at the foot thereof, finds the two Letters, whereof we have formerly spoke; which it seems slipt forth of *Clara's* Handkercher, as she was putting it into her Pocket; *Albemare* taking up the Letters, and seeing them directed to his sweet *Clara*, he betwixt the extreams of love and joy, kisseth them again and again for her sake; when sitting down in the Bower, he betakes himself to read and peruse them, verily expecting and hoping to gather and draw

draw something from them which might tend to advance the process of his affection towards her; But when he had read the first, he was so extremely perplexed and afflicted, as he had hardly the patience to peruse the second: and yet at length haltilly and passionately running it over, and fearing by all the Circumstances thereof, that it was in vain for him any longer to hope for *Clara*, sith she was *Baretano's*, and *Baretano* hers, he like one Lunnatick, stamps with his foot, throws away his Hat, tears his hair for very grief and choler, now thinking to tear the Letters, and then to offer violence to himself; But when the fumes and flames of this his folly were overblown, and that he had again recalled his wits to the place in the proper seat of his judgement and discretion; then taking up his Hat, and pulling it down his eyes, he leaves the Bower and Park, and so going into the house, shews them the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt; who prays him not to despair, but that *Baretano's* Letters notwithstanding, he himself shall shortly marry her Niece *Clara*; only she prays him for the two Letters, because she affirms, she will to morrow send them to *Millan* to her Father and Mother; Wherein he saith, he will take advice of his pillow; when fasting out his Supper, he betakes himself to his Bed, to see whether he can sleep away those his passions and vexations: And by this time *Clara* going to lock up these two aforesaid Letters in her Trunk, she finds her Handkercher, but misseth her Letters, whereat blushing for shame, and then again looking pale for sorrow, grief and anger, she speedily sends away *Adriana* to the Bower, to look them, who returns without them, and then she knows for certain that *Albemare* hath found them; whereupon for meer grief and anger, feigning her self sick she withdraws her self to her Chamber, and there presently betakes her self to her bed.

I may well say, that *Clara* and *Albemare* betake themselves to their beds; but I am sure not to their rest; For grief and love so violently act their several parts in their hearts & thoughts, as sith they do, but sleep they cannot. Yea, their passion and sorrows are as different as their desires; for as *Albemare* now grieves that he hath found these Letters, so doth *Clara* that she hath lost them; and as he vows not to restore her them, so she neither dares, and yet disdaineth to demand them of him; Yea, again, which is more, as their sorrows are different, so are there pretended consolations, at least if I may properly and truly term them consolations: For as *Clara*, although she have lost her *Baretano's* Letters, doth yet rejoyce that she still retains the Writer and Author thereof engraven and charactered in her heart; so doth *Albemare*, that now fully knowing *Baretano*, to be his rival, and who by all probability is like to bear his Mistress from him, he hath (as he unjustly conceives) a just reason to be revenged, and a true occasion to fight with him; but as *Clara's* comfort and consolation herein proceeds from true affection, so doth the vanity and impiety of this resolution of *Albemare's* from hellish malice and divillish indignation; yea, although the night doth, or should bring counsel, yet as *Clara* passeth it over only with sighs, so doth *Albemare* with fumes of revenge against *Baretano*, vowing that he will in the morn towards *Millan*, and there try his fortune, either to kill him or to be killed of him in a Duel; to which end he is no sooner ready, but he acquaints the Lady *Emelia* with his intended journey, but not with his resolution to fight with *Baretano*, and the same he doth to (the Empress of his thoughts and Queen of his desires) *Clara*, demanding her, if she please to command him any service for *Millan*; who both blushing and paling hereat, her affection to *Baretano* having now made her expert in the subtilties of love, she well knows what wind drives *Albemare*, to *Millan*; and therefore guided by discretion, and not by passion, she returns him this Answer: That having neither reason nor desire to command him,, she onely prays him to remember her humble duty to her Father and Mother, and so wisheth his journey prosperous; which answer of hers (being indeed no other than *Albemare* expected) he yet advanceth to kiss her at parting; which her civility, though not her affection, granted him; not so much as once dreaming or suspecting that he conceived the least thought or intent to fight with her dear *Baretano*, and so he takes horse, having only one servant with him.

Albemare being arrived at Saint Remy, a small Town within fifteen miles of *Millan*, he resolves to dine there, which he doth; and to avoid the heat of the day, then betakes himself to sleep an hour or two; being awaked, he commands his man to make ready his horse; and seeing the Host of the house in his Chamber, enquires of him, if there were any Gentleman in the house riding to *Millan*, who as soon returns him this unlook'd for and unexpected answer, that there was a brave Gentleman in the house named *Seignior Baretano*, who was to ride thither some two hours hence. *Albemare* no sooner hears the name of *Baretano*, but his very heart-blood flasheth up in his face, when demanding of him again, what manner of Gentleman he was, she told him he was a tall slender young Gentleman, with never a hair on his face; and out of this window, quoth he, you may now see him walking in the Garden: whe

Albemare

Albemare looking forth sees indeed that it was his very rival *Baretano*; when enquiring farther of the Host what followers he had with him, he told him, that then he had none, but sometimes when he came thither, either to take the air, or breathe his horse, he was attended by two or three: and so the Host leaves him, not once suspecting of any difference between them. *Albemare* seeing his enemy (because his rival) brought to him, whom he formerly resolved to seek and find out, assumes a base and a bloody resolution to set upon him in the High-way disguised, and there to venture his own life, and to deprive him of his; which to effect he will have no eye-witnesses of this his ignoble and treacherous business; and therefore purposely sends away his man to *Millain* before him, and so slipping into the Town, provides himself of a Mask or Vizard, then takes his horse, and rather like a Thief than a Gentleman, lurks behind a Grove (some three miles from *St. Remy*) attending *Baretano's* coming, who poor harmless young Gentleman, harbouring and breathing no other thoughts and wishes, than charity to all the world, and pure and fervent affection to his fair and dear *Clara*, likewise takes his Horse, and draws homeward toward *Millain*; when being arrived to the place where *Albemare* secretly lay in ambush for him, he furiously and suddenly rusheth forth, and with his Rapier drawn his hand, runs *Baretano* into his right arm, who feeling the wound almost as soon as he saw his enemy who gave it him, he is at first, as it were amazed hereat; when thinking him by his Mask to be a *Bandetti*, who were then very busy in *Lombardy*, but especially in the Dutchy of *Millain*, he told him that all the Coyne he had, which was some ten double Pistols in Gold, and two Duckats in silver, were at his service, but to fight in his defence, he would not; Not, quoth he, that he was any way a Coward, but that he affirmed he was lately affianced and engaged to a young Lady; so that he perfectly knew that her affection was so dear and tender towards him, as either the loss or preservation of his life would be that of hers; *Albemare* galled and touch'd to the quick with this his heart-killing answer to him, is wholly inflamed with choler against him, when rushing towards him, he delivers him these words; Villain, it is not thy Gold, but thy life which I seek; and then straining himself to run *Baretano* thorow, so the string of his Mask breaks, where *Baretano* apparently sees it is his Rival *Albemare*; whereat, such is his tender affection to his sweet and fair *Clara*, that he who before turned Craven, and would not fight for his own sake, is now cheerfully resolved, not only to fight, but if occasion require, to die for hers; and so returning the Villain to *Albemare's* Throat, he instantly draws and joyns with him; and if *Albemare* be resolute in fighting, no less valiant and courageous is *Baretano*; for the remembrance of his *Clara's* sweet Idea, and fresh delicious beauty, insuseth such life to his valour, and such generosity and animosity to his courage, as he deals his blows roundly, and his thrusts freely, making *Albemare* know, that his Rapier is of an excellent temper, and yet his Heart of a better; and *Albemare* seeing he must buy his victory dearer then he expected, and disdaining to be out-braved and beaten by a Boy, plucks up his best spirits and courage to him, and so likewise behaves himself manfully and valiantly, in such sort that within less than a quarter of an hour, *Baretano* hath given him five wounds; and he *Baretano* three; when the Count of *Maringue* passing that way in his Coach towards *Millain*, and seeing two Gentlemen so busily fighting, he cries out to his Coachman, to gallop away with all celerity, and so parts them; when seeing them full of blood, sweat, and dust, having his Chamber-gent still in his train with him, he out of an honourable courtesie and charity intreats and accompanies them to the next house, where he causeth there wounds to be dressed and bound up; when by their Apparel seeing them to be *Millain*es, he is desirous to know their quarrel; and proffers his best assistance to reconcile and make them friends; but their hearts are so great, and their malice so implacable, as they both thank the Count for his noble courtesie, but beseech him to pardon them, in obscuring their names and quarrel; and yet he is so noble and generous, as he will not so leave them, but seeing them shrewdly wounded (though not he thinks mortally) he for their greater ease and safety, causeth two of his Gentlemen to mount their Horses, and takes them both up into his Coach with him, and so brings them within the Gates of *Millain*, where after they had severally rendered him many thanks for his Courtesie and Honour, he commends them both to their good Fortunes, and so leaves them.

Baretano and *Albemare* being thus arrived at *Millain*, they conceal their fightings, and so keep their Chambers, till they have secured their wounds; when *Albemare* visits *Capello*, and his Lady *Cassiana*, and reports to them the health and duty of their Daughter, as also her averseness towards him, and withall shews her *Baretano's* two Letters to her, whereby it is apparent, that she is so wholly his, as he himself is sure never to obtain or enjoy her. Her Father and Mother at the first, seem to hang their heads at this news, and the perusal of the Letters; but at last, bid him not despair, but be courageous, for he, and only he shall be their Son-in-

law. But *Albemare* considering that for the term of at least six Months, he, *Camelion-like*, had only been fed with the air of their vain promises; and that he perfectly knew, that *Clara* only intended to marry *Baretano*, and none but him: his love to her was so tender and fervent, as he cannot conceive the shadow of any hope how to obtain her for his wife in this world, before he have sent *Baretano* to another; when he being constant in his resolution thereof to himself, because he was resolute in his constancy and affection to *Clara*; no Reason, no Religion, not his Conscience, not his Soul, can divert him from this bloody design, from this murderous and therefore damnable project: Feeding therefore on malice, and boiling with Revenge towards *Baretano*; he, not as a Gentleman, but rather, degenerating from the virtue and honour of that honourable degree and quality, bethinks himself, either by Pistol or Poyson how he may treacherously dispatch him; whereon ruminating and pondering (as Malice and Revenge may perchance slumber, and difficultly sleep) the Devil, who is never absent in such hellish stratagems and occasions, gives him means (though by a contrary course) how to dispatch him: For on a day, descending the stairs of the *Domo*, he sees *Pedro* and *Leonardo* (two Soldiers, or rather *Braves* of the Castle of *Pavia*) pass by him, with whom he had been formerly acquainted, but so poorly apparelled, as, weighing their bloody humours by their necessity, he (in favour of money) thinks them very fit *Agents* and *Instruments* to murder and make away *Baretano*; to which end, to play the *Practick* part, as well as the *Theorick*, and so to reduce this his bloody contemplation into action; he sends his man *Valerio* after them, and prays them to repair to him in the *Cloisters* of *Barranco's* Palace, for that he hath a business to impart them of great importance for their profits. *Valerio* overtakes them, delivers them his Master's pleasure; who nettled with this word *Profit*, they repair to the *Rendezvous*, and meet *Albemare*; when having refreshed their acquaintance, and he sworn them to secrecy, as he was a wretched and perfidious Gentleman, acquaints them with his desire, some ten days hence to have them murder *Seignior Baretano* in the street by night, and to give it out, that it was done by some *Spaniards* of the *Viceroy's* Guard, and that he will give them an hundred Duckatoons in hand, and leave them as much more with his man *Valerio*, which they shall receive of him, when they have dispatched him; and for his own part, some four or five days hence he will away for *Modena*, to cast the better varnish and colour that he was innocent thereof, and had no finger at all in the business.

Pedro and *Leonardo* seeing that *Albemare* proffered them Gold, which they so much wanted and desired, like two limbs of the Devils, and as a couple of hellish Blood-Hounds, not only promise, but swear to him punctually, in all respects to perform his desires, and so they touch their first hundred Duckatoons, which being the pledg and price of innocent blood, it will assuredly cost them dear, and draw down vengeance, ruine, and confusion on their heads from Heaven, when they least think or dream thereof. *Albemare* having settled this his bloody and mournfull business with *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, he is again solicited by *Capello* and *Cassiana*, to return to their Daughter in *Modena*; whereunto he willingly consenteeth; when armed with their Letters to her, wherein they charge her on their commands and blessing, to dispose her self to effect and marry him; he within four days dispatcheth: But having secretly revealed his fight with *Baretano* to some of *Capello's* his chiefest and most confident servants, they yet love and honour their young Lady *Clara* so well in her absence, as they send her the true relation and intelligence thereof, which is at *Modena* a little before *Albemare*, the which being unknown to him, he is no sooner arrived there, but he salutes first the Aunt *Emelia*, then her Niece, and his Mistress *Clara*; to whom having delivered his Parents Letters, she stepped aside to the window, reads them, and so returning to him again, gives him this sharp and bitter welcome: *My Father and Mother commands me to love thee; but how can I, since upon the high-way, thou hast and treacherously attemptedst to kill my dear Baretano, whom I love a thousand times dearer than the whole world?* When, with tears in her eyes, and choler in her looks, she very suddenly and passionately flings from him; whereat *Emelia* wondreth, and he both storms and grieves; and so they betake themselves to their Chambers, where *Albemare* throwing himself on his Bed, saith thus to himself, *Unkind and cruel Clara, if thou take my fighting with Baretano thus tenderly, how wilt thou brook the news of his death?* On the other side, *Clara* grieves as much at her *Baretano's* wounds, as she rejoyleth at his safety and recovery; yea, so tender is her affection to him, as she a thousand times wishes that the blood he lost, had streamed from her own heart. Again, knowing his wounds free from danger, she cannot but smile, and delight to see his dear and true affection to her, in remembring, that he would not fight for his own sake, and yet was ready, yea, and valiantly hazarded to lose his life for hers; and in these amorous conceits and contemplations, she pensively drives away the time, admiring and wondering that all this while she hears not

from

from her *Baretano*; but alas, alas! she shall hear too too soon of him, though indeed never more from him; for these execrable wretches, *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, some four days after *Albemare's* departure to *Modena*, they, according to their promise and oath given him, like two most bloody and butcherly villains, cruelly assault and murder this harmless and innocent young Gentleman *Baretano*, in the streets of *Millain* by night, with no less than seven several wounds, whereof four were clean thorow his body; and so give it out (as it was formerly concluded) that he was murdered by some Spaniards of the *Viceroy's* Guard; when the same night they repair to *Valerio*, acquaint him therewith, receive their other hundred Duckatoons, and so provide for their safety in the City; but that bloody money, and this cruel murder, will in the end cost them dearer then either they imagine or dream of.

Whiles *Millain* ratleth with the news of *Baretano's* bloody and untimely end, as his own friends infinitely lament and grieve, so *Capello* and his wife *Cassiana*, cannot refrain from rejoicing thereat, as now assuring themselves, that *Albemare* shall shortly be their Son-in-Law; and for *Valerio*, he with all possible speed, writes away thereof to *Modena*, to his Master, who entertains this news with infinite joy and delectation, and presently acquaints the Lady *Emelia* therewith; whereat she rejoiceth, and he triumphs; but they both resolve as yet, to conceal it from *Clara*, because they know she will even dissolve and melt into tears thereat. But four days after are not fully expired, but her Father and Mother advertize their Daughter *Clara*, their Sister *Emelia* and *Albemare* thereof, by a Gentleman a servant of theirs, whom they purpose to send to *Modena* to bring back *Clara* and *Albemare* to *Millain*. But it is for none but lovers, to conceive or judge, with what extream excess of grief and immoderate sorrow our poor *Clara* understands this heart-piercing news of her *Baretano's* mournful and sorrowful death; for she is no sooner advertized thereof, but she throws off her attire, tears her hair, and twice following falls to the ground in a swoon; so as *Emelia*, *Albemare*, *Adriana*, and her Father's Gentleman, can hardly refetch and keep life in her, but being come again to her senses and self, and faintly opening her cloudy eyes to the beams of the Sun, who enamored of her beauty (as well in pity as love) came to comfort and revive her; she wringing her hands, then crossing her arms; and lastly, looking up towards Heaven, betwixt sighing and speaking, breaths forth these mournfull, passionate, and affectionate speeches.

O my *Baretano*, my sweet and dear *Baretano*! and shall thy wretched *Clara* live, thou being dead? When the violence of her affection and sorrow making her forget her self, and her God, she secretly unloaths her Knife, and then, and there would have stabbed her self to death, had not *Albemare* and her Aunt *Emelia* speedily stopt to her assistance, and prevented her, by wresting it from her; when conducting her to the Garden to take the air, she prays *Albemare* to leave her, and in his absence often again repeating the name of her dear *Baretano*, she a thousand times wisheth that her life had ransom'd his; vowing that although she were a woman, yet if she knew his murderers, she would sue to their eyes, and tear out their hearts, in meer revenge of this inhuman and cruel death; when her sorrows are so infinite, and her grief so unsupportable, as she cannot long remain in one place, but withdraws her self from the Garden to her Chamber, where her Aunt *Emelia* carefully accompanies her, lies with her that night to comfort her, who, poor afflicted young Lady, neither can nor will be comforted; so as the next morning, had not the Aunt powerfully prevented and stopped her, she had then undoubtedly entered the Nunnery of her own name *St. Clara*, and in that retired an obscure life, there ended her days in *Modena*; resolving in true affection and zeal to her dead *Baretano*, never thenceforth, either to see her Parents, or *Millain*; but being diverted and comforted by some Divines, and many Ladies of that City, she brooking her sorrows as patiently as the may, (with much solicitation) after ten days, permits her self to be conveyed home to *Millain*, where, although she were cheerfully received, and joyfully entertained of her Father and Mother, yet she likewise went near to have there mew'd her self up a spiritual Sister in the Nunnery of *Annunciation*; but that again she was prevented; whereat grieving, she takes on mourning attire, and vows to wear it a whole year for his sake; when to make her self (as she was) both a true *Lover*, and a true *Admourer* to the memory of her dead *Baretano*, she often-times steals into *St. Engelmia's* Church, where he was buried, and there bedews his Tomb with tears, living so pensively, and almost solutely, that although she live in the world, yet it seems she neither is, nor long will be of the world.

But as women are but women, and as time is a sovereign remedy for all diseases and sorrows; so about some ten months after, the incessant importunity of her Father and Mother, and the continual tender respect and observant courtship of *Albemare* towards her, make her

somewhat neglect and forget the memory of *Baretano*, and now to look on him with a more pleasing and favourable eye, than before. But here (again) a consideration makes her affection die towards *Albemare*, almost as soon as it begins to live. For why (quoth she) should she affect or love him, who at *St. Remy* gave her *Baretano* three several wounds? But then love again steps in, and thus pleads with her for *Albemare*; That he received five wounds, and gave *Baretano* but three, which made him lose far more blood than *Baretano*; and yet that this attempt of his was only occasioned through his affection to her, and only for her sake, as loving her dearer than his own life; which again gave her thoughts such satisfaction, as weighed down and vanquished, as well by the Power and Prayers of her Parents, as also by the endless sighs, letters and presents of *Albemare*. The year is no sooner expired, and her mourning weeds and attire done away, but to their own hearts content, and the unspeakable joy of their Parents, they in *Millain* (with great Pomp and Bravery) are very solemnly married. But this marriage of theirs shall not prove so prosperous as they expect and hope; for God in his all-seeing Providence, hath decreed to disturb the tranquillity and serenity thereof, and to make them feel the sharp and bitter showers of affliction and misery, which briefly doth thus surprize and befall them.

Albemare and *Lara* have hardly been married together a year and a quarter, but hot love begins to wax cold and frozen to her; yea, albeit she affected him truly and tenderly, yet he continually neglects her, and no longer delighting in the sweetness of her youth, and the freshness of her beauty, his lustful eyes and thoughts carry his lascivious self abroad among *Curtizans*, when they should be fixed on her, and resident at home with his chaste and fair Lady, so as his infidelity proving her grief and torments, and his vanity and ingratitude, her unspeakable affliction and vexation; she with infinite sighs and tears repents her matching him, and a thousand times wishes she had been so happy and blessed to have died *Baretano's* Martyr, and not so unfortunate and accursed to live to see her self *Albemare's* Wife; and yet were there any hope of his reformation, she should then perfix bounds to her calamities and sorrows; but seeing that his vices grew with his age, and that every day he became more vicious and unkind to her than other, her hopes are now wholly turned into despair, her mirth into mourning; yea, her inward discontents so apparently bewray themselves in her outward sorrowful complexion and countenance, that the Roses of her cheeks are metamorphosed into Lillies, and her heart so wholly taken up with anguish, and surprized with sorrow, as she wisheth that her bed were her grave, and her self in Heaven with God; because she could finde no comfort here on Earth with her Husband: but beyond her expectation, God is providing to redress her grief, and to remedy her afflictions by a very strange and unlooked-for Accident.

The Providence and Justice of God doth now again refetch bloody *Pedro*, to act another part upon the Stage and Theatre of this History; for having spent that money lewdly, which he before got damnably of *Albemare*, his wants are so great, and his necessity so urgent, as having played the murtherer before, he makes no conscience nor scruple now to play the thief, and so by night breaks into a Jeweller's shop, named *Seignior Fiamata*, dwelling in the great place before the *Demo*, and there carries away from him a small Trunk or Casket, wherein were some uncut *Sapphirs* and *Emeralds*, with some *Venice* crystal pendants for Ladies to wear in their ears, and other rich commodities; but *Fiamata* lying over his shop, and hearing it, and locking his door to him for fear of having his throat cut, gives out the cry and alarm forth the window, which ringing into the streets, makes some of the Neighbours, and also the watch approach and assemble; where finding *Pedro* running with a Casket under his arm, he is presently hem'd in, apprehended and imprisoned, and the Casket took from him, and again restored to *Fiamata*; when knowing that he shall die for this robbery, as a just punishment and judgement of God, now sent him for formerly murthering of *Baretano*, he having no other hope to escape death, but by the means of *Albemare*; he sends early the next morning for his man *Valerio*, to come to the prison to him; whom, he bids to tell his Master *Albemare* from him, that being sure to be condemned for this robbery of his, if he procure him not his pardon, he will not charge his soul any longer with the murther of *Baretano*, but will on the Ladder reveal, how it was he who hired himself and *Leonardo* to perform it; *Valerio* reporting this to his Master, it affrightens his thoughts, and terrifies his conscience and courage, to see himself reduced to this misery, that no less than his life must now stand to the mercy of this wretched Varlet *Pedro's* tongue. But knowing it impossible to obtain a pardon for him, and therefore high time to provide for his own safety, by stopping of *Pedro's* mouth; he resolves to heave *Offa* upon *Pelion*, or to add murther to murther, and now to payson him in Prison, whom he had formerly caused to murther *Baretano* in the street, to the end he might tell no tales on the Ladder, thinking it no ingratitude or sin, but rather a just reward and recompence for his former bloody service; so to feed *Pedro* with false hopes, thereby to charm his tongue to silence, and to lull his malice asleep

asleep, he speedily returns *Valerio* to prison to him, who bids him fear nothing, for that his Master had vowed to get him his pardon, as he shall more effectually hear from him that night; whereat *Pedro* rejoiceth and triumpheth, telling *Valerio*, that his Master *Albemare*, is the most generous and bravest Cavalier of *Lombardy*, But to nip his joys in their untimely blossoms, and to disturb the harmony of his false content, that very day, as soon as he had dined, he is tryed and arraigned before his Judges; and being apparently convicted and found guilty of this robbery, he is by them adjudget to be hanged the next morn, at a Gibbet, purposely to be erected before *Fianata's* house where he committed his delict and crime: which just sentence, not only makes his joy strike fail to sorrow, but also his pride and hopes let fall their Peacock's Plumes to humility and fear; but his only trust and comfort, yea his last hopes and refuge, is in *Albemare*, who hearing him to be condemned to be executed the next morning, he is enforced to play his bloody Prize that night, and so in the evening sends *Valerio* to prison to him, with a Capon and two Fiascoes (or Bottles) of Wine for him to make metry, informing him that he hath obtained his Pardon, and that it is written, and wants nothing but the *Viceroy's* sign to it, which he shall have to morow at break of day. But the Wine of one of the Bottles, was intermixed with strong and deadly poyson, which was so cunningly tempered, as it carryed no distastful, but a pleasing relish, to the palate. *Valerio* like an execrable villain, proving as true a servant to his Master, as rebellious and false to his God, punctually performs this fearful and mournfull business, and having made *Pedro* twice drunk, first with good news, and then with his poysoned Wine, he takes leave of him that night, and committing him to his rest, promiseth to be with him very early in the morning with his Pardon. When this miserable and beastly profane wretch, never thinking of his danger, or death; of God, or his Soul; of Heaven, or Hell, betakes himself to his bed, where the poyson spreading ore his vital parts, soon bereaves him of his breath, sending his soul from this life and world to another.

Now the next morning very early, as the Gaoler came to his Chamber, to bid him prepare to his execution, he finds him dead and cold, in his bed; and thus was the miserable end of this bloody and inhuman Murderer (and Thief) *Pedro*, who yet for example sake was one whose day hanged by the heels in his shirt, at his appointed place of execution, because his Judges deemed that he had cruelly poysoned and made away himself, And now doth *Albemare* again rejoice and triumph, to see he hath avoided that dangerous shelf and rock whereon he was very likely to have suffered shipwrack, yea, and now he thinks himself so absolutely safe and secure, as he holds it impossible, that either his murdering of *Barrabas*, or his poysoning of *Pedro*, can any way reflect on him, or henceforth produce him any farther storms or tempests, but his hopes and joys will deceive him; for God, who is the infallible revenger of innocent blood will not so leave him, but ere long when he least thinks or dreams thereof, not only in his providence detect these his foul crimes, but in his Justice severely punish them, and the Readers curiosity shall not go far to see it; for as to a guilty Conscience, it is the pleasure of the Lord, that one misery befall him in the neck and nick of the other, so *Albemare* is no sooner freed of *Pedro* in *Millan*, but behold he is afresh intangled and assaulted with *Leonardo* (his other hired murderrer) in *Pavia*, who having there prodigally rioted away his hundred Duckatoons, and also run himself far in debt; his Creditors joyn together, and so clap him prisoner, where having no other hope for his freedom and liberty, but to rely on *Albemare*, he writes him a Letter to *Millan*, wherein he acquaints him with his poverty and misery, and prays him (for the obtaining of his liberty) either to lend or give him fifty Duckatoons; *Albemare* receives this Letter, but forgetting his former service; as also thinking it only a fetch of *Leonardo*, to fetch him over for so many Duckatoons; as God would have it, he very inconsiderately burns this his Letter; and answereth it with silence; but he shall repent when it will be too late, and out of his power to remedy this his ingratitude and indiscretion.

Leonardo having at least fifteen days expected an answer from *Albemare*, and receiving none, he is extremely incensed and enraged to see himself thus slighted and forgotten of him, when exasperated by his misery, and animated by his extreme poverty and indigence, in that he is now enforced to sell away his apparel, and so to uncloath his back, thereby to feed his belly, he intends no more to request and pray him, but now resolves to touch him to the quick, the which he doth in these few lines which he sends him to *Millan* by a messenger of purpose.

LEONARDO to ALBEMARE.

I F my first Letter prevailed not with thee for the loan or gift of fifty Duckatoons, to free me from this my miserable imprisonment; make no doubt but this my second will: for being a Soldier, I give thee so understand thus I hold it far more generous to hang than starve; such as a halter is only the beginning of

of my friends sorrows; so it will likewise be the end of my own miseries; yea, if thou speedily furnish and accomplish not my request, although it cost me my life, I will no longer conceal how thou didst hire Pedro and my self for two hundred Duckatoons to give Signior Baretano his death, which at thy request we performed: Think then how near my secrecy concerns thy life, sith when I suffer death, I know thou hast but a short and poor time left thee to survive me: Therefore thank thy self if thy ingratitude turn my affection into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.

LEONARDO.

Now although *Leonardo* meant not as he writ, yet this his messenger coming to *Millan*, and not finding *Albemare* at his house, knows not (and yet is resolute) what to do, either to stay his coming in, or to deliver his Letter to some of his servants; but waiting at his door till late in the evening, and hearing no news of him, he gives it to *Valerio*, and (without telling him from whom or whence it came) prays him safely to deliver it to his Master, and that he will repair thither the next morning for an answer. *Valerio* claps the Letter into his pocket, awaiting his Master's coming; but he is so bad a Husband to himself, and so disloyal and unkind a one to his chaste and fair Wife, as he was out all night with his Courtisans, which good and virtuous Lady, even pierceth her heart with grief and sorrow. Now *Valerio* seeing his Master absent, his coming uncertain, and himself enforced to go forth about his affairs, he placeth the Letter upon a Cupboard near his Master's study, that it might be apparent to his eye when he came in, and so departs:

But here the mercy and providence of God invite the Christian Reader to admire and wonder at the strange discovery and detection of this Letter; for as *Albemare* (more for sport than charity) kept a man-fool of some forty years old in his house, who indeed was so naturally peevish, as not *Millan*, hardly *Italy* could match him for simplicity. It so chanced, that this harmless fool gat into the room after *Valerio*, and saw him put up this Letter on the cup-board; Now, as Children and Fools may in some sort be termed Cousin-German to Apes; so, as soon as *Valerio* was departed, this Fool (no doubt led wholly by the direction and finger of God, rather than by his own proper ignorance and simplicity) gets into the Chamber, and taking a stool to ascend the Cupboard, he brings away the Letter, which both in the Hall and Yard he tosses and dandles in his hand, as if this new found play gave delight and content to his extravagant and simple thoughts; when, behold our sweet and virtuous *Clara* coming from St. Ambrose Church, where she had been to hear Vesper's, and seeing a fair Letter fast sealed in the Fool's hand; she enquires of him from whence he had it? who singing and hopping, and still playing with the Letter, she could get no other answer from him, but, *That it was his Letter, and that God had sent it him, God had sent it him*; which speeches of his he often redoubled. When *Clara* weighing his words, and considering out of whose mouth they came, her heart instantly began to grow, and her colour to rise, as if God and her Soul prompted her, that she had some interest in that Letter: whereupon snatching it from the Fool, whom she left crying in the Hall for the loss thereof; she seeing it directed to her Husband, goes to the Parlour, attended by *Adriana*, and there sitting down in a Chair, and breaking up the seals thereof, she begins to read it; but when she draws towards the conclusion thereof, and finds that it was her Husband *Albemare* who had caused her dear Lover and Friend *Baretano* to be murdered; then not able to contain her self for sorrow, she throws her self on the floor, and weeps, and sighs so mournfully, as the most obdurate and flintiest heart could not chuse but relent into pity to see her; For sometimes she look'd up to Heaven, and then again dejecting her eyes to earth; now wringing her hands, and then crossing her arms; in such disconsolate and afflicted manner, as *Adriana* could not likewise refrain from tears to behold her: when after a deep and profound silence, she bandying and evaporating many volleys of far-fetcht sighs into the air, commanding *Adriana* forth, and the door being shut, with the two extremities of passion and sorrow she alone utters these mournful speeches to her self.

And shall *Clara* live to understand, that her *Baretano* was murdered for her sake; and by her unfortunate Husband *Albemare*? and shall she any more lie in bed with him, who so inhumanly hath lain him in his untimely and bloody Grave? And *Clara Clara*, wilt thou prove so ungrateful to his memory, and to the tender affection he bore thee, as not to lament, nor seek to revenge this his disastrous and cruel end? When again, her tears interrupting her words, and her sighs her tears; she entering into a further consultation with her thoughts and conscience, her heart and her soul, at last continues her speech in this manner: O, but unfortunate and wretched *Clara*, what speakest thou of Revenge? for consider with thy self, yea, forget not to consider, *Baretano* was but thy friend, *Albemare* is thy Husband; the first loved thee in hope to marry thee, but thou art married to the second, and therefore thou must love him, and

and although his ingratitude and infidelity towards thee, make him unworthy of thy affection, yet ye two are but one flesh, and therefore consider, that Malice is a bad Advocate, and revenge a worse Judge. But here again remembering what a foul and odious crime Murther was in the sight of the Lord, that the discovery thereof infinitely tended to his glory and honour; and that the poor Fool was doubtless inspired from Heaven, to affirm that God sent the Letter, she knows that her bonds of Conscience to her Saviour, must exceed and give a Law to those of her duty towards her Husband: and therefore preferring Heaven before Earth, and God before her Husband, she immediately calls for her Coach, and goes directly to *Baretano's* Uncle, *Seignior Giovan de Montefiore*, and with sighs and tears shews him the Letter, who formerly, though in vain, had most curiously and exactly hunted to discover the Murtherers of his Nephew. *Montefiore* first reads the Letter with tears, then with joy; and then turning towards the Lady *Clara*, he commends her zeal and Christian fortitude towards God, in shewing her how much the discovery of this Murther tended to His glory: and so presently sends away for the President Criminal; who immediately repairing thither, he acquaints him therewith, shews him the Letter, and prays him to examine the Lady *Clara* thereon; which with much modesty and equity he doth, and then returns with her to her house, and there likewise examineth the Fool where he had the Letter; who out of his incivility and simplicity, takes the President by the hand, and bringing him to the Cupboard, tells him, Here God sent the Letter, and here I found it: when *Valerio* being present, and imagining by his Lady's heavy and sorrowful countenance, that this Letter had (perhaps) brought her into some affliction and danger, he looking on the direction of the Letter, as also on the seal, reveals both to the President, and his Lady, that he received that Letter from one whom he knew not, and that he left it purposely on the Cupboard for his Master against his coming. The President being fully satisfied herein, admires at God's Providence, revealed in the simplicity of this poor harmless Fool, in bringing this Letter, which brought the murther of *Baretano* to light (when knowing that God doth many times raise up the foolish and weak, to confound the wise and mighty things of the world) he presently grants out a Commission to apprehend *Albemare*; who being then found in bed with *Mariana*, one of the most famous Beauties and reputed Courtiers of *Millan*: He, both astonished and amazed by the just Judgments of God, is drawn from his beastly pleasures and adulteries, to prison; where being charged to have hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to have murdered *Baretano*, he stoutly denies it. But *Leonardo's* Letter being read him, and he thereon adjudged to the Rack, his Soul and Conscience ringing him many thundering Peals of terror, he there at large confesseth it; when for this foul and bloody fact of his, he the same afternoon is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of Execution, which administred matter of talk and admiration thorowout all *Millan*, when Serjeants are likewise sent away to *Pavia*, to bring *Leonardo* to *Millan*, who not so much as once dream'd or thought that ever this Letter would have produced him this danger and misery.

And now *Albemare* advertised of the manner how this Letter of *Leonardo's* was brought to light (without looking up to Heaven, from whence this vengeance justly befell him for his sins) he cursed the cruelty of his Wife, the simplicity of the Fool, but most bitterly exclaims against the remissness and carelessness of his servant *Valerio*, in not retaining and keeping that Letter, which is the only cause of his death: yea, he is so transported with choler against him, as although he hath but a few hours to live, yet he vows he will assuredly cry quittance with him ere he dye.

Now the charity of his Judges, send him Divines that night in Prison, to prepare and clear his Conscience, and to confirm and fortify his Soul against the morn, in his last conflict with the world, and her flight and transmigration to Heaven; who powerfully and religiously admonishing him, that if he have committed any other notorious offence or crime, he should now do well to reveal it. He likewise there and then confesseth, how he had caused his man *Valerio* to poison *Pedro* with Wine in Prison, the very night before he was executed: whereupon this bloody and execrable Wretch (according to his hellish desert) is likewise apprehended and imprisoned.

And now God's Mercy and Justice brings this unfortunate (because irreligious) Gentleman *Albemare*, to receive condign punishment for those his two horrible Murthers which he had caused to be committed on the persons of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; who ascending the Ladder in presence of a world of Spectators, who flocked from all parts of the City to see him take his last farewell of the world, (the sight and remembrance of his foul crimes, having now made him not only sorrowful but repentant) he briefly delivered these few words.

He confesseth that he had hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to kill *Baretano* in the street, and seduced

ced his servant *Valerio* to poison *Pedro* in prison; whereof, with much grief and contrition, he heartily repented himself, and besought the Lord to forgive it him: he likewise besought *Leonardo* and *Valerio* to forgive him, in respect he knew he was the cause of their deaths; because he was sure they should not long survive him. He likewise forgave his Fool, as being assured, that it was not he in the Letter, but God in him, that had revealed the Letter for his just punishment and confusion. And lastly, he with many tears forgave his Wife and Lady *Clara*, whom he dismissed from his heart, was by far too virtuous for so dissolute and vile a Husband as himself. He blamed himself for neglecting to love her; and cursed his Queens and Curtesons, as being the chief cause of all his miseries: when requesting all that were present, to pray for his soul, he was turned off.

But his Judges seeing that he had added Murther to Murther, they held it Justice to add Punishment to his Punishment; and so he is no sooner cut down, but they cause his body to be burnt, and his ashes to be thrown into the air; which is accordingly performed.

Now, because the Lord in his Justice will punish as well the Agents, as the Authors of murther, whiles *Albemarle* is acting the last Scene and Catastrophe of this Tragedy, his wretched Hireling *Leonardo*, and his execrable servant *Valerio*, are likewise attainted, found guilty, and condemned to be hang'd for their several Murthers of *Bartolano* and *Pedro*; and so the very same afternoon they were brought to their Executions, where *Leonardo* his former life and profession, having made him know better how to sin than repent, he, out of a souldier-like bravery, (or rather vanity) thinks rather to terrifie death, than that death should terrifie him; begging pardon for his sins in general, of God and the world, and then bidding the Hang-man do his Office, takes his last adieu of the world.

When immediately *Valerio* ascends the Ladder, who having repentance in his heart, and grief and sorrow in his looks, as near as could be observed and gathered, spake these words.

That being poor both in Friends and Means, the only hope and preferment under his Master, made him at his request to poison *Pedro* in prison: That many times since, he hath heartily grieved for it, and now from his very soul repents himself of it, and beseeches the Lord to forgive it him; that he was as guilty of his murther, as innocent of *Bartolano's*; yea, for of the knowledge thereof, before his Master was imprisoned for the same; and that as this was his first capital crime, so felt he must now dye, he joyceth it was his last; and so praying all servants to beware by his miserable example not to be seduced to commit murther, either by their Masters, or the Devil; and beseeching all that were present, to pray for his soul, he resigning and commending it into the hands of his Redeemer, was likewise turned off.

And these were the miserable (yet deserved) ends of these bloody Murtherers; and thus did God's Justice and Revenge, triumph over their crimes, and themselves, by heaping and raining down confusion on their heads from Heaven, when the Devil (falsly) made them believe they fate secure, yea, when they least dream'd thereof on Earth. Oh that the sight and remembrance of their punishments, may restrain and deter us from conspiring and committing the like crimes! so shall we live fortunate, and dye happy; whereas they dyed miserably, because they lived impiously and prophanely.

And here fully to conclude and shut up this History, and therein, as I think, to give some satisfaction to the curiosity of the Reader, who may perchance desire to know what became after of the fair and virtuous *Clara*: Why, her sorrows were so infinite, and her quality and nature so sorrowful, as being weary of the world, and as it were weighed down with the incessant vanities, crosses, and afflictions thereof, she (notwithstanding the power and perswasions of her Parents) assumes her former resolution, to retire and sequester her self from conversing with the world, and so enters into the Nunnery of the Annuntiation (so famous in *Milan*) where, for ought I know, or can since understand to the contrary, she yet lives a pensive and solitary life.

The

vengeance, Justice, and out of sacred providence, hath in all points made their punishments as sharp and severe, as their crimes were bloody and detestable. May we then read it to Gods glory and our own consolation, which we shall assuredly perform, if we hate the like crimes in others, and detest them in our selves.

In the fair and pleasant City of *Mans*, (being the chief and Capital of the Province of *Main* in *France*) in the very latter years that the Marthal of *Boys-Dauphin* was Governor thereof, under the present King *Lewis XIII.* his Master, there dwelt a Gentlewoman, aged threescore and three years, termed *La Vasselay*, being well descended, and left very rich, as well in Lands as in Jewels, by her late deceased Husband, *Monsieur Fresset*, who was slain in the behalf of the Queen-Mother, in the defence of *Poitiers-Sey*, assaulted and taken by the King her Son. Now although this old Widow, *La Vasselay*, (in respect of her Age) was far more fit to seek God in the Church, than a new Husband in her Bed; yet she is weary of a single life, although it be not fully six Months since she hath buried her second Husband; (for the Reader must understand, she had formerly buried her first, at least five and twenty years before, and is now again resolved to take a third) and albeit she knew, that the civility of the Widows of *France*, was such, that they seldom marry, but almost never within the term of a whole year; yet her conceit and fancy, thinks it not only lawful, but fit, to break this too austere custom, and therefore she peremptorily resolves to live a Wife, and not to dye a Widow. But this resolution of hers, were she either in the Summer or the Autumn of her years; had been as excusable and praise-worthy, as now it favoured of undecency and inconstancy, sith she was in the Winter thereof: for Age, despite of her Youth, and youthful desires, had thrown Snow on her head, and new-dyed the colour of the hair from black to white: yea, she was so far from retaining any signs or reliques of an indifferent beauty, as the furrows of her face, could not justly shew any ruins or demolitions thereof; and yet (forsooth) she will marry again. Now her Birth and Wealth, rather than her Virtues and Personage, invite many old Widowers, and some rich Gentlemen and Counsellors of the famous Presidial Court of that City, to seek her in marriage; and indeed, both for Lands and Money, none her inferiors, but at least her equals, and some her betters: but in vain; for the vanity of her thoughts suggests her, that either she is too young for them, or they too old for her; and therefore she will have none of them: yea, her lust seems so youthfully to give a Law to her age, and she a lye to her years, as she casts off her Mourning-attire, decks her self up in gay apparel, powders her hair, paints her face, with a resolution (forsooth) to have no old Dotard, but a young Gallant, to her Husband; as if therein she wholly placed, not only her content, but her felicity. But we many times see such irregular desires, and such incontinent designs, met with unexpected misery, and unthought-of repentance.

Now during the time that the vain carriage and deportment of this old Gentlewoman and Widow, *La Vasselay*, made her self the laughter and by-word of all *Mans*, home comes a young Gentleman of this Countrey of *Main*, termed *Monsieur De Merson*, from his travel in *Italy*, whose Father dwelt betwixt *La Vall* and *Gravelle*, termed *Monsieur De Mansfelle*, being a Gentleman well descended, and rich, and to whom *De Merson* was second Son, who in a year's absence in *Italy*, being purposely sent thither by his Father, to enrich his experience and capacity (which is the true essence and glory of a Traveller, thereby to be the more capable to serve his Prince and Countrey, as also to be a comfort to his age, and a second prop to his House and Linage); he had made such poor and unprofitable use of his travels, as forgetting the obtaining of the language, and all generous exercises, perfections, and qualities, (so requisite and graceful in Gentlemen) he delighted in nothing so much, nay, in nothing elce, but to pass his time with Courtisans and Strumpets, especially in *Venice*, *Rome*, and *Naples*, where for their sakes, and his lascivious pleasures, he built up the greatest part of his Residence; where he so prodigally spent and exceeded his Father's exhibition, as he returns into *France*, not laden with Virtues and Experience, but with Vices and Debts; being otherwise ignorant in all things which he should know, and knowing nothing but that wherein he should be ignorant. Only to the end he might thereby set the better counterfeit tincture on himself, and false lustre on his Endowments and Proficiency, he superficially brought away, or rather borrowed some *Italian Phrases* and Complements, which he thought would not only pass current with the Gentlemen and Ladies of *France*, but also draw them into admiration, as well of himself, as them. When immediately upon his arrival, that he might the better see and make himself seen of the World, he flaunts it out in brave Apparel, both in *L' Aval*, *Angiers*, and *Mans*: yea, there is scarce any great Feast or Marriage in all those parts, but if he be not invited, yet he purposefully invites himself thereat, thereby to make himself the more conspicuous and apparent to the eyes of the World, especially of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, in whose acquaintance and favor

he not only endeavours to imitate, but strives to engraft himself: but his old Father *Manfrelle*, judiciously observing the vain behaviour, and deportment, and carriage of this his Son, he exceedingly grieves thereat; because he had well hoped, that his travels would have returned him as capable and discreet, as now he finds him ignorant, and, which is worse, debauch'd; sith he well knew, that either of these two vices was enough, sufficient, and powerful, not only to ruin his Reputation, but his Fortunes.

Again, to add more sorrows to his grief, and more discontent to his sorrows: for the vanity and levity of this his Son, every week, nay, almost every day, brings him in new Bills of his debts; and a third falling in upon the neck of first and second, and a fourth on the third, which being greater than his estate, or at least his pleasure would permit him to pay, he takes his Son *De Merson* aside, and very sharply checks him for his old and new prodigalities, vows that he will neither sell nor mortgage his Lands, to discharge his foolish debts; and therefore he bids him look to satisfy them, for that he is fully resolved not to see, much less to speak with any of his Creditors, how great or small soever the summes be he owes them. This cooling-Card of *Manfrelle's*, makes his Son *De Merson* not only bite his lips for sorrow, but hang his head for anger and vexation; yea his folly doth so eclipse and over-veil his judgment herein, as in stead of making good use hereof, he takes a contrary resolution, and so resolves to embrace and follow the worst: for, whereas he should have made his pride and prodigality strike fail, and now rather seek to re-integrate himself into his Father's favour, than any way futarely to incense or exasperate him against him; he only taking counsel of his Youth, Passions, and Choler, (which as false and treacherous guides, most commonly lead us to misery and repentance) again precipitates and ingulphs himself afresh in new debts, both with his Usurer, Mercer, and Taylor; and, no longer able to digest his Father's checks and frowns, he very inconsiderately and rashly packs up his baggage, leaves his house, rides to *Mans*, and there resolves to pass his time that Winter; partly hoping that his Father will discharge his debts in his absence; but more especially, to become acquainted with the Beauties of that City, thereby to obtain some rich young Heir, or old Widow for his Wife, whose estate and wealth might support his pride, and maintain his excessive prodigality and voluptuousness: and indeed, although the two former of these his hopes deceive him, yet he shall shortly find and see, that the third and last will not.

Living thus in *Mans*, the bravery of his Apparel and Equipage, the freeness of his expences, his comely talk, personage, black beard, and sanguine complexion, make him as soon acquainted and affected, as known of many Ladies and Gentlewomen; and far the more, because they know his Father, *De Manfrelle*, to be a very ancient and rich Gentleman of that Countrey of *Main*; and although he is not his Heir, yet in regard he is his second Son, as also a Traveller, he was the more honoured and respected of all those he frequented; so that the very fame and name of *Monsieur De Merson*, began to be already divulged and known in the City; yea, and because he was a great Balladine or Dancer, there was no solema Assembly, either publick or private, but still *De Merson* made one; and there was not a reputed Beauty, or supposed courteous Lady in *Mans*, or thereabouts, but such was his vanity, as he soon wrought and insinuated himself into her acquaintance and familiarity; the which he made not only his delight, but his glory. And although that in a small time, the wiser sort of the Gentlewomen and Ladies of the City found his wit and experience to come infinitely short of his brave Apparel; yet the more illiterate and ignorant of them (who esteem all men by their luster, and not by their brave worth) as preferring gay Apparel, and the comeliness of the body, before the exquisite endowments and perfections of the mind: they hold him in so high a repute and esteem, as they think him to be the most absolute Gallant, not only of *Mans*, but of all the Countrey of *Main*: so easie it is to captivate the conceits and judgments of those who only build their judgments in their conceit, and not their conceits in their judgment.

And of this rank and number was our old Widdow, *La Vasselay*, who having many times heard of *De Merson's* fame and comely personage, and seen him once at a Sermon, and twice at two several Nuptial-Feasts, where his skill and agility proved him to be one of the prime Dancers; she is so far in love with him, as in her thoughts and heart she wisheth she had given half her Estate and Dowry, conditionally that she were his Wife, and he her Husband: yea, she is so ravished with the comeliness of his feature, and the sweetness of his complexion and countenance, as all the World is not half so dear to her as *De Merson*; nor any man whatsoever, by many thousand degrees, so delicious to her eye, and pleasing to her heart and soul, as himself. And although she be in the frozen Zone of her age, yet her intemperate lust makes her desires so youthfully intemperate, as forgetting reason and modesty (that the best virtue of our

soul, and this the chiefest ornament of our body) she a thousand times wisheth, that either *De Merson* were impaled in her arms, or she incloistered in his.

But doting (yea, I may well near truly say) dying old Gentlewoman! is this a time for thee to think of a young Husband, when one of thy old feet is, as it were, in thy grave? or being in thy *Climacterical* year of threescore and three, art thou yet so fraughted with levity, and exempt of continency, as thou wilt needs seek to marry one of five and twenty? Foolish *La Vasselay*! if it be not now time, yea, high time for thee to sacrifice thy desires to continency, when will it be, if ever it be? Didst thou resolve to wed a Husband near of mine own age, and so to end the remainder of thy days with him in chaste and holy Wedlock; that resolution of thine were as excusable, as this, in desiring so young a one, is worthy, not only of blame, but of reprehension, and, I may say, of pity. Consider, consider with thy self, what a preposterous attempt and enterprise is this of thine, that when thou shouldst finish thy days in devotion, and prayer, thou then delightest to begin them in concupiscence and lust. O *La Vasselay*, mock at those rebellions and treacherous pleasures of the flesh, which seem to mock at thee, yea, to betray thee: and if there be yet any spark of thy youth, which lies burning under the embers of thy age; why, if thy chaste thoughts cannot, yet let modesty, or at least piety, extinguish them. God hath already given thee two Husbands, is it not now therefore time, yea, more then time, for thee to prepare to give thy self to God? Hitherto the chastity of thy youth hath made thee happy; and wilt thou now permit, that the lust of thine age make thee unfortunate, or peradventure, miserable? and that the purity and candor of that, be distained and polluted by the foulness and obscenity of this? Alas, alas, incontinent and inconsiderate Gentlewoman! of a grave Matron, become not a youthful Giglet, or if thou wilt not suffer the eyes of thy body, at least permit those of thy soul, to look from thy painted cheeks, to thy snow-white hair, who can inform and tell thee, that thou art far fitter for Heaven, than Earth, sith those pleasures are eternal, and these transitory; for God, than a Husband, sith he only can make thee blessed; whereas (in reward of thy lascivious lust) this peradventure may be reserved to make thee both unfortunate and wretched.

But the vanity of this old Gentlewoman's thoughts and desires, do so violently fix and terminate on the youth and beauty of young and (as she immodestly terms him) fair *De Merson*, as the only consideration of her delight and pleasure, weigh down all other respects; so that neither reason nor modesty, advice nor persuasion, can prevail with her resolution to divert her affection from him, but love him she doth, and (which is repugnant as well to the instinct of Nature, as to the influence of Modesty, and rules of Civility) seek him for her Husband she will; yea, she is already become so sottish in her affection, and so lasciviously fervent in her desires towards him, that her heart thinks of him by day, her soul by night; that admires him as the very life of her felicity; and this adores him as the only content and glory of her life: she will not see the greatness of her own estate and wealth, nor consider the smallness of his means and hopes, in that he is not an Heir, but a second Brother: she will not enquire after his debts and vices, to know what those may be, what these are; she will not think what a preposterous disparity there is betwixt the fire of his youth, and the ice of her age; nor what a world of discontents and afflictions are incident to proceed thereof: she will not consider, that in endowing him with all her wealth, that she thereby impoverisheth many, as well of her own kindred, as of those of her two former Husbands, to whom in the right of Nature it more justly and properly belongs: and to conclude and shut up this point, she will not imagine or dream to how many laughs and scandals of the world she exposeth her self, who will not only call her discretion, but her modesty in question, for matching with so young a Gentleman as *De Merson*, to whom for age she may not only well be Mother, but (which is more) Grandmother. But contrariwise, this foolish old Gentlewoman having sent her wits a wool-gathering on his sweet and comely personage; his youth, and her affection, like two impetuous torrents, and furious inundations, bear down all other respects and considerations before them: yea, they so submerge her reason, and quite drown her discretion, as she hath no eyes unshut to see the one, nor ears unstopped to hear the other; so that if she desire any thing in the world, it is (as formerly is observed) that she live to see *De Merson* her Husband, and her self his Wife; which to effect and accomplish, she knows no better nor fitter Agent to employ herein, than one *Monsieur De Pruneau*, an ancient Councillor of the *Presedial Court* of that City, who was the only Councillor both to her last Husband, and her self; and of whose discretion, integrity, and fidelity, she had all the reasons of the world to rest confident and assured.

Now although the Wisdom and Experience of *De Pruneau* suggested him, with what an extreme inequality there was betwixt *De Merson's* youth, and *La Vasselay's* age, which he could

not more pertinantly parallel and compare, than to Winter and Summer, the Spring and Harvest: and therefore, how many afflictions and miseries were subject to attend and wait on such preposterous marriages, wherefore he had formerly seen divers lamentable examples and woful experiences, as well of men, as women, who had suffered shipwrack upon that *Sylla*, and this *Charibdis*; he like an honest man, and indeed a truer friend to her than she was to her self, produceth some of the former alledged reasons to her consideration, thereby to divert the stream of her ill-grounded affection, from *De Mersen*, and (in general terms) to convey and conduct it to some elder personage, whose years (and therefore their dispositions and affections) might the better agree and sympathize. But when he sees that her love to *De Mersen* was so firmly and immovably settled, as that it not only appeared to him to be her grief, but her torment, to be any way crossed or contradicted therein, then he changeth his language; and because she will not hearken to his advice, he therefore gives way to her resolution, promiseth her his utmost power, and best endeavours, speedily to effect and compass her desires; when taking leave each of other, at last *La Vasselay* remembering she had forgotten something, calls him again, and prays him, that if *De Mersen* be inquisitive to know her direct age; that he subtract away at least ten years thereof; so that whereas she is sixty three, to affirm that she is very little above fifty: whereunto she her self blushing, *De Pruneau* not able likewise to refrain from smiling, promiseth her to be very mindful thereof. To which end, he (with the first conveniency) finds out *De Mersen*, acquaints him how much he is obliged to *Madameyelle La Vassela*, for her affection to him; lays before him the Nobility of her Descent and Blood, the greatness of her Estate and Means, as also the excellency of her virtues; that fifty years is the most of her age; and that she is not by far so old, as pleasing and lovely; that she affects him above all the men in the world; yea, and desires no man in the world for her Husband, but himself; and, that when he pleaseth, she desires the honour of his company to her house; with many other intimations and insinuations conducting that way.

De Mersen having formerly understood of *La Vasselay's* rich Estate and Dowry, as also of the truth of her age, he likes the first well; and although he distaste, yet he will dissemble the second: he thanks *De Pruneau* for his pains, and *La Vasselay* for her love toward him; promiseth to requite the first; and if her wealth and virtues correspond with his relation, to deserve the second: alledging further, that although there be a great inequality in their age, yet still he is no Heir, but a second Brother, yet it is rather likely, than impossible, for it to be a Match betwixt them; and in the mean time, to requite part of her affection, he promiseth to sup with her, the night following, at her house, where she only desires his company and assistance, that they may the more effectually and secretly consult of this business, which he hopes will so much import, as well her good and his content, as her content and his good: and so for that time they part.

De Pruneau having received this pleasing and discreet answer from *De Mersen*, he returns with the relation and repetition thereof to *La Vasselay*; vows, that his exterior feature is no way answerable, but comes far short of his interior virtues and discretion: and, that by all which he either can collect from his speeches, or gather from his deportment and behaviour, he is, in his conceit, the most accomplished Gentleman, not only of *Mans*, but of *France*; and so bids her prepare her Supper, and her self, to entertain him the next night. Which answer of *De Mersen's*, and relation of *De Pruneau*, is so pleasing to her heart and thoughts, as her age seems to be already ravished with joy at the conceit of his youth; when thinking every minute a month, and every hour a year, before she be made happy, and her house blessed with his presence, she leaves no cost unspared, or unspent, to make his entertainment answerable to his welcome; whereof, whiles she is not only careful, but curious in providing, let us cursorily speak a word or two how *De Mersen* entertains and digesteth this unspeakable motion and affection of *La Vasselay*.

He laughs in his sleeve to see her youthful affections so flourishing in this *Autumn*, nay, in this *Winter* of her Age, as to desire and seek so young a Gentleman as himself for her Husband: but he understands she is exceeding rich, and therefore resolves, that this virtue is capable to over-value and ransom that defect and error of hers. He sees that his Father will not pay his debts, and that he of himself cannot; that they growing more clamorous, will shortly become scandalous; which will not only directly prevent, but infallibly ruin his fortunes. He considereth how displeasing her age will be to his youth; as also, that there is no Hell comparable to that of a discontented bed; and then again, his debauch'd and lustfull thoughts suggest him this remedy, That *Mans* hath Beauties enough for him to recreate himself, and to pass his time with; although she have him sometimes in her bed, yet he may have

have younger Lassies and Ladies in his arms, both when and where he pleaseth. He considereth, that rich Widows are not so soon found, as sought; nor so soon obtained, as found; and that if he refuse *La Vasselay* this day, he may not only repent it to morrow, but perchance all the days of his life; and although his Will may, his Power shall not be able, to repair or redress this error of his all his life after. He is not ignorant, that Gentlewomen of her age and wealth, are subject to be as soon lost as won in a humour, and therefore then lost, because not then won. Again, that the elder she is, the sooner she will dye, and he then is at liberty to marry as young a Virgin as he pleaseth; and that her Wealth would then prove a true prop and sweet comfort to his age. And to conclude and finish this consultation of his, she is without children to molest and trouble him, and therefore to be desired; she is virtuous, discreet, and of an excellent fame and reputation, and therefore deserves to be accepted and not refused.

Upon the grounds of which reason and considerations, he makes good his promise to *De Pruneau*, and comes the next night both to visit and sup with *La Vasselay*, who having purposely deckt her self up in her youthful and gayest Apparel, receives him with all demonstrations of affection and joy. At the first arrival, he affords her two or three kisses; whereat she infinitely both rejoiceth and triumpheth, and, in a word, he finds that his welcome not only exceeds his desires, but his expectation; and believe me, it was worth his observation to see how superficially his youth looked on her age; and how artificially and lustfully her age gazed on his youth. Now by this time Supper is served in, wherein her affection was again discovered to him in the curiosity and bounty thereof: Where *De Pruneau*, to give life to their mirth, tells them both, That he hopes this their first meeting and interview will produce effects answerable to both their contents and desires; whereat *De Mersin* cannot refrain from blushing, nor *La Vasselay* from smiling: they are all very pleasant and jocond at a Table; and she, to give the better edg and relish to his affection, strives to seem far younger than indeed she is, and then he knows her to be: yea, she doth so cunningly intermix and disperse youthfull speeches amidst her aged gravity, as if she were not old, or at least newly made young. Now whiles she feasted her eyes on his fresh countenance, and fair complexion; he sends his abroad to look on her Plate, rich Hangings, and Household-stuff, wherewith he saw her House was richly and plentifully furnished. Supper ended, and the cloth taken away, they are no sooner fallen from their Viands, but they fall to their talk. *De Mersin* kindly and familiarly taking his new-old Mistis in his Arms, as if he had already given her a place in his heart and affections; which makes her, beyond her self, both merry and joyful. I will not trouble the Reader with the repetition of what speeches and complements here past betwixt them; because in this, and my future Histories, I will follow the same method of brevity which I have proposed and observed in my former. Let then his inquisitive curiosity understand, that they parted very lovingly and affectionately this first time; and *De Mersin*, although he were a debauched Gentleman, yet he is not so simple to omit, but rather, so well advised to pry into the true depth and naked truth of her Estate; and the rather, for that he hath known many Gentlemen who have been fetch'd over, and gull'd in this nature, and in marrying one Widow, have match'd themselves to two Thieves; and credulously thinking her rich, have in the end found her a very beggar. Whereupon he takes three days respite to resolve; and so with some kisses, and many thanks for her affection and kind entertainment and great cheer, he for that night takes his leave of her; whose fair carriage, and discreet resolution in temporizing, *La Vasselay* applauds, and *De Pruneau* approves: So *De Mersin* having spent the first and second day in surveying the Writings of her Dowry, the Leases of her Lands and Houses, and the Bonds and Bills of Debts due to her, with all her ready Money, Plate, and other moveables: he finds her Estate to answer his expectation, and her report; and that she is really worth in Land, 6000 Franks yearly, and her moveables worth at least 1800 more: he the third day publickly contracts himself to her; and having advertised his Father thereof, who likes the wealth better than the widow, within eight days after privately marries her; which administred cause of speech and wonder in and about *Mans*; some blaming her of indiscretion and levity to match so young a Gentleman; others taxing him of folly to marry so old a Widow; some extolling and applauding his judgment, in enriching himself with so great an Estate, which would not only deface his debts, secure his youth and age from the storms of want, and the tempests of necessity, but also in the one and the other maintain him richly, prosperously, and gallantly. And others again believing and prefaging, that this their great inequality and disparity of years, would either of the one side, or other, or both, produce many discontents and afflictions, instead of hoped-for joys and prosperities. Thus every one speaks differently of this preposterous Match, according as their passions and fancies dictate them;

them; but which of all theſe opinions and judgments ſpeaks trueſt, we ſhall not go far to underſtand and know.

We have ſeen the conſumation of this marriage, Youth wedded to Age, *May* to *December*, and young *De Merſon* to old *La Vaffelay*: in which Contract and Nuptials, either of them are ſo vain, and both ſo irreligious, as caring wholly for the pleaſures of their bodies, they have not therein ſo much as once thought of their ſouls; or of Heaven. Yea, God is not ſo much as once nominated or remembred of them. All the ends of Marriages, are only two, God's glory, and the propagation of Children; and becauſe they cannot hope for the ſecond, muſt they therefore needs be ſo impious, as to forget the firſt? Ay me! if his youth had attained no more Grace, could her age retain no more goodneſs? or how can they flatter themſelves with any hope, that this marriage of theirs can poſſibly proſper, when only her aim and end therein is luſt, and his wealth? If a building can ſubſiſt and flouriſh, which hath a rotten and reeling foundation, then this match of theirs may proſper, otherwiſe cannot; for what more rotten than the beaſtly pleaſures of her luſtful, and yet decayed age; and what more reeling and ſickle, than the conſtant inſtancy of his laſcivious youth? which make my thoughts juſtly fear, and my heart truly preſage and apprehend, that repentance, not pleaſure; affliction, not joy; miſery, not proſperity, is at the heels to attend and follow theſe their Nuptials; As mark we the ſequel, and it will briefly inform us how.

De Merſon hath not been married two whole months to *La Vaffelay*, but he begins to repent himſelf that ever he matched her; for he now ſees, though before he would not; that it is impoſſible for his youth to ſadg and ſympathize with her age, he ſees that he hath a decrepit, ſickly and decayed body, and that ſhe is never free of the Cough and Rheum, as alſo of an Ulcer in her left arm, which is not only diſpleaſing, but loathſome to him. Yea, when ſhe hath taken off her Ruff and head-attire, and dightd her ſelf in her night habiliments, then he vows he is afraid of her Lamb-skin furred Cap and Waſt-coat; and takes her withered face for a Vizard or a Comet, which yeelds no delight but terror to his eyes, ſwearing that he ſerves only for a Bed-pan to heat her frozen body, which of it ſelf is far colder than a Marble-ſtatue; Yea, he is ſo far out of love with her, becauſe, to write the truth, he never truly loved her, that her ſight is a Plague to him, her preſence by day a Purgatory, and company by night a very Hell.

But debauched and diſſolute Gentleman, theſe vicious and impious conceits of thine, come immediately from Hell and Satan, and are no way infuſed in thy thoughts by Heaven, much leſs inſpired in thy heart by God; Conſider, conſider with thy ſelf, that if *La Vaffelay* be old, yet ſhe is now thy wife, and that whatſoever *De Priorean* or her ſelf informed thee of fifty years, yet thou knoweſt ſhe could not be leſs than ſixty three, and more ſhe is not. In which regard marriage (the holy inſtitution of Heaven) having now made you of two, one, if thou wilt not love her age, at leaſt thou ſhouldeſt reverence it; or if thou cauſt not affect her, thou ſhouldeſt not hate her. Hath ſhe imperfections? what woman in the world lives without them? or is ſhe peſtered with diſeaſes, who can be either exempted from them, or prevent them? Thou haſt vowed in the Temple of the Lord, and in the preſence of him and his people, not only to love, but to honour her; and is thy inſtancy and impiety already ſuch, as forgetting that promiſe and vow of thine, thou doſt now not only diſhonour, but deſpiſe and condemn her; and that thou only mad'ſt that vow purpoſely to break it? O *De Merſon*, if thou art not capable of conſeſel, yet do but believe the truth, and thou wilt find, that if thou wilt not love her, becauſe ſhe is too old to be thy wife; yet thou ſhouldeſt reſpect and regard her, becauſe ſhe is old enough to be thy Grandmother: for as it is incivility not to reverence Age; ſo it is impiety to diſdain and malign it, and if in any man towards a meer ſtranger, how much more in a Husband to his own wife? And becauſe it is eaſier to eſpy our Wive's imperfections, than to find out, or reform our own; if thy Wife *La Vaffelay* be guilty of any fault towards thee, it is becauſe ſhe loves thee too well, and affects thee too dearly.

We have ſeen *De Merſon*'s diſtaſte of his wife *La Vaffelay*: Let us now ſee how ſhe likes, or rather why ſhe ſoon diſlikes him; for he bears himſelf ſo ſtrangely, and withall ſo unkindly towards her, as her deſires of his youth come far ſhort both of her expectation and hopes; for if he lie with her one night, he wandreth fix from her; is ſtill abroad, and ſeldome or never at home with her; yea, he is of ſuch a gadding humour, and ranging diſpoſition, and his thoughts and delights are tranſported elſewhere, not at home; with other young Dames of *Mau*, not with her ſelf; and the vanity of his pleaſures do ſo far ſurprize and captivate him, that he is already become ſo vicious, as he makes day his night, and night his day; living rather like a voluptuous Epicure, than a temperate or civil Chriſtian; Neither, quoth ſhe, is it jealousie but truth which makes her pry ſo narrowly into ſuch lewd and laſcivious actions, wherein

the farther she wades, the more cause she finds both of grief and vexation; which makes her wish, that she had been blind when she first saw him; and either he, or her self, in Heaven, when they so unfortunately married each other here upon Earth.

How now, fond and foolish old Gentlewoman! are thy joys so soon converted into sorrows, and thy triumphs into tears? why, thou hast just cause to thank none but thy self for these thy crosses and afflictions, sith thy lustful and lascivious desires were not only the author, but the procurer of them: for, hadst thou been more modest, and less wanton, thou mightest have apparently seen, and providently fore-seen, that *De Merfon's* youth was too young for thy age, because thy age was too old for his youth: so that hadst thou been then but half so stayd and wise, as now thou art sorrowful, thou needest not grieve for that which thou canst not redress, nor repent for that which is out of thy power to remedy. But, rash and inconsiderate woman! how comes this to pass, that thou art ready to entertain jealousy, when death stands ready to entertain thee? Could all the course of thy former youth be so happy, not to be acquainted with this vice? and doth now thy frozen age think it a virtue to admit and imbrace it? Ay me, I grieve to see thy folly, and lament to understand thy madness in this kind: for, what is jealousy, but the rage of our thoughts and brains, the disturber of our peace and tranquillity, the enemy of our peace and happiness, the traitor to our judgment and understanding, the plague of our life, the poison of our hearts, and the very bane and canker of our souls? Jealousie! why, it is the daughter of Frenzy, and the mother of Madness: it is a vice purposely sent from hell, to make those wretched on earth, who may live fortunate and happy, and yet will not; yea, it is a vice which I know not whether it be more easie to admit, or difficult to expel, being admitted. But, *La Vasselay*, expel it thou must, at least, if thou think to live fortunate, and not to dye miserable. Wert thou as young, as aged, thy jealousy might have some colour and excuse in meeting with the censures of the world; whereas now, not deserving the one it cannot receive the other. And as those women are both wise and happy, who wink at the youthful escapades of their Husbands; thy jealousy makes thee both meritorious and guilty of thy afflictions, because thou wilt be so foolish to espy, and so malicious to remember these of thine. Is *De Merfon* given and addicted to other women? Why, pardon him, because he is a young man: and as he is thy Husband, and thou his Wife, believe that he is every way more worthy of thy prayers, than of thine envy.

Thus we see upon what fatal and ominous terms these late married couple now stand: *De Merfon's* youth scorning and spurning at his Wife *La Vasselay's* age, and wholly addicting himself to others; and her age growing infinitely jealous of his youth: so that for any thing I see or know to the contrary, these different vices have already taken such deep and dangerous root in them, as they threaten not only the shipwrack of their content, but of their fortunes, if not of their lives.

Now for us to find out the particular object of *La Vasselay's* jealousy, as her foolish curiosity hath already the general cause; we must know, that she hath a very proper young Gentlewoman who attends her; of some eighteen years of age, termed *Gratiana*, of a middle stature, somewhat inclining to fatness, having a fresh sanguine complexion, and bright flaxen hair; she being indeed every way exceeding lovely and fair; and with this *Gratiana*, she fears her Husband is more familiar, than either modesty or chastity can permit: and yet she hath only two poor reasons for this her credulity and jealousy; and God knows, they are poor and weak ones indeed: The first is, that she thinks her own withered face serves only but as a foil to make *Gratiana's* fresh beauty seem the more precious and amiable in his eyes. The second is, that she once saw him kiss her in her presence in the Garden, when she brought him a Handkercher, which his Page had forgotten to give him. Ridiculous grounds, and trivial reasons, for her to build her fear, or erect her jealousy on, or to invent and raise so foul a scandal and calumny! And yet not to suppress, but to report the whole truth, *De Merfon* was lasciviously in love with *Gratiana*, had often tempted her deforation, but could never obtain her consent thereunto; for she was as chaste as fair, and impregnable either to be seduced by his gifts and presents, or to be vanquished and won by his treacherous promises, protestations, and oaths: for she told him plainly and peremptorily, when she saw him begin to grow importunate and impudent in this his folly, That although she were but a poor Gentleman's daughter, yet she thanked God, that her Parents had so virtuously train'd her up in the School of Honour, that she would rather dye, than live to be a Strumpet to any Gentleman or Prince of the World. Which chaste answer, and generous resolution of hers, did then so quench the flames of his lascivious and inordinate affection to her, as thenceforth he exchanged his lust into love towards her; and vowed, that he would both respect and honour her as his Sister. Now although they both keep the passage of this business secret from his Wife, her Mistress;

yet

yet notwithstanding, as it is the nature of Jealousie, not to hearken to any reason, nor approve of any belief but of her own; therefore she is confident, that he lies with *Gratiana* oftner than with her self; which she vows she cannot digest, and will no longer tolerate. To which end (with a most malicious and strange kind of treachery) she makes fair weather with *Gratiana*, and (thinking to cool her hot courage, and to allay the heat of her luxurious blood) looking one day stedfastly in her face, she tells her, that she hath need to be let blood to prevent a Feaver; whereunto, although chaste and innocent *Gratiana* was never formerly let blood, she notwithstanding willingly consents thereunto; which to effect, *La Vasselay* (like a base Mistress, and a treacherous step-dame) sends for an Apothecary, named *Reunee*, gives him a watch-word in her ear, to draw at least sixteen ounces of blood from *Gratiana*, for that she was strongly entred into a burning Feaver; but he being as honest as she was treacherous and cruel, told her, that the drawing of so great a quantity of blood from her, might not only impair her health, but endanger her life. But she replies, it was so ordered by a Doctor; whereupon he opens her right-arm vein; and as he had near drawn so much from this poor harmless young Gentlewoman, she faints twice in a Chair betwixt their arms, and all the cold water they threw in her face, could very hardly refresh her, and keep life in her; this old hard-hearted Hag still notwithstanding crying out that it was not blood enough: having no other reason for this her treachery and cruelty, but that indeed she thought it not enough, or sufficient to quench the unquenchable thirst and flame of her jealousy; of which this is the first effect towards this innocent young Gentlewoman; but we shall not go far to see a second.

Gratiana is so far from dreaming of her Mistress jealousy toward her Master and her self; or from once thinking of this her treacherous letting her blood, as she thanks her for her affection and care of her health; and now the very next day after *De Merson* dining at home with his old wife (which he had not done in many days before) and seeing *Gratiana* look so white and pale, demands of her, if she be not well, and then questioneth his wife what ails her Gentlewoman to look so ill, which she seems to put off with a feigned excuse; but withall (as if this care of her Husband towards *Gratiana*, were a true confirmation of their dishonesty, and her jealousy) she retains the memory thereof deeply in her heart and thoughts; yea, it is so frequent, and fixed in her imaginations, as she cannot, she will not any longer suffer or endure this affection of her Husband to *Gratiana*; nor that *Gratiana's* youth shall wrong *La Vasselay's* age in the rites and duties of Marriage. Wherefore casting sad aspects on him, and malignant looks on her, she to please and give satisfaction to her jealousy (which cannot be pleased or satisfied with any thing but revenge) resolves to make her know what it is, for a Waiting-maid to offend and wrong her Mistress in this kind; when not to diminish, but rather to augment and redouble her former cruelty toward her: Her Husband riding one day abroad in company of divers other Gentlemen of the City, to hunt Wolves, which abound in those vast and spacious woods of *Main*, she under pretence of some other business, calls *Gratiana* alone into her inner Chamber, when bolting the door after her, she with meager and pale envy in her looks, and implacable fury and choller in her speeches, chargeth her of dishonesty with her Husband; calling her whore, strumpet, and baggage: affirming, that the time and hour is now come for her to be revenged of her. Poor *Gratiana*, both amazed and affrighted at this sudden and furious, both unexpected and undeserved alarm of her Mistress, seeing her honour, and (as she thinks and fears) her life called in question, she after a world of sighs and tears, terms her accusers Devils and Witches, vows by her part in Heaven, and upon the peril of her own soul, that she is innocent of that crime whereof she accuseth her, and that neither in deed or thought she was ever dishonest or unchaste with any man in the world, much less with her Master. But this will not satisfy incensed *La Vasselay*, neither are these speeches or tears of *Gratiana* of power to pass current with her jealousy; but reputing them false and counterfeit, she calls in her Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, whom she had purposely layd there, and bids them unstrip *Gratiana* naked to her waste, and to bind her hand and foot to the Bed-post, which with much repining and pity, they are at last enforced to do. When commanding them forth the Chamber, and bolting the door after them, she not like a woman, but rather as a fury of hell flies to poor innocent *Gratiana*, and with a great birchen rod, doth not only raze but scarifie her arms, back and shoulders; when harmless soul, she (though in vain) having no other defensive weapons but her tongue, and her innocence, cries aloud to Heaven and Earth for succour. But this old Hag as full of malice as jealousy, hath no compassion of her cries, or pity of her sighs; yea, neither the sight of her tears or blood (which tricking down her cheeks and shoulders, doth both bedew and ingrain her smock) are of power to appease her fury and envy, untill having spent three rods, and tired and wearied both her arms, she in the heat of her choler, and the height of her revenge, delivers her these bitter and scoffing words; *Minion, this, this is the way,*

yea, the only way to cool the heat of thy courage, and to quench the fire of thy lust: When calling in her two Maids, she commands them to unbind *Gratiana*, and to help on her clothes; when triumphing in her cruelty, she furiously departs and leaves them; who cannot refrain from tears, to see how severely and cruelly their Mistress had handled this her poor Gentlewoman.

Gratiana, the better to remedy these her insupportable and cruel wrongs, holds it discretion to dissemble them; and so providing her self secretly of a horse and man, she, the next night steals away, rides to *La Ferte*, and from thence to her Father at *Nogentle Rotrou*, where he was superintendent of the Prince of *Conde's* House and Castle in that Town; and where the Princess Dowager, his Mother, built up the greatest part of her sorrowful Residence, while he was detained Prisoner in the Castle of *Boys de Vincennes*, near *Paris*. *La Vasselay* grieves at this her sudden and unexpected departure, the which she fears her Husband *De Merson*, and her Father *Monsieur de Bremay*, will take in ill part; wherein she is no way deceived; for the one grieves, and the other storms thereat: yea, when *De Merson* (through flattery and threats) had drawn from the Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, the truth of his Wives cruel whipping of *Gratiana*, as also the cause thereof, her Jealousie; he justly incensed and enraged, flies to this his forth and cruel Wife, tells her, That Jealousie comes from the Devil, whose part he affirms she hath acted; and acting this upon innocent *Gratiana*, than whom there lives not a chaster Maid in the World. That although she were poor, yet that she was as well descended as her self. In which regard, if she did not speedily right and redeem her wrongs, and seek means to pacifie and recall her, that he would forthwith leave her, yea, and utterly forsake her. Which cooling-card of his to his Wife, makes her look on her former erroneous Cruelty towards *Gratiana*, rather with outward grief, than inward repentance. But seeing that her jealousy must now stoop and strike fail to her Husbands choler; and that to enjoy his company, she must not be exempted and deprived of hers; she, contrary to her desire and will, (which still retains the fumes and flames of jealousy, as that doth of revenge) is enforced to make a virtue of necessity, and so to bear up with the time, feigning her self repentant and sorrowful for that she had formerly done to *Gratiana*: she, to reclaim her; buyes her so much wrought black Taffaty for a Gown, and so much crimson Damask for a Petticoat, and, with a Bracelet of Pearl which she accustomed to wear upon her right arm, she sends it to *Nogent* to her, by *La Vilette*, a Gentleman of her Husbands, & accompanieth it with a Letter to her Father *Monsieur de Bremay*, which contained these words.

LA VASSELAY to DE BREMAY.

HAVING vindicated Truth from Error, and metamorphosed Jealousie into Judgement, I find that I have wronged thy *Gratiana*, whereas I grieve with contrition, and sorrow with repentance, see my Husbands vows and oaths have fully cleared her Honour and Chastity, which my foolish incredulity and fear rashly attempted both to eclipse and disparage: in which regard, praying her to forgive, and thy self to forget that wrong, I earnestly desire her speedy return by this bearer, and ye both shall see, that I never formerly hated her so much, as henceforth I will both love and honour her. I have now sent her some small tokens of my affection; and ere long she shall find greater effects and testimonies thereof: for knowing her to be as chaste as fair, in this, *De Bremay*, I request thee to rest confident, That as she is now thy Daughter by Nature, so she shall be henceforth mine by Adoption.

LA VASSELAY.

De Bremay having received this Letter, and his Daughter *Gratiana* these kind tokens from her Mistress, *La Vasselay*; his choler, and her grief and sorrow, is soon defaced and blown away: so he well satisfied, and she content and pleased, she sends her back from *Nogent* to *Mans*, by *La Vilette*, by whom he writes this ensuing Letter to his Mistress, *La Vasselay*, in answer of hers.

DE BREMAY to LA VASSELAY.

THY Letter hath given me so much content and satisfaction, as thy undeserved cruelty to my daughter, *Gratiana*, did grief and indignation. And had she been guilty of that crime whereof thy fear made thee jealous, I would for ever have renounced her for my daughter; and deprived her of my sight; for, as her Virtues are her best wealth, and her Honour her chiefest revenue; so, if she had failed in these, or faltered in this, I should then have joyned with thee to hate her, as I do now to love her. But her Tears and Oaths have cleared her innocency; and in hers, thy Husbands. In which regard, relying upon her own merits, and thy professed kindness, she forgetting, and I forgiving things past, I now return her thee by thy servant *La Vilette*; hoping, that if thou wilt not affect her as thy adopted Daughter, yet that thou wilt tender her as thy obedient and obedient Hand-maid.

DE BREMAY.

Gratiana's

Gratiana's hopes, and her Fathers credulity of *La Vasselay's* future affection towards her; as also her gifts and promises, so far prevail with them, as she is now returned to her from *Nogent* to *Mans*: But I fear, she had done far better to have still remained with her Father; for she might consider, and he know, what little safety, and apparent danger, there is to rely upon the favour of an incensed jealousy. *La Vasselay* (in all outward shew) receives and welcomes *Gratiana* with many expressions of love, and demonstrations of joy, thereby to please her Husband, who indeed likes so well of her return, as he likes his Wife the better for procuring it. And now to the eye of the world, and according to humane conceit and sense, all three parties are reconciled and satisfied, as if *La Vasselay's* jealousy had never heretofore offended her Husband, nor her cruelty wronged *Gratiana*; or as if he had never known the one, nor she felt the other. But we shall not go far to see this calm o'retaken with a tempest; and this Sun-shine surpriz'd with a dismal and disastrous shower.

For three Months were not fully expired, since *Gratiana's* return to *Mans*, but *La Vasselay's* old jealousy of her, and her Husband *De Merson*, which seemed to be suppressed and extinguished, doth now flash and flame forth anew, with more violence and impetuosity; yea, he cannot look on *Gratiana*, much less speak to her, but presently this old jealous Beldam, in her heart and thoughts, proclaims them guilty of Adultery; whereat she indiscreetly suffers her self to be so far transported with indignation and envy, as she vows she will no longer tolerate or digest it. And now it is, that like a Fury of Hell, she first assumes damnable and execrable resolutions, not only against the Innocency, but against the Life of innocent and harmless *Gratiana*; who, poor soul, is the nearer her danger, in respect she holds her self farthest from it: yea, this jealous old Hagg, this Fury, nay, this She-devil, *La Vasselay*, hath not only consulted, but determined and concluded with her bloody thoughts, that she will speedily send *Gratiana* into another world, because her youth shall no longer abuse and wrong her age in this; When forgetting her self, her soul, and her God, thereby purposely to please her Senses, her Jealousie, and her Tutor the Devil, she vows, that no respect of Reason or Religion, no consideration of Heaven or Hell, shall be capable to divert her from dispatching her: yea, and as if she not only rejoiced, but gloried in this her pernicious and bloody design, she thinks every hour a year, before she hath performed it: To which end, providing her self of strong poison, and watching and catching at the very first opportunity; as soon as ever *Gratiana* found her self not well, she, under a colour of much affection and care to her, makes her some white Broth, wherein infusing and intermixing the aforesaid poison, she (gracelessly and cruelly) gives it her; the which within six days, fainting and languishing, makes a perpetual divorce and separation betwixt her soul and her body, leaving this to descend to Earth, and that to ascend to Heaven, to draw down vengeance to this hellish and execrable *La Vasselay*, for so inhumanly and cruelly murdering this her harmless and innocent Waiting-Gentlewoman, *Gratiana*.

De Merson understanding of *Gratiana's* death, almost as soon as of her sickness, he very sorrowfully bites the lip thereat: for, considering this accident in its true nature, his thoughts suggest him, and his heart and soul prompts him, that his Wife, *La Vasselay*, had undoubtedly occasioned her death, and so metamorphosed her Jealousie into Murder: yea, and notwithstanding the fair and sorrowful shew which she puts thereon to the contrary, yet the premises considered, he is very confident in this his belief and fear; when grieving at the cruelty of this disaster, and abhorring the Author of this so monstrous and bloody a fact, the very sight of this his old wretched Wife, is odious; and the remembrance of this her cruel crime, detestable and execrable unto him. Again, when he considereth *Gratiana's* beauty and chastity, and that she was sent to her untimely grave for his sake, this doth not only redouble his sorrow, but infinitely augment and encrease his afflictions; so that beginning to fear his Wives envy, as much as he hated her jealousy, in that it was not only possible, but likely, that it might also futurely extend and reflect on him, as it already had on harmless and innocent *Gratiana*, he assumes a resolution to leave and forsake her, the which she shall shortly see him put in execution: when the better to curb and vex her, he secretly packs up all her Bills, Bonds, Leases, and Conveyances, as also all her Money, Plate, Jewels, and richest Household-stuff, and so giving out a prohibition to all the Tenants, not to dare to pay her any Rent, he allowing her only a bare maintenance; very suddenly (when the least expected or dreamt thereof) takes horse and rides home to his Father's, where he resolves to make the greatest part of his residence; and all the tears and prayers of his life, are not of power to reclaim or retain him.

La Vasselay seeing the unkindness of her Husband, *De Merson*, in making her a Widow almost as soon as a Wife; as also his ingratitude, in depriving her of the use and fruition of her own Estate and Means, and leaving her so poor an allowance as could scarce

warrant her a competent maintenance, she is almost ready to dye for meer grief and sorrow therefore ; but how to remedy it, she knows not : and now she repents her folly and indiscretion, in matching her aged self to so young a man as *De Merſon* ; now she doth not only accuſe, but condemn her own jealousie, which drew her to this foul fact of murdering her harmleſs and (as she now believes, her) innocent Waiting-maid, *Gratiana* ; for which, this ungrateful departure, and hard uſage of her Husband, is but the leaſt, and, as she terms it, but the fore-runner of greater puniſhments, which God hath ordained and reſerved for her : yea, it is not only a grief to her thoughts, but a vexation to her heart and ſoul, to ſee her ſelf made the mocking-stock and laughter of all *Mans* and *Main*, who rather excuſe her Husbands youth, than any way pittie or commiſerate her age ; and to ſee that the friends of her proſperity turn their backs and faces to her in her affliction and poverty ; and if she have any hope yet left to aſſiſt and comfort her in theſe her calamities, it is by endeavouring to reconcile and reclaim her Husband to her by Letters ; when taking pen and paper, ſhe, within a month of his departure, ſends him theſe few lines.

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

Since at thy request I both recanted my Jealouſie to thy ſelf, and repented my Cruelty to my Maid *Gratiana*, what have I committed or done, that ſhould deſerve this thy ingrateful, and as I may truly ſay, heart-killing departure ? for, having made a moſt exact ſcrutiny in my thoughts and ſoul, either of them inform me, and both aſſure me, that the freeneſs and ſervency of my affection towards thee, deſerved not ſo cruel, but a far more courteous requital. If my age be any way diſpleaſing to thy Youth, yet deprive me not of the felicity of thy ſight and preſence, wherein I not only delight, but glory. And although I can be content that thou ſurſeiſt with my wealth, yet make me not ſo miſerable, as to ſtarve both in and for thy preſence. If any have given thee any ſiniſter or falſe impreſſions either of my ſelf or actions, why, if thy affection to me will not deſace them, at leaſt let thy pity : yea, return my ſweet and dear Husband ; and what errors or faults ſorver thou ſayeſt I have committed, I will not only redeem them with kiſſes, but with tears.

LA VASSELAY.

De Merſon having received this his Wives Letter, it works ſuch poor effects in his affection, as he doth rather rejoyce then commiſerate her eſtate and ſorrows : yea, he ſo ſlights her, and her remembrance, as once he had thought to have answered her Letter with ſilence : but, at laſt, he (ſome eight days after) returns her this Answer.

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

What hope can I have of thy affection, when I ſee thou art inviolably conſtant to thy Jealouſie ; and if the ſcrutiny of thy thoughts and ſoul be as true as thou pretendſt, yet I fear, that this Jealouſie of thine is, not the greateſt, but the leaſt of thy crimes. Thou writeſt to me, that I give a cruel requital to thy affection ; but pray God thou have not given a more ſharp and inhuman one to *Gratiana's* ſervices and Chſtity. Neither is it thy Age, but thy Imperfections and Vices, which are both diſpleaſing and odious to my youth : for, I could brook that with as much patience, as I can digeſt theſe with impoſſibilities. If thou want'ſt Means, I will grant thee more ; but for my preſence, I have many reaſons to deny thee. I know none but thy ſelf, which hath given me any impreſſions of thy actions ; and if thoſe were falſe ; they would prove thy true happineſs, as now they do thy miſery ; which my affection doth pierce, though cannot redreſs it. It is but in vain for thee, either to expect or hope for my return : and ſub my faults and errors are beſt known to thy ſelf, let thy repentance redeem them towards God ; for neither thy kiſſes nor tears can or ſhall to me.

DE MERSON.

This Letter of *De Merſon* to his Wife *La Vasselay*, is ſo far from comforting, as it doth extremely afflict her : and although his diſcontents be ſuch, as ſhe ſees it almoſt impoſſible to reconcile and reclaim him, yet being exceedingly perplexed and grieved with this her ſolitary and diſcontented life, ſhe yet hopes, that a ſecond Letter may obtain that of him, which her firſt could not : when ſix months time being now ſlipped away ſince his departure, ſhe ſeigning her ſelf ſick, writes unto him again to this effect.

LA VASSELAY to DEMERSON.

THAT abſence hath ſo deprived my joys and engendered my ſorrows, that ſickneſs threatens my life to be near her period. So among a world of diſcontentments, let me yet bear this one content

to my grave, that I may once more ſee thee, whom ſo tenderly I both deſire and long to ſee : and if I cannot be ſo happy as to live, at the leaſt make me ſo fortunate, as to dye in thine arms ; which I know not whether it be a greater charity for thee to grant, or a cruelty to deny me this requeſt of mine : for, my dear De Merſon, if thou wilt not be pleaſed to be my Husband, yet be not offended to remember, that I am thy Wife : and withall, that as I deſire thy return ; ſo, that I have not deſerved thy departure. But if thou wilt ſtill be inexorable to my requeſts, theſe Lines of mine, which I write thee rather with tears than ink, ſhall here witneſſe betwixt thy ſelf and me, of my kindneſs, of thy cruelty, and how my life ſought my affection, though my death could neither find nor obtain it.

LA VASSELAY.

De Merſon reads this Letter with laughter ; yea, he is ſo inſenſible of her Lines, Requeſts, and Tears, as if another had ſent him news of her death, as ſhe her ſelf did of her ſickneſs, it had been far more pleaſing, and better welcome to him : but thinking how to gall her to the quick, to the end he might henceforth ſave her labour to write him any more Letters, and himſelf to receive and perule them, he returns her this ſharp and bitter answer.

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

IT is thy Error, not my Abſence, which hath exchanged thy Joys into Sorrows ; and if thy life draw near her period, they cannot be far from theirs. My ſight is a poor content for thee to bear to thy Grave, ſith, as a Chriſtian, thou ſhouldeſt delight to ſee none but thy Saviour, nor be ambitious to live in any arms but His : and if thou hold not this to be Charity, I know others cannot repute it Cruelty. That I am thy Husband, I grant ; and that thou art my Wife, I do not deny : but yet I fear thy heart knows, though thy Pen affirm the contrary, that I have far more reaſon for my departure, than thou do deſire my return. And, if thou wilt yet know more, if the Ink wherewith thou writeſt thy Letter, be Tears, pray God thou didſt not bedew Gratiana's Winding ſheet and Coffin, with her Tears and Blood : for, haſt thou not been cruel, yea, inhuman to her, I would never have been unkind to thee. And to conclude, Live as happy, as I fear her death will make me die miſerable.

DE MERSON.

The receipt and peruſal of this Letter, doth not only grieve, but afflict and torment La Vaſſelay ; for the remembrance of De Merſon his ſuſpition and apprehenſion that ſhe had a hand in the death of Gratiana, doth, as it were pierce her heart, as well with fear, as ſorrow : For, as her poverty lay before at his mercy, ſo now ſhe knows doth her life ; and that ſith he will not love her, he may chance ſo malign and hate her, as to reveal it. Whereupon, to ſecure her ſelf, and to warrant the ſafety of her life, ſhe ſoon exchangeth her love into hatred, and her affection and jealousie, into envy towards him : yea, her enraged and incenſed thoughts, ingender and imprint ſuch bloody deſigns of revenge in her heart, as abandoning the fear and grace of God, ſhe impiouſly concludes a Match with the Devil, to diſpatch and murder him, and from this bloody and damnable deſign, no regard of God or her ſoul, nor reſpect of Heaven or Hell, can or ſhall divert her ; when over-paſſing a ſmall parcel of time, wherein ſhe ruminated and pondered how ſhe ſhould ſend him from this life to another : at laſt her malicious curioſity makes her thoughts fall on La Villette, being his Gentleman, who ſtill followed him, as holding him a fit Agent to attempt, and Inſtrument to finiſh, this bloody buſineſs, which ſo much imported her content and ſafety, grounding her reaſons upon the greatneſs of his heart and mind, and the weakneſs of his purſe and means ; as if poverty were a ſufficient cauſe and privileged to commit ſo treacherous and bloody a fact : when knowing him to be then in a *Mans*, receiving up his Maſters Rents, ſhe ſends for him ; to whom (the poor halted) ſhe tells him ſhe is to requeſt his ſecreſie in a buſineſs which infinitely tends to his good. He promiſeth it her ; but ſhe will have him ſwear thereunto ; which he doth : when with ſighs and tears making a bitter invective and recapitulation of her Husband, his Maſter's undeſerved indignity and cruelty towards her ; ſhe then and there makes a propoſition to him, to murder him for her ; and that ſhe will give him a thouſand Crowns to effect it. La Villette ſeeing the greatneſs of the danger in that of the crime, ſeems not only diſcontented, but amazed hereat : for, although he love Gold well, yet he will not purchase it at ſo dear a rate, and baſe and damnable a price, as that of his Maſter's blood ; when ſeeing ſhe could not prevail, ſhe again puts him in mind of his Oath to ſecreſie ; which he again ſwears never to infringe or violate ; and withall, like a good ſervant, ſeeks to diſſwade and divert her from ſuch bloody thoughts and attempts. Had La Villette remained in the purity and candor

of this his Religious and Christian Resolution, not to imbrow or distain his hands in the innocent blood of his Master; it would have made him as happy, as we shall shortly see him miserable in attempting and executing the contrary; for as a propension and resolution to Virtue, breeds not only Honour, but safety; so the contrary effects thereof, produce not only shame, but misery. To foresee sin, is a pious wisdom; to prevent and eschew it, is always a most wise and blessed piety.

And whereas time should rather decrease than increase, and rather root out than plant Malice in our thoughts, and Envy in our resolutions; yet directly contrary, that of *La Vasselay* to her Husband *De Mersin*, doth not die, but live, will not fade but flourish; for a month or two more being run out and expired, and *La Villette* again in *Mans*, her malice unto her Husband is so inveterate and implacable, as she again sends for him to her house, where (in great secrecy and intended affection) she tells him, that if he will murder his Master, she within six months will marry him in requital; and not only live his faithfull wife, but dye his obedient and constant Hand-Maid. Now, although her first proffer of a thousand Crowns, could not procure it of *La Villette*; these her sugared speeches, which she intermixeth with kisses; and the consideration of so many thousands, which her Estate not only promiseth, but assureth, doth; so as forgetting his former virtue, to remember his future vice, he (like a damnable Villain) swears to her to effect it: Which wretched verbal Contract, they interchangeably seal with Oaths and Kisses; which (if they had any fear of God, or care of their salvations) they should have detested with horror, and abhorred with detestation. Neither will his Malice (or the Devil the Author thereof) give him leave to protract or defer it: for, having resolved to murder him as he rides abroad; his Master on a time being invited to a general Hunting, by the Baron of Saint *Susanna* (Son and Heir to *Monsieur de Varennes*) at his said Town of *Susanna*, as he came riding homewards towards his Fathers House at *Manfrelle*, he in the midst of a great Wood, near unto the small Village of Saint *George's*, riding behind his Master, dischargeth his Pistol, loaden with a brace of Bullets, thorow his reins, which makes him instantly fall off dead from his Horse to the ground. When this hellish servant, *La Villette* seeing his Master devoid of breath; and grovelling and weltring in his blood, he having acted the part of a sinful Devil, in committing this cruel murder, now resolves to assume and represent that of a subtil Hypocrite, in concealing it; when determining to report that they were both assaulted, and his Master slain, by Thieves; he, to make all his actions conduce and look that way, chargeth his Pistol again with another brace of Bullets, and shoots thorow his own Hat, gives himself a cut o're his left hand, and then breaks his Rapier; takes his own Pistol, and his Masters Rapier, and throws it into a Pond close adjoyning; takes likewise his Masters Purse and Watch out of his Pocket, and hides it secretly: and then the more cunningly and knavishly to blear and deceive the eyes of the world, thereby to make this his hypocrisie pass the currenter, he having purposely provided himself two small Cords, with the one he binds both his own feet, and with the other (by a pretty sleight) slips therein his arms behind his back; and then setting himself against a Tree, he very pittifully weeps, groans, and cries out upon the Thieves and Murderers of his Master *De Mersin*: when three Gentlemen of *Britain*, travelling that way towards *Paris*, repair to his assistance, whom they find out by his cries; to whom he relates, That five Thieves had assaulted his Master and himself; that he fought in the defence as long as his Sword held; that his Master was killed with a Pistol, then robbed, and himself shot thorow, and wounded, and bound as they saw. When these three *British* Gentlemen, grieving at this mournful accident, and bloody spectacle, they instantly cut the cords wherewith he was bound; and so having conveyed the dead Corps to the next Cottage, they run up and down the Wood to find out these Thieves and Murderers, but in vain: so *La Villette* having thanked these Gentlemen for their affection and charity towards his dead Master, and living self, he with a wonderful exterior shew of sorrow, takes care for the speedy and decent transporting home of his breathless Master to *Manfrelle*; where his mournful Father receives and buries him with infinite grief, lamentation, and tears.

In the mean time, this murderous *La Villette* gives private intelligence thereof to the bloody *La Vasselay*, who although she inwardly receives this news with extream content and joy, to see her self freed from so unkind and ungrateful a Husband; yet publickly to the eye of the World (thereby the better to delude and deceive the World) she contrariwise takes on blacks, seeming to be exceeding mournful, pensive; and sorrowful thereat: but God will shortly discover the falshood of these her tears, and in the triumphs of his revenge, pull off the Mask of this her dissembling and treacherous hypocrisie: for, as *Mans*, *Laval*, *Angiers*, and all the adjacent Towns and Countreys, grieve at this lamentable Murder of *De Mersin*: so they

they as much admire and wonder to see this old Widow *La Vasselay*, so shortly married and espoused to this Gentleman *La Villette*, whose Nuptials are celebrated and consummated far within the term of six months after. For the curious Wits of these Cities and Countreys, considering what a preposterous course and resolution this was for her to marry her Husband's man, and withal so soon; as also, that there was none other present but himself, when his Master *De Mersou* was murdered; it is umbragious, and leaves a fear and sting of suspicion in their heads, that there was more in the wind than was yet known; and therefore knowing no more, they defer the detection thereof to the providence and pleasure of God, who best, yea, who only knows in Heaven, how to conduct and manage the actions here below on earth: and now indeed the very time is come, that the Lord will no longer permit these their cruel and bloody Murthers to be concealed, but will bring them forth to receive condign punishment; and for want of other Evidence and Witnesses, they themselves shall be Witnesses against themselves. And although *La Vasselay's* poisoning of *Gratiana*, and *La Villette's* pistolling of his Master *De Mersou*, were cunningly contrived, and secretly perpetrated; yet we shall see the last of these bloody Murthers, occasion the discovery and detection of the first, and both of them most severely and sharply punished for these their bloody crimes, and horrible offences. The manner is thus.

These two execrable wretches *La Villette* and *La Vasselay*, have not liv'd married above some seven or eight months, but he being deeply in Law with *Monsieur De Mansfelle*, his Predecessor's Father, for the detention of some lands and writings, he takes an occasion to ride home to his house of *Mansfelle*, to him, to confer of the differences; and by the way falls into the company of some Merchants of *Laval* and *Vitry*, who were returning from the Fair of *Chartres*: when riding together for the space of almost a whole days journey, the secret providence, and sacred pleasure of God had so ordained, that *La Villette's* horse, who bore him quietly and safely before, on a sudden first goes backwards, in despite of his spur or switch; and then standing an end on his two hind-legs, falls quite back with him, and almost breaks the bulk and trunk of his body; when having hardly the power to speak, his breath failing him, and he seeing no way but death for him, and the hideous image thereof apparently before his eyes, the Spirit of God doth so operate with his sinful soul, as he there confesseth how his wicked wife *La Vasselay*, hath caused him to murder his Master *De Mersou*, whom he shot to death with his Pistol; that she first seduced him with a thousand Crowns to perform it, which he refused; but then her consent to marry him, made him not only attempt, but finish that bloody business, whereof now from his very heart and soul he repented himself, and beseeched the Lord to forgive it him.

And here before the Reader's curiosity carry him further, let me, in the Name and fear of God, both request and conjure him to stand amazed and wonder with me at his Sacred Providence, and inscrutable wisdom and judgment, which most miraculously concurs and shines in this accident, and especially in three essential and most apparent circumstances thereof. For, it was on the very same Horse, the same day twelve-month, and in the very same wood and place, where this execrable wretch *Villette*, formerly murdered his Master *De Mersou*. Famous and notorious circumstances, which deserve to be observed and remarked by all the Children of God, yea, and to be imprinted and engraven in their hearts and memories, thereby to deter us from the like Crimes of Murther.

Now these honest Merchants of *Laval* and *Vitry*, (as much in charity to *La Villette's* life as in execration of that confessed Murther of his Master *De Mersou*) convey him to an Inn in *St. Georges*, when expecting every minute that he would die in their hands, they send away post to advertise the Presidial Court of *Mans* hereof, (within whose Jurisdiction *St. Georges* was) who speedily commanded *La Villette* to be brought thither to them alive or dead: but God reserved him from that natural to a more infamous death; and made him live till he came thither: where again he confesseth this his foul murder of his Master *De Mersou*, and likewise accuseth *La Vasselay* to be the sole instigator thereof, as we have formerly heard and understood: Whereupon he is no sooner examin'd, but this bloody old Hag is likewise imprisoned; who with many asseverations and tears, denies and retorts this foul Crime from her self to him. But her Judges are too wise to believe the weakness and invalidity of this her foolish justification. So whiles they are consulting on her, *De Bremay* having notice of all these accidents, but especially of *La Vasselay's* imprisonment, he (still apprehending and fearing that she undoubtedly was the death of his Daughter *Gratiana*) takes post from *Nogent* to *Mans*; where he accuseth her thereof to the Criminal Judges of the Presidial Court; who upon this her double accusation, adjudged her to the Rack; when at the very first torment thereof, she (at last preferring the life of her soul before that of her body) confesseth her self to be the actor

of her first crime of Murther, and the Author of the second: when, and whereupon the Judges (resembling themselves) in detestation, and for expiation of these her foul crimes, condemn him to be hanged, and her to be burned alive; which the next day, at the common place of Execution, (near the *Halls in Mons*) is accordingly executed in the presence, and to the content of a world of people of that City, who as much abhor the enormity of these their bloody crimes, as they rejoyce and glorifie God for this their not so severe and deserved punishments.

As for *La Villette*, he (like an impious Christian) said little else but that which he had formerly spoken and delivered in the wood, at the receiving of his fall; only he said, that he had well hoped, that his great wealth which he had with *La Vasselay*, would have sheltred and preserv'd him from this infamous death, for murdering her Husband, and his Master *De Mersen*.

But as for this bloody Beldame, and wretched old Fury, *La Vasselay*, she was content to grieve at *Gratiana's* death, though not to lament or pity that of her Husband *De Mersen*; yea, and although she seemed to blame her jealousy towards her, yet her age was so wretchedly instructed in impiety, as she could not find in her heart either to make an Apology, or any way to seem repentant for her inhuman cruelty towards him: for, as she demanded pardon of *De Brema* for poysoning his Daughter; so she spake not a word tending that way, to *Manfrelle*, for causing his Son to be pistol'd: only in particular terms, she requested God to forgive the vanity of her youth; and, in general ones, the World to forget the offences and crimes of her age: and so conjuring all old Widows and Wives to beware by her mournfull and execrable example; her flames and prayers made expiation for the offence of her body; and her soul mounted and fled to Heaven, to crave remission and pardon of God, who was the only Creator of the one, and Redeemer of the other.

And such were the deplorable, yet deserved ends of this bloody and wretched couple, *La Vasselay*, and *La Villette*, for so cruelly murdering harmless *Gratiana*, and innocent *De Mersen*: and thus did God's All-seeing and Sacred Justice, justly triumph over these their crying and execrable Crimes. O that their example may engender and propagate our reformation; and that the reading of this their lamentable History, may teach us not only how to meditate hereon, but also how to amend thereby.



The Triumph of God's Revenge against Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XIV.

Fidelia and Coelestina cause Carpi and Monteleon, with their two Lacquies, Lorenzo and Anselmo, to murder their Father, Captain Benevente; which they perform. Monteleon and his Lacquies, Anselmo, are drowned. Fidelia hangs her self. Lorenzo is hanged for a Robbery, and on the Gallows confesseth the murdering of Benevente. Carpi bath his right hand, then his head, cut off. Coelestina is beheaded, and her body burnt.

Our best parts being our Virtues; and our chief and soveraign Virtue, the purity and sanctity of our selves; how can we neglect those, or not regard this, except we resolve to see our selves miserable in this life, and our souls wretched in that to come? And as Charity is the cement of our other virtues, so Envy (her opposite) is the subversion of this our Charity: from whence flows rage, revenge, and many times murder (her frequent, and almost, her inseparable companions); but of all degrees of malice and envy, can there be any so inhuman and diabolical, as for two graceless Daughters to plot the death of their own Father, and to seduce and obtain their two lovers to act and perform it? whereof in this ensuing History we shall see a most barbarous and bloody precedent, as also their condign punishments inflicted on them for the same. In the reading whereof, O that we may have the grace by the sight of these their fearful crimes and punishments, to reform and prevent our own, that we may look on their cruelty, with charity, on their rage, with reason; on their errors, with compassion, on their desperation, with pity, and on their inhumanity, with piety: that the meditation and contemplation thereof, may terifie our choler, quench both the fire of our lust, and the flames of our revenge, so shall our faith be fortified, our passions reformed, our affections purified, and our actions eternally both blessed and sanctified: to which end I have written and divulged it. So Christian Reader, if thou make this thy end in perusing it, thou wilt then not fail to receive comfort thereby, and therefore fail not to give God the glory.

Many years since the Duke of *Assura* (under the command of *Spain*) was made *Viceroy* of the noble Kingdom of *Naples*, the which he governed with much reputation and honour, although

although his fortunes or actions (how justly or unjustly I know not) have since suffered and received an Eclipse. In the City of *Orranto*, within the Province of *Apulia*, there dwelt an ancient, rich, and valiant Gentleman, nobly descended, termed Captain *Beuvenste*, who by his deceased Lady, *Sophia Elianora*, Niece to the Duke of *Pionbino*, had left him two Daughters, and a Son, he termed *Seignior Richardo Alcasero*; they two, the Ladies *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, names indeed which they will no way deserve, but from whom they will solely dissent and derogate, through their hellish vices and inhuman dispositions to blood and murther. We may grace our names, but our names cannot grace us. *Alcasero* lives not at home with his Father, but for the most part at *Naples*, as a chief Gentleman retaining to the *Viceroy*; where he profiteth so well in fiding and tilting (a noble virtue and exercise) beyond all other *Italians* (natural and hereditary to the *Neapolitans*) that he purchased the name of a bold and brave *Cavalier*: but for *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, the Clocks of their youth having struck twenty, and eighteen, the Captain their Father (thinking it dangerous to have Ladies of their years and descent, far from him) keeps them at home, that his care might provide them good Husbands, and his eye prevent them from marrying wrong ones. It is as great a blessing in children to have loving Parents, as for them to have barren children; and had their obedience answered his affection, and their duty, his providence, we had not seen the Theater of this their History so besprinkled and gored with such great effusion of blood.

This Captain *Beuvenste*, their Father, for his blood, wealth, and generosity, was beloved and honoured of all the Nobility of *Apulia*; and for his many services both by Sea and Land, was held in so great esteem in *Orranto*, that his House was an *Academy*, where all the Gallants both of City and Country, resorted to hack great horses, to run at the Ring, and to practise other such Courty and Martial Exercises, whereunto this old Captain, as well in his age, as youth, was exceedingly addicted: so as the beauty of his two Daughters, *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, could not be long either unseen, or unadmired: for they grew so perfectly fair, so sweet complexions, and proper statures, that they were justly reputed and held to be the Paragons of Beauty, not only of *Apulia*, but of *Italy*: so as Beauty being the Gold and Diamonds of Nature, this of theirs (so sweet in its influence, and so excellent and delicious in that sweetness) drew all mens eyes to love them, many mens hearts to adore them: so, had they been as rich in Virtue, as in Beauty, they had lived more fortunate, and neither their Friends nor Enemies should have lived to have seen them die so miserable; for now that proves their ruin, which might have been their glory. They are both of them sought in marriage, by many Barons and Cavaliers, as well at home as abroad; but the Captain, their Father, will not give ear, nor hearken to any, nor once permit that such motion be moved him. They are so immodest, as they grieve hereat, and are so extremely sorrowful, to see that a few years past away, makes their Beauties rather fade, than flourish: Where Virtue graceth not Beauty as well as Beauty, Virtue; it is often a preface and fore-runner of a fortune as fatal, as miserable.

But as their thoughts were too impatient and immodest to give way to such incontinent and irregular conceits: so on the other side, the Captain, their Father, was too severe, and withall, too unkind, I may say, cruel, to hinder them from marriage, sith their beauty and age had long since made them both meritorious and capable of it. It was in them immodesty, in him unkindness, to propose such ends to their desires and resolutions: for as he hath authority to exact obedience from them, so have they likewise reason to expect fatherly affection and care from him. But he is more affected and addicted to his Wealth and covetousness, than inclined to regard his Daughters content, and therefore is fully resolved, not as yet to marry them; which is a resolution better left than imbraced, and infringed than kept of him; sith it may bring forth effects contrary both to his hopes and desires. It is commonly dangerous for Parents to content themselves with their children's discontents: for where Nature is crossed, it many times degenerates and proves unnatural; as the *Curasils* of *Nilus* make it submerge and wash *Egypt* with her inundation: but *Fidelia* and *Celestina* will make trial of one invention and conclusion more; before they will give way to their distaste, or strike fail to their choler or revenge. They see their Father is resolute and severe in nipping their hopes, and crossing their desires of marriage; and yet they hope, that although they cannot prevail with him, that their Brother *Alcasero* may; to which end, the sooner to obtain and crown their desires with content, they confide together, and so by a confident friend of theirs, send him this Letter to *Naples*.

FIDELIA and COELESTINA to ALCASERO.

DEspairing of our Father's resolution to marry us, we have no other refuge or recourse, but to thy self, and thy affection, in requesting thee powerfully to sollicite him herein, that he may not prefer his Gold before.

before our content, and consequently his hopes before our despair; neither could our hearts or thoughts persuade us, either to employ or acquaint any other but thyself with these our desires, which Modesty would have suppressed, but that Truth contradicted and opposed it: for his severity and cruelty is such towards us, that although we are sought in marriage by divers Cavaliers our Superiors, yet he will not permit us to be seen, much less to be wedded of any. Joyn then thy power to our wishes and prayers, and thy affection to the procuring of our contents, and we then doubt not, but to be as happy in a Brother, as otherwise we fear, we shall see our selves unfortunate, yea, miserable in a Father: and as thou canst not forget our descent and Blood, so we zealously pray and beseech thee to remember, if not our Beauty, our Youth.

FIDELIA, COELESTINA.

Their Brother receives this Letter: he is too brave, generous, and courteous, to be unkind to any, especially to young Ladies, and most especially to his Sisters, whose content he makes and repotes his own. He comes to *Otranto*, deals effectually with the Captain his Father herein, who gives them this answer, That he hath provided the Baron of *Corpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Barbolomeo Monteleon* for *Celestina*; and that within fifteen days they are to come to *Otranto* to see them; which news doth exceedingly rejoyce, first himself, then his Sisters; but their joy shall not last long, but be buried as soon as born. Wherein the prefixed time, these two noble men come, but they are hateful, and not pleasing to *Fidelia* and *Celestina*; for the Baron of *Corpi* is crook-back'd, and squint-eyed, and *Monteleon* is lame of one leg. These Ladies value their beauty at too high a rate, to bestow it on such deformed Husbands; and although *Venus* accepted of *Vulcan*, yet they will have none of these, because they deem no hell to that of a discontented bed; heretofore they wished for Sutors, and now they wish they were well rid of these; and so sacrificing to their own contents, they set up this resolution in their hearts and Souls, that they will rather die Maidens, then live to see themselves Wives to such Husbands. Their Father receives *Corpi* and *Monteleon* courteously, and entertains them nobly according to their Rank and Merits; he tells his Daughters plainly, that they shall marry these and none others: Thus the Bark of these their resolutions is surprized and beaten with two contrary winds; he will be obeyed of his Daughters, and they will be commanded of their Father in all things, but not in this of their Marriage.

It is never good for Parents to force the affections of their Children in their Marriages, for it is a business, which not only lives but dies with them; but withall, their wills must neither be their Law, nor their Guide: for their Parents have (or at least should have) more experience and judgment than they, to see who are and who are not fit matches for them: But where authority opposeth affection, or affection reason; there such marriages are still ushered in with discontent, and waited and attended on with misery. Likewise, there is a great respect and consideration to be observed by Parents, in the inclinations and natures of their children: for some will be persuaded or reprov'd with a word, whereas others will become more headstrong and rebellious with menaces and threats. Had this Captain attempted and practis'd the first, and not the second towards these two Ladies his Daughters, peradventure they had never leapt from reason to rage, from obedience to contempt, nor from hope to despair; yea, I dare presume to aver with truth and safety, that we should have seen them all as happy, as I now fear we shall see them miserable.

But to proceed with their History: They are press'd by the Captain their Father, and importuned by the two noble men their Sutors, to finish and confirm these contracts. But *Fidelia* and *Celestina* with a true semblance of distaste, and yet a false shew of courtesie, give the denial to their Father in particular terms, and to them in general. He storms at their disobedience, and they impute this excuse of theirs to modesty, rather than unkindness. They flatter themselves with this hope, that since they are fair, they must be courteous, and cannot be cruel; or if the contrary, that the Captain their Father will so manage his Daughters affection, as all things shall fore to their desires and expectations: but they shall come too short of their hopes, for they are neither reserved for the Ladies, nor the Ladies for them; but whilst thus they are busie in advancing the process of their affections, *Fidelia* and *Celestina* attempt a contrary enterprize, for they with tears and prayers, request their Brother *Alonso*, importunately to solicit their Father in their behalf; that he will not enforce them to marry those whom they cannot affect, much less obey; which, like a noble and dear Brother, he performs with much zeal and perswasion; but he cannot prevail with him, nor bring them any other answer, than that they must and shall marry them, and only them.

Had this resolution of their Father been more courteous and less rigorous towards his Daughters, this History of theirs had not deserved so much pity and compassion, nor would have drawn

so many sighs from the hearers, or tears from the Readers : for seeing their Father cruelly resolved to offer violence to their affections, they begin to hate him, because he will not better love them. And here (O here) they enter into devillish machination, & hellish conspiracy against him: for as he plots their discontents, so do they his destruction. *Fidelia* and *Celestina* see they blood, & cause one, and therefore so they pretend shall be their fortunes; they would reveal their intents and designs each to other, but the fact is so foul and unnatural, as for a while they cannot: but they need no other Oratory then their own fullen and discontented looks; for either of them may read a whole lecture of grief and choler in each other's eyes, till at length tired with the importunity of their Father, and the impatience of *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, *Fidelia* as the more audacious of the two, first breaks it to her Sister *Celestina*, in this manner. That *Carpi* is not for her, nor she for him; and that sith her Father is resolute in this match (although she be his Daughter) she had rather see him laid in his Grave, than her self in *Carpi*'s bed. There need not many reasons to perswade that which we desire: For *Celestina* tells her Sister plainly, that she (in all points) joyns and concurs in opinion with her, adding withal, that the sooner their Father is dispatcht, the better; because she knows they shall never receive any content on Earth till he be in Heaven; and so they conclude he shall die.

But alas, what hellish and devillish Daughters are these, to seek the death of their Father of whom they have received their lives? Who ever read of a *Paricide* more inhumanly cruel, or impiously bloody? so if ever murther went unrevenge'd, this will not; for we shall see the Authors and Actors thereof most severely punished for the same. Men and Women may be secret in their sins, but God will be just in his Decrees, and sacred in his Judgments. What a religious resolution had it been in them, to have retired, and not advanced in this their damnable attempt? but they are too profane, to have so much pity; and too outrageous to hearken to this religious reason, yea, they are too impious to hearken to Grace, and too revengeful and bloody-minded, to give ear either to Reason, Duty, or Religion. So now, like two incensed and implacable Furies, they consult how, and in what manner they may free themselves of their Father: *Fidelia* proposeth divers degrees and several sorts of murthers, but *Celestina* likes none of them; in some she findstoo much danger, in others too little assurance; and therefore as young as she is, she invents a plot as strange as subtil, and as malicious and disabolical as strange; she informs her, that to be rid of her Father, there cannot be a securer course, than to ingage the *Baron of Carpi*, and the Knight of *Monteleon* to murther him; *Fidelia* wonders hereat, saying, it will be impossible for them to be drawn to perform it, sith they both know and see, that the Captain their Father loves them so well, as will or nill, they must be their Husbands. But *Celestina*'s revengfull plot is further fetch'd, and more cunningly spun; for she hath not begun it, to leave it raw and unfinished, but is so confident in her divillish industry, as she affirms she will perfect and make it good. *Fidelia* demands how? *Celestina* answereth, That they both must make a feigned and flattering shew, to change their distast, and now to affect *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, whom before they could not; that having in this manner drawn them to their lure, when they attempt to urge marriage, they shall both agree to inform them, that it is impossible for them to obtain it, whiles the Captain their Father lives; sith albeit in outward appearance he make a fair shew to make them their Husbands; yet that he means and intends nothing less; for that he hath given them expresse charge and command (at any hand) not to love or affect them; which is the main and sole cause, that hath so long withheld them from making sooner demonstration of their affections towards them; and this (quoth she) will occasion and provoke them to attempt it; adding, that by this means they may give two strokes with one stone, and so not only be rid of our Father, but likewise of *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, who peradventure may be apprehended, and executed for the fact; and for our safeguard and security, he will powerfully conjure and swear them to secrecy.

There is no web finer then that of the Spider, nor treachery subtiller than that of a woman, especially if she contemne Charity for Revenge, her Soul for her Body, God for Satan, & consequently Heaven for Hell; how else could this young Lady lodg so revengeful a heart in so sweet a Body, or throud such bloody Conceits and Inventions under so fair and so beautiful Complexion?

But the *Panther*, though his skin be fair, yet his breath is infectious; and we many times see that the foulest Snake, lurks under the greenest and beautifullest leaves. *Fidelia* gives an attentive ear to this her Sister's bloody Stratagem and Design; she finds it sure, and the probabilities thereof apparent and easie, and therefore approves of it. So these two beautiful, yet bloody Sisters vow, without delay, to set it on foot, and in practise. It is the Nature of Revenge to look forward, seldom backwards; but did we measure the beginning by the end, as well as the end by the beginning, our affections would favour of far more Religion, and of far less impiety, and we should then rejoyce in that which we must now repent, but cannot remedy. They take

take time at advantage, and pertinently acquaint *Carpi* and *Monteleon* with it. The passions of affection prove often more powerful than those of *Reason*; they suffer themselves to be vanquished and led away by the pure beauty and sweet oratory of these two discontented and treacherous *Ladies*, without considering what poison lurks under their speeches, and danger under their tongues. They commit a gross and main error in relying more on the Daughters' youth, than the Fathers' gravity; on their verbal, than his real affection; and so they engage themselves to the Daughters, in a very short time, to free them of the Captain their Father. It was a base vice in *Gentlemen* of their rank, to violate the Laws of Hospitality, in so high a degree, as to kill him who loved them so dearly, and entertained them so courteously; and it is strange that both their humours were so strangely vicious, as to concur and sympathize in the attempt of this execrable murder. But what cannot *Vice* perform, or *Ladies* procure of their *Lovers*? at least, if they love *Beauty* better than *Virtue*, and *Pleasure* than *Piety*.

Captain *Benevente* is many times accustomed after dinner to ride to his vineyard, and now and then to *Alpiata* a neighbor-village, where he is familiarly (if not too familiarly) acquainted with a Tenant's wife of his, whom he loved in her youth, and cannot forsake in her middle age; perseverance in vice, never makes a good end: a single sin is distastful; but the redoubling thereof, is both hateful and odious to God. *Carpi* and *Monteleon* take their two Lacquies, *Lorenzo* and *Anselmo* with them, as soon as they know the Captain to be abroad, only accompanied with his confident Gentleman *Fiaminto*; and disguising themselves, they watch him at the corner of the wood, where of necessity he must pass. The event answereth their bloody expectations and desires: they see *Benevente* and *Fiaminto* approaching, riding a soft trot, when like so many *Fiends* and *Devils*, they all four rush out of the thicket, & (without any other form) with their swords and Pistols (after some resistance) kill them dead to the ground; but this is not the end of their hellish malice and envy: neither is the unsatiable thirst of their revenge yet quenched; for they take these two murdered bodies (who are afresh reeking and weltring in their blood, and carry them to a neighbour-hill, and so throw them down into a deep quarry full of thick bushes and brambles, whereas they thought no mortal eye should ever have seen them more, and then there they consult upon their flight. *Carpi* resolves to take post for *Naples*, and there for a time to shroud himself among the multitude of the Nobility and Coaches, which grace and adorn that City; and *Monteleon* resolves to hie towards *Brundisium*, with intent, that if these murders were revealed, and himself detected and accused, he would there embark himself either for *Venice* or *Malta*: but he hath not as yet made his peace and reckoning with God.

Leave we *Carpi* and his Lacquy posting for *Naples*, and let us see what accident will speedily befall *Monteleon*. It is impossible for murder to go long unpunished; *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Anselmo* shall, ere they ride far, see this position verified in themselves; He is provided of two fair Gennets, one for himself, the other for his Lacquy, and having taken his leave of *Carpi*, away he goes for *Brundisium*; but he hath not ridden past twelve miles before his own horse fell down dead under him, which doth somewhat afflict and amaze him; but this is but the least part of his misery, and but the very beginning of his misfortune; he is enforced to make a virtue of necessity, so he rides his Lacquy's horse, and he follows him on foot. It is impossible for a guilty conscience to be secured from fear; he rides narrow lanes and by-ways, but at last near the Village *Blanquetelle*, he meets with a swift Ford, which is passable for horse, but not for foot: Here *Monteleon* is constrained to take up his Lacquy *Anselmo* behind him, which he doth; but being in the midst thereof, the horse stumbles, and falls with both of them under him; which is done so suddenly, that *Monteleon* had no time to cast off his Lacquy; and so they are both drowned, and have neither the grace nor power to breathe, or speak a word more.

Gods Judgments are secret and inscrutable: had they had time to repent, they had only lost their lives, whereas now it is rather to be feared, than wished, they likewise run the hazard of their souls. But as it is a virtue to think and censure charitably of the dead, so it must needs be a vice to do the contrary. Heretofore they thirsted for blood, and (so) now they have their fill of water. All Elements are the servants of God, but these two of fire and water, are the most terrible, the most impetuous. This is a testimony of our weakness, and of Gods Power.

By this time Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiaminto* are found wanting, and no news to be heard of them; his house rings and resounds with sorrow, all his servants and friends mourn and lament for his absence, and his two accursed Daughters, they seem to be all in tears thereat: But we shall shortly see this their hypocrisy and dissimulation both detected and revenged. They lay all the Country to purchase news of their Father, and speedily by post advertise their Brother *Alcasero* thereof at *Naples*, who amazed hereat, comes away with all possible speed and expedition; his two Sisters and himself wonderfully mourn and lament for the absence of their Father, and now seeing five days past, and no news of him, they begin to suspect and fear,

that

that he is made away and murthered; and because *Fiamento* was alone with him, they suspect him of the fact, which they are the sooner induced to believe, in regard he is fled, and not to be found; but they shall soon see the contrary, and that as he was a faithful servant to their Father his Master, during his life, so he was a true companion to him in his death. And although *Alcasero* his Son use all possible zeal and industry to finde out his Father, yet fith Earth cannot, now Heaven will reveal the news and sight of them. For as some neighbouring *Gentlemen* (his kinsfolks and friends) are hunting of a Stag near *Alpiata*, they pursue him on horse-back some five or six hours, and at last being tired, he runs for refuge and shelter thorow the bushes and briars, into the same old Quarry, where the dead bodies of Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* were thrown. The *Gentlemen*-hunters descend from their horses, and with their Swords drawn, enter purposely to kill the Stag, which they perform; when casting aside their eyes, they see two dead mens bodies, one near the other, whose legs, hand, and faces, the *Crows* had pitifully mangled and defaced. They are amazed at this mournfull and unlooked-for spectacle; when approaching to discern them, they by their cloaths find and know them to be Captain *Benevente*, and his *Gentleman Fiamento*. They are astonished and amazed hereat; and so one of them rides back post to *Otranto*, to acquaint *Alcasero* his Son hereof; who melting into tears, returns with him neer *Alpiata*, where, to his unspeakable grief, he sees the dead bodies both of his Father and *Fiamento*, which before all the Hunters he caused to be searched, and finds that his Father (with a Pistol-bullet) was shot thorow the head in two places, and run thorow the body with a Rapier in three; and that *Fiamento* had five deep wounds with a Rapier, and one shot thorow the head. *Alcasero*, and the whole company grieve and lament at this sorrowful news: they know well that *Fiamento* did not set upon the Captain his Father; and that neither of them had Pistols: and thought they might imagine it done by thieves, yet they were quickly cleared of that jealousy and suspicion, because they finde rich Rings on his Masters fingers, and store of Gold in his pockets: So they referring the discovery of this bloody and damnable murther to *Time*, and to God the Author and Giver of *Time*, *Alcasero* causeth the dead bodies, first of his Father, then of *Fiamento*, to be laid in a Coach, which he had purposely caused to be brought thither; and so accompanied with all the *Gentlemen*, returns with it to *Otranto*, where all the whole *City* lament and bewail this Tragical Disaster: and because these dead corps of theirs have received wrong in being so long above ground, *Alcasero* that night gives them their due burials, interring *Fiamento* decently, and his Father honourably, according as the necessity and strictness of the time would permit him.

It is now *Alcasero's* curiosity and care how to seek out the murtherers of his Father; and for his Sisters they are so irreligious and wretched, as they think to mock God, and delude the world with their immoderate, yet counterfeit mourning; but it proceeds not from their hearts, much less from their souls. The morrow after their Father's burial, they are all three informed *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Anselmo* are drown'd, as they pass the River *Blanquette*, whereat he wonders, and his two Sisters rejoyce and triumph, especially *Celestina*, who now sees her self freed, not only of the Captain her Father whom she hated, but also of the Knight *Monteleon* her Sutor, whom she could not love: She is so impious and graceless, as she doth rejoyce, but will neither repent nor pity at these accidents; yea, she so lightly and trivially passeth over the remembrance of her Father's untimely and bloody death, as if murther were no sin, or that God had ordained no punishment for it; she wears her mourning attire and weeds, more for shew than sorrow; for her Father was no sooner in his Grave, but she builds many Castles of pleasure in the Air of her extravagant and ambitious thoughts, vowing that ere long she will have a Gallant of her own chusing to her Husband; but she may come short of her hopes, and perchance finde a halter for her neck, before a Wedding-Ring for her finger. As for her Brother *Alcasero* his thoughts are roving and roaming another way, for he finds it strange that the Baron of *Carpi* comes not to condole with him for his Father, and to continue his suit and affection to his Sister *Fidelia*, whereat he both admires and wonders, and not only takes it in ill part, but also begins to suspect, and to cast many doubts and jealousies thereon, and what the issue thereof will be, or what effects it will produce, we shall shortly see. But a month or two being blown away, *Carpi* hearing no suspicion or talk of him, and thinking all things in a readines for him to be assured and contracted to his Lady and Mistis *Fidelia*; he takes a new Lacquy, and appareling him in a contrary Livery, sends him secretly to *Otranto* with this Letter to her.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

There are some reasons that stay me for not coming to *Otranto*, to condole with thee for the death of thy Father, which what they are, none can better imagine than thy self: when thy sorrows are overblown, I will come to thee, in hope to be as joyfull in thy presence, as thy absence makes me miserable. I have given

given thee so true, and so real a proof of my affection, as thou shouldst have some palpable injustice; and to thyself extream injury to doubt thereof. For what greater testimony canst thou surely expect than to believe I will ever prefer thy love before my own life, if thy constancy answer mine? Heaven may, but Earth cannot cross our desires. I pray signifie me how thy Brother stands affected to our affections; thy answer shall have many kisses, and I will ever both honour and bless that hand that writ it.

CARPI.

The Lacquy comes to *Otranto*, and finds out *Fidelia*, to whom (with much care and secrecy) he delivers his Masters Letter; and commends, and requesteth his answer. *Fidelia* receives the one, and promiseth the other; but she is perplexed and troubled in mind. Here her thoughts make a stand, and consult whether she shall open this Letter or no. Her conscience hath heretofore yielded to the death of her Father; and now Religion begins to work upon the life of her Conscience, which indeed is that of her Soul. Had she persevered in this course of piety, her repentance might have pleaded for her disobedience, and her contrition redeemed her crime; but she forsakes the helm that might have steered her to the Port of happiness and safety, and so fills the sails of her resolutions with the wind of despair, which threaten no less than to split the Bark of her life on the Rocks of her destruction and death. She now begins to hate company; which before she loved, and to love solitariness, which before she hated; yea, the living picture of her dead Father doth so haunt her thoughts, and frequent her imaginations, that wheresoever she is, it is present with her. Remorse, as a *Vulture* gnaws at her heart and conscience; yea, though nothing do fear her, yet she fears all things. She sees no man running behind her, but she thinks he purposely follows her to drag her to Prison; she is afraid of her own shadow, and thinks, that not only every tower, but every house will fall upon her: she will not come into any Boat, nor pass any River, Brook, or Well, for fear of drowning. This despair of hers, causeth her to be cold in her Religion, and frozen in her Prayers, which should be both the preservative and antidote of the soul: her speeches for the most part are confused and distracted, and her looks sullen, fearful and gasty (the proper signs and symptoms of despair.) *Carpi's* Lacquy having stayed two days in *Otranto* for his answer, holds it his duty to importune *Fidelia* to be dispatched, the which that night she promiseth him; and now in sad and melancholy humour she breaks off *Carpi's* Letter, and peruseth it; which, not only renews, but revives the remembrance of her Fathers death: whereat she enters into a strange and so implacable a passion, as she once had thought to have thrown his Letter into the fire, and her self after. Now she is resolved to write back to *Carpi*, and then presently she changeth her resolution, and vows she will answer him with silence. But the Devil is as subtil as malicious, and so she calls for Pen and Ink, and out of the dregs of discontent, and the gall of despair, writes and returns him this answer.

FIDELIA to CARPI.

MT Fathers death hath altered my disposition, for I am now wholly addicted to mourning, and not to marriage. I pray trouble not thyself to leave Naples, to come and condole with me in *Otranto*: for the best comfort I can receive, is, that it is impossible for me to receive any. I never doubted of thy affection, nor will give thee any just cause to suspect, much less to fear mine. If this will not suffice, rest assured I have resolved, that either my Grave, or thy self shall be my Husband. How my Brother stands affected to thee, is a thing difficult for me to understand or know, sith I am only his Sister, not his Secretary: but in all outward appearance, I know he neither loves thee for my sake, nor my self for thine. Live thou as happy, as I fear I shall die miserable.

FIDELIA.

What a fearful Letter is this, either for *Fidelia* to send, or *Carpi* to receive: But her distempered and distracted spirits can afford no other; and therefore she dispatcheth away the Lacquy with this. And now (as if her thoughts transported her to hell) she cannot be alone; for the Devil is still with her, he appears to her in the shape of an Angel of Light, and professes her Mountains of Wealth, and Worlds of Honour, if she will fall down and adore him. To rebel against God is a sin: But to persevere in our rebellion, is not only a contempt, but a treason in the highest degree against God. The best of Gods people are commonly tempted; but those are, and prove the worst, who are overcome with temptation. Fortitude is a principal and sovereign virtue in Christians; and if we vanquish the Devil, it is good for us, that he assaulted us; sith those Victories (as well spiritual as temporal) are ever most glorious and honourable, which are achieved with greatest danger. Had *Fidelia* followed the current of this counsel, and the stream of this advice, she had never been so weak with God, nor so unfaithful to her self, as to destroy

destroy her self : but forsook God, and contemning prayer, which is the true way to the truest felicity, what can she expect for but despair, or expect but destruction ? Her Brother *Alcafero*, and many of her kinsfolks, neighbours and friends (with their best zeal, and possible power) endeavour to perswade and comfort her ; they exhort her to read religious books, and continually to pray ; she hearkneth to both these counsels, but neither can, or will not, follow either ; her sleeps are but broken slumbers, but distracted dreams ; and ever and anon it seems (to the eyes of her mind and body) that the Captain her Father doth speak to her, and follow her. In a word, she is weary both of the world, and of her life ; yea, despair, or rather the Devil hath reduced her to this extream misery, and miserable extremity, that she is ready to kiss that hand that would kill her, or that Death which would give her death ; she never sees a Knife in the hands of another, but she wisheth it in her own heart : her Conscience doth so terribly accuse her, and her thoughts give in such bloody evidence against her conscience and her self, for occasioning her Father's murther, that she resolves she must dye, and therefore dains to live. And now comes her Sister *Celestina* to her, to perswade and confer with her, but she will prove but a miserable comforter. *Fidelia* sees her with hatred and detestation, and when she begins to speak, very peremptorily and mournfully cuts off her speeches thus ; *Oh Sister, would we had slept when we plotted our Fathers death, for in seeking his ruine, we shall assuredly find out our own : Provide you for your safety, for I am past hope of mine : and so get you out of my sight.* I know not whether the beginning of this her speech favoured more of Heaven, than the end thereof doth of Hell : for sure, if we pass hope, we come too short of salvation ; and if we forsake that, this infallibly will forsake us.

This poor, or rather this miserable Gentlewoman, having always her murdered Father before her eyes (which incessantly haunts her as a Ghost, and yet she enforced to follow it as her shadow) is powerfully allured and provoked by the instigation of the Devil, in what manner, or at what rate soever, to dispatch her self, being so wretchedly instructed in faith and piety ; and she adds and believes, that the end of her life will prove not only the end of her afflictions, but the beginning of her joys. But, O poor *Fidelia*, with a thousand pities and tears I both pity and grieve to see thee believe so infernal an Advocate : for what joy either will he, or can he give thee ? Why, nothing but bondage for liberty, torments for pleasures, and tortures for delights ; or if thou wilt have me shew thee whereat his flattering oratory, or sugred insinuation tendeth, it is only to have thee destroy thy body on earth, that (as a Triumph and Trophée to the enlargement of his obscure Kingdom) he may drag thy body and soul to hell-fire. But *Fidelia* is as constant in her sin, as impious in her resolution ; and so (all delays set apart) she seeks the means to destroy her self ; she procures poyson and takes it, but the effect and operation thereof answers not her desires. I know not whether she be more impatient to live than willing to dye. We never want invention, seldom means to do evil ; a little pen-knife of hers, shall in her conceit perform that which poyson could not ; she seeks it, and now remembers, it is with her pair of Knives, in the pocket of her best Gown : she flies to her Ward-robe, and so to her pocket, but finds not her Knives, only she finds her *Naples-silk* girdle instead thereof. The Devils instruments are never far to seek ; she thinks it as good to strangle her Throat, as to cut it. And here comes her mournful and deplorable Tragedy, she returns swiftly to her Chamber, bolts the door, and so (which I grieve and tremble to relate) fastens it to the reast of her Bed, and there hangs her self ; and as it is faithfully reported, at that very instant, and for the space of an hour, it thundred and lightened so cruelly, as if Heaven and Earth were drawing to an end, that not only the Chamber where she hung, but the whole house shook thereat. The thunder being past, and the skies clear, Dinner is served on the Table, and *Alcafero* and *Celestina* ready to sit ; they call for their Sister *Fidelia*, but she is not to be found. One goes to her Chamber, and returns, that her Key is without side, and the door bolted within, and yet she answers not. They both flee from the Table to her Chamber, and call, and knock, but no answer. *Alcafero* commands his men to break open the door, which they do, and there sees his Sister *Fidelia* hanging to the Bedstead stark dead. They cry out as affrighted and amazed at this mournful and pitiful spectacle, and with all speed take her down ; but she is breathless, though not cold ; and they see all her face and body, which were wont to be as white as snow, now to be cole-black, and to stink infinitely. These are the woful effects, and lamentable fruits both of Despair and Murther. O, may Christians of all ranks, and of both Sexes, take heed by *Fidelia's* mournful and miserable example, and withall remember, that murther will still be revenged and punished, especially that which is perpetrated by children toward their Parents ; a sin odious both to God and man, sith it not only opposeth Nature, but Grace ; Earth, but Heaven.

No sooner (with grief and mourning) hath *Alcafero* buried this his natural, yet unnatural sister

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sister *Fidelia*, but as his other sister *Celestina* weeps for her death, she again rejoiceth that her sister hath no way revealed the great business, which so much concerns her, I mean the murder of the Captain her Father. But time will detect and revenge both it and her. And that we may not seem extravagant in the narration and unfolding of this History, fly we from *Otranto* to *Naples* and leave we the fatal and woful Tragedy of *Fidelia*, to speak a little of the *Baron of Carpi* her Lover, who hath yet a great part to act upon the Theatre of this History.

He hath no sooner received *Fidelia's* Letter by his Lacquy, but he much wonders and grieves at the contents thereof: he sees her cold in her affection towards him, and hot in despair to her self, and thinks, that as it is in her power to rejoyce him with her affection, so it may be in his to comfort her with his presence: but her request and his conscience inform him, that it is yet too soon to leave *Naples* to see *Otranto*; and yet that he may not fail in the complement and duty of a Lover, he resolves to visit her by Letter, though not in person, and so writes her these few lines.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

Were thy request not my Law, I would see *Fidelia* to comfort her, and comfort myself to see her. But sith I must be so unfortunate, as in one Letter to receive two different sorrows, my refusal, and thy despair, what remedy (or *Antidote*) can I more aptly administer, than *Patience* to the first, and *Prayer* to the second. If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occasion of sorrow than thy self, and yet I am so far from despairing, as I hope Time will give thee consolation and me content. Endeavour to love thy self, and not to hate me; so shalt thou draw felicity out of affliction, and I security out of danger. I hope thy Brother will not follow thy Fathers steps; his affection to thee, shall be mine to himself. Let thy second Letter give me half so much joy, as thy first did grief, and I shall then triumph at my good fortune, as much as I now lament and pity thine, and in that mine own.

CARPI

He sends this Letter of his to *Otranto*, by his Lacquy *Fiesco*, who carried his first; but he must go into another world, if he mean to deliver it to *Fidelia*: He comes to *Otranto*, and repairs to Captain *Benevente's* house; whereas he is walking in the second Court, *Alcafero* being very solitary and pensive at a window, leaning his head on his hand, and deeply and seriously thinking what two fatal disasters were befallen his house, as the loss of his Father and Sister, he by chance espies this Lacquy *Fiesco*: at whose sight his heart beats, and his blood very suddenly flashes up in his face; he exceedingly wonders hereat, and attributing every extraordinary motion in himself a step or degree to the discovery of his Fathers murder, whereon his thoughts were always fixed, and could never be withdrawn, he sends a Gentleman of his, named *Plantinus*, to enquire whose Lacquy it was, and what was his business. *Plantinus* descends and examineth him, but he is close and will reveal nothing. He intreats him to enter and taste the Wine, which he doth; when in gaging, and leaving him in the Cellar, he trips up to his Master, and acquaints him with his answer, adding withal, that some fifteen days since he saw him here before. *Alcafero* commands this Lacquy to be brought before him, he examineth him, but he will not discover himself; he threatens him with the whip, and imprisonment, but he cannot prevail. It is a virtue in a servant to conceal his Masters secrets. *Alcafero* is angry at his silence and fidelity; yet commends him; he bethinks himself of another course and subtilty, as well knowing that fair words may obtain that which threats cannot; he prays him to dine with his servant, and enjoyneth *Plantinus* to bring him to him in the Garden after dinner, the which he doth. *Alcafero* takes him apart, and tells him, that some fifteen days past he saw him here: *Fiesco* answereth him with silence. *Alcafero* finds much perturbation in his heart, and distraction in his looks and speech; he thinks this boy can reveal something which he ought to know, and therefore thinks to surprize him with a silver hook; he proffers him twenty Duckets, and lays it down before him, to discover himself and his business.

Gold is, but ought not to be a powerful bait to indiscretion and poverty. It is a small point of small wisdom in Noblemen to commit secrets of importance to those who have too much folly, and too little judgment to conceal them. The sight of this Gold doth not only daze *Fiesco's* eyes, but eclipse his fidelity: so he holds it no sin towards God, nor treachery towards his Master to reveal it; but takes it, and informs him that he is the *Baron of Carpi* his Lacquy, who sent him from *Naples* thither, with a Letter from him to the Lady *Fidelia* his sister. *Alcafero* grows pale hereat, and is very curious and hasty to see the Letter: *Fiesco* delivers it high, who steps aside, and reads it; whereon he plucks his hat down his fore-head, and so making three or four paces, reads it ore again. He is perplexed to know as much as he sees, and grieved not to see and find as much as he desireth to know. He now confirms his former suspicion of

Carpi, and believes he is a chief Actor or Agent in his Father's Tragedy. But he knows it wisdom to use silence in the discovery of a crime of this nature; and therefore calls *Fiesco* to him, bids him stay that night, and to speak with him in the morning before he depart.

Alcasero withdraws himself from the Garden to his Closet, and there again peruseth this Letter of *Carpi*'s: he finds it full of suspicion and ambiguities, and perceives it hath a relation to former Letters; yea, there is a mystery in this Letter, the which he must unlock and find out ere he be satisfied; for although *Carpi* be squint-eyed, yet he fears he hath looked too right on his Father. He flies to *Fidelia*'s Closet, Trunk and Casket, and finds a former Letter of *Carpi*'s to her, and the Copy of one of hers to him; and the perusal of these two Letters are so far from diminishing his suspicion, as it doth augment and encrease it; for now he verily believes that *Carpi* and his Sister *Fidelia* have jointly had a great hand in his Father's murder. But all this while he doth not once so much as suspect or imagine that his other Sister *Celestina* hath plaid any part in this Tragedy: but Time is the daughter of Truth, as Truth is that of Heaven. In the morn he calls for *Fiesco*, to whom he gave this farewell; Tell the Baron of *Carpi* thy Master that my Sister *Fidelia* is in another World, and not in this, and that shortly I resolve to see him at Naples, and that in the interim I will reserve his Letter. *Fiesco* departs, but knows he hath so highly betrayed and wronged his Master, as he dares not see him, and so shews him a fair pair of heels. Such Lacquies far better deserve a halter than a Livery. *Carpi* wonders at his Lacquies long stay; in which mean time *Alcasero* comes to Naples, where he is yet irresolute, whether to accuse *Carpi* by order and course of Law, or to fight with him: but he resolves to do both; and that if the Law will not right him for the murder of his Father, his sword shall. He goes to the Criminal Judges, and with much passion and sorrow accuseth the Baron of *Carpi* for murdering of the Captain *Benevento* his Father; and for proof hereof, produceth these two Letters to his Sister *Fidelia*, and the Copy of one of hers to him. Whereupon the Judges grant power to apprehend *Carpi*; so he is taken and constituted prisoner; and now he hath leisure to think on the baseness and foulness of his fact. But he is so far from dejecting himself to sorrow, or adding himself to repentance, as he puts a brazen face on his looks and speeches, and so preumptuously intends and resolves to deny all. Had he had more grace, or less impiety, he would have made better use of this his imprisonment, and have shewn himself at least humble, if not sorrowful for his offence and crime. But he holds it wisdom in greatest dangers to shew most courage and resolution, and so makes himself fit to grapple and encounter with all accidents and occurrences whatsoever.

Men may palliate their sins, but God will find them out, and display them in their naked colors. *Alcasero* is an importunate solicitor to his Judges, to draw and hasten on *Carpi* his arraignment: But they (resembling themselves) proceed therein modestly and gravely: they consult and consider the three Letters; they find conjectural sentences enough to accuse, but no solid proof to condemn him: they hold, that their opinions ought not to be swayed with the wind of every presumption, and that it is not fit so trivially to set the life of a man at six and seven. Besides, as they approve of *Alcasero* his affection to his father, so they dislike of his impetuosity and vehemency towards *Carpi*. They all resolve to lay the Sword of Justice in the balance of Equity; and then ordain, that *Carpi* shall be racked, to see whether they can draw more light from his tongue, than from his pen. But he endures these his tortures and torments with wonderful constancy, and still denies all. Had his cause been more religious and humane and not so bloody, this fortitude and courage of his had been as praise-worthy, as now it is odious and execrable. The Court by sentence (pronounced in open Senate) acquit and clear *Carpi* of this murder, whereat *Alcasero* exceedingly repines and murmurs.

It is not enough that *Carpi* hath now escaped this danger; for *Alcasero* remains still constant in his conceit, that he is the murderer of his Father, and therefore vows and resolves to fight with him: He lets pass some six weeks time, till he be sound of his limbs, and then resolves to send him a challenge. Had *Carpi* been innocent, it had been more honourable and requisite, that he had challenged *Alcasero*, then *Alcasero* him; but his cause being unjust, and his conscience fearful; he dares not run the hazard, to be desirous or ambitious to fight with *Alcasero*; which if he had attempted, *Alcasero* will anticipate and prevent him, who making *Plantinus* his second, he out of the ashes of his sorrow, and the fire of his revenge, sends him to *Carpi* with this Billet of Defiance.

ALCASERO to CARPI.

Although the Law have cleared thee for the murder of my Father, yet my Conscience cannot, and my Rapier will not. I should be a monster of Nature, not to seek revenge for his death, of whom I have received my life. Could I give peace to my thoughts, or unthink the thoughts of my disaster, I would not seek so bereave thee of thy life, with the hazard of mine own: But finding this not only difficult, but impossible,

impossible, pardon me if I request thee to meet me single, at eight of the clock after supper, at the West end of the common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof shall be thine, and the refusal mine: or if thou wilt make use of a Second, he shall not depart without meeting one to exchange a thrust or two with him.

ALCASERO:

Whiles the Baron of *Corpi* is triumphing to see how he hath bleared the eyes of his Judges and so freed himself from the fears and danger of death, behold *Plantinus* finds him out, and delivers him *Alcasero* his Challenge. He takes it, and with a variable countenance reads it, whereat he finds a reluctance and combat, not only in his thoughts, but in his Conscience, whether he should accept or refuse it; his Honour bids him do the first, but his Conscience wills him to perform the second; *It were better to be born a Clown than a Coward*. Besides if he should refuse to fight with *Alcasero*, he upon the matter makes himself guilty of the Captain his Fathers death. He knows he hath an unjust cause in hand, but he prefers his Honour before his Life; when setting a good face upon his resolution, he addresseth himself to *Plantinus*, thus.

Sir, I presume you know this business, for I take you to be *Alcasero's* Second, He hath (replied *Plantinus*) done me the honour to make choice of me, instead of a more worthy. Well (quoth the Baron of *Corpi*) tell thy Master from me, That although I have not deserved his malice, yet that I accept his challenge, and will perform it; only I must fight single, because I am at present unprovided of a Second. *Plantinus* (as full of Valour as Fidelity) prays him That he may not see his hopes and desires frustrated, but that he may enjoy part of the feast. But *Corpi* gives him this answer, which he bids him take for his last resolution; that he will hazard himself, but not his friend. So *Plantinus* returns with joy to his Master, and discontent to himself; when nothing proving of power to quench the fire of these two Gentlemen's courage and revenge, they meet at the time and place appointed. *Corpi* fights with passion and vehemency; *Alcasero* with judgment and discretion. *Corpi* looks red and fiery with choler, and *Alcasero* pale and gasty, not for fear of his cause, but for the remembrance of his sorrows; and to conclude and shut up this combat in the issue thereof, Justice is not now pleased to shew the effects of her power and influence, nor God that of his Justice, only it is reserved for another time, and for a more shameful manner: so *Corpi* hath the best of the day, for he is only hurt in his right hand, and scarr'd over both his lips, as if the providence and pleasure of God had ordained, that that hand which committed the Murder, and that mouth which denied it, should be purposely punished, and no part else. As for *Alcasero* he had five several wounds, whereof one being thorow the body, made *Corpi* believe it was mortal, and the rather, for that he fell therewith speechless to the ground; so leaving him grovelling and weltering in his blood, he departs, resting very confident that he was at his very last gasp of life, and point of death. But *Corpi* his Chirurgion (being more human and charitable than his Master) leaps over the next hedge, and comes to his assistance: He leans him against a bank, binds up his wounds and wraps him in his Cloak, and so runs to a Litter, which he saw near him, and prays the Lady that was in it, that she would vouchsafe to take in *Dona Alcasero*, who was there extremely and dangerously wounded; and this did *Corpi* his Chirurgion perform, in the absence of *Alcasero's* own Chirurgion, who out of some distast or forgetfulness, came not at the hour and place assigned, according to his promise. It was the Lady *Margurita Esperia*, who out of her noble and charitable zeal to wounded *Alcasero*, presently descended her Litter, commanded her servants to lay him in softly, and to convey him to his lodging, and she her self is pleased to stay in the fields till her servants return it her. It was a courtesie and a charity worthy of so honourable a Lady as her self: and in regard whereof, I hold it fit, to give her remembrance and name a place in this History. All *Naples*, yea, the whole Kingdom rings of this combat; the Baron of *Corpi* and *Alcasero* are (jointly) highly commended and extolled for the same, the last for his affection and zeal to his dead Father; the first for giving *Alcasero* his life when it was in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. But God will not permit *Alcasero* to die of these wounds, but rather will have him live to see *Corpi* die before him, though in a far more ignoble and shameful manner.

As soon as *Alcasero's* wounds are cured, and he pretty well recovered, he leaves *Naples*, and returns to *Otranto*, where his Sister *Celestina* did as much shake and tremble at the imprisonment of the Baron of *Corpi*, as she now rejoices at his liberty, especially, sith she is assured, that he hath no way accused her, nor used her name for the death and murder of her Father, which indeed makes her far more pleasant and merry than before, and within six months after marries with *Seignior Alonso Ludovici*, whom she ever from her youth had loved and affected, and with whom she lives in great pleasure, state, and pomp: and no less doth her brother *Alcasero*, who for the courtesie which *Dona Margurita Esperia* shewed him when he was so dangerously wounded,

in requital thereof, doth now marry the fair *Beatina*, her only Daughter, with whom he lives in the highest content and felicity, as any Gentleman of *Italy*, or of the whole world can either desire or wish.

But this Sun-shine of *Corpi's* prosperity, and *Celestina's* happiness and glory shall not last long; for there is a storm breaking forth, which threatneth no less then the utter ruin, as well of their fortunes as lives. Where men cannot God will both detect and punish Murthers; yea, by such secret means and instruments, as we least suspect or imagin. They are infallible *Maxims*, *That we are never less secured, than when we think our selves secure; nor nearer danger than when we esteem our selves farthest from it.* And if any be so incredulous, or as I may say, so irreligious as not to believe it, have they but a little patience, and they shall instantly see it verified and made good in the Baron of *Corpi*, and the Lady *Celestina*, who thinking themselves now safe and free from all adverse fortunes and fatal accidents whatsoever, and enjoying all those contents and pleasures which their hearts could either desire or wish to enjoy, or which the world could prostitute or present them, they in a moment shall be bereaved of their delights and glory, and enforced to end their days on a base Scaffold, with much shame, infamy and misery. The manner is thus.

God many times beyond our hopes and expectations, doth square out the rule of his Justice, according to that of his will. All men are to be accountable to him for their actions, but he to none for his decrees and resolutions: it is in him to order, in us to obey; yea, many times he reproves us, but yet with no intent to pardon us. Curiosity in matters of Faith and Religion, proves not only folly but impiety; for as we are men, we must look up to God, but as we are Christians, we must not look beyond him. He oftentimes makes great offenders accuse themselves for want of others to accuse them; and when he pleaseth, he will punish one sin by another, the which we shall now see verified in *Lorenzo*, the Baron of *Corpi's* his Lacquy; that wretched and bloody *Lorenzo*, who as we have formerly heard, assisted this his master to murder Captain *Benevente* and *Fiamento* near *Alpiata*; who ever since being countenanced and authorized by his Masters favour, in respect of this his foul fact, wherein his bloody and murderous hand was deeply and joyntly imbrued with him; he from that time becomes so debauch'd and dissolute in his service, as he spends all that possible he can procure or get; yea, and runs likewise extreemly in debt, not only with all his friends, but also with all those whom he knows will trust him: so as his wants being extreemly urgent, and enforced to see himself reduced to a miserable indigence and poverty, he being one day sent by the Baron his Master to the Senate-house with a Letter to his Counsellor, he there in the throng and croud of the people cuts a purse from a Gentlewomans side, wherein was some five and twenty Duckatons in Gold, was taken with the manner, and apprehended and imprisoned for the fact, and the next morn his Procefs was made, he found guilty, and condemned to be hanged; So he is dealt withal by a couple of *Friers* in prison, who prepares his Soul for Heaven: he sees the foulness of his former life, and repents it. The Baron of *Corpi's* his Master, no sooner understands this news but he shakes and trembles, fearing lest this his Lacquy should reveal the Murder of the Captain and his man: whereupon he resolveth to sile; but considering again, that if his Lacquy accuse him not, his very flight will proclame and make him guilty; he stays, and as he thinks, resolves of a better course. He goes to the prison, and deals with his Lacquy to be secret in the business he wots of, protesting and promising him, that in consideration thereof, he will enrich his mother and brothers. *Lorenzo* tells him, that he needs not fear; for as he had lived, so he will die his faithful servant: But we shall see him have more grace, than to keep so graceless a promise. *Corpi* flattering himself with the fidelity and affection of his Lacquy, resolves to stay in the City: but he shall shortly repent his confidence. He was formerly betrayed by *Fiesco*, which me thinks should have made him more cautious and wise, and not so simple to intrust and repose his life on the uncertain mercy of *Lorenzo's* tongue: but Gods Revenge draws near him, and consequently he near his end; for he neither can nor shall avoid the Judgment of heaven.

Lorenzo on the Gallows will not charge his soul with this foul and execrable sin of murder; but Grace now operating with his soul, as much as formerly Satan did with his heart, he confesseth that he and the Baron of *Corpi's* his Master, together with the Knight *Montillon*, and his Lacquy *Anselmo*, murdered the Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento*; and threw him into the Quarry, the which he takes to his death is true; and so using some Christian-like speeches of repentance and sorrow, he is hanged.

Lorenzo is no sooner turned over, but the Criminal Judges advertised of his speeches delivered at his death, they command the Baron of *Corpi's* his lodging to be beleagured, where he is found in his study, and so apprehended and committed prisoner; where fear makes him look pale, so as the Peacocks plumes both of his pride and courage strike fail. He is again put to the Rack, and

and now the second time he reveals his foul and boody murther, and in every point acknowledgeth *Lorenzo's* accusation of him to be true: So he is condemned first to have his right hand cut off, and then his head, notwithstanding that many great friends of his sue to the *Viceroy* for his pardon. The night before he was to die the next morn, one of his Judges was sent to him to prison, to perswade him to discover all his Complices in that murther, besides *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Asfelmo*; yea, there are likewise some Divines present, who with many Religious Exhortations perswade him to it: So Grace prevails with Nature, and righteousness with Impiety and sin in him; that he is now no longer himself, for contrition and repentance hath reformed him; he will rather dis-respect *Celestina*, than displease God: whereupon he affirms, that she and her deceased sister *Fidelia*, drew him and *Monteleon* to murther their Father, and his man *Fiammo*; and that if it had not been for their allurements and requests, they had never attempted either the beginning or end of so bloody a business: and thus making himself ready for Heaven, and grieving at nothing on Earth, but at the remembrance of his foul Fact, he in the sight of many thousand people, doth now lose his head.

This Tragedy is no sooner acted and finished in *Naples*, but the Judges of this City send away Post to those of *Otranto*, to seize on the Lady *Celestina* (who in the absence of her Husband for the most part lived there) a Lady whom I could pity for her youth and beauty, did not the foulness of her fact, so foully disparage and blemish it. She is at that instant at a Noblemans house; at the solemnity of his Daughter's marriage, where she is apprehended, imprisoned and accused to be the Author and plotter of the Captain her Father's death; neither can her tears or prayers exempt her from this affliction or misery. She was once of opinion to deny it, but understanding that the Baron of *Corry*, and his Lacquy *Lorenzo* were already executed for the same in *Naples*, she with a world of tears freely confesseth it, and confirms as much as *Corry* affirmed: whereupon in expiation of this her inhuman *Patricide*, she is condemned to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her ashes thrown into the air; for a milder death, and a less punishment the Lord will not (out of his Justice) inflict upon her, for this her horrible crime, and barbarous cruelty committed on the person of her own Father, or at least seducing and occasioning it to be committed on him; and it is not in her husbands possible power to exempt or free her hereof. Being sent back that night to prison, she passeth it over (or in very truth the greatest part thereof) in prayer, still grieving for her sins, and mourning for this her bloody offence and crime; and the next morn being brought to her execution, when she ascended the Scaffold, she was very humble, sorrowful and repentant, and with many showers of tears requested her brother *Alcafero*, and all her kinsfolks to forgive her, for occasioning and consenting to her Fathers death, and generally all the world to pray for her; when her sighs and tears so sorrowfully interrupted and silenced her tongue, as she commending her soul into the hands of her Redeemer, whom she had so heinously offended, she with great humility and contrition, kneeling on her knees, and lifting up her eyes and hands towards Heaven, the Executioner with his Sword made a double divorce betwixt her head and her body, her body and her soul; and then the fire (as if incensed at so fiery a spirit) consumed her to ashes, and her ashes were thrown into the air; to teach all the world by her example, that so inhuman and bloody a daughter, deserved neither to tread on the face of the earth, nor to breath this air of life.

She was lamented of all who either knew or saw her, not that she should die, but that she should first deserve, then suffer so shameful and wretched a death, and yet she was far happier than her sister *Fidelia*; for she despaired, and this confidently hoped for remission and salvation. Thus albeit this wretched and execrable young Gentlewoman lived impiously, yet she died Christianly: wherefore let us think on that with detestation, and on this with charity. And here we see how severely the murther of Captain *Benevente* was by Gods just revenge punished, not only in his two Daughters who plotted it, but also in the two Noblemen and their two Lacquies who acted it. Such attempt and crimes deserve such ends and punishments, and infallibly find them. The only way therefore for Christians to avoid the one and condemn the other, is with sanctified hearts, and unpolluted hands, still to pray to God for his Grace, continually to affect prayer, and incessantly to practise piety in our thoughts, and godliness in our resolutions and actions: the which if we be careful and conscionable to perform, God will then shroud us under the wings of his favour, and so preserve and protect us with his mercy and providence, as we shall have no cause to fear either Hell or Satan.



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XV.

Maurice like a bloody villain, and damnable Son, throws his Mother Christina into a well, and drowns her: the same hand and arms of his wherewith he did it rots away from his body, and being discred of his wits in Prison, he there confesseth his foul and inhuman murther, for the which he is hanged.

IF we did not wilfully make our selves miserable, God is so indulgent and merciful to us, as he would make us more happy; but when with high and presumptuous hands we violate the Laws of Nature and Grace, of Earth and Heaven, in murdering through Envy those, whom through Duty and affection we are bound to obey, honour, cherish and preserve; then it is no marvel, because we first forsook God, that he afterwards abandoneth us to our selves, and sins, and to the fruits thereof, Calamity, Misery, Infamy and Perdition: and that we may see human cruelty to be justly met with, and punished by Gods upright and divine Justice; Lo here in this ensuing History we shall see a wretched Son kill his harmless and dear Mother: a very fearful and lamentable Paricide, a most cruel and execrable fact, for the which we shall see him rewarded with condign punishment, and with a sharp and infamous death, although not half so deplorable as deserved. It is a bitter and bloody History, the Relation and remembrance whereof, in the most barbarous and flinty hearts, is capable, not only to ingender Compassion but Compunction; yea, not only Contrition but Tears, at least if we have any place left in us for Pity, or room for Piety; the which if we have, doubtless the end of our reading will not only bless, but crown the beginning, and the beginning the end thereof.

Upon

Upon the North-east side of the Lake *Leman*, vulgarly known and called the Lake of *Geneva*, (because it pays its full tribute, and makes its chiefest Rendezvous before that City, whereof it environeth at least one third part.) There stands a pretty small and strong Town, distant a little days journey from it, termed *Morges*, which properly belongs to the jurisdiction of *Digne*, one of the chiefest *Cantons* of that warlike people and Country of *Switzerland*; wherein of very late years, and recent memory, there dwelt a rich and honest *Burger* or *Burgomaster* (for of *Geneva* try those parts and people are not, because they will not be capable) named *Martin Halsenorfe*, who by his wife *Christina Smaytsaren*, had one onely childe, a son, named *Maurice Halsenorfe*, now of some fourteen years old; whose Father although he were by profession a Soldier, and enrolled a Lieutenant to one of those Auxiliary-bands of that Country, which are in pay to the French King, yet nevertheless his chiefest ambition and care was, to make this Son of his a Scholar, because the ignorance and illiterature of his own age, made him to repent it in himself, and therefore to provide a remedy thereof in his Sons youth, sith he now knew and saw, that a man without learning, was either as a body without a soul, or a soul without knowledge and reason, which are her chiefest virtues, and most sacred Ornaments and Excellencies: So he brings him up to their own Grammer-School in *Morges*, where in some three or four years his affection and care to study, makes him so good a Proficient, as he becomes not only skilful, but perfect therein, and almost as capable to teach his School-Master, as he was to instruct him; yea, and to add the better Grace to the grace of that Art, he was of so mild and so modest a carriage, and the blossoms of his youth were so sweetly watered with the Heavenly dew of Virtue and Piety, as if his manners and himself were wholly composed thereof; so that for Learning and Goodness he was, and was justly reputed, not only the Mirror, but the Phoenix of all the youth of *Morges*; and as he esteemed himself happy in his Parents, so they reciprocally held themselves, not only happy, but blessed in this their Son. But because the inherent corruption of our nature, and the perverseness and multiplicity of our sins are such, as they cannot promise us any true joy, much lesse assured and permanent felicity: so the Sunshine of this their temporary content, equally divided in thirds betwixt the Father, Mother, and Son, will shortly receive a great eclipse, and a fatal disaster, which will be to them so much the more bitter and mournful, sith both the cause and effects thereof were of each of them unthought of, of them all unexpected.

For God in his sacred decree and providence, seeing *Martin Halsenorfe* the Father his strength arrived at his full Meridian and height, and his days to their full number and period: He, as he sat at dinner jocund and merry with his wife and son, is suddenly taken with a deadly swoon, which presently deprives his body of this life, and sends his soul to enjoy the sweet felicity, and sacred joy and immortality of the life to come. A Document which may teach us not to rely upon the rotten priviledges and strength of youth, but so to prepare our lives, that death at all places; and in all times, may still finde us armed and ready to encounter it. A Document which may teach us with the erected eyes, as well of our faith as body, so to look from Earth to Heaven, that our souls be not only ready, but willing to forsake this stinking tabernacle and prison of our mortality, to flie and be admitted into Heaven, that heavenly *Jerusalem*, and *Celestial City*, where they may enjoy the blessed Communion of the Saints, and the greatest blessings of all joys, and the most sovereign joy of all blessings, then to see our Creator and Saviour, God the Father, and Christ Jesus his Son face to face, wherein indeed all the joys and blessings of our souls are comprized and included.

The death of *Halsenorfe* the Father, is not only the Argument, but the cause of his widow *Christina's* grief, of his Son *Maurice's* sorrow, of her tears and groans, of his sighs and afflictions; yea, and not to derogate from the truth, I may step a degree farther, and say, That this his death is a fatal Herald, and mournful Harbinger, which portends and prepares both of them many disastrous calamities and woful miseries; the which in a manner, are almost ready to surprize and befall them.

This sorrowful widow being thus deprived of her dear Husband, who was both her comfort and her joy, her stay and her Protector, her head and her glory; although he left her a good Estate, sufficient enough to warrant her against the fear of poverty, and to secure her self against the apprehension of worldly indigence; and wherewithal to maintain both her and her son, with somewhat more than an indifferent competency; yet she saw her friends forsake her, and her Husbands familiar acquaintance abandon her, as if their friendship died with him; and that their remembrance of him was wholly raked up, and buried in the dust of his grave. A most ingrateful disease and iniquity of time, rather to be pitied than cured, and reprov'd than reformed, so fading and inconstant are the unfriendly friendships of the world, who for the most part are grounded on profit, not on honour; on avarice, not on virtue, on their own

gold, not on the want of their Christian neighbours and brethren; but enough of this, and again to our History.

Now, if *Christiana* (for only by that name I will henceforth entitle her) have any comfort or consolation left her, to sweeten the bitterness of her Husbands death, it is only to see him survive and live in her Son *Maurice*, in whose virtues and years, her hopes likewise begin again to bud forth and flourish; when remembering what an earnest care and desire her Husband had to see him a Scholar, as she inherits his goods, so she will assume and inherit that resolution of his: and although she love her Son's sight, and affect his presence tenderly and dearly, yet she can give no peace to her thoughts, nor take any truce of her resolutions, till she send him from *Morges* to the University of *Losanna*, some three Leagues distant from thence, there to perfect his studies and learning, the seeds whereof already so hopefully blossomed forth, and fructified in him. To which end, her deepest affection and care having hearkened out one *Deodatus Vareseus*, a Bachelor of Divinity of that University, whom fame (though indeed most falsely) had informed her to be an expert Scholar, and an excellent Christian, she agrees with him; when allowing her Son an honest exhibition, and furnishing him with Books, a Gown, and all other necessities, she sends him away to *Losanna*, charging him at his departure, to be careful of his learning, carriage and actions; and above all, to make piety and godliness in his life and conversation, the Regent of all his studies; when with tears of natural affection, they take leave each of other.

Maurice being arrived at *Losanna*, finds out his Tutor *Vareusius*, who receives and welcomes this his Pupil courteously and kindly: but alas, the hopes of *Christiana* the Mother, are extremely deceived in the virtues of *Vareusius*; because his Vices will instantly deceive both the merits and expectations of her Son, or rather change nature and qualities in him, and thereby shortly make him as vicious in *Losanna*, as formerly he was virtuous in *Morges*: for I write with grief and pity, that to define the truth aright, it was difficult to say, whether we were more learned or debauched, a more perfect Scholar, or prophane Christian; for although the dignity of his Bachelorship of Theology, did hide many of his dissolute pranks, and obscene imperfections, yet his exorbitant deportment and industry, could not so closely overvail and obscure them; but his intemperate affection to drinking, and beastly inclination to drunkenness, began now to become obvious and apparent to the Eyes and Heads of his Colledge, yea to the whole University: A most pernicious and swinish vice; indeed too too much incident and subject to these people the *Swissers*; but if it had been immured and confined within these Rocks and Mountains of *Germany*, it had proved not only a happiness, but a blessing to the other Western parts of the Christian world, where it spreads infection like an uncontrollable and incurable Gangren, yea, like a most outrageous and fatal pestilence: so as in *Vareusius* there was nothing more incongruous and different, than his doctrine and his life, his profession and conversation, his Theory and his Practice, his knowledge and his will. But if the head-springs and fountains be corrupted with this vice of drunkenness, no marvel if the Rivers and Streams of Common weals be infected and poisoned therewith; yea, if it be not debarred, but have admittance and residence in the Clases of Universities, from which Nurseries and Gardens of the Muses, both the Church and State fetch their chiefest Ornaments and Members; how can we expect to see it rooted out from the more illiterate Commons, whose gross ignorance makes them far more capable to learn vice than virtue; or rather vice and not virtue; sith there is no shorter nor truer Art to learn than of their Arts-Masters; because the example and president of ill doing in our Teachers, and Superiors, doth not only plant, but ingraff and root it; not onely privileged, but as it were authorize it in us, still with a fatal impetuosity, with a dangerous violence, and pernicious event and issue: for if remedies be not found in learned Physicians, it is then in vain to seek them in the rude and unlearned people; and if the Praeceptor himself be not sanctified, it is rather to be feared than doubted, that his Disciple will not. This (yea this) is a most mournfull and fatal rock, whereon divers virtuous and religious parents have even wept themselves to death, to see their children suffer shipwrack; yea, this beastly and brutish sin of Drunkenness, is still the Devil's Usher and Pander to all other sins; and therefore how cautious and careful ought the Heads of Schools and Universities be, to expell and root it out from themselves, and to hate and detest it in others, sith in the remis winking thereat, I may (with as much truth as safety) affirm, that toleration is confirmation; and connivency, cruelty; as we shall not go far to see it made good and verified in this ensuing mournful History; the which in exacting ink from my Pen, doth likewise command blood from my heart, and tears from mine eyes, to anatomize and unfold it.

Difficultly hath *Maurice* been three months in *Losanna* with *Vareusius*, but his virtues are eclipsed and drowned in vice; yea, he not only thinks, but holds it a virtue to make himself culpable

ble and guilty of this his Tutors vice of Drunkenness, wherein within less then three months he proves so expert, or indeed so execrable a Scholar in his beastly Art, as both day and night he makes it not only his practice, but his delight, and not only his delight, but his glory. He who was before so temperate in his drink and conversation in *Morges*, as for the most part, he wholly drank water, not wine; now he is so viciously metamorphosed in *Losanna*, as contrarywise, he only drinks wine, no water; yea, and which is lamentable to remember, and deplorable to observe in this young Scholar, he drinks (or to write truer, devours it) so excessively, as his Cups are become his Books; his Carousing, his Learning; the Tavern, his Study; and Drunkenness the only Art he professeth; which filthy and infectious disease, spreading from the *Preceptor* to the *Pupil*, from old *Varesius* to young *Maurice*, hath so surprized the one, and seized on the other, as it threatens the disparagement of the first his reputation, and the shipwrack of the seconds fortunes, and it may be of his life.

Now *Varesius*, who will not be alhamed to pity this beastly Vice in himself, doth yet pity it with shame to behold it in his Scholar *Maurice*, and yet hath neither the Grace to reform it in himself, nor the will or power to reprove it in him; but instead of stopping and preventing it, doth in all things give way to the current and torrent of this swift sin, which inevitably draws after it these threefold diseases and miseries; the poyson of our bodies, the consumption of our purses, and the Moth and Canker of our reputations; or if you will, these three not far different from the three former, The bane of our wits, the enemy of our health and life, and the consumer of our estates and friends: and within the compasse of one whole year, to all those diseases and miseries doth the drunkenness of our debauched young Scholar *Maurice* subject and reduce him; so as it being the nature of sin (not checked and vanquished with repentance) rather to grow than wither, to flourish then fade or decay with our age: the longer *Maurice* lived in *Losanna*, the deeper root his beastly vice of drunkenness took in him, and the dearer affection to it, so as that competent exhibition which his Mother yearly allowed him, became incompatible with this his excessive prodigality and intemperancy: yea, his extream superfluity in this kind was without intermission so frequent, as three quarters of his years pension could not discharge one of his expences and debts, so strong a habit (converted now to see a second Nature) had this bewitching beastly sin of drunkenness exacted and gotten of him, as if this were his felicity, and that he only triumphed to become a slave to his slavish appetite and swinish profession, which to support and maintain, he not only feeds, but surfeits his Mother with variety of subtil and insinuating Letters, thereby to draw divers sums of moneys from her, as indeed he doth; some under pretext of necessity to buy new books, which he affirmed he wanted; others under pretence of his wickedness and sickness, and such like colourable excuses; which unthrifty prodigality of his, doth as fast empty her purse and store, as her industrious frugality can possible fill them, whereof having all the reasons of the world to become sensible, she at last making her judgment consult with her affection, begins now to fear, that her Son was become less virtuous, and more debauched than she hoped of, and that these his Letters and Petitions for money, were only tricks to deceive the hopes, and betray the confidence she reposed in his virtuous carriage, and godly inclination; whereof being in fine informed and certified from such Students and Burgers of *Losanna*, whom she had set as Sentinels, to have *Lyneus* eyes over his actions and deportments, she at last with few thanks to his Tutor *Varesius*, many complaints and exclamations to her son, and inexpressible grief and sorrow to her self, commands him home from *Losanna* to *Morges*, where with much bitterness and secrecy, she taxes and rates him for his drunkenness and prodigality, in that he had vainly spent in one year more than either his Father or her self could collect or gather up in many.

But see the leud subtilty, and wretched deceitfulness of this dissolute son towards this his dear and tender mother: for then and there, seasoning his speeches with virtue, and his behaviour with obedience and piety; he modestly seems not only to tax her credulity, conceived against the candour and integrity of his actions, but also with a kind of tacit choler, to malign and traduce those who unjustly and falsely had cast so foul an aspersions on his virtues and innocency; and the better to make those his speeches, and this his apology and justification pass current with his Mother, his discretion now describes so fair a Law to his Vanity, and his reason to his intemperate and irregular desires, as to the eye of the world, and to her more curious and observant judgment, he seems to be the very picture and statue of Virtue, although God and his soul and conscience well knows, that he is the true, essential and real image of Vice: and the better to cloak and overveil this his dissimulation from the eyes of God and his Mother, although he continue to take his Cups by night, yet in *Morges*, and especially in his Mother's house and sight, he casts them off by day, and the better and more firmly to reintegrate himself into her approbation and favour, he mornings and evenings is seen at his prayers, and spends the great

est part of his time in hearing and frequenting of Sermons, the which affords such sweet content to her conceits and thoughts, as she repents her self of her unkindness towards him, and not only acquits him of his drunkenness, prodigality and dissoluteness, but also accuseth his accusers, whom she now as much condemns for Envy and Malice towards her son, as she highly (as she thinks justly) applauds him for his religious piety towards God.

But sith Hypocrisie is worse than Profaneness, as making us rather Devils than Saints; or indeed not Saints, but Devils; and that no sacrifice is so odious, nor object so hateful to God, as he who denies and dissembleth it in his looks, and yet professeth and practiseth it in his heart and soul; so we shall see to our grief, and this wretched hypocrite find to his misery, that thinking to deceive God, he shall in the end deceive himself; and in attempting to betray his Mother through his false Virtue, his true Vice will at last betray him, and make him as miserable, as he flattereth himself it will make him fortunate.

Now, the better to root and confirm this opinion of his temperancy in his mothers conceit and mind, and so the more secretly to overveil his excessive affection and addiction to Drunkenness, he under the pretence of some necessary and profitable occasions, gets leave of her, sometimes to ride over to *Bern, Soleure, Friburge, Apenzel*, and other capital Towns of the *Confederati*, where he falls a fresh to his cups, and there continually both day and night swills his brains, and stuffs up his belly with wine, as if he took no other delight or glory, but to drown his wit and learning with his money, and his health with both; and yet again when he returns to *Morges*, he makes such fair weather with his Mother, and casts so temperate a cloak and colour on his speeches and actions, as if it were impossible for him to drink more then would suffice nature, or to desire more than would merely quench his thirst. And thus by his hypocritical policy having wrought himself into his Mothers good opinion and favour, as also some store of money out of her purse and coffers, he with a feigned shew of humility and discretion takes leave of her, and to perfect his studies and learning, runs again to *Losanna*; where he is no sooner arrived, but upon his new return, he finds out his old carousing companions, who like so many pestilent Vipers and contagious *Moths* and *Caterpillars*, are viciously, and therefore fatally resolved, not only to eat out the bottom of his purse, but also the heart of of his happiness, and as I may justly term it to devour the very soul of his felicity; and with these tripping Brats of *Bacchus*, does our leud and debauched Scholer *Maurice*, continually drink drunk; not only forgetting his learning but himself, and which is worse, his God; having neither the power to remember to repent, or grace to pray, nor to remember any thing but his cups; so beastly is he inclined, so swinishly and viciously is he affected and addicted; and what doth this either prognosticate, preface, or promise to produce in him, but inevitable affliction, misery and ruin of all sides.

As the shortest errors are best, so those Vices which have longest perseverance and predominance in us, prove still the most pernicious and dangerous. It is nothing to crush a Serpent in the egge, but if we permit it to grow to a Serpent, it may then crush us; a plant may be removed with ease, but an old tree difficultly. To fall from sin to repentance is as great a happiness, as it is a misery to fall from repentance to sin; and indeed to use both one word for the affirmation and confirmation of this truth, there can no greater misery befall us, than to think our selves happy, when (through our sins) we are miserable.

Here in *Losanna*, *Maurice* esteems his beastly sin of drunkenness to be a Virtue, not a Vice in him; yea, in paying for all shots and reckonings in Taverns, he sottishly and foolishly thinks it the shortest and truest way to be beloved and honoured (though indeed to be contemned) of all; and therefore without fear or wit, yea, without the least spark of Grace, or shadow of consideration, his stomach (like the Devils sponge) and his insatiable throat (like a bottomless gulf) so devours his wine, and his wine his money, as that which should be the Argument of his glory, he makes the cause of his shame; and his money which should fortify his reputation, he converts and turns to ruin it. But as poverty (in a just revenge of our Vanity) rejoiceth to look on us, because we first disdained either to look on, or regard it; so he having spent the fragrant Summer of his folly and prodigality, in wasting the moneys his Mother gave him, in wine, now the deprivation thereof makes him feel the frosty winter of that want, which he can better remember than remedy, rather repent than redress. The Fellows and Students of his Colledge look on him and his drunkenness, some with the eyes of pity, others with those of joy, according as their Friendship or malice, their Charity or Envy either conduct their passions, or transport and steer their resolutions and inclinations. As for his Tutor *Varsius*, how can he possibly seek to reclaim this his Pupil from Vice to Virtue, when he is so wretchedly dissolved, as by the publick vote and voice of the University, he himself is already wholly and sole relapsed from Virtue to Vice?

In which respect this vicious young Student *Maurice*, having neither Virtue nor Tutor, money nor credit, discretion nor friend to secure him from the shelves of indigence, or the rocks of poverty and misery whereon he is rashly and wilfully rushing; he like a true debauched scholar, or indeed as a Master of Art in the art of debauchedness, first sells his Books, then his Gown and clothes, and next his bed, being desirous to want any thing but wine; and confidently (though vainly and foolishly) assured, that if he have wine enough, that then he wants nothing. A miserable consideration and condition, a wretched estate and resolution, only tending and conducing to direful misery, and to deplorable poverty and desolation.

But to replenish his purse, to repair his credit and apparel, and to continue his own cups and drunkenness, he hath no other hopes or refuge, than again to cast himself on the affection and courtship of his Mother, whom he re-visits, with several Letters; which are only so many humble insinuating Petitions; again to draw and wrest moneys from her. But he is deceived in his hopes and expectation, or at least they distinctly and severally, and his Mother jointly with them, conspire to deceive him. For I write it with grief, because (by an uncontrollable relation of the truth) she dictates it to my pen with tears, that as well by all those of *Morges*, who came from *Lofanna*, as by all those of *Lofanna*, who came to *Morges*, she is most certainly and sorrowfully advertised of her sons debauched and dissolute life, of his neglect of learning, and too frequent affecting and following of drunkenness; of the sale of his clothes, bed, and books; of the irreparable loss, both of his time, moneys, and reputation; and withall, how the dregs and scums of wine hath metamorphosed his countenance, and not graced, but filthily disgraced it with many fiery Rabies, and flaming Carbuncles; as also how it hath stuffed and bombasted up his belly and body, as if the dropie and he contended who should first seize each on other; and therefore she being (with a mournfull unwillingness) enforced, not only to take notice, but sorrowfully to rest assured and confident of these disastrous premises, the infallible predictions and symptoms of her sons utter ruine and subversion, she peremptorily and absolutely refuseth his requests, answereth his Letters with many sharp complaints, and bitter exclamations against his foul sin of drunkenness, which threatens no less then the ruin both of his reputation, friends, learning, fortune, and life, if not of his soul.

Maurice seeing himself wholly abandoned of his Mother, he knows not how to live, nor yet how to provide the means to maintain life, which not onely surpriseth his thoughts, but amazeeth and appaaleth his cogitations with fear; yea, he takes this discourtesie of hers, so near at heart, and withall is so extremely impatient to see himself forsaken of her, whom he knows the laws of Nature hath commanded to affect and cherish, as forgetting himself to be her son, and be his Mother; yea, forgetting himself to be a man, and which is more, a Christian; his wants and vices so far transport him beyond the bounds of Reason and Religion, of nature, and grace, as he impiously and execrably degenerates from them all, and secretly vows to his heart and soul, or to say truer, to the Devil, (who infecteth the one, and infecteth and intoxicateth the other) that he will speedily send her into another world in a bloody coffin, if she will not relieve his wants, and maintain him as her son in this. So stas here it is, that the first gives way to the devil to take possession of his thoughts and heart, and here it is, that he first assumes bad blood, and suggests bloody designs, against the safety and life of his dear and innocent Mother. When like a miserable wretch, and a wretched and impious villain, his thoughts and studies (like so many lines running to their centre) are now in continual action and motion, how to finish and bring this deplorable Tragical business to an end; yea, the better to feed this his insatiable bloody appetite, and to quench the quenchless thirst of his matricidous revenge, he forgets all other projects and affairs to follow and hasten on this, which (to give one word for all) takes up both his study and his time in *Lofanna*, casting away his books which would seem to divert him from it, as if he courted *Pluto* not *Apollo*; *Proserpina*, not *Pallas*; *Erynnis*, not *Urania*; the Furies, not the Muses; and as afflictions seldom come alone, but many times (as the waves of the sea) fall one in the neck of the other; so to make him rather advance than retire, in the execution of this his unnatural and damnable attempt, his excessive and frequent drunkenness makes him so notoriously apparent to the head of the University in general, and of his own College in particular, that they give him his *Conge*, and (without lending any ear to his Apology or justification) expell him thence. So that being now destitute of all friends and means, he is enforced to see himself reduced to this point of misery, that he must either beg or starve, which to prevent, (because he as much disdains the first, as he is resolved to provide a remedy for the second) he leaves *Lofanna*, (where his vices and debts have made the stones too hot for him) and on foot goes home to his Mother to *Morges*, hoping that his presence may prevail more with her than his absence; and his tongue make that easie, which his pen (in his Letters) found not onely difficult but impossible.

Being arrived at *Morges*, his loving and indulgent Mother receives him with tears, not of joy, but of grief; for his drunkenness hath so deformed his face and body, as at the first sight she difficultly knew him to be her Son; and although he takes pains to conceal that beastly vice of his, and to plaister and varnish it over with a feigned shew of repentance and reformation; yet she sees to her affliction, and observes to her misery, that he loves his Cups better than his life, and that as soon as she once turns her back from him, he falls close to them, and so tippleth and carouseth from morning to night. Three days are scarce past, before he makes two requests to her; the one for new clothes, the other for money; when to the end that her wildom might shine in her affection, as well as her affection in her wisdom, she cheerfully grants him the first, but peremptorily denies him the second, because she well knows it would be so much cast away on him, sith he would instantly cast it away on Wine, and to write the truth, the grant of his apparel doth not so much content him, as the refusal of money doth both afflict and inflame him: He is all in choler hereat, and the fumes of revenge do so implacably take up and seize upon his thoughts, and they on it, as now without the fear of God, or care of his soul, he like a damnable villain, and an execrable son, swaps a bargain with the Devil, to destroy and make away his Mother. Hellish resolutions, and infernal conceits, which will not only strangle those who embrace, but confound those who follow them. His impiety made him formerly assume this bloody fact, and now his necessity and want of money (in that he cannot as it were, drown himself in excess of drunkenness), enforced him to a resolution to finish it. His faith is so weak towards God, and so strong with the Devil, as he will not retire with grace, but advance with impiety, to see as well the end, as the beginning of this bloody business; He consults hereon with his delight, not with his reason; with his will, not with his conscience; with his heart, not with his soul. He sees he hath no money, and knows, or at least believes, that his Mother hath enough, and therefore concludes, that if she were once dead, it were impossible that his life should want any. So these two wretched Counsellors, Covetousness, and Drunkenness, (or rather Covetousness to maintain his Drunkenness) like two infernal fiends and furies, hale him on head-long to perpetrate this bloody and mournful murder of his dear and tender Mother, the end whereof will bring him as much true misery and infamy, as the beginning doth flatter and promise him false content and happiness. His youth hath no regard to her age, and less to her life, neither will he vouchsafe to remember, that he first received his of her: yea, all the blood that flows in his heart, and streams in his veins and body, cannot any way have the power to prompt him, that it is derived and descended from hers. And if *Morges* will not divert him, *Losanna* should; if his years cannot instruct him, yet his books might; and if Nature prevailed not with his heart, yet methinks Grace should with his conscience, to prevent him the foulness of this attempt, and the unnatural cruelty thereof, in resolving to embrew his diabolical hands in her innocent blood; or if the influence of these earthly considerations could not allay the heat of his malice, or quench the fire of his revenge towards her, yet methinks looking from prophanness to piety, from earth to heaven, from the time present to the future; from the corruption of his body, to the immortality of his soul; from sin to righteousness, from revenge to Religion, and consequently from Satan to God, he should hate this bloody design and project of his as much as now he loves it; and seek the preservation of his Mother, with as much obedience and affection, as now he contrives and pursues her untimely end with impiety and detestation. But his Vices will still triumph over his Virtues; and therefore it is rather to be feared than doubted, that they will in the end make him too miserable, ever to see himself so happy.

Miserable *Maurice* therefore (as the shame of his time, the disgrace of his Sex, and a prodigious monster of Nature) having hellishly resolved on the matter, now with a devillish fortitude and hellish assurance passeth on to the manner of her Tragedy. He will not give ear to God, who seeks to divert him from it, but will hearken to the Devil, who useth his best Oratory to persuade and entice him to it. But as the Devil is malicious in his subtilty, so should we be both wise and cautious in our credulity; for if we believe him, he will betray us; but if we believe God, we shall then betray him: he is impatient of delays; yea, his malice is so bloody, and his revenge so cruel, as he thinks every hour a year, till he hath sent her from Earth to Heaven. He proposeth unto himself divers ways to murder her; and the devil, who is never absent, but present in such hellish occasions, makes him as well industrious as vindictive and implacable, in the contriving and finishing thereof. Now he thinks to cut her throat as she is in bed: Then to poison her at Table, either in her meat or drink. Then again he is of opinion to hire some to kill her as she is walking in her Vineyards; or else to cause two Water-men to drown her as she is taking the Ayr in a Boat on the Lake, which twice or thrice weekly she is accustomed to do; but yet still he is irresolute, either which, or which not to resolve on, till at last, after a weeks dilatory protraction, having with a fatal and infernal ratiocination banded and rebanded these several blood

bloody projects in his brains and contemplations, he rejecteth them all, as more full of difficulty and apparent danger, than of warrantable safety, when considering there was a deep Well in the outer-yard, adjoining to the Garden, he holds it fittest for his purpose to drown her therein, whereon the Devil and he strike hands, and set up their rest and period.

While thus this gracious mother *Christina* endeavors with her best care and prayers to divert her graceless son *Maurice* from this his intemperate and beastly sin of drunkenness, he (as if he were no part of her, but rather a limb of the Devil) with a monstrous and inhuman ingratitude, sets his inventions and brains on the tenter-hook, to espy out the occasion and time to dispatch her. When burning with a flaming desire to quench the insatiable thirst of his revenge in her blood, he (taking time and opportunity at advantage) seeing all his Mother's people abroad to gather in the Vintage, the Well open, and she with a Prayer-book in her hand, walking in the Garden next adjoining, the Devil infuseth such courage to his heart, his heart such cruelty and inhumanity to his resolutions, that all things seemed then to conspire to see an end to this his so long desired and affected business, of murdering and dispatching his Mother: he taking on him the part of a mad man, whom it seemed sorrow had suddenly afflicted, and grief distracted, he with his hat in his hand, hastily and furiously rusheth into the Garden to his Mother, and cries out to her, that there is one of the Neighbour's children fallen into the Well, which he espied from his Chamber Window: whereunto (harmless good woman) she adding belief to his false and perfidious speeches; and (being beyond her self) afflicted and amazed with this sudden and sorrowful news, she throws away her Book, and hand in hand with him (her sighs interrupting her words, and her tears her sighs) she (as if pity added wings to her feet) trips away to the Well, both to see this mournful spectacle, and chiefly to know, if it any way lay in her possible care to assist, or power to preserve the said child from death: when bringing her to the Well, he better like a Fury, than a man, and rather resembling a meer Devil than a son, fasteneth his left hand on the Well-post, and as she looks into the profundity thereof, he with his right hand tips and throws her in; and so without any more doing, claps down the cover thereof; when rejoicing in his heart, that he had sent her to death, because he sees it now not in the power of the whole world to save her life, he (the better to overveil this his impious villany) ascends her Chamber, breaks open her Cupboards, trunks, and chests, takes away most of her money, and silver plate, which he privately hides away for his own behoof and use, and so scattereth a few pieces of money, and some of her clothes and apparel on the floor; thereby subtilly to insinuate and intimate to the world, that it were thieves who had robbed and drowned his mother; when stealing a horse out of the stable, he gets him out of the back door, which he leaves open, and from thence rides to his Mother's people in the Vineyards, to whom he relates he hath been all that morn abroad to take the Ayr, and is now come to pass the remainder of the day with them, and to be merry with them; to which end he sends for Wine from the skirts of the Town; and so they carouse and frolick it till towards night, and then they return home, where they find both doors open, his Mother their Mistress wanting, and no creature in the house, whereat they much admire. So they seek and call for her in the Orchards and Gardens, but in vain, for they find no news of her; when the maids one way, and he and the men-servants another way, seek her where she is accustomed to frequent, but to no purpose, for they can neither see nor hear of her; till at length the maidens rushing into her bed chamber, they find her cupboards, chests and trunks broken open, and some of her money and apparel strewed here and there upon the floor; whereat amazed, they cry out at the window, that thieves had been there and robbed their Mistress her chests and trunks: which *Maurice* and the men-servants of the house over-hearing, they ascend and admire at the sight thereof: neither doth his outward fears, or their inward apprehensions, stop or stay at the meer loss of the goods, but they fear the absence of his Mother, and their Mistress *Christina*, and are already become jealous of her safety, and fearful that the thieves have offered her some violence and cruelty. Whereupon late at night, hearing no news of her, her son goes and acquaints the Bayliff of *Morges*, and the rest of the Criminal Officers therewith, who of all sides inquire for her, and make a secret search in the town, to find out the thieves; and in the mean time leave not a room nor place of the house unsought for her, but their diligence proves vain; for they can purchase no news of her, much less of the thieves. They remain in the house all night, and they all with sorrowful and watchful eyes expect to hear of her. Eight of the clock the next day strikes, but as yet she is not seen or heard of: So they again, in presence of the Bayliff search all places and corners, both in the House, Gardens, Orchards, and Yards, but still to no effect; when behold the sacred providence of God, in revealing her to be drowned in the Well, beyond the expectation of all that were present; for as they are in the midst of their doubts and fears, yea, in the very depth of their

their research, lo, one of the servant-maids named *Hester*, having that instant morning taken a nap of an hours sleep in a chair, starts suddenly out of her sleep and rest, trips to them, and says, she then and there dreamed, that her mistress *Christina* was cast into the Well and drowned; the which she affirmed with many words, and more sighs, out-cries, and tears; which piercing into the ears and thoughts of the Bayliff and servants, and into the very heart and conscience of this our execrable *Maurice*, they look pale with grief and amazement, and he straineth the highest key of his art and policy, to keep his cheeks from blushing for shame thereat; and the better to hood-wink their eyes and judgment from the least spark or shadow of his guiltiness herein, he with many showers of hypocritical tears, prays the Bayliff, that upon *Hester's* dream and report, the Well may be searched: adding withal, that it was more probable than impossible, that those thieves who robbed his Mother's house, might likewise be so devilishly malicious to murder her, and throw her into the Well: which the Bayliff seriously considering, as first the maids dream, then the sons request and tears, he instantly in the presence of all those of the house, as also of many of the next neighbours, whom he had purposely assembled, caused the Well to be searched and sounded, where the hook taking hold of her clothes, they instantly bring up the dead body of his Mother and their Mistress *Christina*; the skull of whose head was lamentably broken, and her brains pitifully dashed out with the fall. All are amazed, her servants grieve, and her hellish Son *Maurice* weeps and cries more than all the rest at this mournful spectacle. The Bailiff carefully and punctually again examines *Hester*, if God in her dream revealed her not the manner how, and the persons who had thus thrown her Mistress into the Well; she answered negatively, according to the truth, that she had already delivered as much as she knew of that mournful business. When *Maurice*, to shew his forwardness and zeal, for the detection and finding out of his Mother's murderers, he pretends that he suspects *Hester* to be accessory, and to have a hand herein. But the Bailiff and Common-Council of *Morges*, having neither passion nor partiality to dazle and inveigle the eyes of their judgment, finding no reason or ground of probability to accuse her, or which might tend or conduce that way, they free her without farther questioning her, and so (as it hath been formerly remembered) they all concurring in opinion, that the thieves who robbed her, had undoubtedly thrown her into the Well; They give leave to *Maurice* to bury his breathless Mother, which he doth with the greatest pomp and decency, requisite as well to her rank and quality, as to his affection and duty; and the better to fan off the least dust or smoak of suspicion, which might any way fall upon the lustre of his innocency, he at her Funeral (to the eye of the world) sheds many rivulets of tears. But, alas, what is this to this his foul and execrable sin of murdering his Mother (for although it blear the eyes, and inveigle the judgment of the Bailiff and his Associates, the Criminal Judges of *Morges*; yet God the great and Sovereign Judge of Heaven and Earth, will not be thus deluded, cannot be thus deceived herein. No, no: for albeit he be merciful, yet his Divine Majesty is too just to let crimes of this hellish nature go either undetected or unpunished.

We have seen this execrable son so bloody hearted and handed, as with a devillish rage, and inhuman infernal fury, to drown his own dear and tender Mother; and with as much cruelty as ingratitude, to throw her from the World into a Well, who with many bitter-gripes and torments (to the hazard and peril of his life) threw him from her Womb into the World; and the providence and justice of God will not lead the curiosity of the Reader far, before we see this miserable miscreant overtaken with the impetuous storm of God's revenge, and the fiery gusts and tempests of his just indignation for the same, notwithstanding that his subtil malice, and malicious subtilty, have so cunningly contrived, and so secretly acted and contracted it with the Devil, that no earthly person, or sublunary eye can any way accuse, much less convict him thereof; as mark the sequel, and it will briefly and truly inform thee how.

As soon as he hath buried his Mother, his black mourning apparel doth in his heart and actions work such poor and weak effects of repentance and sorrow for her untimely death, as where divers others lament and grieve, he contrariwise rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat, and by her decease being now become Lord and master of all, he like a graceless villain, falls again to his old carousing companions, and vein of drunkenness, wherein he takes such singular delight and glory, as he makes it not only his exercise by day, but his practice and recreation by night. And as God hath infinite means and ways to scourge & revenge the enormity of our delights and crimes, so we shall shortly see for our instruction, and observe for our reformation, that this ungodly and beastly vice of drunkenness of his, which is his most secret, bosom and darling sin, will in the end prove a ravenous vulture to devour, & a fatal Serpent to eat out the bowels, first of his wealth & prosperity, & then of his life; for it not only takes up his time, but his study; inasmuch, as I may truly

truly aver to my grief, as affirm to his shame, that he levelleth at nothing more, than to make it his felicity: which swinish excess and intemperancy, (as a punishment inseparably incident and infallibly hereditary to that sin) doth within three months make him sell away all his lands, yea, and the greatest part of his plate and household-stuff: so his drunkenness first, but then chiefly God's justice and revenge pursuing his foul and inhumane crime of drowning his Mother, makes him of being left rich by her, within a very short time become very extream poor and miserable, so as he runs deeply into debts; yea, his debts are by this time become so exceedingly urgent and clamorous, as contrary to his hopes and fears, when he least dreams thereof, he is imprisoned by his Mercer and Draper, for the blacks of his mothers funeral, to both whom he is indebted the sum of three hundred crowns, which is far more than either his purse can discharge, or his credit and estate now satisfie. When, abandoned of all his friends, his means spent and consumed, and nothing left him to exercise his patience in prison, but despair; nor to comfort him, but the terrors of his bloody and guilty conscience, he is clapt into a stinking vault or dungeon, where (in horror and detestation of his bloody crime) the glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun, disdains to send his radiant and glittering beams to comfort him; so as he who was before accustomed to fare deliciously, and, as it were, to swill and drown himself in the best and most curious wines, now he must content himself only with coarse bread and water; and yet his misery is so extream, and that extremity of his so miserable, as he hath hardly enough to maintain and sustain life: But we shall see that this first affliction of his, will instantly be followed and overtaken by a second.

Whitsunday being arrived, he petitioneth his Goaler (for that day) to have the liberty of the yard, and the freedom of the air, which is granted him, when at night descending the stairs, again to be pent up in his obscure dungeon, his foot slips, and he receives a fearful fall, wherewith the bone of his right arm is broken in two pieces, and having no Chirurgeon to look to it, it putrifies and rots, as for the preserving of his life, he within fifteen days is enforced to have it cut off a little below the shoulder; and this was the very same hand and arm which threw his Mother into the Well. A singular act of God's revenging justice, and just revenge shewn herein. O that it may be deeply imprinted in our hearts, and engraven in our souls, that the Reader hereof, of what Sex or quality soever, may as it were stand amazed at the consideration of *Maurice* his impious sin towards God, and of God's due and true revenge and requital thereof in his just judgment and affliction towards him.

But this is not enough for *Maurice* to suffer, nor for God to inflict on him for this his bloody and inhuman crime, in murdering his mother; nor to say the truth, it is but the prologue to the deplorable, yet deserved punishment, which is immediately ready to surprize and befall him. For to the end, that the truth may inform our curiosity, and our curiosity us, of the Catastrophe of this Tragedy, we must understand, that it was the pleasure and providence of God, that the breaking and cutting away of *Maurice* his arme, proved the break-neck of his patience, and the cutting away of his content and judgment. The Devil caused him most inhumanly to drown his mother, the which he might have refused to perpetrate, but would not; and now God in expiation thereof sends him Rage for Reason, Despair for Comfort, and Madnes for Sobriety, the which he would fly and eschew, but cannot. He hath committed this execrable crime beyond the rules and laws of Nature; and therefore God hath ordained, that he should feel many degrees of punishments, and this is not only the law, but the rule of Grace. Of all degrees of afflictions, madness is the most to be pitied; and the worst to be cured, sith it makes a man go far beyond reason, and therefore to come too far short of himself: it is held by some to be a sickness of the Liver, of others, an over-fuming of the blood, and of others a debility to the brain; But in this our execrable wretched *Maurice*, it was the infectious malady of his soul, which God sent purposely into his brains, to be revenged of his heart, for so inhumanly drowning his Mother. For although his Divine Majesty hath infinite more ways to punish murder, than man hath to commit it; yet that he might make the detection of this wretched *Maurice*, as strange as the plotting and finishing thereof was cruelly inhumane, and inhumanly cruel, he purposely sends it him; for although since his imprisonment, hunger had so taken down his stomach, and quelled his courage, as his former volubility of speech was now reduced to a kinde of sorrowful and penive silence; yet as soon as his brains and senses were possessed and captivated with this prodigious lunacy, and outrageous phrensie, then his fits were so violent, and that violence so implacable, as his speeches were so many fearful outcries and howlings, and his words so many uncouth and unheard of ravings; so that whosoever heard of saw him, he might justly conceive and affirm, that he had thunder in his tongue, and lightning in his eyes: For his crime made this affliction

and frensie of his so miserable, so impetuous, as he spake nonsense perfectly, and looked rather like a Fury than a man: yea, his soul conscience and and polluted soul rung him many Panick fears and terrours of despair, as he was afraid of all things, and angry with himself, because he could be no more afraid of himself; so as the dungeon which could imprison his body, was not capable to contain his thoughts, much less to immure his fears, and in this miserable plight and perplexity, he remained for the space of ten days and nights, without any intermission or hope of remedy, which infinitely disturbed his fellow-prisoners, but chiefly his Goaler, whose ears had never been accustomed to hear such discordant tunes, much less to be taken up with such distastful and fearful melody.

He acquaints the Common Council of the Town hereof, and importunately solicites them, that they will remove this distracted prisoner *Maurice* to some more fitter and more convenient place: Who remembering what *Maurice* had been, and now considering and seeing what he is, they who heretofore would not be so charitable to relieve his poverty, are yet now so religiously compassionate, as they pity his madness; so they command him from a dungeon to a chamber, from his pallet of straw to a feather-bed, from his bread and water, to wholesome meats and broths, but all this will not suffice; and to shew themselves not only good men, but good Christians, they to restore him to his wits and senses make yet a further progression in charity. They cause him to be conferred with by many good Divines, who are not only eloquent, but powerful to perswade him to pray often, and to practice other Christian duties and offices; but his cries are so outrageous, and his ravings so extravagant, as he is as incapable to relish their reasons, as they are to understand his rage: When the very immediate finger and providence of God, make them yet so sensible of his unparallel'd misery, as they are resolved to remove him from his prison to an hospital, thereby to take the benefit of the air in the gardens, walks, and fields, hoping that they might prevail with him, to recall his wits, and re-establish his senses in their proper seats of understanding, and stations of judgment: when here, (oh here) I conjure thee, Christian Reader, to stand amazed and wonder with me, at the sacred and secret justice of the Lord, expressed and demonstrated in this accident: For as his under Goaler (by the Magistrates command) takes him by the hand, with an intent to conduct him from the prison to an hospital, his bloody crime (like so many Blood-hounds) pursuing his guilty conscience and soul: his thoughts so enformed his knowledge, and his knowledge so to confirm his belief, that the drowning of his mother is detected, and that they now draw him from his prison to the place of Execution, to suffer death for the same. Which apprehension and fear, God putting into his conceits and heart, in despite of his madness, he wanting an Accuser, lo here he himself both accuseth and condemneth himself for the same. For the very image of that conceit redoubling his fear, as his fear did his phrensie and madness, he in the midst of those fits, and the height of that agony and anxiety, cries out with a loud voice, *I have drowned my mother in the Well, I have drowned my mother in the Well, God will have me confess it, before he suffers you to hang me; I speak it on truth, and by my part of Heaven, what I now confess is true.* Which words no sooner escaped his tongue but he instantly returns again to his out-cries of phrensie and madness, his Goalers and the rest are amazed at these fearful speeches, and bloody confession of his; which notwithstanding that they attribute to madness, yet they lead him to the hospital, he still raving and crying as he passeth the streets: But oh! Let us here farther admire with wonder, and wonder with admiration, at the providence and mercy of God here again miraculously made apparent and manifested in this execrable wretch *Maurice*, for he who outrageously cried in prison, and licentiously raved in the street, is no sooner entered into the Hospital, but the pleasure of God hath so ordained it, as his madness fully falls from him, and he absolutely recovereth again his wits and senses, in such firm and settled manner, as if he had never formerly been touched or afflicted therewith.

His Goalers make report to the Magistrates, first of his confession of drowning his mother, and then of his sudden and miraculous recovering of his perfect memory, judgment and senses, as soon as he set foot within the Hospital: Whereupon they as much astonished at the one, as wondering at the other, do instantly repair thither to him, and there arraign and accuse him, for that inhuman and bloody fact of his, whereof his own evidence and confession hath now made him guilty. But they take him for another, or at least, he will not be the same man: he denies this horrible and bloody crime of his, with many oaths and asseverations, which they maintain and affirm he hath confessed, says, that they either heard a dream, or saw a vision, whereof he neither dreamt nor thought of, and that he was ready to lose all the blood of his body to find out, and to be revenged of the murderers of his mother.

But

But the Magistrates are deaf to his apology, and in considering the violence of his madness by its sudden abandoning him, as also his free and uninforced confession of drowning his mother, they conceive that God's providence and justice doth strongly operate in the detection of this foul and inhuman murder; and therefore condemning his requests and oaths (in the vindication of his innocency) they cause him to be refetched from the Hospital to the Prison, and there adjudge him to the Rack, when although his heart and soul be terrified and affrighted with his apprehension and accusation, yet the Devil is so strong with him, as he cannot find in his heart to relent, much less to repent this foul and inhumane crime of his; but considering that he acted it so secretly, as all the world could not produce a witness against himself, except himself, he vows to be so impious and prophane in his fortitude and courage, as to disdain these his torments, and to look on them and his Tormentor, with an eye rather of contempt than fear: But God will be as propitious and indulgent to him, as he is rebellious and refractory to God; for here we shall see both his conscience and resolutions taught another rule, and prescribed a contrary Law; yea, here we shall behold and observe in him, that now Righteousness shall triumph over Sin, Grace over nature, his Soul over his Body, Heaven over Hell, and God over Satan: for at the very first sight of the Rack, the sight and remembrance of his bloody crime makes him shake and tremble extremely; when his soul being illuminated by the resplendent Sunbeams of God's mercy, and the foggy mists of Hell and Satan expelled and banished thence, he falls to the ground on his knees, first beats his breast, and then erecting his eyes and hands towards Heaven, he (with a whole deluge of tears) again confesseth, that he had drowned his Mother in the Well, from and for the which he humbly craveth remission, both from Heaven and Earth.

And although there be no doubt, but God will forgive his soul for this his foul murder, yet the Magistrates of *Morges*, who have gravity in their looks, religion in their hearts and speeches, and justice in their actions, will not pardon his body; so in detestation of this his fearful crime, and inhuman paricide, they in the morning condemn him, that very afternoon to be hanged. At the pronouncing of which sentence, as he hath reason to approve the equity of their justice in condemning him to die, so he cannot abstain from grieving at the strictness of the time which they allot him for his preparation to death. *But as soon as we forsake the Devil, we make our peace with God.*

All *Morges* and *Lofanna* rings of this mournful and tragical news, and in detestation of this mournful, inhumane, and bloody crime of our execrable *Maurice*, they flock from all parts and streets to the place of execution, to see him expiate it by his death, and so to take his last farewell of this life.

The Divines, who are given him for fortifying and assisting his soul in this her flight and transmigration from Earth to Heaven, have religiously prevailed with him, so as they make him see the foulness of his crime, in the sharpness of his contrition and repentance for the same; yea, he is become so humble, and withal so sorrowful, for this bloody and degenerate offence, as I know not whether he think thereof with more grief, or remember it with detestation and repentance. At his ascending the ladder, most of his Spectators cannot refrain from weeping; and the very sight of their tears proves the argument of his, as his remembrance of murdering his mother, was the cause.

He tells them he grieves at his very soul, for the foulness of his fact, in giving his Mother her death, of whom he had received his life. He affirms, that drunkenness was not onely the root, but the cause of this his beggery and misery, of his crime and punishment, and of his debauched life, and deserved death, from which with a world of sighs and tears he seeks and endeavours to divert all those who affect and practise that beastly vice. He declares, that his Mother was too virtuous so soon to go out of the world, and himself too vicious (and withall too cruel) any longer to live in it; that the sins of his life had deserved this his shameful death; and although he could not prevent the last, yet that he heartily and sorrowfully repented the first. He prayed God to be merciful to his soul, and then besought the world to pray unto God for that mercy; when speaking a few words to himself, and sealing them with many tears and far-fetched sighs, he lastly bids the world farewell; then inviting the Executioner to do his office, he is turned over.

And such was the vicious life, and deserved death of this execrable son, and bloody villain *Maurice*: wherein I must confess, that although his end were shameful and sharp; yet it was by far too too mild for the foulness of his crime, in so cruelly murdering his dear mother *Christina*, whom the Laws both of Nature and Grace commanded him to preserve and cherish. Yea, let all sons and daughters, of all ages and ranks whatsoever, look on this

bloody and disastrous example of his with fear, and fear to commit the like by the sight of his punishment. It is a History, worthy both of our meditation and detestation, whether we cast our eyes on his drunkenness, or fix our thoughts and hearts on his murther. Those who love and fear God are happy in their lives, and fortunate in their deaths; but those who will neither fear nor love him, very seldom prove fortunate in the one, never happy in the other; and to the rest of our sins, if we once consent and give way to add that scarlet, and crying one of murther; that blood which we untimely send to earth, will in God's due time draw down vengeance on our heads from Heaven; Charity is the mark of a Christian; and the shedding of innocent blood, either that of an Infidel, an Atheist, or a Devil. O therefore let us affect and strive to hate it in others, and so we shall the better know how to detest and abhor it in our selves: which that we may all know to our comforts, and remember to our consolations, direct us, O Lord our God, and so we shall be directed.

FINIS.

The

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
Against the
Crying and Execrable
SIN OF
MURDER.

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OF THE

CRIMINALS

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By the late Mr. John Howard, F.R.S. &c.
Author of the History of the Prisons of Great Britain, &c.
and of the History of the Prisons of France, &c.
Translated by J. Howard, Esq. &c.

BOOK IV.

Written by JOHN HOWARD.

LONDON.

Printed by J. Bland, for Thomas Long, 1679.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
P H I L I P

EARL OF

PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY
Lord Chamberlain to the King, one of his Majesties
most Honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the most
Noble Order of the Garter.

Right Honourable,

Having formerly dedicated the Third Book of these my Tragical Histories (of God's
Revenge against Murderer) to your Incomparable Lord and Brother, William
of Pembroke (who now lives with God) I therefore held my self bound (by the
double obligation of my duty and your own generous merits) likewise to present this
Fourth Book to your Protection and Patronage, because as England, so Europe perfect-
ly knows, that you are as true an Heir to his Virtues, as to his Fortunes, and to his Good-
ness, as to his Greatness, and that therefore it may properly be said he is not dead, because
they (as well as himself) do still survive and live in you, with equal lustre and glory, as
having made either a happy Metamorphosis, or a blessed Transmigration into your Noble
breast and resolutions : and therefore as it was my sincere respects and zeal to his Honour
that then drew me to that ambition ; so it is entirely the same which hath now both invited
and induced me to this presumption to your Lordship, having no other end or object in
this my Dedication, but that this Book of mine having the Honour to be countenanced by so
great a Personage, and the felicity to be protected by so honourable a Meccenas, may there-
fore encounter the more safely with the various humours it shall meet with, and abide more
securely the different censures of this our too fastidious age.

How these Histories (or the memorable accidents which they contain and relate) will
relish with your Lordship's palate or judgement, I know not ; Only because you are a no-
ble Son of God's Church, and an excellent Servant to your Prince and Country, I there-
fore rather hope than presume, that your Honour will at least be pleased to see, if not de-
light to know, and consider, how the Triumphs of God's Revenge and Punishments doth
herein secretly and providentially meet with this crying and scarlet sin of premeditated
Murder, and with the bloody and inhumane Perpetrators thereof, who hereby (as so
many merciles Butchers, and prodigious Monsters of mankind) do justly make themselves
odious to Men, and execrable to God and his Angels.

God

God hath (deservedly) honoured your Lordship with the favour of two great Earthly Kings your Sovereigns, as first of your Royal King James the Father, and now of our present most Renowned King Charles his Son, and yet this external honour and favour of theirs is no way so glorious to you, as that (mangre the reigning Vices of the World) you serve the true God of Heaven, in purity of your heart, and fear and adore him in the integrity of your soul. And to represent you with naked Truth, and not with Eloquence or Adulation, this Heavenly Piety of yours I believe is the prime reason, and true Essential cause of all this your Earthly honour, and sublunary Greatness, and that this is it likewise which doth so rejoyce your heart, and enrich and replenish your House with so numerous and noble an Issue, of hopeful and flourishing Children, who (as so many Olive-branches of Virtue, and Syens and Plants of Honour) doth both environ your Bed, and surround your Table, and who promise no less, then futurally to magnifie the blood, and to perpetuate and immortalize the Illustrious Name and Family of the Herberts to all Posterity.

Go on resolutely and constantly (Noble Lord) in your religious Piety to God, and in your candid and unstained Fidelity to your Prince and Country, that your life may triumph over your death, and your Virtues contend to out-shine your Fortunes, and that hereafter God (of his best favour and mercy) may make you as blessed and as glorious a Saint in Heaven, as now you are a great Peer and Noble Pillar here on Earth: which none shall pray for with more true zeal, or desire or wish with more real and unfeigned affection, than

Your Honours truly devoted and
most Humble Servant,

JOHN REYNOLDS

The



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murder.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY XVI.

Idiaques castris his Son Don Juan to marry Marfilla; and then commits Adultery and Murder with her. She makes her Father in Law Idiaques to poison his own old wife Honoria; and likewise makes her own brother De Perez to kill her Chamber-maid Mathurina: Don Juan afterwards kills De Perez in a Duel: Marfilla hath her brains dashed out by a horse, and her body afterwards condemned to be burnt: Idiaques is beheaded, his body likewise consumed to ashes, and thrown into the air.

LET Malice be never so secretly contrived, and the shedding of innocent blood never so wretchedly perpetrated, yet as our Conscience is to us a thousand witnesses, so God is to us a thousand Consciences, first to bring it to light, and then their Authority to deserved punishments for the same, when they least dream or think thereof. For as there is no peace to the wicked, so they shall find no peace or tranquillity here on earth, either with God or his creatures, because if they would conceal it, yet the very Fowles of the air, yea, the stones and timbers of their chambers will detect it: For the Earth or Air will give them no breath nor being, but they shall hang between both, because, by these their foul and deplorable facts, they have made themselves unworthy of either. A powerful example, and a pitiful precedent whereof, we shall behold in this ensuing History, where some wretched miscreants and graceless creatures making themselves guilty of those bloody crimes (by the immediate Revenge and Justice of God) received exemplary, and condign punishments for the same. May we read it to Gods glory, to the comfort of our hearts, and the instruction of our souls.

In the City of *Santarem*, which (by tract of time, and corruption of speech) some term *Sant Arén*, and which (after *Lisbon*) is one of the richest and best people of *Portugal*; their

dwell a Gentleman of some fifty five years old, nobly descended and of a great estate and means, named *Don Sebastian Idiaquez*, whose wife and Lady being aged, of well near fifty years, was termed *Dona Florina*, and well he deserved that honourable name, for all sorts of virtues and honours made her youth famous, and her age glorious to all *Portugal* and *Spain*. They had lived together in the bonds of Matrimony almost thirty years, with much honour, content, and felicity, and for the fruit of their affection and marriage, they had two Sons and four Daughters; but God in his pleasure and Providence for some reserved reasons best known to his all Divine Majesty, took from Earth to Heaven all their Daughters, and one of their Sons, so as now they have left them but one Son, named *Don Juan*, a gallant young Gentleman, of some twenty five years old, of disposition brave and generous, who after his first youthful education under his Father, had his chief breeding under the Duke of *Braganza*, to whom he was first a Page, and then a chief Gentleman retaining to him, whom (in regard of the death of his Brother and Sisters) his Father called home unto him, to be his comfort and consolation, and the prop and stay of his age, as also of the Lady his Mother, who had formerly acted a great part in grief and a mournful one in sorrow for the death of her children; and indeed *Don Juan*, this Son of theirs, for all regards of Courtship, was held to be a compleat Gallant, and of the prime Cavaliers of *Portugal*.

As for *Idiaquez* the Father, though in all the course and progress of his life, and in all the life and conduction of his actions, he bewrayed many moral and generous virtues; yet as one discordant string marring the harmony of the best tuned instrument, and the consent of the sweetest melody and musick; and as the foul Vice is naturally subject, and fatally incident to, eclipse and drown many rich and fair virtues; so in this his old age, when time had honoured him with white hairs, he debased himself so much, and so foolishly sacrificed his irregular and out to heart-killing concupiscence, and his exorbitant desires to soul-destroying adultery, that he very often made himself a false and inconstant Husband to his wife, and a true, yea, too a friend to Courtisans and Strumpets. His virtuous Lady *Florina* extremely grieves here at, that now in his latter years he should thus lasciviously forget himself, both towards her, and towards God. She useth all persuasions, prayers and tears, to dissuade and divert him from it; but seeing that all proves vain, and that he rather proves worse than better thereat, her discretion makes her brook it with as much patience as she can; and therefore she seems not to see or know that whereof (to her grief and discontent) she cannot be ignorant. But here *Idiaquez* is a doer which his brethren were not, and their Son *Don Juan*, many of a side.

Some six leagues from *Salamanca* was a wonderful young Gentlewoman, being a Widow, and but of twenty two years, *Dona Isabella* well descended, but by her late deceased Husband left but small means, yet she bears out her part bravely, and maintains her self highly and gallantly, and indeed she is the prime young Lady for beauty in all those parts: Now the base Ambassadors, and Emmissaries of *Idiaquez* his beastly and obscene lust (the true Vipers and Chameleons of Courtship) were, as it were, upon him, and of her singular beauty, as well forswearing and knowing, that it would be sweet and pleasing news unto him. He visits and courts her, and as young as she is, she puts him off with peremptory refusal; and in virtuous and modest manners doth in his age for this his lecherous sute and motion to her: But he is so constant in his affection to her, as she is disdainful to him; for his heart is so inflamed and intangled in the fetters of her fresh and delicate beauty, that although she refuse him, yet he will not forsake her; but after many pursues and visits, she at last well perceiving that he loved her tenderly and deeply, and that he still most importunately frequented her house and company, she at a subtil and cunning young Gentlewoman, tells him plainly and privately, that she will acquaint him with a secret of her heart, and a request of her mind and affection, which if he will please to be performed, she then vows she will for ever be at his disposing and command. *Idiaquez* thinking that she will crave some money of him, or some yearly pension or annuity, he instantly promiseth to grant and perform her request; so she, taking time at advantage, and not swearing him to secrecy, then (with many smiles and blushes) she tells him, that it ever he think to enjoy her love and her self, he must use the means to marry his Son *Don Juan* to her, which being affected, she with much pretended shew of piety and affection, religiously swears to him, that she will never have the power or will to deny him any thing, but that his requests shall be to her as so many commands, and (but only for himself) if his Son *Don Juan* be her Husband, she with many imprecations and asseverations swears, that she will sacrifice her best blood and life, rather than dishonour his bed, or offer him the least shadow of any scandal or dishonour whatsoever. *Idiaquez* wondereth with admiration, and admires with wonder at this her strange Proposition, the which he findes so

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knotty and intricate, as measuring Grace by Nature, his judgment by his Lust and Concupiscence, and his soul by his affections, he knows not what to say or do herein; so he answereth her with more love than wisdom, and for that time leaves her in general terms. He goes home, walks pensively in his garden, and there consults Pro and Con on this business; said he would preserve his Son's honour, and keep the honour of his bed immaculate, but then the sweet Roses and Lilies of *Marsilia's* youth and beauty act wonders in his heart, and bear down all other reasons and considerations before it: He visits her again and again, but he finds her inviolably constant in her former resolution. All the favour and courtesie which he can gain from her are a few extorted kisses, which so inflame and set on fire his aged heart and affections, as at last like a graceless Father, he faithfully promiseth her to use his best Art and Power to procure his Son to marry her. To which end he takes him aside, and in the softest and sweetest terms he can devise, paints out *Marsilia's* praises and virtues to him in the purest and rarest colours, adding withal, that although she be not exceeding rich, yet that her personage is so exquisite, and her perfections so excellent, as that she every way meriteth to be wife to a Prince. *Don Juan* (by what fatal Fortune, I know not) reliseth this motion of his Father, to seek the Lady *Marsilia* for his wife, with much delight and joy, and far the more and the sooner, in regard he (in divers Companies) hath formerly heard the fame of her beauty extolled, and the glories of her Virtues advanced to the Sky; so he takes time of his Father to consider hereof, and rides over sometimes with him to Saint *Esfien* to visit her. He finds her wonderful fair and beautiful, and wonderful coy; of a very sweet and Majestical carriage, and of a delicate and curious speech, fit baits to ensnare the heart, and to betray the judgment of a more solid understanding than that of *Don Juan*. She acts her part as wisely as he doth amorously and passionately; For the more she makes shew to retire and conceal her affection from him, the more he is provoked to advance and discover his to her; but he cannot be so much enamoured of her beauty, as she is with the great Estate of Lands and Demains whereunto God and his Father have made him heir.

Whiles thus the Father privately and the Son publicly are seeking to make *Marsilia* his wife, the old Lady *Honor* the mother, by many strong reasons seeks to divert him from her; she hath perfect notice of her husbands long and often frequenting of *Marsilia's* house and company, and therefore fearing the vanity of his age, and doubting the frailty of her youth and chastity, her jealousy and judgment at last finds out and concludes, that his familiarity with her is far greater than honour can warrant or honesty allow of. Upon which foundation she in her discontented looks and silence, bewrays unto her Son *Don Juan*, her constant and resolute aversal from him to marry her, the which she peremptorily and religiously forbids him upon her blessing, adding withal, that if he marry her, there will infallibly more miseries and calamities attend their nuptials, than as yet it is possible for him either to know or conceive; the which she prays him to read in her looks and silence, to remember it when he sees her not, and to take it as the truest advice, and securest counsel of a dear mother to her only Son. *Don Juan* rummates on these speeches and advice of his mother, as if there were some deep abstruse mystery or ambiguous Oracle contained and hidden therein, the which because he hath equal reason as well to fear that this match of his with *Marsilia* may prove fatal, as to hope and believe that it may prove fortunate, he makes a stand hereat, as vowing to proceed therein with advisement, and not with temerity and precipitation, and so forbears for a month or two to visit her. But the more the Son flies off in his affection from *Marsilia*, the more doth she do the like from his father in requital, whereat he grieves with discontent, and she seems to bite her lip with sorrow. *Idiaques* chargeth his son to tell him from whence this his sudden strangeness and unkindness towards *Marsilia* proceedeth; the which he answers with a modest excuse, as favouring more of discretion than disobedience, but yet wholly concealeth his Mother's counsel and advise to him from his Father, the which notwithstanding he vehemently suspecteth it proceeds from her and her jealousy: *Marsilia* is enraged to see her self deprived of *Don Juan*, whom in her ambitious thoughts, hopes, and wishes, she had already made her Husband; and howsoever *Idiaques* his Father seeks to conceal and palliate this business towards her, yet she believes it is his fault, and not his Son's. She lays it to his charge, and knitting her brows she conjureth him to tell her from whence his Son's unkindness to her proceeds. He tells her, he is confident, that it is his old Mother who hath diverted him from her, whereat she is exceedingly enraged. When seeing this old Letcher so open and plain with her, she soothing him up with many kisses, tells him that this old Beldam his wife must first be in Heaven, before he can hope to enjoy her; or she his Son here on Earth, when (being allured and provoked by the treacherous suggestions and bloody temptations of the Devil) she proffers him to visit her, and to poison her, which he opposeth

and contradicteth; and contrary to all reason and sense, and repugnant to all Humanity and Christianity, yea, to Nature and Grace, (as a Husband sitter for the Devil, than for this good old Lady his wife) he undertakes and promiseth her speedily to perform it himself, yea the Devil is now so strong with him, and he with the Devil, that because he loves *Marcellia*, therefore he must hate his own dear wife, and virtuous Lady *Honorio*; and because he hates her, therefore he must poison her; a lewd part of a man, a fouler one of a Christian, but a most hellish and bloody one of a Husband to his own wife, who ought to be near and dear unto him as being his own flesh and blood, yea the other half of himself. He cannot content himself to seek to abuse and betray his Son, but he must also murder the Mother. So wanting the fear of God before his eyes, and repleat with as much impiety and cruelty, as he was devoid of all Grace, he is resolute in this his hellish rage and malice against her, and so to please his young Strumpet, he will send this good old Lady his wife to Heaven in a bloody Coffin; so without thinking of Heaven or Hell, or of God, or his soul, he procures strong poison, and acting the part of a Fury of Hell, and a member of the Devil, he as a wretched and execrable Husband, administred it to her in preserved Barbaries, which he saw her usually to love and eat, whereof within three days after he dies; to the extremest grief and sorrow of her *Don Juan*, who bitterly wept, for this his mothers hasty and unexpected death; but the manner thereof he knows not and indeed doeth no way in the world either doubt or suspect thereof.

His father *Idiaques* makes a counterfeit shew of sorrow and mourning to the world, for the death of his wife; but God in his due time will unmask this his wretched hypocrisie, and detect and revenge this his execrable and deplorable murder. Now as soon as *Marcellia* is advertised of the Lady *Honorio*'s death, she not able to contain her Joys, doth infinitely triumph thereat, and within less than two moneths after her burial, *Idiaques* and *Marcellia* work so politickly with *Don Juan*, as he marries *Marcellia*, although his mothers advice to him in the garden, do still run in his mind and thoughts; and now he brings home his lustful Spouse and Wife to his lewd and lascivious Fathers house at *Santarem*, where (I write with horror and shame) he most beastly and inhumanely very often commits Adultery and Incest with her, and they act it so close that for the first year or two, his Son *Don Juan*, hath no news or inkling thereof; and now *Marcellia* governeth and rules all, yea her incontinency with her Father *Idiaques* makes her so audacious and impudent, as she commands not only his house, but himself, and domineers most proudly and imperiously over all his Servants. Her waiting-maid *Mathurina* observes and takes exact and curious notice, of her young Ladies lustful, and unlawful familiarity with her Father in Law *Idiaques*; the which her Mistress understanding, she extremely beats her for the same; and twice whips her stark naked in her Chamber, and drags her about by the hair, although this poor young Gentlewoman, with a world of tears and prayers, begs her to desist and give over.

God hath many ways and means to set forth his glory, in detecting of Crimes and punishing of offenders, yea he is now pleased to make use of this young maidens discontent and choler against her incested Lady and Mistress, for we shall see her pay dear for this cruelty and tyranny of hers towards her; for *Mathurina*, being a Gentlewoman by birth, she takes these blows and severe usage of her Lady in so ill part, and lodgeth it so deeply in her heart and memory, as she vows her revenge shall requite part of that of her cruelty and tyranny towards her; Whereupon (with more haste than discretion, and with more malice than fidelity) she in her hot blood, goes to *Don Juan*, her young Master, tells him of this foul business betwixt his young Wife and old Father, to the disgrace and shame of nature; and makes him see and know his own dishonour, in their brutish and beastly Adultery and Incest. *Don Juan* extremely grieves hereat, yea he is both amazed and astonished at the report of this unnatural crime, as well of his young Wife as aged Father. He cannot refrain from choler and tears hereat, to see himself thus infinitely abused by her beauty, and betrayed by his lust; and if it be a beastly, yea prophane part, for one man, and friend to offer it to another, how much more for a Father to offer it to his own, yea to his only Son? He expected more goodness from her youth, and grace from his age, but as his wife hath hereby infringed her vow, and oath of wedlock, so hath his wretched Father exceeded and broken those rules and precepts of Nature; yea he is so nettled with the report and inflamed with the consideration and memory hereof, that he abhors her infidelity, and in his heart and soul detesteth his inhumanity; so as the knowledge hereof doth so justly incense him against her, and exasperate himself against him, that resolving to right his own honour, as much as they have blemished and ruined it, and therein their own, he scorns to be an eye-Witness, much less an accessory of this his shame and their infamy. So he here enters into a discreet and generous consultation with himself, how to bear himself in this strange and dishonourable accident? When perceiving and finding that

that both his wife and Father, had by this their beastly adultery and incest, made themselves for ever unworthy of his sight and company; he here for ever disclaiming henceforth to see her, or speak with him, very suddenly (upon a second conference, and examination of *Mathurina*, who stood firmly and virtuously to her former deposition and accusation against them) takes horse and rides away from *Samaram* to *Lisbon*, where providing himself of moneys and other necessities, he takes Post for *Spain*, and there builds up his residence and stay at the Court at *Madrid*, where we will for a while leave him, to speak of other accidents which fall out in the course of this History.

Albuquerque seeing the sudden departure of his Son, and *Marsilia* of her Husband, *Don Juan*; and being both assured that he had some secret notice and intelligence of their lascivious dalliances & affection, he exceedingly grieves and she extremely storms thereat, because they know that this foul scandal will wholly reflect and fall upon them; and now by this his sudden and discontented departure from them, will be made notorious and apparent to all the world. But how to remedy it they know not, because he hath neither signified him whether he is gone, nor when he will return; the which the more bewrayeth his small respect, and discovereth his implacable displeasure towards them. But as there is no malice and revenge to that of a woman, so *Marsilia* assuring her self that it was her Maid *Mathurina*, who (to the prejudice and scandal of her honour) had unlocked this mystery to her Husband *Don Juan*, she enters into so furious a rage, and so outrageous a fury against her, as she provides her self of Rods; and intends the next morning she be stirring out of her bed, to wreak her fierce anger and indignation upon her. But this sharp and severe resolution of hers, is not so closely carried by her, but *Mathurina* hath perfect notice thereof, and to prevent this intended correction and cruelty of her iuenced Lady and Mistress, she the night before takes horse, and so rides home to the Town of *St. Saviours* to her Father; and there, from point to point relateth him all which had past betwixt the Lady and her self, and betwixt her Husband, her self, and her Father-in-Law; and that now disdaining any more to serve her, as her body so her tongue is at liberty; for she is not, and she will not be sparing to publish her Mistress and her Father-in-Laws shameful familiarity and adultery together. But this indiscretion, and licentious folly of her tongue will cost her far dearer than she thinks of, or expecteth.

For her late Lady and Mistress *Marsilia*, being now perfectly certified of *Mathurina's* infidelity and treachery towards her in the point of her dishonour and shame, she (to save up her reputation; and to provide for the same) will not wholly rely upon her own judgment and discretion herein, but resolves to acquaint *Don Alonso de Perez*, her own only Brother herewith, and to crave his aid and assistance, as also his advice, betwixt whom and her self there was so strict a league and sympathy of affection, that (if reports be true) I write it to their shame, and mine own sorrow, it exceeded the bounds of Nature and Honour, and of Modesty and Chastity; only the presumption hereof is great and pregnant, for if there had not been some extraordinary ties and obligations betwixt them, it is rather to be believed than doubted, that for her sake and service, he would never have so freely exposed himself to such imminent fears and dangers; as we shall immediately see him do; and although (of honour and disposition) he were brave and generous; yet I believe he would not have undertaken it. For the Reader must understand, that to this Brother of hers, *Don Perez*, *Marsilia* speedily acquaints the infidelity and treachery of her Maid *Mathurina's* tongue against her Fame and Honour, which had so unfortunately occasioned her Husband, *Don Juan's* discontented departure from her. She protesteth most seriously and deeply to him of her and her Father-in-Law, *Albuquerque's* innocence in this pretended crime and scandal. Tells him, that *Mathurina* is the only author and reporter thereof, and therefore till that base and lewd tongue of hers be eternally stopped and silenced, she shall never enjoy any true content to her heart or peace to her thoughts and mind, either in this world, or this life: When his affection to her makes him to yield such confidence to her speeches, vows, and complaints, that he holds them to be as true as Scripture; yea, and the undoubted Oracles of Truth and Innocency: when to please and satisfy her, he bids her be of good cheer and comfort, and that he will speedily take such order that *Mathurina's* scandalous tongue shall not long eclipse her fame, or any further blemish the lustre of her reputation: When this base and bloody Gentleman, *De Perez*, to make good this his promise to his execrable Sister, he secretly rides over to *St. Saviours*, and there by night waiting near her Fathers door, when *Mathurina* would chance to issue forth, he in a dark night spying her (without any more ceremony or further expostulation) runs her thorow the body two several times, whereof poor hapless innocent soul she falls down dead to his feet, without once speaking or crying. So *De*

Perez seeing her dispatched, he presently takes horse (which his man there led by him) and poasts away to *Santarem*, being neither seen nor discovered. And thus this bloody villain most deplorably imbreued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of this virtuous young Gentlewoman, who never offended him in thought, word, or deed, in all her life, and albeit that her Father *Signior Pedro de Castell* makes curious enquiry and research for the murtherer of his Daughter, yet *De Perez* (mounted at advantage) hath recovered *Santarem* in safety. But God will in due time find him out to his shame and confusion; yea, and then when his security and courage little dreams thereof.

As soon as he comes to *Santarem*, he acquaints his Sister *Marsillia* of his dispatching of *Machurina*, who is infinitely glad thereof; and extremely thankful to him for the same: and now her malice and revenge looks wholly on her Husband *Don Juan*, for offering her this unkind and scandalous indignity of his departure; and for tacitly taxing and condemning her of incontinency with his Father *Idiaques*, which her adulterous heart, and incestuous soul and conscience doth inwardly confess and acknowledg, though the perfidiousness and hypocrisy of her false tongue do publickly deny it; yea, with her best art and policy, and with her sweetest smiles and kisses, she hath by this time so exasperated this her bloody Brother against him, that (out of his vanity and folly) he prophanely vows unto God, and seriously protests and swears unto her, That if he knew where he were (for the vindication of her honour and innocency) he would ride to him and fight with him, except he would resolve to give him and her, some valuable reparation and honourable satisfaction to the contrary, which he seals and confirms to her with many amorous smiles, and lascivious kisses. But as we are commonly never nearer danger than when we think our selves farthest from it: So God being as secret in his decrees, as sacred in his resolutions, we shall shortly see *De Perez* to verifie and confirm it in himself; for as in the heat of this his sottish affection to his sister, he is ready to fight with her Husband *Don Juan*, if he knew where he was; so the news of his residence in *Madrid*, when he least thinks thereof, is accidentally brought him by a Servant of his own, whom he purposely sends to *Santarem* with these two ensuing Letters. The one sent and directed from him to his Father, the other to his wife *Marsillia*. That to his Father spake thus.

DON JUAN to IDIAQUES.

WAS there no other woman of the whole world for you to abuse but my Wife, and was your fall so weak with God; or you so strong with the Devil, that you must therefore make her your Scrumpet, because she was my Wife? If Nature would not inform you that I am your Son, yet you are my Father, and it should have taught you to have been more natural to me; more honourable to the world, more respectful to your self, and more religious to God, and not to have made your self guilty of these foul crimes of Adultery and Incest with her, the least whereof is so odious to God, and so detestable to men, that I want terms, not tears to express it. For hereby as you have made my shame infinite, so likewise you have made your own infamy eternal, the consideration whereof gives me so much grief, and the remembrance sorrow; that holding you for ever unworthy of my sight, and shew of my company, I have therefore left Portugal for Spain, and forsaken *Santarem* to live and die here in *Madrid*. And when hereafter God shall be so mercifull to your soul, to let you see that the Winter of your life makes you siter for your Grave than for my Bed, and for your winding-sheet, than for my Wife; you will then hold this resolution and proceeding of mine towards you as honourable, as this your crime to me is unnatural: the which if you henceforth redeem not with an Ocean of bitter tears, and a world of repentance and religious Prayers to God, I rather fear than doubt, that his divine Majesty will make you as miserable, as you have made me unfortunate.

DON JUAN.

His Letter to his Wife spake this language.

DON JUAN to MARSILLIA.

WAS the Devil possessed thy heart with lust, and thy soul with impiety, to make thee violate thy vow which thou gavest me in marriage, by committing those damnable sins of Adultery and Incest with my natural Father? And if the consideration that I was thy Husband could not in grace de-

me from it, yet (methinks) the remembrance that he was my Father should in Nature have made thee both to abhor and detest it: And although my tender affection to thee, and filial obedience to him, made me expect more goodness from thy youth, and grace from his age, yet God is a just Judge, and your hearts are true witnesses of these your unnatural crimes and foul ingratitude towards me, which hath cast so great a blemish and scandal on mine honour, and dashed my eyes with so many unthly affections, and unmerited sorrows, that I have abandoned Portugal and Santarem for thy sake, and betaken myself to live and die in Madrid in Spain for mine, where I will strive to make myself as contented as discontent can make me, and so leave thee thy enormous crime, and the punishment thereof, to God, in whom thou mayest be happy; but without whom thou wilt assuredly be miserable. And think what just calamities and miseries thine uncharitable lust and carnal desires have already deservedly reduced and exposed thee, Since henceforth I will no more cherish thee my Wife, or myself thy Husband, and that God will assuredly look on thee with the eye of his displeasure, and the world, of contempt.

DON JUAN.

Idiaques having read and perused that Letter of his Son, and Marsilia this of her Husband Don Juan, they are therewith so touched in heart with shame and rage, in consequence with sorrow for their foul crimes of Adultery and Incest, that they blush each at others, and both of them most bitterly curse the name and memory of Malintra, who was the first author of this report to him, and which so suddenly incensed him, and occasioned his departure. So to bear up their reputations to the World, and their fames to him, they resolve (without either asking leave or pardon of God) to justify their innocency hereof to him, and so to pursue and solicit his return. To which effect they write and return him (by his own servant) their two several Letters in answer of his: whereof that of Idiaques his Father carried this message.

IDIAQUES to DON JUAN.

Thou dost wrong thy self and the truth, God and thy Conscience, and thy wife and me, in justifying us of those foul sins of Incest and Adultery, whereof we are as truly guilty, as thou art justly and maliciously doonest us guilty. For I have not abused her nor made her my Strumpet, although she be the Devil (in the slanderous tongue of Malintra) hath made thee so believe; so that Nature hath taught me more Grace and goodness, not so little impiety, for that I have been so much more devout to God, and doctable to the world, than either thy fornication can excuse thee, or thy lust can justify me. Neither have I made thy shame infamous, or caus'd thou make my infamy worse, much less mortal, although herein thou show me thy ingratitude; together with thy desertion, by leaving Portugal for Spain, and Santarem for Madrid, whereof because thou wilt not make thy duty, I have contented myself to make thy discretion Judge betwixt us. If thou have not done me more wrong, than I have done thy self, and the truth right herein; and offered a scandal likewise to thy virtuous honour, by making thy company her chiefest joy, as now she doth thy absence her sharpest misery and affliction, then can I go to my Grave with content, when thou forsakest her bed with malice; and my heart with disdain? My innocency in thy accusation hath no way irritated or offended thee, and if there were but Tears and Prayers thou wilt resolve to us God, thy Wife, and me forgiveness for this thy foul crime and monstrous ingratitude towards us, then more just shall be as open as ever they have been to receive, and my house to welcome thee, and therein thou shalt make thy self as truly happy, as thou falsely and uncharitably thinkest that God will make me miserable.

IDIAQUES.

The Answer of his wife Marsilia to him was couched in these terms.

MARSILLIA to DON JUAN.

It is neither Lust nor the Devil which can make me infringe or violate my Vow given thee in marriage, although thou art as far from the truth as from God to believe it. But how shall I hope that thy tongue will excuse me of these thy pretended foul crimes of Adultery and Incest, when, to my astonishment and grief, I see thou likewise condemnest thy old Father to be guilty thereof without? And if this be any way affection to me, or obedience to him, let all other Fathers judge, and all Sons define and determine. But to return thee truth for thy falshood; His age expected and deserved more

more grace, and my youth and Virgins more affection and goodness from that, than to have believed those false calumnies and impostures upon the bare report and malicious relation of my hand-maid *Mathurina*, which are now dead with her and are as false as thy rashness and her revenge makes them believe them true, for it is neither I nor thy Father who have any way blemished thine honour, or transgressed thy joys, but rather thy self; and thy too too unkind and hasty departure from Santarem to Madrid; which (to the prejudice of the truth, and of my consent and honour) hath occasioned it. For my love and faith will testify both with me and for me, that my affection and constancy is both as faithful, firm, and true to thee, as thy jealousy is false towards my self, and therefore as thou leavest my person a crown, so will I thy real ingratitude both to time and to God, and if yet thou wilt be so unfaithful, and so long from me, and consequently not to esteem me thy wife, yet as it is my zeal and duty to be true, and to be true to thee, so I will make my Integrity and Conscience still so bold and long live for my husband; and so preserving my heart for thee, as I do my soul for God, I hope with assurance and confidence that I shall have no cause to fear either his indignation, or the worlds contempt, in regard I have neither merited the one, nor deserved the other.

DON JUAN

MARILLIA

Upon the writing and contents of these two Letters of *Idalgus* to his Son, and of *Marillia* to her Husband *Don Juan*, the Reader may please to observe and remember with how much policy, and with how little piety they seek to over-veil and deny these their Adulteries and Incest towards him, thereby to make their actions and themselves appear as innocent, as they are guilty both to him and to God. But God being the Author of Truth, and the Father of Light, and whose Sacred Throne and Tribunal is environed with more glorious Suns than we see glistering Stars in the Firmament, He will one day unmask this their hypocrisy, and bring their foul sins of Adultery and Incest, both to light and punishment. Now as *Marillia* is exorbitantly lascivious in her affection to her Brother *De Perez*, and he reciprocally so to her, so with a world of false sighs and tears she shews him her Letter, and her Father-in-Laws *Idalgus*, which they had sent to her Husband *Don Juan* to Madrid; and with many false oaths and asseverations protesteth to him of both their innocencies herein, which her Brother believes, yea, her feigned sorrows and false tears had so far trunched and gained upon his credulity, that in contemplation and commiseration of her wrongs, he was then so vain and impious, as once he thought to have carried these two Letters himself into Spain, and there to have fought with *Don Juan* for the reparation of his Sister's honour. But at last leaving passion to consult with reason, and temerity again to be vanquished and swayed by judgment, first that these Letters of theirs should see Spain, and then to send his Brother-in-Law *Don Juan*, his answer to them, and as he shall therein find him either perverse or flexible to his wives desires, and his Father's expectations, he will accordingly bear himself and his resolutions towards him, and hereon both himself and his Sister *Marillia* do joyfully determine and conclude. So *Don Juan*'s own servant returns these two aforesaid Letters from Santarem to Madrid to his Master, who breaking up the Seals, and perusing them, he doth not a little wonder at his wives impudency, and his Father's impiety, in so strongly denying these their foul crimes to him: But he is not a little astonished, and withal affected and grieved, when he falls upon that point and branch of his wives Letter which reports the death of his maid *Mathurina*: for in his heart and conscience he now verily thinks and believes, that his wife in her inveterate malice and revenge to her, hath caused her to be murdered, and sent her to Heaven in a bloody winding sheet. But alas, if it be so, how to revoke or remedy it he cannot tell. Once therefore he was minded to have neglected their Letters, and so to have answered them with perpetual oblivion, and a disdainful silence. But then again considering with himself that this might rather increase than extenuate their hopes of his return, he betakes himself to his Study, where taking pen and paper, he, neglecting his Father, traceth his wife this Letter in answer of hers, and again sends it her into Portugal by his own servant, which assureth them of his resolution not to return.

DON JUAN to MARILLIA.

The receipt of thy second Letter hath not diminished, but confirmed and augmented my conscience of my Fathers sinners, and thy infamy, in your foul sins of Adultery and Incest, perpetrated against me, and much is worse against God; so that I am fully resolved for ever to forsake his house, and my company, and to live and dye here in Madrid, as grief and disconsolation will permit me; For I prize the (single) Apologie of (thy pretended) Innocency at so low a rate, and value it as

so base an esteem, as I disdain it for thy sake, and thyself for thine own. I do as much grieve as I doth doubt and fear, thou rejoicest at thy Maid Mathurina's death; and as I am ignorant of the manner, so if my Father and thy self have been the cause thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to believe that God (who is as just in his resolutions, as sacred in his decrees,) will in the end revenge it to his glory, and punish it to your confusion.

DON JUAN.

This Letter of his doth inflame his wife with malice and indignation; for now her Father and he see these their lustful and lascivious crimes seated and confirmed in his belief, and his stay in Spain fixed in his anger, and eternized in his resolution: When as close as they bear it, yea knowing full well that the World will take notice of it, and ere long make it their publick scandal and infamy; He is so devoid of grace, and she of goodness, that to prevent it, he wisheth his Son in Heaven with his Mother, and she her old Father-in-Law in Grave with her young maid *Mathurina*. But these vain hopes of theirs may deceive them, which as yet, they two are not so wise to think of, nor so cautious or religious to consider, but rather more resembling brute beasts than Christians, they still continue their obscene and incestuous pleasures, the which I take small delight or pleasure to mention in regard of modesty, or to repeat in respect of Nature and Honour. Here *Marfilla* again repairs to her Brother *De Perez*, as to her Oracle and Champion; she shews him both these two last Letters of her Husband to his Father and her self, and conjureth his best advice and speediest assistance for the recovering of her honour, in that of her Husbands affection and company, or else that she were freed from him, and he out of this life and this world, that to her scandal and wrongs might die with him, and for ever be raked up in the dust of his Grave, and buried with him in eternal oblivion and silence. *Don Perez* (in heart and mind) is so much his Sister's, as he is no more himself; when making his affection do homage to her beauty, and his judgment and resolution to pay tribute to his affection, he prays her to refer this charge and business to the care of his discharge; when giving her many kisses, and willing her to read his heart in his eyes, he gives her the good night, and the next morning being impatient of all delays, he takes one *Seignior Gaspar Lopez*, a noble Gentleman, and a valiant intimate friend of his with him, and relating him his intent to fight with his Brother *Don Juan*, and the cause thereof, They undertake this journey of Spain, and so arrive at *Madrid*, where *Lopez* prays *Perez* to make him his second in that Duel; *De Perez* thanks him for this his affection, but tells him he will hazard himself, but not his friend; so writing a Challenge to *Don Juan*, he seals it up, and requesteth *Lopez* to deliver it to him, and the same night to return him his answer. *Lopez* accordingly finds out *Don Juan* in his own Chamber, and gives it to him in fair and discreet terms; who wondering it came from his Brother-in-law *De Perez*, but far more to understand that he was now in *Madrid*, he no way dreaming of a Challenge, but rather thinking that his wife his Sister had sent him thither to him to work her reconciliation, and consequently his return to her to *Santarem*, he hastily breaks up the seals thereof, finds it charged with this language.

DE PEREZ to DON JUAN.

I Have seen thy inveterate malice to thy Wife my Sister, in thy false and scandalous Letters to her; and Portugal hath read it in thy sudden and cholerick departure from her into Spain: Wherefore considering what she is to thee, and I to her, I hold my self bound (both in honour and blood) to make her wrongs and quarrels mine. To which end I have left *Santarem* to find thee out here in *Madrid*, purposely to pray thee to meet me to morrow betwixt six and seven in the morning, at the farthest West end of the Prado, with thy Rapier, a confident Gentleman of thy friends, and thy Chirurgion, without a Second, where thou shalt find me to attend thy coming, and relying upon the equity of my cause, and the ingratitude and infamy of thine, I make no doubt but to teach *Don Juan* what it is for him (without ground or truth) to cast a base aspersion and wrongfull blemish upon the luster of his Wife, and my Sister, the Lady *Marfilla*'s honour, whose descent and extraction is as good as shine, and her education and Virtues far more sublime and excellent. Thy generosity obligeth thee to the honourable performance hereof, and mine honour reciprocally to perform this Obligation.

DE PEREZ.

Don Juan having received and perused this Challenge of his Brother-in-law *De Perez*, and finding his furious resolution to exceed his judgement; he knowing himself innocent, his

cause good, and his courage and valour every way to be superiour to the others, highly disdain-
ing to be out-braved by any Nobleman or Gentleman breathing, in the point of Honour and
generosity, he with a cheerful countenance returns *Lopez* to his Brother *de Perez* with this ac-
cepting answer.

DON JUAN to DE PEREZ.

MI bared to *Marfilla*, and departure from her, was justly occasioned through her treachery
and infidelity to me, and therefore my Letters to her to that effect are as true as she is false in
denying it; notwithstanding, sith she is thy sister, and my Wife, I as much approve of thy affection
to her, as I condemn thy temerity to me, and thy indiscretion to thy self, in making her quarrel
thine, and by forsaking *Santarem*, to fight with me here in *Madrid*. And because thou shalt see
and sith that I have as much courage as innocency, I therefore accept of thy challenge: and am so
far from learning any point of valour of *De Perez*, as to his shame and my glory, I hope to teach
him, that I have no way cast a false aspersion or blemish on the luster of her reputation, but she as
her self; and consequently that I will neither affect her, nor fear thee: For, God lending me life, I
will so morrow break fast with thee at thine own time and place appointed, where my honour and ge-
nerosity invites me to come, and thine to meet me.

DON JUAN.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen having thus imbarqued themselves in the strong resolution
of this weak quarrel and rash Duel, which earthly honour cannot as justly approve and allow of,
as divine religion and Christian piety and charity disallow and execrate; Their malice and re-
venge each to other is so violent and impetuous, that without any thought, either of God or their
Souls, or of Heaven or Hell, they pass over the night, if not in watchfulness, yet in broken
and distracted slumbers, yea the morn no sooner peeped from Heaven through their window to
their Chambers, but they leap from their beds to the Prado, where *De Perez* with his friend
Lopez come first on horse-back, immediately after them *Don Juan* in his Coach, with a young
Gentleman his Friend, termed *Don Ricardo de Valdona*: So these two Duellists disdaining to be
tainted with the least piece of dishonor, or shadow of cowardise, they at first sight of each o-
ther, throw off their doublets, and in their silk stockings and pumps, with their rapiers drawn,
they without any further complement or expostulation approach each other. But here before
they begin to reduce malicious contemplation into bloody action, I hold it fit to inform my Rea-
der with a circumstance that now past between them, wherein doubtless, the Providence of God
was most conspicuous and apparent; For as by the Law and custom both of *Spain* and *Portugal*,
all Rapiers should be of one length, yet *De Perez* curiously casting his vigilant eye upon that of
Don Juan, either his fear, or his judgment, or both, inform him that that Rapier is longer than
his, whereat *Don Juan* grieves far more than *De Perez* can possibly either rejoyce or wonder,
for he is so far from any blemishing his honour with this, or with any other point or shadow
of dishonour, as now he gives his Rapier to measure, and to write the truth, his is found one
inch longer than that of *De Perez*, when biting his lip for anger, he (resembling himself) pro-
fesseth to fight with that either of *Lopez* or *Valdona*, which was sufficient reason for one Gentle-
man of Honour to give, and for another to take; but when he sees that this proffer of his will
neither secure *De Perez* fear, nor confirm his content then, as a noble and generous Gallant, he
freely exchangeth Rapiers with him, gives *De Perez* the longer, and contents himself to fight
with the shorter, whereat *De Perez* rests satisfied, and well he may, sith this action and his re-
ceit thereof, doth as much testifie *Don Juans* glory, as his own dishonour and shame; and now
they again approach each other to fight.

At their first coming up *Don Juan* runs a firm thrust to *De Perez* breast, but he (bearing
it up with his Rapier) runs *Don Juan* in the cheek towards the right ear, which draws much
blood from him, and he in exchange runs *De Perez* thorow his shirt-sleeve without hurting
him: At their second meeting they again close without hurting each other, and so part fair,
without offering any other violence: At their third assault *De Perez* runs *Don Juan* thorow
the brawn of his left arm, who in exchange requites him with a deep wound in his right side,
from whence issued much blood; and now they breathe to recover wind, and to the judgments
of *Lopez* and *Valdona*, (as also of their Chirurgions they hitherto are equal in valour, and
almost in fortune: So although these spectators do of both sides earnestly entreat them to de-
cise

fit and give over, yet they cannot, they will not, be so easily or so soon reconciled each to other; So after a little pausing and breathing, they (with courage and resolution) fall to it afresh, and at their fourth encounter *Don Perez* gives *Don Juan* a deep wound in his left shoulder, and he requites him with another in exchange, in the neck; and although by this time their several wounds hath engrained their white shirts with great effusion of their scarlet blood, yet they are so brave, so generous, or rather so inhuman and malicious, that they will not yet give over, as if they meant and resolved rather to make death fear them, than they any way to fear death: but their fifth close will prove more fatal, for now after they had judiciously traversed their ground, thereby to deceive each other of the disadvantage of the Sun; whiles *De Rove* directs a full thrust to *Don Juans* breast, he bravely and skilfully warding it, in requital thereof, runs him clean thorow the body, a little below his right pap, when closing nimbly with him, and pursuing the point of his good fortunes he whips up his heels, and so nails him to the ground; when he had not the strength to beg his life of *Don Juan*, and God knows he much grieves that it was not then in his power to give it him, for this his last wound being desperately mortal, he presently dyed thereof, having neither the remembrance to call on God, much less to beg mercy of him for his sinful soul; but as he lived abominably and prophanely, so he died miserably and wretchedly. And although I confess it was too great an honour for him to receive his death from so brave a Noble Gentlemans hands as *Don Juan*, yet it is a most singular providence & remarkable punishment of God, that he dyed by the hands of his own lascivious Sister's Husband, and which is yet more, by his own sword, as if God had formerly decreed, and purposely ordained, that the self-same Sword should give him his death, wherewith so lately and so cruelly he had bereaved that harmless innocent young Gentlewoman *Mathurina* of her life: although in regard of this his foul and lamentable murder, he (with less honour and more infamy) every way deserved to have died rather by a halter than a Sword; But Gods Providence is as unsearchable as sacred.

Don Juan having rendered thanks to God for his victory, he out of his noble courtesie and humanity, lends *Lopez* his Coach to transport the dead body of his Brother-in Law *De Perez* into the City; and taking his horse in exchange, he by a private way gets home to his lodging. But this their Duel is not so secretly caried, but within three hours after, all *Madrid* rattles thereof; who knowing the Combatants to be both of them noble Gentlemen of *Portugal*, it gives cause of general talk, and argument of universal envie and admiration in all Spaniards, especially in the nobler sort of Souldiers and Courtiers. When the very day after that *Don Juan* had caused this his Brother to be decently buried, *Lopez* repairs to his Chamber to him, and in a fair and friendly manner enquires of him if he please to return any Letter of this his friends death and of his own victory to *Santarem*, to *Don Idiaques* his father, or to the Lady *Marfilla* his wife, and that his best service herein shall attend and wait on his commands: *Don Juan* thanks *Lopez* for this his courtesie, but tells him, that for some reserved reasons he will send no Letter to either of them, but otherwise wisheth him a prosperous return to *Portugal*; so *Don Juan* remains in *Madrid*, and *Lopez* returns for *Santarem*, and there from point to point relates them the issue of that Combat, as the victory of his Son *Don Juan*, and the death and burial of *De Perez*; adding withall, that he was so reserved and strange, that he would write to neither of them hereof. At the relation and knowledge of this mournful news *Idiaques* cannot refrain from much sorrow, nor *Marfilla* from bursting forth into bitter tears and lamentations thereat: for seeing her dear and only Brother thus slain by the hand of her own unkind Husband; by losing him she knows she hath lost her right arm, and he being dead she knows not to whom to have recourse, either for counsel, or assistance, or consolation. And yet as much as he sorrows and she grieves at this disastrous accident, they notwithstanding are yet so far from thinking it a blow from Heaven, or from looking either up to God or down to their own sinful hearts, consciences, and souls for the same, that without making any good use, or drawing any divine or profitable moral thereof, they still continue their beastly pleasures and damnable Adultery and Incest together, as if there were no God to see, nor no deserved torments or misery reserved to punish it: But they and we shall immediatly see the contrary.

To the great grief of our hearts, and compunction of our souls, we have in this History seen wretched *Idiaques* (by the instigation of the Devil) to poyson his Wife the Lady *Honoria*; and likewise his Daughter-in-Law *Marfilla* to have caused her Brother *De Perez* to have cruelly murdered her waiting-maid in the street; as also by the Providence of GOD *Don Juan* to have slain the said *De Perez* in the field: and our curiosity and expectation shall not go far, before we shall see the just Revenge and punishments of God condignly to surprize

surprise wretched *Idiaques*, and graceless *Marfillia* for the same; for his divine Justice contending with his Sacred Mercy it hath at last prevailed against these their foul and bloody crimes, so now when they are in the midst, yea, in the height and jollity of all these their foul delights & security, like an unlooked-for storm and tempest, it will suddenly befall them. Life hath but one way to bring us into this World, but Death hath infinite to take us from it: and what is this but a true argument and reason of Gods glory and our misery; of his power, and of our frailty and weakness? And therefore because we are as repleat of sin as he is of sanctity, and as subject to imperfections, as all perfections are both properly co-incident and subject to him; It will be an act of moral wisdom, and of religious piety in us, rather to glorifie than examin his sacred Providence; and rather to admire than pry into his divine decrees and resolutions. And because his correction and punishment of all sins, especially of this crying and scarlet sin of Murther, is as just as sacred, and as inscrutable as just; therefore to draw towards the period of this deplorable History, God is first pleased to exercise and begin his Judgment on miserable *Marfillia*, and then to finish it in wretched *Idiaques*. But his divine Majesty is likewise pleased and resolved both to impose and make as great a difference in their punishments, as he found a parity and conformity in their crimes.

It is *Marfillia's* pleasure (or to say more truly, the providence and pleasure of God) that she rides from *Santarem* to *Coimbra* to visit a sick Gentlewoman her Cousin-German, who dwelt there, being accompanied only with her man *Andrea* on horse-back; and her foot-boy *Piscator* to attend her: and as she comes within a small half-League of that Town, having sent away her man *Andrea* before, and her foot-boy *Piscator* being a very little distance behind her, there suddenly starts up a Hare between (or close to) her horse legs, which so amazed her horse (which was as hot and proud as the Gentlewoman his Mistress whom he bore) as coming off with all four, he throws her to the ground, and kicking her with his hind feet at her fall, he strikes her in the fore-head, and so dasheth out her brains; God so ordaining that she had not the power to speak a word, much less the grace or happiness to repent her of her horrible sins, Adultery, Incest and Murther. And thus was the lamentable and fearful end which God gave to this graceless young Lady, the which I cannot as yet pass over, without annexing and remembering one remarkable point and circumstance therein, in which the Justice and Mercy of God to both sexes and all ages and degrees of all people, doth miraculously resplend and shine forth; for that very horse which threw and killed her, was the very same which she formerly lent to her Brother *De Peret*, and whereon he rid to *Saint Saviours*, when he (by her instigation) killed her waiting Maid *Mathurina*. Good God, how just, and wonderful are thy decrees! dear Lord, how immense and sacred is thy Justice!

But this is but the forerunner, and as it were but the entrance into a further progression of this History: For her foot-boy *Piscator*, extremely wept, and bitterly cried, at the sight of this mournful and Tragical death of his Lady and Mistress, God had so decreed and provided, that the next that passed by, and who were sorrowful spectators thereof, were two *Corigadors* (or Officers of Justice) of the City of *Coimbra*, riding that way in their Coach to take the air; Who in compassion of the deplorable death of this fair unknown young Gentlewoman, they descend their Coach, and having enquired and understood of her sorrowful Foot-boy what she was, they then with much respect and humanity cause her dead Corps to be decently laid in their Coach, which they shut, and so mounting their Servants Horses they return again to *Coimbra*. From whence they send her Man *Andrea*, in all possible post hast to *Santarem*, to acquaint his Master and her Father-in-Law *Don Idiaques* with the lamentable death of his Daughter-in-Law *Marfillia*, and to pray him to repair speedily thither to them to take order for her burial; *Andrea* is no sooner departed for his Master, but these two *Corigadors* consult on the fatality of this accident, and very profitably consider for themselves, that the horse who killed her, and all her apparel and jewels, by the custome and royalty of their City, were revolved and forfeited to their jurisdiction; to which effect they cause her Rings, Chains, and Bracelets to be taken from her, and then her pockets likewise to be carefully searched for Gold and Jewels; so as murther cannot long be concealed or undetected. We may therefore here behold the wonderful Providence, and singular justice of God; for in one of her pockets they find, folded up in a rich cut-work handkerchief, the last letter which her Husband *Don Juan* had written and sent her from *Madrid*; at the sight of this letter one of these *Corigadors* is desirous to have it read publicly: but the other (being more human and respectful to the concealing of Ladies secrets, which many times prove that of their honours) he contradicts it, till at last God enlightning their judgments, and prompting and inspiring their hearts, that the perusal of this Letter might, peradventure, import and report something which might

might tend to his service, and conduce to his glory; they fall then on a medium betwixt both their opinions, and so withdrawing themselves to a private Chamber, they there secretly o're-read this letter, wherein with admiration and amazement they understand of the obscene Adultery and Incest of *Idiaques* with his Daughter-in-Law *Marfilla*, which was the cause of her Husband *Don Juan* his absence from her in *Spain*: But at length when they proceed farther therein, and so fall upon these words of *Don Juan* to her in this his letter; *I do as much grieve as I both doubt and fear thou rejoicest at thy hand-maid Mathurina's death; and as I am ignorant of the manner, so if my father and thy self have been the cause thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to believe, that God will in the End punish it to your confusion*: Then (led by the Spirit of God) they both concur in one opinion, that this their Adultery, and this Murder of *Mathurina* did not only firmly reflect, but equally take hold both on *Idiaques* and *Marfilla*, and therefore that this her late deplorable and disastrous end, was only a blow from God, and the very true fore-runner, and undoubted Harbinger of his own to come. When resolving to seize and imprison *Idiaques* as soon as he should arrive thither to *Coimbra*; they hushing up this Letter and business in their own bosoms, do then hold it fit to send for *Marfilla's* foot-man *Piscator* to come to them, which he speedily doth; They carefully enquire of him, if his dead Lady had not sometimes a waiting-Gentlewoman named *Mathurina*, he answered them yes; and that she was lately murdered in the streets of *Saint Saviours*, and that her murderers were as yet unknown: They demand of him again whose Daughter she was; he informs them that her Father is a Gentleman who dwells in *Saint Saviours*, and that his name is *Seignior Pedro de Castello*: which being as much as they sought for; putting their servants to watch over this foot-man, that he might not escape to give the least inkling of their demands to his old Master *Idiaques*, they presently send away Post to *Saint Saviours* for *Castello*, and (in honour to Justice) these two Corigadors, as Christian Magistrats, having put all things in order for the vindication of the truth of these deplorable matters, that very night *Idiaques* arrives at *Coimbra*, and descends from his Coach to the house of one of these Corigadors, where the dead body of his daughter *Marfilla* lay; at whose mournful sight, as soon as his passionate grief and sorrow had caused him to shed and sacrifice many rivolets of tears, when he least dreams or thinks thereof, these two Corigadors cause him to be seized on, and instantly commit him close prisoner, without acquainting him with the cause hereof; where all that night his guilty heart and conscience (as so many Fiends and Furies) assuring him that it was for poisoning of his own Lady *Honorina*; their horror and terror, grief, and despair, and anguish, do act their several parts upon the Theatre of his soul.

The next morn *Castello* (*Mathurina's* Father) likewise arrives at *Coimbra*, to whom the Corigadors communicate this Letter of *Don Juan* to his wife, which he sent her from *Spain*, wherein they tell him the murder of his Daughter *Mathurina* seems probably and strongly to reflect upon *Idiaques*, and his Daughter-in-Law *Marfilla*, when the farther acquainting him with her tragical death, as also with his imprisonment, *Castello* (with a world of tears and cries) exclaims, that undoubtedly they were the authors, if not the actors of his Daughters lamentable murder, and so very passionately and sorrowfully craves justice of them on *Idiaques* for the same, which they are as willing to grant and perform, as he to desire: So after dinner in the publick Tribunal of Justice, they send for *Idiaques* legally and juridically there to appear before them; where this sorrowful Father, with much passion, and more tears, doth strongly accuse him for the murder committed and perpetrated on his Daughter *Mathurina*; the which *Idiaques* with many high and stout answers denieth: He alledgeth many oily words and sugred and silken phrases, to justify and Apologize his innocency: Which these Corigadors, led by the finger of God, hold rather to be far more ayrie than solid, and far more plausible than real or true; so they, still remembering his Son *Don Juans* Letter to his Wife *Marfilla*, do, without regard to his quality or age, adjudg him to the Rack. The which *Idiaques*, fearing infinitely more the murder of his own Lady *Honorina*, than that of *Mathurina's*, endures the tortures and torments thereof with a fortitude and resolution far beyond his strength and age, and with an admirable constancy stands firmly to the denial of this fact and accusation; so seeing the Rack taken away, and himself from the Rack, he is therefore very confident and joyful, that his danger is likewise o'repast and o'reblown: But these vain hopes of his will yet both deceive, and in the end betray him; for as yet his conscience hath not made peace with God. For the griefs and sorrows of this mournful Father for this lamentable murder of his Daughter, have now made him both industrious in this solicitation, and religious in this his prosecution against *Idiaques* towards these Corigadors: to whom again he becomes an earnest, and yet an humble Petitioner, that they will

give him eight dayes time more to fortifie his accusation, and that all that time he may still remain Prisoner, without Bail or Surety; which they finding reasonable, and consonant to all equity and law, they freely grant him. When *Castello* having God for his Counsellor, and whom in a small time *Idiaques* shall find for his judge, calling to mind some words of his deceased Daughter touching the suspicion of poysoning her old Lady by her Husband, to make way for this match with *Don Juan*, he doth no more accuse him for murdering of his Daughter *Mathurina*; but some two days after, he frames and presents a new Inditement and accusation to his Judges against him, for poysoning his old wife the Lady *Honorio*. Which these Judges admiring and wondering at, they then partly, nay almost confidently believe, that there is some great crime, and foul fact in this businels against *Idiaques*, Which God will in fine detect and bring to light, by the solicitation and industry of this honest poor Gentleman *Castello*. So they admit again of his second Inditement against him, and by vertue hereof convent him before them at their Tribunal of Justice.

Idiaques understanding hereof, his guilty conscience now denounceth such thundering peals of fear and amazement to his appalled heart and trembling soul, as they will give no peace either to himself or to them, and the Devil, who had ever heretofore promised him his best aid and assistance, now flies from him, and leaves him to stand or fall to himself: And here it is that his courage begins to fail him, and that his fear and shame is almost resolved and ready to proclaim himself guilty of this his last and worst accusation, the poisoning of his own Wife the Lady *Honorio*: But again the hope of life is yet so sweet to him, as the fear of death is displeasing and bitter, and therefore (with a wretched resolution, and a miserable confidence) he again artificially endeavoureth to blear the eyes of these his Judges, with his chiefest Eloquence, and sweetest Oratory; who having given him his full carier to speak in his own defence and justification, when they perfectly knew he yet spake not one valuable word of reason, either to defend or justifie himself; Then one of these clear-sighted Corigadors (in the behalf of both them) returns him this grave reply and pious exhortation.

That as they have not the will to accuse him, so they have not the means or power to excuse him, for being (at least) necessary to both, or either of these murders, of his Lady *Honorio*, or *Mathurina*; that the sudden death of the first, and the violent and untimely one of the last, the voluntary absence of his Son *Don Juan* in Spain, with his killing of *Perez* there, and now the fearful and lamentable end of his Daughter-in-Law *Marsillia*, (whose body is yet unburied and her blood scarce cold) left a dangerous reflection, and a pernicious suspicion on his life and actions, at least of Adultery and Incest, if not of Murder (whereof his Son *Don Juan*'s Letter which he writ to his Wife *Marsillia*, which they have there to shew, is a most strong and pregnant witness) and that the least of these crimes are capable to ruine a greater personage than himself. That he could cast no mist of delusion before Gods eyes, though he artificially endeavoured and laboured to cast a veil before theirs; that the shedding of innocent blood was a crying Sin, which despite of sorcery and of hell, would (in Gods due time) draw down vengeance to Earth from Heaven on their Authors. That if he were guilty of his accusation, he had no better plea then confession, nor safer remedy than repentance: That contrition is the true mark of a true Servant of God, and though we fall by Nature to sin as being men, yet we should rise again to grace and righteousness as being Christians. That to deny our crimes, is to augment them, and consequently their punishments, both in Earth, and in Hell; and that he was not a Christian, but an Infidel, who would attempt to save his life with the loss of his soul, with many other religious exhortations concurring and looking that way.

But all this notwithstanding, *Idiaques* his Faith and Conscience, was yet so strong with Satan, and therefore so weak with God, that he left no excuse, policy or evasion uninvented to blear the eyes of these Corigadors, and so to make his innocency to pass current with them. But his eloquence and asseverations cannot prevail with the solidity of their Judgments, for God will not suffer them to be led away with words, nor seduced or deluded with shadows: But from the circumference of circumstances, they now lie to the centre of truth, and to the Author and giver, yea to the life and soul therof, God. So they again adjudge him to the rack for his second accusation of Murder, as they formerly had done to him for his first. At the pronouncing of which sentence, If we may judge of his heart by his face, he seemed to be much afflicted, appalled and daunted, which his Judges perceiving, before they expose him to his torments, they in honour to his Age and quality, but far more to Truth and Justice, (whom they know to be two Daughters of Heaven) they now hold it a point of Charity and Piety to send him two Divines to his Prison to work upon his Conscience and Soul, which

which they do: and God in the depth of his goodness, and the richness of his mercy, was so mercifully propitious and indulgent to him, that he added such efficacy to their persuasions, and power to their exhortations, as at the very sight of the rack, he with tears in his eyes, then there confessed unto them, that he was innocent of *Mathurina's* murder, but guilty of poisoning his own wife the Lady *Honorio*, for the which he said he most heartily and sorrowfully repented himself. Whereupon his Judges (and the rest present) admiring with wonder and praising God with admiration for the detection of this his foul, bloody and lamentable crime, they pronounce sentence against him; That for expiation thereof, he at eight of the clock the next morning, shall have his head cut off at the place of Common execution in that Town, when *Idiaques*, who (yet adhered so much to Satan) that he could never be devided of his sins before he were first deprived of his sinful life, doth yet still flatter himself with some further hope of life, and so he appeals from the judgment and sentence of this Court of *Coimbra* to that of *Santarem*, as being native and resident thereof; as also because he committed his mother there, for which they (not his competent Judges) adjudgeth him to death: Whereupon although the Corrigadors of *Coimbra* for the preservation of the privileges of their Court & Town, do obstinately oppose and vehemently contest it, yet at last well knowing, and being conscious with themselves, that smaller Towns and Courts in *Portugal* are bound and subject to depend of the greater; They therefore making a virtue of necessity, and contenting themselves to give way to that which they cannot remedie, do ordain that *Idiaques* should be conveyed and tryed at *Santarem*.

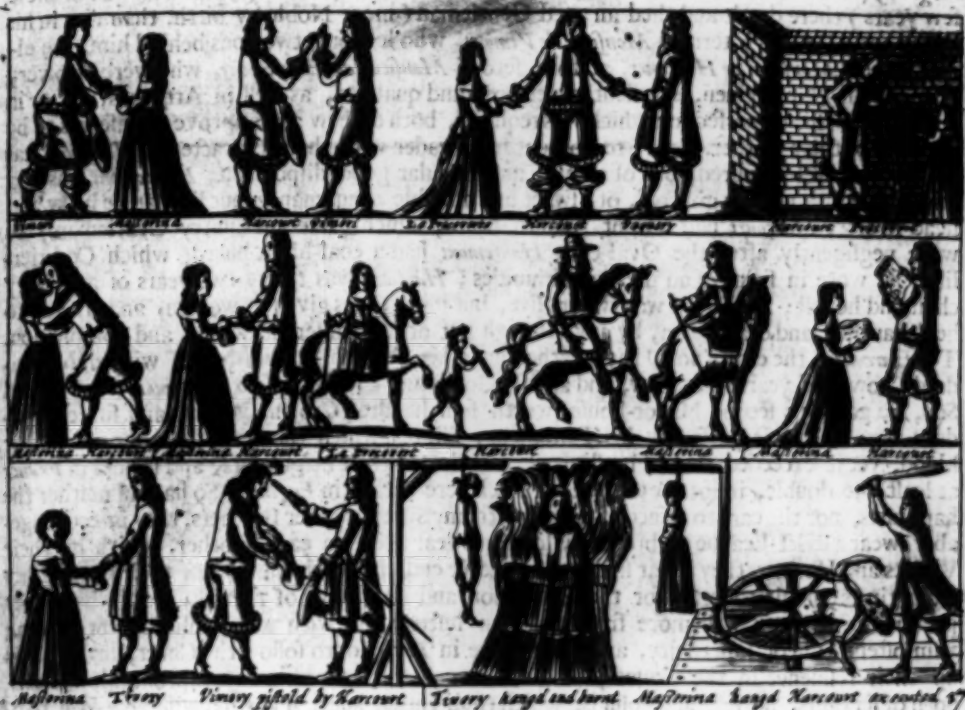
But yet before they suffer him to depart their Town, they in honour to Justice, in wisdom to themselves, and in reputation to their Town and Court, do seriously and religiously charge him in the name and fear of God to declare truly to them, whether his unbred Daughter in Law *Marfilla* were not likewise accessory with him in poisoning his Wife, the Lady *Honorio*, which at first he strongly denies to them. But then they send away for the two Divines who had formerly dealt with him and his Conscience in Prison, who exhort him to carry a white and candid soul to Heaven, and threaten him with the torments of Hell-fire if he do not. When with sighs and tears, he confesseth it to them, and that it was he himself who admitted that poison to his Wife, but that his Daughter-in-Law *Marfilla* bought it for him. So these Judges (upon the validity of this free and solemn confession) in detestation of this her lamentable crime, do reverently resolve to second, and glorifie God in his Judgements towards her, and therefore they presently condemn her dead body to be burnt that afternoon in their Market-street, the common place of execution, which accordingly is then and their performed in presence of a great concourse of people, who infinitely rejoice that God so miraculously destroyed the life, and their Judges the body of so execrable a female Monster. By this time we must allow and imagine, that old Letcher, and new murderer *Idiaques* (by virtue of his appeal) is brought to his own City of *Santarem*, and I think either with a ridiculous hope or a prophane and impious resolution to see whether God will punish him there with death, or the Devil preserve and save him from it. He hath many friends in this Court, who are both great and powerful, and therefore builds all his hopes of life, on this reeling quicksand, this snow, this nothing, that his great estate of money and lands will undoubtedly avert wonders with them for his pardon. But still he hopes, because still the Devil deceives him; He is arrived here at *Santarem*, where this fair City which might heretofore have proved his delight and glory, is now reserved for his shame, and appointed and destined for his confusion; They cannot brook the sight, much less the cohabitation and company of such monsters of nature, and devils incarnate of men, who glory in making themselves guilty of these foul sinns, and crying crimes, Adultery, Incest, Murder. So that *Idiaques* (who hath made himself a principal of this number, and a monster of Art in these sins) thinking here in *Santarem* to find more mercy and pity during his life, shall find less of both of them after his death. For the criminal Judges of this Court who reverence and honour Justice, because Justice doth daily and reciprocally perform the like to them, do confirm the sentence of *Coimbra*, that the next morning he shall lose his head, but in detestation and execration of these foul and bloody crimes, they add this clause and condition thereto, that both his head and body shall be afterwards burnt, and his ashes thrown in the Air, which gives matter of talk and admiration, not only to *Santarem*, but to all *Portugal*. And thus most pensively and disconsolately is *Idiaques* reconveyed to his prison, where Church-men are sent him by the Judges of that Court, to direct his soul in her flight and transfiguration from earth to Heaven, whom they find (or at least they make) very humble, mournful, and repentant. According to which sentence he is the next morning brought to the place of execution, which for the greater example and terror to others, and of ignominy to himself, was before his

own house, wherein he had acted and perpetrated all his enormous crimes. Where the Scaffold is no sooner erected, but there flock an infinite number of people from all parts of the City, to be spectators of this last Scene of his Tragedy. He came to the Scaffold (between two Friars) in a suit of black Taffeta, a Gown of black wrought tuff-Taffata, and a great white set Ruff, which yet could not be whiter than his broad Beard: At his ascent on the Scaffold, his Grave aspect and presence engendered as much sorrow and pity, as his beastly crimes did detestation in the hearts and tongues of the people, to whom (after he had a short time kneeled down and prayed) he made a short speech to this effect.

That although the poisoning of his own Wife, and his adultery with his Sons wife, were crimes so odious and execrable, as had made him unworthy any longer either to tread on earth or to look up unto Heaven, yet although he deserved no favour of his Judges for his body, he humbly repented, and begged some of God for his soul; and for the more effectual obtaining thereof, he zealously prayed all those who were present to joyn their prayers to his. He confessed that it was *Marsilia's* beauty, which first (at the instigation of the Devil) drew him to that adultery with her, and this poisoning of his own wife *Honorina*, whereof from his heart and soul, he now affirmed he implored remission of God, of the Law, of his Son *Don Juan*, and of all the world; and prayed them all to be more godly and less sinful, by his example: and so kneeling down and praying a little while to himself, he rose up, and putting off his Gown, Ruff, and Doublet, which he gave to the Executioner, he binding his head and eyes with his Handkerchief, bad him do his office, which he presently performed, and with one blow of his Sword, made a perpetual double divorce betwixt his head and his shoulders, his body and his soul: when presently, according to his sentence, both his head and his body were then and there burnt and consumed to fire, and his ashes thrown into the Air.

And this was the deplorable life and death of *De Perez*, *Idiaques*, and *Marsilia*, of whom the spectators (according to their several humours and affections) spake diversly, all condemning the bloody cruelty of *De Perez* towards innocent *Mashurina*, and of *Idiaques* towards his virtuous wife *Honorina*. Again, some pitied, and others execrated *Marsilia's* youth, beauty, and lust; but both sexes, and all degrees of people (as so many lines terminating in one Center) magnified the providence and Justice of God, in so miraculously and condignly cutting off these monsters of nature, and bloody butchers of man-kind.

And if the curiosity of the Reader will yet farther enquire, what afterwards became of *Don Juan*; The reports of him are different: for at first I heard that his discontent and grief was so great, yea, so extream for the death of his Parents and Wife, that he cloistered himself up a *Cyprian* Fryer in their Monastery at *Madrid*: So contrariwise I have since credibly been informed, that he shortly after these disasters left *Spain*, and still lives in *Santarem* in *Portugal* in great honour, welfare, and prosperity; But which of these his resolutions are most inclining and adherent to the truth, it passeth beyond my knowledge, and therefore shall come too short of my affirmation.



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY XVII.

Harcourt steals away his Brother Vimory's Wife Masserina, and keeps her in Adultery; She hires Tivoly (an Italian Mountebank) to poyson La Precoverte, who was Harcourts Wife; Harcourt kills his Brother Vimory, and then marries his widow Masserina; Tivoly is hangd for a Robbery, and at his Execution accuseth Masserina for hiring him to poyson La Precoverte, for the which she is likewise hangd. Noel (who was Harcourts man) on his death-bed suspecteth and accuseth his said Master for killing of his Brother Vimory, whereof Harcourt being found guilty, he is broken alive on a Wheel for the same.

MAN being the workmanship, and Figurative Image of God, what an odious sin, yea what an execrable crime it is therefore, for one (out of the heat of his malice or fumes of his revenge) to poyson or murther another, sith Nature doth strongly impugn, and Grace (with a high hand) infinitely contradict it. Therefore, were not our hearts and understandings either wholly deprived of common sense, or our souls of the gracious assistance and favour of God, we would not thus so furiously and profanely make our selves guilty of these infernal sins, but rather (with our best endeavours) would seek to avoid them as Hell, and (with our most pious resolutions) to hate and detest them as the Devil himself, who is the prime Author and Actor thereof. But some such Monsters of Nature, and Disciples of Satan there are here on Earth. A fearful and lamentable Example whereof, this ensuing History will shew us. The which may all good Christians read to Gods glory, and remember to the instruction of their Souls.

There is a Parish termed Saint *Simplician*, a mile from the City of *Sens*, in the Dutchy of *Burgundy*

Burgundy (which is honoured with the Title and See of an Archbishop) where (within these few years) there dwelt and died an aged Gentleman (more Noble by birth, than rich in his Estate and Demains) termed *Monsieur de Vimory*, who left only two Sons behind him, the eldest named *Monsieur de Harcourt*, and the second *Monsieur de Hautemont*, who were two very Proper young Gentlemen, excellently well bred and qualified, as well in Arms as Arts, or in any other vertue or perfection which was requisite, both to shew and approve themselves to be the Sons of their Father. And (to content my Reader with their characters) *Harcourt* was tall but not well-favoured, but of a mild and singular good disposition; *Hautemont* was of a middle stature, neatly timbered, of a sweet and amiable countenance, but by nature hasty and head-strong; *Harcourt* had a light Auburn beard, which (like a Country Gentleman) he wore negligently after the Oval-cut; *Hautemont* had a coal-black beard, which Courtier-like, he wore in form of an invallid Pyramides; *Harcourt* was thirty two years of age, very chaste and honest; *Hautemont* was twenty five, but many times given to women, and already to be debauched and drawn away by any, though but of an indifferent quality and complexion. To *Harcourt* (the eldest Son) their Father gave his chiefest Mannor-house, with eight hundred Crowns of yearly Revenew, and all his Goods and Chattels. To *Hautemont* (his second Son, he gave his second Manor-house, worth four hundred Crowns yearly; and fifteen hundred Crowns in his purse, by his Testament: Estates which though it came short of their blood, yet it exceeded that of most of the Gentlemen their neighbours, and is held in *France* at least the double, if not the treble of as much here with us in *England*. So having neither the happiness, nor the care to be accompanied with any Sister or other Brothers, they interchangeably swear a strict League of brotherly love and dear affection each to other, which by their Virtues and Honours they swear shall never receive end, but with the end of their lives. They many times consult together for the conduction and improving of their Estates, which they promise to manage with more frugality then lustre, and with more solid discretion than vain ostentation or superfluity, and not to live in *Paris*, or to follow the Court, but to build up their residence in the Country. To which end they cut off many unprofitable mouths, both of servants, horses, and hounds, which their Father kept. They likewise vow each to other to be wonderful chary and careful in their marriages, as well fore-seeing and knowing it to be the greatest part of their earthly felicity or misery. So here we may see and observe many fair promises, rich designs and resolutions, and many sweet covenants voluntarily drawn up between these two Brothers, which if they make good and perform, no doubt but the end thereof will be successful and prosperous unto them; or if otherwise, the contrary.

But before I wade farther in the stream and current of this History, I must first declare, that by the death of *Vimory* the Father, and by the outcome of *France*, we must now wholly abandon and take away the title of *Hautemont* from the second Brother, futuramente to give him that of *Harcourt* the eldest, and that from *Harcourt* the eldest to give him that of *Vimory* their Father, for, by the right and vertue of the premised Reasons, these are now become their proper names and appellations, which the Reader is prayed to observe and remember.

A year and half is not fully expired and past away since their Father past from Earth to Heaven, but the eldest Brother *Monsieur de Vimory* being extremely ambitious and covetous of wealth, and understanding that a rich Counsellor of the Court of Parliament of *Dijon*, named *Monsieur de Bassigni* was dead, and had left a very rich widow (of some forty years of age) named *Mademoiselle Masserina*, he earnestly seeks her in marriage. She is of short stature, corpulent and fat, of a coal-black hair, and if same towards her be a true and not a tatling goddess, she hath, and still is, a lover of *Venus*, and a Votaresse, who often sacrificeth to *Cupid* lascivious Altars and Shrines. *Harcourt* is very averse and bitter against this match for his Brother. They have many serious Consultations hereon: He alledgeth to him the inequality of her age and birth in comparison of his, her corpulency, the ill-getting of her Husbands goods, who was held to be a corrupt Lawyer, and (as the voice of the world went) who gained his wealth by the tears and curses of many of his ruined and decayed Clients; and when he saw that nothing would prevail to dissuade his Brother from her, he rounds him in the ear, that it was spoken and bruted in *Dijon*, that she was not so chaste as rich, nor so continent as covetous; *Vimory* is all enraged hereat, and chargeth *Harcourt* his Brother to name the Reporters of this foul scandal vomited forth (quoth he) against the virtues and honour of chaste *Masserina*; *Harcourt* replies, that he speaks it wholly upon fame, no way upon knowledg, much less upon belief; so *Vimory* being wilfully deaf to his Brother's advice and requests, (and preferring *Masserina's* wealth

to her honesty) he marries her. But she is so wise for her self, as first (both by promise and contract) she ties him to this condition; that he should receive all her Rents, which are some twelve hundred Crowns *per Annum*, she to put her ready money to Use into whose hands she pleaseth, and he also to have the one half of the interest money; but the Principal still remain in her own right, propriety and possession, and as well in her life as death, to be wholly at her own disposing.

Not long after *Harcourt* being at the great Wedding (of a Gentleman his Cousin German) at the City of *Troyes* in *Campagne*, he there at the balls (or publick dancing) espies a most sweet and beautiful young Gentlewoman, whom he presently fancieth and affects for his Wife: He enquires what she is, and finds her to be named *Mademoiselle La Precouverte*, Daughter to an Aged Gentleman of that City, tearmed *Monsieur de la Vaquery*. *Harcourt* courts the Daughter, seeks the Father; finds the first willing, and the second desirous: but at last he plainly and honestly informs *Harcourt*, that his Daughters chiefest wealth, are her virtues and beauty; that he hath not much Land, and less money; that he hath two great suits of Law, for store of Lands, depending in the Parliament of *Dijon*, which promise him store of money, and that he will futurely impart a great part thereof to him, if he will marry his Daughter, the which (for the present) he tells him, he is content to make good and confirm, both by bond and contract. *Harcourt* loves his fair young Mistress *La Precouverte* so tenderly and dearly, as he is ready to espouse her on those tearms, but he will first acquaint his brother *Vimory* therewith, and take his advice therein. *Vimory* informs his brother *Harcourt* that he knows *Monsieur de Vaquery*, of *Troyes*, to be a very poor Gentleman, that most of his lands are mortgaged out, and in great danger never to be redeemed; that his Law-suits are as uncertain as the following thereof chargeable. *Harcourt* extols the beauty of *La Precouverte* to him to the skie; *Vimory* replies, that beauty fades and withers with a small time, and that those who prefer it to wealth, are many times enforced to feed on repentance instead of content and joy, and to look poverty in the face in stead of prosperity. But *Harcourt* having deeply settled his affection on *La Precouverte*, he rejecteth this true and wholesom counsel of his brother, and so marries her: When forgetting his former promise to his brother, he in a small time turns a great Prodigal, abandoneth himself to all filthy vices, and beastly course of life, and as a most debauched and graceless Husband (within one year) he for no cause quarrelleth very often with this his fair and dear Wife, than whom, neither *Champagne* nor *Burgundy* had a more beautiful and virtuous young Gentlewoman; she was of stature tall and slender, of a bright flaxen hair, a gracious eye, a modest countenance, a pure Lilly-roseat complexion, of a mild nature, and sweet disposition, respectfully courteous to all the world, and exceedingly devout and Religious towards God, as perpetually making it her practise, delight and glory to consume a great part both of her time and of her self in prayer and in the service of God.

And although she were formerly sought for in marriage by many as good Gentlemen as *Harcourt*, yet she could fancy none, nor affect any man for her Husband but himself. Never Wife was more careful or more desirous to please a Husband than she, and as (for one whole year) it was her former content and joy to see him to be a provident, kind, and loving Husband to her, so now it is her matchless grief and calamity to see his good nature prevented, his Resolution transported, and his affections drowned in debauched and vicious Company. She leaves no sweet advice, and courteous Requests and Perswasions unattempted to reclaim him from these his foul vices of Drunkenness, Swearing, Dicing, evil Company, and Whoredom; for of no less sins in quality, nor fewer in number, she (with extream grief and sorrow) sees him to be guilty. But all this will not prevail, no not her infinite tears and sighs which many times she spends and sheds to him both at board and bed, yea, and sometimes on her knees, but still (with a wretched violence and sinful impetuosity) he goes on in his vicious courses, and ungodly life and conversation; neither caring for his health, or his estate and means, but wilfully neglects the first, and prodigally wastes and consumes the second, whereat she wonderfully grieveth and lamenteth. She often requesteth *Vimory* his brother, and *La Vaquery* her Father to perswade and divert him from these his ungodly courses and enormous vices, which threatens no less than the utter ruin, and inevitable shipwrack of all their fortunes: but they likewise cannot prevail, although his Brother *Vimory* (with whom they live and sojourn) every hour and time he sees him, do strongly deal and labour with him to that effect: For now he giving no limits to his vices and prodigalities, he sells away his Lands peece-meal, whereat his brother *Vimory* stormeth very much against him, and his virtuous sweet Wife most pitifully weepeth and lamenteth. But as a base Gentleman. and a most unkind and ungrateful

Husband, he laughs at her tears, smileth at her sighs, and contemneth and scorneth both them and her self. And it now falling out that *La Vaquery* her Father losing both of his Law suits at *Dijon*, where they (by the votes and sentence of that Court of Parliament) are adjudged against him, whereby he was utterly ruined both in his hopes and estate for ever; *Harcourt* hereat so slights and neglects his Wife, as he terms her beggars-brat, threatned to send her home to *Troyes* to her Father, and setting all at random, cares not what becomes either of himself or her, who poor sweet Gentlewoman is so extreemly afflicted, and as it were weighed down with all these calamities and miseries (especially with the vices and discourtesies of her Husband) as in her heart she daily wissheth, and in her soul hourly prayeth unto God, that she were out of this life, and in Heaven, infinitely lamenting, and a thousand times a day repenting that ever it was her hard fortune to see her Husband, and her woful chance to marry him. But how to remedy or redress these her miseries she knows not.

For now do her Husbands vices and prodigalities make him daily grow poorer and poorer, in so much (as in less than three years) he is become the shame of himself, the contempt of his enemies, the pity of his Friends and Kinsfolks, and the extreame grief of his sweet and dear Wife, so that he hath well near spent all, and almost left nothing to maintain himself, much less to maintain her, whose griefs are so great, and sorrows so infinite, as her Rose at Cheeks look now thin and pale, her sweet eyes are become obscure and dim, yea, and in so pitiful and lamentable a manner, that she falls exceedingly sick, and her discontent and disconsolation is almost so remediless, as she would, but cannot be comforted, for that her Husband, whom she thought would have proved the argument of her Joy and Prosperity, is now become the cause of endless grief, and the object of her matchless calamity and misery. Thus leaving her sorrows, sighs and tears, to be diminished through time, or dissipated and defaced by God, The order of our History invites and conjures me now again to speak of this her base and debauched Husband, who hath many beastly and bloody parts to set herein.

Whose lewd life and prodigalities enforcing him now to behold poverty, because heretofore he disdain'd to look on frugality and providence: seeing his wealth wasted, his lands either sold or morgaged, himself forsaken of his Brother and Friends, his reputation lost, his debts great, his Creditors many, and who now began to grow extreame clamorous and scandalous to him: He knows not which way to look, or how or where to run himself, to find out some invention and means to repair the decays and ruines of these his miserable fortunes, and so to bear up and screw himself again into the eyes and repute of the world. When his necessity gaining upon his heart and nature, and Satan upon his Conscience and Soul, he knowing his Brothers wife *Masserina* to be rich and wanton, he will become so unfaithfull to his own wife, so ingrateful and treacherous to his own Brother, and so dishonourable and ignoble to himself, as to attempt to gain her affection from him, and to draw her to his own lewd and lascivious desires, whereon his irregular hopes did more then partly grow confident, because he flatters himself with this true, yet foolish belief, that as he was seven years the younger, so he was twice seven times a properer man than his Brother. When taking time at advantage, as his Brother and her Husband *Mory* were rid to *Dijon*, he finding her in a wonderful pleasant humour, and exceedingly disposed to be merry, when (God knows) his own sweet and sorrowful Wife, was (according to her frequent custom) disconsolately at her prayers and book in her own Chamber, and her door shut to her, then, then, I say, he taking his said Sister-in-Law *Masserina* to a window in a private Parlour, he there (for himself, or the Devil for him) breaks his mind to her, and is so far from shame, as he glories to make her acquainted with his deep affection, and lascivious suit to her: Neither doth he fail of his hopes, or they of his voluptuous desires, for he finds this his Sister-in-Law so dishonestly prepared, and so lustfully resolved and disposed to grant him his desires, that sealing her affection to him with many smiles, as he did his to her with more kisses, she is so impudent, so graceless, as at this very first motion, she vows to him she hath not the power to deny him any thing, and therefore most cheerfully and willingly gives him her heart and her self, and he doth the like to her, which they mutually ratifie and confirm between them with many private kisses, and amorous dalliances, as also with many secret protastations, and solemn oaths: but because Satan is, therefore God will not be present at this their vicious contract, and lascivious combination:

This *Harcourt* and his Sister-in-Law *Masserina*, having no regard to their honours or reputations; to their hearts or consciences, to their Souls or to God, he pollutes his Brothers bed in possessing his Wifes body, and makes it both his delight and practice to defile and contaminate his glory, in that of her shame, and of his own infamy. And now his pockets and purse are again

again fill'd and cram'd with coin, for he gives her kisses for her gold, and she returns him gold for his kisses. Hereupon he puts himself again into new and rich apparel, but yet is so base, unkind, and ingratul to his own sweet and virtuous Wife, that he will give her neither gold nor new apparel, but permits her to go in her old. But to add more miseries to her misery, and more new griefes and calamities to her old, because she is equally an eye sore both to himself and to her, he will no longer permit her to live with him, that he may the more often and the more freely and securely familiarize with his old Sister, or rather now with his new love *Masserina*. So, without any regard to her birth, or respect to her youth and virtues, or without considering that God hath made her his Wife, and therefore the other half of himself, he sends her home to her Father at *Troyes*, giving her but a poor little Nag, and a ragged foot-boy only with so much money as could hardly carry her thither, giving her neither money nor apparel, nor any thing else which was becoming or fit for her, although through the black and obscure clouds of his vices and ingratitude, the bright and relucient Son-beams of her excellent perfections and virtues in her self, and of her constant affection to him, will for ever most radiantly resplend and shine to all the world, especially to those who had the honour to know her living, or who shall now or hereafter read her History after her death. And never were those her sweet perfections and virtues either more conspicuous and glorious in her, than now at her enforced exile, and sorrowful banishment and departure from her Husband: For although he were cruelly unkind, or unkindly cruel to her, yet knowing and considering him to be her Husband, she therefore holds it her duty and conscience, still to attend and wait on him as his Wife, and not, either so soon or so suddenly to separate her self from him. When her eyes see, her judgment knows, her heart doubts, and her soul fears, that then more than ever his vices wanted her prayers, and his sins her virtues and presence, to seek to rectifie and reform them. But although she descended so low from her self to him in her affection and humility, as with bitter sighs and tears to cast her self on her knees, to beg and request him, that, as by the laws of marriage and nature, and of conscience and grace, she was obliged and bound, so that she might enjoy the content and happiness to live and die with him, being infinitely contented, and extreamply desirous, as she then affirmed, and again and again repeated and confirmed to him, to participate and bear her part and share, as well in his poverty as prosperity, yet he, as an ignoble gentleman, and a base and vicious Husband, having wholly taken away his heart and affection from this his sweet and virtuous Wife *La Precouverte*, and fully and absolutely given it to his lascivious Sister-in-Law *Masserina*, he, I say, is so hard-hearted, ingratul and treacherous towards her, as without any respect to her tears, or regard to her prayers, he will no way permit her to live with him in *S. Simplician of Sens*, at his Brothers, nor yet vouchsafe to be pleased to go and live with her at *Troyes* at her Fathers: But here we may observe his malice in his disdain, and his disdain in his malice towards this dear and sweet young Gentlewoman his Wife, of whom God knows, and the world sees, he is no way worthy, for he will grant her neither of these her two most reasonable and loving requests, but indeed, rather as a Devil than a man, and a Tyrant than a Husband, he with thundering looks and speeches, commands her out of his sight and presence, without giving her so much as one poor kiss, as he was bound in affection, or, which is yet less, a poor farewell at their parting, as he was obliged both in Conscience and Christianity. So this sweet disconsolate Gentlewoman, in a manner breaking her breast with her sighs, and drowning her cheeks with her tears, only with her poor little Nag and ragged Foot-boy, is by her flinty hearted Husband turned out of his Brother *Vimory's* house at *Saint Simplician*, and so in this slender manner, and base equipage enforced softly, discontentedly, and sorrowfully to ride home to the poor Gentleman her Father at *Troyes*, yea, and such was the malice, and policy of *Harcourt*, her cruel Husband, that this sudden departure of hers was purposely acted when his Brother *Vimory*, and his Wife *Masserina* were at another Manour house of his some eight leagues off, to the end that they might not see, or take leave of her, nor she of them. So allowing our sweet and sorrowful *La Precouverte* by this time at *Troyes* with her aforesaid Father, I will for a time there leave her, to the exercise of her patience, to the piety of her prayers, and to the pleasure and providence of God.

Now doth our disloyal and treacherous *Harcourt*, at his pleasure frolique it out in *Saint Simplician* with his lascivious Sister-in-Law and Strumpet *Masserina*, yea, they are now grown so impudent, so careless, so graceless, in these their obscene dalliances, that if *Vimory* the Husband and Master do not, yet his servants cannot chuse but take deep notice and exact and perfect Knowledg thereof; Only he observes a late alteration in his Brother's fortunes, that he is become far braver in his Apparel than accustomed, and hath more store of Crowns

in his Pocket at his command than heretofore, both to play and spend at his pleasure, only from whence this his golden Mine should proceed he knows not; except having heretofore made some progression, and experiments in the Chymical Science (or mystery of Alchymy) he had now found the *Elixir* of the Philosophers-Stone; but his curiosity in this *Quary* proceeds no farther, much less the Judgment, but least of all his Suspicion or Jealousie.

But the graceless vanity and Ambition of *Harcourt* will yet fly a pitch and degree higher in the air of ingratitude and treachery towards his Brother *Vimory*. For a little gold cannot redeem his Lands; nor make up the money and great breaches of his former prodigalities, neither will a few kisses and embraces of that lustful Dame his Sister *Masserina* appease his unchast appetite, or satisfy his insatiable lust, and lascivious desires. Wherefore at one time and cast, to set nature and honour at stake; and so commanding his heart and thoughts to trample on both of them, without any respect or regard to either, he contrives and assumes this vitious and treacherous resolution, that having already taken the actual possession of her body, he should then likewise do so of her gold, yea of all her whole estate, and so fly away with her, whose Estate (through his long dishonest familiarity with her) he now knows to be great, yea far greater than his Brother *Vimory* her Husband either knew or dreamt of; Wherefore with much superficial affection, and artificial flattery and insinuation, he no sooner breaks this motion to her, but her lustful heart corresponding with his, and her lascivious desires likewise aiming and intending that way, she freely gives him her consent thereunto, and to that end she very secretly draws in all her monies and gold, together with all her Plate, Rings, and Jewels, most carefully and privately packs it up, and so they fly away together. In a morning when her Husband and his Brother was with his Servants gone forth a Hawking and Hunting for all that day, he without ever making his Wife, or she her Husband once acquainted therewith. *Vimory* is amazed, and *La Precieuse* extremely perplexed and afflicted at the strangeness of their (undreamt of) base clandestine departure: And although (in regard of his affection to his Wife) he were once resolved to send and make after them for their stay and apprehension; yet at last, to avoid the universal scandal of the world (which thereby in stead of stopping one tongue, would assuredly let loose many) he leaves the success of this treacherous Accident to Time, and the due reward and true punishment thereof to God. Now the first place of safety and shelter which *Harcourt* and *Masserina* fly unto, is the strong City of *Geneva* (which depends not of *France* or *Spain*, but of God and it self (where they take two Chambers, and live together, having no Servant at all to attend or follow them, but only *Niel*, who for many years before had been, and still was his man. But to live here in *Geneva* with the more privacy and assurance (because they observe it to be a City exceeding, politiquely, virtuously, and religiously governed) they find out this excuse for their stay, that he is heir to some Lands, which by the death of an Uncle of his, is devolved and fallen to him, in the estate and dutchy of *Millan*; betwixt *Pavia* and *Alexandria*: whither he goes to sell it away, in regard, as he falsely alledgeth, that both this Gentlewoman (whom he resolves to leave there, and presently upon his return to marry) and himself are Protestants, and for a month or six weeks, this false gloss, and true imposture passeth currant with those of *Geneva*, whom all that time they freely permit and suffer to enjoy the Laws and Priviledges of Hospitality in their City (and the sooner and with far less suspicion and doubt) because they observe, that they very often frequent their Sermons and Churches, although in their hearts and devotions, God knows, they both are directly Roman Catholicicks. But at the end of this small time, understanding that the two Syndicks, and the rest of the Magistrates of that City began to pry more narrowly into their stay, and more nearly into their actions; That they thinking to mock God and their souls, and so to make Religion only to be a cloak to over-veil their villany, he then and there resolves to marry her before he go to *Millan*, which indeed affords sweet musick to the heart, and melody to the thoughts and mind of this lascivious dame *Masserina*, the which he esteemed to be the chiefest felicity she could desire upon earth, excusing the alteration of this his resolution upon her sickness and indisposition (which also was as false and counterfeit, as the pretence of their Protestant Religion was feigned and hypocritical) and to that end he acquaints the Ministers and the Ancients of the Church therewith; But they being as regular in their actions as he was exorbitant, and as pious in their intentions as he was prophane in his, question him to shew some authentical Certificate from that Protestant Church or Courches in *Pavia*, where they aver they formerly dwelt, that they were both of them Protestants by Religion, and that their Marriage was honourable and no way clandestine; affirming to him, that it was against the Rules of their Religion, the Constitutions of their Church; and the Laws of their

their City, to do otherwise, either to them, or to any strangers whatsoever: Which *Harcourt* well perceiving, he now comes too short in his Arithmetick, and having none to shew them in that nature, he sweats under the saddle, and so slacks his importunacy therein, and puts it off with a specious excused dilatory delay; When acquainting his *Masserina* therewith, they both are equally afflicted and grieved, thus to see their hopes nipt, and their expectations and desires of Marriage frustrated, and blasted in the very bud and blossoms; and now they see that their abode and stay in *Geneva*, neither can, nor must be long. But here betides them another looked for accident, which will speedily transport them thence.

It is the pleasure and mercy of God, that *Noel* (*Harcourt's* man) is not a little grieved in heart, and afflicted in mind, to see his Master guilty of this foul and treacherous crime, in stealing away *Masserina's* his Brothers Wife, and entreaining and using her as his own. He knows how infinitely this their adultery is displeasing to God, and odious to men, and how opposite and repugnant it is to Grace and Nature. Wherefore holding it a trouble to his mind, a weight on his heart, and a scruple to his conscience any longer to attend and follow them, because he is assured, that the divine Justice and vengeance of God, will never permit them to go long either undetected or unpunished. He calling to his remembrance the sweet virtues and chastity of his Mistress *La Precouverte*, and (by opposition and Antithesis) comparing them to the foul vices and whoredoms of *Masserina*, he out of his duty to the first, and detestation to the second, though a bad Servant to his Master, yet was a good Christian to God, gives his Mistress *La Precouverte*, very secret intelligence, of his Masters lascivious residing and living here in *Geneva* with *Masserina*, whereof he sends her word, he is a very sorrowful and unwilling eye witness, and so leaves the reformation thereof, first to God, and then to her self. Our virtuous sweet Gentlewoman *La Precouverte*, is wonderfully afflicted and grieved, at this foul crime of Adultery betwixt her Husband, and his Sister *Masserina*, whereat her chaste heart towards him, and her pure and religious soul towards God, makes her send many tears to Earth, sighs to Heaven. Once she thought to acquaint her Brother *Vimory* herewith, but then fearing that his just choler might peradventure exasperate him against her Husband, she again as soon forsakes that opinion and intent, as holding it more discretion and safety to be silent herein towards him. And yet consulting her griefs and afflictions with God (whose sacred advice and assistance how to bear her self in this action and accident she religiously implores) she at last deems it a part both of her affection, duty, and conscience, to use her best zeal and endeavours, to reclaim them from this their abominable, and beastly course of life. And in regard her poverty, weakness, and sickness will not (according to her desires and wishes) permit her to ride over to them in prison to *Geneva*, she therefore commits and imposeth that charge to her pen, to write both to her Husband *Harcourt*, as also to his lewd Sister, or rather his lascivious Strumpet *Masserina*, to the effect her Letters (by the permission and providence of God) may prevail with their hearts and souls to reform and draw them home, the which she purposely and expressly sends by a confident Messenger; and with the greatest secrecie she possibly can devise.

Her Letter to her Husband intimated this.

LA PRECOVERTE to HARCOURT.

YOur flight and Adultery with that graceless Strumpet *Masserina*, is so displeasing to God, as I cannot but wonder that his divine Justice will permit *Geneva*, or any other place of the world, to contain you without punishing you for it; yea, when in this foul crime of yours, I consider her by my self, and you by your Brother *Vimory*, I finde that his grief grooves my shame, and my shame his grief, and that you and her are the true causes of both. I have examined my thoughts and actions, my heart and soul, and cannot conceive that I have any way deserved this your ingratitude towards me, and therefore fail not to certifie me why and wherefore you have undertaken this vicious and lewd course of life, which in the end will assuredly produce thy misery, as now already it doth your infamy, except your contrition to God, do speedily redeem it. And in regard that you are my Husband, and that I both hope and believe it to be the first fault in this kinde and nature, I therefore hold you more worthy of my pity than of my hatred, and of my prayers than of my curses. So if you will abandon your deboshed Sister, and come home and live with me who am thy chaste and sorrowful wife, my arms and heart shall be as open as ever they were, both to receive and forgive you, yea, I will wholly forget what is past, and prepare my self to welcome you home, with a thousand smiles and kisses, if you will resolve and remember henceforth to love me as much, as formerly (without cause or reason) you have neglected and loved me.

LA PRECOVERTE.



Her Letter to *Masserina* bewrayed these Passions.

LA PRECOVERTE to MASSERINA.

NO longer Sister, but lewd Strumpet, was it not enough for thee to abuse thine own Husband, but that thou must likewise bereave me of mine, who is his own and only Brother: as if a single sin and ingratitude, could not content thy lascivious lust, to satisfy thy inordinate desires; but that thy impiety to God, and prophaneness and obscenity to thy self, should make thee guilty of so foul a crime as Adultery, and which is worse, of such a foul and base Adultery, as comes very near to the worst kind of Incest; whereas thy thoughts and heart can inform thee, and thy Conscience and Soul assure thee, it will hereafter make thee as truly miserable, as now thou falsely thinkest thy self happy. Wherefore triumph no more have made my grief thy glory, and my affection thy felicity, for God (who is as just, as powerful will requite my wrongs in thy Person, and when thou least dreamest thereof, his Divine punishment will sharply scourge and revenge thy lascivious pleasures, except thou deject and prostrate thy self at the feet of his sacred Mercy with true contrition, and at the Altar of his saving Grace with unfeigned repentance for the same, by restoring my Husband to me, and thy self to thine, and by making thy peace with God, whom so highly and hainously thou hast therein offended; which if thou do, thou mayest then re-establish thy fortunes, and redeem thy reputation, or else for ever assuredly rine both them and thy self. So if I see thee to imbrace this chaste, and to follow this virtuous and religious course, I will again assume the name of a Sister, and leave that of a Strumpet, towards thee, yea, I wholly forgive thee thy (almost unpardonable) wrongs and disgraces which thou offerest me, and for ever bury them in perpetual silence, and eternal oblivion.

LA PRECOVERTE

The Messenger arriving at *Geneva*, he first finds out *Noel*, and then secretly delivers these two letters to *Harcourt* and *Masserina*, who much musing and more wondring thereat, withdrawing themselves into their Inner Chamber, they there break up the seals and peruse them; Whereat their hearts were galled, and their Consciences so nettled & stung, as they cannot refrain from blushing for meer shame, and then again, from not looking pale with meer anger thereat. Thus looking stedfastly each on other, their own guiltiness doth for the time present, somewhat afflict and perplex them. *Harcourt* wondereth at his Wifes boldness in writing to him; and *Masserina* is not a little dismayed and daunted, to see that her Husband hath not written unto her. *Harcourt* is discontented with his Wifes peremptory Letter, *Masserina* is apprehensive and fearful of her Husbonds silence, when again changing their conceits and thoughts which instantly alter, and extravagantly range, without any intrinsical peace, or tranquillity; *Harcourt* thinking of his Brother *Vimories* silence, attributes it to contempt and hatred, and *Masserina* contemplating and ruminating on his Sister *La Precouverte's* choler, reputes it to extreme grief, sorrow and indignation; But at last consulting together hereon, they both of them concur and fall upon this resolution; that to colour out their lascivious life, they by their answer to her, must overveil it with much seeming chastity, and pretended sanctity and piety. And the better to prevent any danger which may proceed from *Vimory's* silence, or revenge, they must remove from *Geneva*, and speedily resolve to forsake and leave it; When fear giving life to their despair, and despair adding wings to their fear, they call for pen and paper, and each return *La Precouverte* their several answers by her own messenger, who had strict charge and command for her, to see them, but not to dare once to speak or exchange a word with either of them, the which (according to his duty) he very honestly and punctually performed, only to shew her gratefulness to honest *Noel*, she gave precise order to him to render him many hearty thanks from her for his true respect and fidelity towards her, which she would never forget nor leave unrecompensed, and yet all this while neither *Harcourt* nor *Masserina* were any way suspicious that it was their man *Noel*, which gave *La Precouverte* intelligence of their residence in *Geneva*.

Harcourt's Letter to his Wife was in these termes.

HARCOURT to LA PRECOVERTE.

DO not rashly and unjustly torment thy self with jealousy at my absence, for thou shalt finde as much joy thereof at my return; as now thou believest and fearest the contrary. I have vowed to accompany

accompany my Sister-in-Law Masserina to our Lady of Loretto, which is the best Saint of the best Country of the world, Italy, (whither we are now setting forwards from this town of Geneva) to which holy Lady and blessed Saint, her Oraison for her Husband, and mine for thee, are and shall be as repleat of pure affection and piety, as thou imaginest they are of iniquity and prophanness. True it is, I committed an errour in not acquainting thee with my departure, which I perceive thou esteemest a crime; but when shortly I shall be so happy to enjoy thy sweet company and presence, then my just reasons will justly enforce thee both to know and acknowledge, that that pretended crime of mine is less than an errour, and this errour less than nothing. And thou wilt be yet farther inquisitive why, or from whence our Journey was first derived. I pray let these general tears content thy fear, and satisfy thy Jealousie, that it was her devotion and Conscience to God, not my desire or affection to her which gave life and birth to it; therefore I hold it rather an unmerited cruelty, then a condign penance, either for my heart to be tied to ask forgiveness of thee, or my soul of God for this thy pretended crime of mine, whereof I am as innocent as thy Fear and Jealousie detems me guilty. Therefore I allow of thy piety, I accept of thy Prayers, yea, and I rejoice in thy affection to entertain, and thy resolution to welcome me home with thy smiles and kisses when I come, the which shall be, if not so shortly as thou expectest or I desire: yet as soon as Reputation and Good speed shall permit.

HARCOURT.

Masserina's Letter to her Sister-in-Law carried these Lines.

MASSERINA to LA PRECOVERTE.

MY departure and absence hath neither wronged mine own Husband nor abused thine, for it is my pure zeal to God, and not any lascivious lust in my self which drew me to this devotion to see Loretto, and him (through his goodness) to the resolution honourably to accompany me thither, and therefore my heart defies that foul sin of Adultery, and my soul detests that odious one of Incest, whereof I am far more innocent than thou thinkest me guilty. I am sorry for thy grief, and I grieve for thy affliction, and am so far from triumphing in the one, or glorying in the other, as I have given that to my thoughts with passion, and this to my mind with compassion, although I confess I have small reason to place it so near me, in regard thy Jealousie is the sole author, and my fidelity and chastity no way the cause thereof; wherefore I am so far from fearing, as I love Gods Justice, because as in other sins, I have offended his Divine Majesty, so I am sure that in this I have no way incurred or merited his indignation, and do most freely refer my fortunes and reputation to his sacred pleasure, but not to thy secret discontents and ill-grounded choler from which (by the plea of a just proviso) I have all the reasons of the world to appeal, also for that foul scandal and infamous Epithie of a Strumpet, which I thought thee too virtuous once to conceive, much less to name, but least of all for one Sister-in-Law (with cause or reason) to give to a member: But thou art La Precouverte, therefore I forget this ingrateful crime of thine, and I am Masserina, therefore I freely and absolutely forgive it, and to do thee as much right as thou hast done me wrong, I will silence it in eternal obscurity and oblivion.

MASSERINA.

And is it not worthy of our observation, or rather of our detestation, to see how impiously these prophane wretches deny this their Adultery towards God, and also to La Precouverte, whom they have so hainously offended therewith, and which to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to their own hearts and Consciences are nevertheless as apparent as the Sun in his brightest Meridian, yea, had they not wilfully fled from God, and presumptuously abandoned themselves to Satan, to contrive such irreligious excuses, and to frame such ungodly Apologies for these their foul crimes and offences, and so to make hypocrisie the veil of their Adultery, and the cloke to cover it from the light and sight of the world: And is it not a resolution worthy of a halter in the world, and of Hell-fire in that to come, to attempt marriage, when the wife of the one, and the Husband of the other, are in perfect strength, and full of life and health, (especially Masserina's Husband Vimory) as but right now to their shame, not to their glory, they understand by La Precouverte's Letters to them. To the Magistrates of Geneva, they are firm Protestants, and as they pretended, so they then (as they constantly affirmed) intended to live and die. To La Precouverte in their Letters they are sound Roman Catholics, and in the sublimity and singularity of their zeal travelling towards the Lady of Loretto, in devotion. O wretched Christians, or indeed rather Miserable wretches, thus with your hypocrisie to think to deceive God, when therein you only deceive your own selves and Souls. For can there be a greater misery found by us on earth, or sent us by the Devil from hell than to make Religion (which of it self is a precious and sovereign Antidote) to become a fatal drug,

drug, and a pernicious ingredient to poison, not to preserve our souls, and so only to delight our earthly humours and affections, and to please our carnal desires, and concupiscences? of all sorts of men (after the Athiest and the Murtherer) the Hypocrite is the veriest Devil upon earth, and he is so much the more wretched and execrable, in that he guilds over his speeches, life and actions with the seeming shew of piety and devotion, when God and his ulcerated conscience know, that he is nothing less. To be luke-warm in Religion, is to be prophane not Religious. And as wine mixt with water is neither wine nor water, so he that is of two Religions is of neither. For God who is still jealous of his own honour, and of our salvation, will not only have our souls, but our hearts to serve him, and not only our hearts, but also our tongues to glorifie him, that is to say, all our actions, and all our affections, not a piece of our heart, but he will have our whole heart; and not an angle or corner of our soul, but our whole soul. For in matters of his Divine Worship and Service, (which consists in that of our Faith, and of his glory) he will not admit of any Rival or Competitor; nor be served, in any other manner, than as he hath taught us by his sacred Word and Commandments, and instructed us by his holy Prophets, and blessed Apostles.

But again to *Harcourt* and *Masserina*; Whose lascivious hearts and lewd Consciences not permitting them to rest in assurance, or reside in security any where, the very day after they had dispatched the messenger with their Letters to *La Precouverte*; (holding *Geneva* no place for them; nor they for *Geneva*) they truss up baggage, and so with much secrecy leave it, and direct their course to the great and famous City of *Lyons* (some two and twenty leagues thence) and which is the former Town of *France*, and there they think to shrowd themselves among that great affluence and confluence of people which inhabit and aboad there from divers parts; and they make choice to live in this frontier City, because it is near to *Savoy*, where if any danger should chance to betide or befall them, they might speedily and safely retire themselves thence, and so lay hold on the Law and privilege of Nations, which is inviolable throughout all the world. At their arrival at *Lyons* they take their Chambers and residence near the Arsenal, though for the two first nights they lie in *Flanders street*. They have not been in *Lyons* fifteen days, but there befell them an accident very worthy both of our observation, and of their remembrance, which was thus; A Gentleman of the City of *Tholouse* named *Monsieur de Blaise*, having some five days before treacherously killed his eldest Brother *Monsieur de Barry* in the high way as they travelled together, upon a quarrel which fell out between them, for having debauched and clandestinely stolen away his said elder Brother *De Barry*'s wife from him, and conveyed and transported her away with him: There was a privy search then made in *Lyons*, when that same night *Harcourt* and *Masserina* were upon suspicion apprehended for them, and laid in sure keeping. But the next morning before the Seneschall and Procureur Fiscall, they justified their innocency, by many who knew *De Blaise*, and so were cleared, but yet it gave them both a hot Camisado and fearfull Alarm, and left an ominous impression in their hearts and minds, whereof (for the conformity of the circumstances of this action with their own) had they had the grace to have made good use, they had not (hereafter) made themselves so famously infamous, nor consequently this their History so prodigiously deplorable.

Harcourt and *Masserina* whilst they stay here in *Lyons*, (as guilt is still accompanied with fear) do seldome go forth of their Lodgings, and when they do, they (for their better safety) disguise themselves in different Apparell; and for her part she goes still close masked, and musked up in her Tassata coysse. Yea, both of them make it their practice to frequent the fields often, but the Churches and streets seldome, as if their soul-crime of Adultery had made them unworthy the Communion of Gods Saints, and consequently all good company too worthy for them. He exceedingly fears his Brother *Vimory*'s silence and revenge, and she highly envieth and disdaineth her Sister in Law *La Precouverte*'s jealousy, and still that disgracefull word of Strumpet (which she upbraided her with and obtruded to her in her Letter) strikes and sinks deeply in her heart and remembrance; in such sort, that it so possesseth her thoughts with malice and takes up her mind with choler and fierce indignation, as she vowes her self not thus to let it pass in silence, or to vanish and dye away in oblivion; quite contrary to that which her late Letter to her Sister *La Precouverte* promised and spake. And here it is that the Devil first begins to take possession of her heart, and by degrees to seize upon her soul, and to make her wholly to forsake God. For knowing *La Precouverte* to be Wife to her Brother in Law and lover *Harcourt*, (whom she affects a thousand times dearer than her own Husband, yea, than her own self) she is therefore so great a beam to her eye, so sharp a thorn to her heart, and so bitter a corrosive to her content, as she not only assumes bad thoughts, but bad blood against her: For

vowing

vowing that none shall share with her in his affection, she forgetting her Conscience and Soul, Heaven and God, is speedily resolved to cause her to be poisoned, her enraged malice being capable of no other excuse or reason but this, that it is impossible she can reap any perfect felicity or content in earth, till she have dispatched and sent her to Heaven. To which end she infiltrates her self into the acquaintance of two Apothecaries of that City, and deals with them severally and secretly to effect this hellish business, for the which she promised either of them a hundred crowns of the sum in hand, and as much more when they have effected it, and fifty more to defray the charge of their journey; But the Devil hath made her so crafty and subtle, as she still retains from them, the name *Masserina*, and the place *Troyes* where the party dwelt; there are good and bad men of all Countries, Faculties and Professions; these two Apothecaries are as honest as she is wretched, and as religious and charitable as she is profane and bloody; so the one denies her request with disdain and choler, and the other with charity and compassion, alledging her many pious considerations and reasons to dissuade her from this foul and bloody act, the execution thereof, though tacitely, yet infallibly threatneth (says he) no less than the utter subversion of her fortunes, and the ruine and confusion of her life in this world, if not likewise of her soul in that to come: So she being hereat a little galled and stung in Conscience, to see that this great City of *Lyons* affords poison, but no poisoners, to act and finish this her bloody project: the Devil hath yet notwithstanding, made her so curibus in her malice, and so indutrious, and resolute in her revenge, as enquiring whether there were any Italian Emperick, or Mountebank in that City (whom she thought might be made fit and flexible to her bloody desires and intents:) she is advertised, that there departed one hence some eight dayes since, who is gone to reside this Spring of the year at the Baths at *Pougges*, a mile from the City of *Nevers*, his name being *Seignior Baptista Trivoly*, (whom I conjecture may derive his surname from that pleasant small Town of *Trivoly*, some twenty small miles from *Rome*, wherein there are many Cardinals, country Palaces, or houses of pleasure) being very skillful in Minerals, and in extracting the spirits and quintessence of divers other vegetives; of a vain-glorious, and ambitious humour and disposition, and yet of very poor estate and means, and such a one, as indeed *Masserina* holds every way a fit agent and instrument for her turn and purpose.

She is glad of this advertisement, and will neither give nor receive any truce from her heart, or her heart from her revenge, before she hath seen and spoken with *Trivoly*, the which to effect, she to *Harcourt* pretends a sudden ach in her right arm, and so upon good advice tells him that she is very desirous to go to the Bathes of *Pougges* by *Nevers*, there to stay some fifteen or twenty dayes at farthest; *Harcourt* (no way once dreaming of her inveterate malice, and far less of her revengeful and bloody intents towards the safety and life of his wife *La Precouverte*) approves of her resolution and journey, but threatens her to be wonderful careful of her self, her health and safety, and proffereth to accompany her himself: She with many kisses, dearly thanks him for his care of her and affection to her herein; answereth him that his stay in *Lyons* will make her journey the more safe and short, so she accepts of the man for the master, and only takes *Noel* along with her, who respects her so well, as he cares not for her sight, much less for her company: She arrives at *Nevers*, and (impatient of all delay) the next morning finds out *Trivoly* at *Pougges*, being a very tall man; of a coal-black beard, and of a wan and sullen countenance, she by his Physiognomy judgeth that her hopes will not be deceived of him; The second day she breaks with him about her hellish business, and finds him tractable to her devillish intents: They proceed to this lamentable bargain, and she is to give him one hundred Crowns in his hand, & a faithful promise of a hundred and fifty more when he hath effected it, as also fifty Crowns for the charge of his journey, the which she limits at fifteen dayes; so having settled this her business, she now names the party to *Trivoly*, whom she will have him to poison, *La Precouverte* to be the woman; who resides and dwells with her Father *Monsieur le Vaquerry*, a poor Gentleman in the City of *Troyes* in *Champagne*, and she a young Gentlewoman of some twenty years of age, of a flaxen hair, and very sickly: When giving him a small Saphyr Ring from her finger, she therewith swears him both to the performance, and to the secrecy of this murder, the which, armed by the Devil, he doth: When being exceeding glad of this his bloody employment, which brings him store of gold, the which he esteems the Elixir of his heart, and the felicity and glory of his life, and which indeed, was the main business that brought him on this side the Alpes, from *Italy* to *France*. Thus without any fear of God, or thought of Heaven or Hell, these murderbus and damnable miscreants have concluded and shut up this their bloody bargain: Our poor sweet *La Precouverte*, having received her Husbands Letter from *Geneva*, and considering the Contents thereof, as also that of her

Sister-in Law *Masserina*, she knows not what to think either of their Letters or of themselves, she sees her Letter to promise much zeal and devotion to God, and his much affection to her, and yet remembering his former unkindness, I may say cruelty, towards her; as also the manner of their base and clandestine departure, then she thinks the first to be false, and the second feigned, and therefore conceives she hath far more reasons to despair than to hope either of their Innocency, or their Return; But this is her resolution: *Harcourt* is her Husband therefore she will still love him dearly; She is his Wife, and therefore she will for ever pray for him, and his prosperity religiously. Thus hoping, and many times (with many heavy sighs and bitter tears) wishing and desiring his happy return and vertuous reformation, she in his absence lives pensively and sorrowfully with her Father, rather as a widow than a wife, and such is her miserable estate, and poor and sorrowful fortune, that she well knows not whether she may more grieve or rejoyce that God hitherto hath given her no Child. For, ah me, she is so invironed with afflictions, so incompassed with calamities, so assaulted with sickness, and so weighed down with sadness and disconsolation, as she reputes her life worse than death, and either wisheth her Husband at home with her, or her self in Heaven with God.

But alas, alas, dear sweet young Gentlewoman, little dost thou think or dream (now thou desirest death) what a hellish plot there is contrived and intended against thy life by these two bloody Factors and Agents of the Devil, *Trivoly*, and thy Sister *Masserina*: O *Masserina*, *Masserina*, the disgrace of thy name, the infamy of thy family, the shame of thy time, and the scandal of thy sex. O how I want words not tears, to condemn thy cruel rage, and to execrate thy infernal malice and fury, thus to resolve to imbrew thy guilty hands in the innocent blood of thy chaste and virtuous Sister-in-Law, *La Precouverte*! For was it not sin and lust enough for thee to have heretofore bereaved her of the love and presence of her Husband, but that thou wilt now be so wretched and inhumane, as likewise to rob her of her life? O grief, O shame, O pity, that thou shouldst once dare to think thereof, much less to attempt it, I mean so lamentable a crime, and so bloody a fact, which assure thy self, as there is a God in Heaven, will never go long unpunished on Earth.

But I must proceed in this sad and mournful History, and therefore with an unwilling and trembling resolution, I am enforced to declare that this limb of the Devil, *Trivoly*, rides away to *Troyes*, where he speedily and secretly makes profession of his Empery. When understanding that *Monsieur de la Vaquery* is constantly in the City, he (with an Italian impudence and policy) soon skews and insinuates himself into his company. And as it is the vanity of our times, and the weaknes and imbecility of our judgments (in any profession whatsoever) still to prefer and respect strangers before our own Countrymen; so *Monsieur de la Vaquery*, hearing this Italian to devour Latin at his pleasure, and rather to vomit than utter forth whole Catalogues of Physical phrases, which he had stolen, not learnt from *Aristotle*, *Galen*, and *Paracelsus*, his ignorance believes him to be very learned, and therefore he holds him a most fit Physician to cure his Daughter *La Precouverte* of her Consumption, whereinto (as before) she was deeply and dangerously fallen, by the unparalleled griefs and sorrows which she conceived for her Husband's former unkindness to her, but more especially for his present absence and flight with his lascivious Sister *Masserina*. So (in a most unhappy hour) her Father *La Vaquery* mentioneth it to *Trivoly*: which (being the only occasion and opportunity he gaped for) he freely promiseth him his best art and skill for her recovery, and the next day goes home to his house with him, and visiteth his Daughter: He finds her to be weak, lean, and pale, the which serves the better for his turn, to colour out this his bloody purpose to her. When (if there had been any humanity in his thoughts, any grace in his heart, or any spark of religion or piety in his soul) the very sight of this sweet, this harmless, this beautiful young Gentlewoman would have moved him to compassion, and not with hellish cruelty to resolve to poison her. But his sinful heart, his seared conscience, and his ulcerated and virulent soul had (in favour of gold) made this compact with the Devil, and therefore he will advance, and not retire in this his infernal resolution. He feels her pulse, casts her estate in an Urinal, receives thirty Crowns of her Father for her cure, and so bidding her to be of good comfort, he administheth her two Pills, three mornings following, whereof (harmless sweet Gentlewoman) within three dayes after she suddenly dyes in her bed by night: *Trivoly* affirming to her sorrowful father and Friends, that before he came to her, the violence and inveteracy of her Consumption, had turned all her blood into water, and exhausted and extenuated all the radical humours of her life; which opinion of this base and bloody Italian Mountebank, pass'd current with the simplicity of his belief and their judgments: So he burieth his Daughter, and with her his chiefest earthly delight and joy. Within three dayes after that this sorrowful

and lamentable Tragedy was acted, this Monster, this Devil incarnate. Truly leaves *Troyes*, and posts away to *Nevers*, where he raviltheth *Masserina's* heart with the joyful news and assurance of *La Precouverte's* death and burial, of whom he receives his other hundred and fifty Crowns, the which according to her promise, she fails not presently to pay him down. And here again they solemnly swear secrecy each to other of this their bloody fact.

Wretched *Masserina* feasting her heart with joy, and surfeiting her thoughts with content to see the rival and competitor in her loves, *La Precouverte* thus dispatched and sent to Heaven; She now thinking to domineer alone in her *Harcourt's* heart and affection, esteems her self a degree nearer to him in marriage, that so of his Sister she may become his Wife. For this is the felicity and content whereat her heart aimeth, and the delectation and joy wherein her desires and wishes terminate. But her husband *Vimory's* life doth dash these joys of hers in pieces, as soon as she conceives them, and strangles them, if not in their birth, yet in their cradle. She finds *Nevers* to be a pleasant City, and *Pongges* a delightful little place to live in, and when the Spring is past and the great confluence of people retired and gone home, to be a place of far more safety for them than *Lyons*. Yea, and she affects and loves it far the better, because here it was she first heard and understood of *La Precouverte's* death, which as yet for a time she closely conceals to her self; Wherefore she sends *Noel* (her man) to *Lyons* to his Master, and by her letter prays him speedily to come and live with her at *Nevers* which she affirms to him is a pleasant City, and that there she attends his arrival and company with much affection and impatency.

Harcourt, to please his sweet-heart Sister *Masserina*, leaves *Lyons*, and comes to her at *Nevers*, where with thanks and kisses, she joyfully welcomes him, telling him that these bathes of *Pongges*, hath perfectly freed her of her ach; but in her heart and mind, she well knows, it is the death of *La Precouverte*, and not those bathes, which hath both cured her doubts and secured her fears. They have not lived in *Nevers* and *Pongges* above three weeks since his arrival, until they there (but by what means I know not) understand of *La Precouverte's* death, whereat he seems nothing sorrowful, but she extremely glad and joyful. And by this time, which is at least a whole year since their flight and departure, from Saint *Simplician* and *Sens*, they in their Travels and other gifts and expences, have consumed and expended a pretty sum of their money. In all which time, we must understand that *Vimory* hates his Wife and Brother so exceedingly, as he (in contempt of their crimes and detestation of their treacherous ingratitude) scorns either to look or send after them; but the only revenge which he useth towards him in his absence, he pretends a great sum of money to be due to him from him, and in compensation thereof, seizeth upon the remainder of his lands, and by Order of Justice gathereth up, and collects his rents from his Tenants, to his own use and behoof. Which extremely grieves *Harcourt*, and afflicts *Masserina*, who (by this time) seeing in what obscurity and considering in what continual fear and danger they live in: as their lascivious affections, to their irregular desires, and irreligious resolutions, look one and the same way, which is to send her Husband, and his Brother *Vimory* to Heaven after his Wife *La Precouverte*, yea so resolute are they in these bloody intentions and desires, as they wish and pray for it with zeal, and desire it with passion and impatency. And now their malice is grown so resolute, and their resolution so graceless in their contemplation and conceiving of this bloody fact, as they bewray it each to other. *Masserina* vows to him that she can reap no true content, either in her life or conscience, before, of his Sister he make her his Wife; Nor I, replies *Harcourt*, before my Brother *Vimory* be in Heaven, and I marry thee and be thy Husband here in earth. When (as a bloody Courtesan and Strumpet) she gives him many thanks and kisses for this his affection to her, and malice to his Brother *Vimory* for her sake, when (working upon the advantage of time, occasion and opportunity) She tells him that in her opinion the shortest and surest way is to dispatch him by poyson. *Harcourt* dislikes her judgment, and plot, as holding it no way safe in taking away his Brothers life to entrust and hazard his own at the courtesie of a stranger (at which speech of his, she blusheth and palleth, as being conscious and memorative of what she had lately caused to be perpetrated by *Truly*.) Therefore he thinks to acquaint and employ his own man *Noel* in this bloody business, and proffereth him two hundred Crowns, and forty more of yearly pension during his life, if he will Pisto his Brother *Vimory* to death as he is walking in the fields. But *Noel* is too honest a man, and too good a Christian to stab at the majesty of God, in killing man his creature and Image, and absolutely denies his Master, and although he be a poor man, yet he rejects his offer, as resolving never to purchase wealth, or preferment at so dear a rate, as the price of innocent blood: whereat his Master bites his lip for discontent and anger. So conjures him to perpetual secrecy and silence of this proposition and business, which *Noel* promiseth, but swears not. Hereupon *Harcourt* to approach

proach nearer *Sens*, He and *Mafferina* leaves *Nevers*, and very secretly by little journies (and the greatest part by night) come to *Mascon*, and there his heart strikes a bargain with the Devil, and the Devil with his Soul and resolutions, to ride over himself to *Sens*, and there with his own hands to pistoll his Brother *Vimory* to death in the fields, or if his Bullets miss him, then to finish and perpetrate it with his own Sword. O wretched Gentleman, O execrable Brother, thus to make thy Hope and Charity prove Bankrupt to thy Soul, and thy Faith unto God!

But nothing will prevail with *Harcourt*, to dissuade him from this bloody business; Whereunto the damnable treachery and malice of *Mafferina* impetuously precipitates and hastens him onwards, although it be against her own Husband. So he leaves *Mascon*, and in a disguised beard, and poor sute of Apparel, comes to Saint *Simplician*, purposely leaving *Sens* a little on his left hand. Where waiting for his Brother *Vimory*, at the end of a pleasant Wood of his, a little mile from his house, where he knew he was accustomed to walk alone by himself solitarily; He personating and acting the part of a poor begging Souldier, and counterfeiting his Tongue as well as his Beard and Apparel, with his Hat in his hand (espying his Brother) he goes towards him with an humble resolution, and requesteth an Alms of him. Which *Vimory* seeing and hearing, he in meer charity and compassion of him, because he saw him to be, though a poor, yet a proper man, and which is more a Souldier, draws forth his purse, and whiles he looks therein for some small peice of silver; *Harcourt* (as a Disciple of the Devil) very softly draws out his little Pistol out of his left sleeve (which he covered with his Hat) and having charged it with two Bullets, he lets fly at him, and so shoots him in the trunk of his body a little under the heart, of which two wounds he presently fell dead to the ground, being as unfortunate in his death, as his Brother was miserable and diabolical in giving it him: for he only fetched two groans, but had neither the power of happiness to speak one word; and the Devil (in the catastrophe of this mournful Tragedy) was so strong with *Harcourt*, as his malice towards his Brother *Vimory*, exceeded not only malice but rage and fury it self, for fearing he was not yet dead, he twice ran him thorow the body with his Sword. When leaving his breathless body all goring in his hot reeking blood, he with all possible celerity takes his horse (which he had tied out of sight, to a tree not far off) and so with all possible speed gallops away to his now intended Wife *Mafferina* at *Mascon*, who triumphs with joy at his relation of this good news, the which to her, yea to them both, is equally pleasing and delectable. But God will not permit that these wretched joys and triumphs of theirs shall last long.

This cruel murther of *Monsieur Vimory* is some two hours after known at his house and Parish of Saint *Simplician*, as also in the City of *Sens*, and so dispersed over all *Burgundy*; and the Murtherers narrowly sought after, but in vain; *Harcourt* and *Mafferina* meet with these reports at *Mascon*, but they hold it discretion and safety, a small time longer, to conceal themselves secretly in that Town, and so to suffer the heat of this news to pass over, and be blown away. But at the end of two moneths *Harcourt* (setting a milk-white face upon his bloody Fact) arrives at *Sens*, and from thence to his Manor-house of Saint *Simplician*, which now by the death of his Brother *Vimory*, who died without issue, wholly devolved and fell to him; who having formerly played the Devil in murdering his said Brother, he now as infernally plays the Hypocrite in mourning for his death, making so wonderful an outward shew and demonstration of sorrow for the same, as he and all his servants are dighted in blacks. A month after he sends for his good Sister-in-Law *Mafferina*, who comes home to him, and they seem so absolutely strange each to other, as if they had never seen one another during all the long time of their absence, and she likewise seems to drown her self in her tears, and is likewise all in blacks for the death of her Husband; But God in his due time will pull off this their false mask, and detect and revenge both their horrible Sins of Adultery and Murther. Now as close as they conceal this their dishonorable flight and departure; yet it is discovered and found out, and held so odious, so foul, to all the Gentlemen and Ladies their Neighbours (who yet know nothing of their Murthers) as they disdain to welcome them home, or (which is less) to see them, which they both are enforced with grief to observe, as holding it to be the reflection of their own disgrace and scandal. The which henceforth to prevent, they within two Months after, send for their Ghostly Fathers, as also for two Jesuits, and the Vicar of their Parish, and acquaint them with their desires and resolutions to marry: But these Ecclesiasticks affirm it to be directly opposite to the Rules and Canons of the holy Catholique Roman Church

Church, for one Brother to marry the widow of another, as also against the written Law of God; and therefore they utterly seek both to perswade and dissuade them from it, as being wholly unlawful and ungodly, and so refuse to Consent thereto, much less to perform it without a dispensation from the Pope, or his *Nuntio* now resident at *Paris*. They cause the *Nuntio* to be dealt with about it, but he peremptorily refuseth it; But in favour of money, and strong friends, within three months they procure it from Rome, and so they are speedily married, now thinking and withal believing and triumphing, that this their Nuptial knot hath power to deface and redeem all their former Adulteries, and now wholly wiped off their disgrace and scandal with the World. And therefore in their own vain and impious conceits, they are secure and abound in wealth, delight and pleasure; but as yet they have not made their peace with God.

Come we therefore first to the detection and discovery of these their bloody crimes of murder, and then to the condign punishments which they received for the same: Whereof the manner briefly is thus. 'Tis many times the pleasure and providence of God to punish one sin by another; yea, and sometimes one sin for another, the which we shall now see apparent in this their bloody and hellish Italian Mountebank *Tivoly*, who repairing to the great Fair of *Sens* and there beginning to profess his Empery to a rich Goldsmiths Wife of that City named *Masseur de Boys*, he the third day stole a small casket of Jewels and Rings from him out of a Cupboard, (the lock whereof he cunningly pickt, and shut again) valued at four thousand Crowns, and the same night fled upon that robbery towards *Mascon*, thinking there to put himself on the River of *Saone*, and so to slip down to *Lyons*, and from thence over the Alps into *Italy*. *De Boys* makes a speedy and curious research for his thief, whom as yet he could not find, or discover; when hearing of this Mountebank *Tivoly* his sudden departure and flight, he takes him to be his thief, pursues him in person, and within four Leagues of *Mascon*, apprehends him, (having to that end brought two Provosts (or Sheriffs) men with him in their Coats, with their Pistols at Saddle-bow, to assist him), *De Boys* finds many of the Jewels and Rings about *Tivoly*, and divers others wanting, the which he could never recover: So being brought back to *Sens*, he was first imprisoned, and then examined by the *Senshall* and the Procurer Fiscal: When having neither cause, nor colour to deny this robbery of his, he therefore freely confessed it, the Devil still assuring, or rather betraying his hopes, confidence, and Judgment; That it is very possible, and he thinks it very probable and feasible to corrupt his Judges with some of the Jewels which he had closely conceal'd and hid about him; But, he shall speedily see the contrary.

For they seeing this Italian Emperick (by his own confession) guilty of this great and remarkable robbery, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the same. So having a Cordelier (or gray Fryer sent him that night to prison to prepare his soul for Heaven; He the next morning (according to his sentence of condemnation) is brought to execution: Where on the Ladder, he (to free his Conscience and Soul) doth constantly and sorrowfully confess, that he had formerly poisoned *Madameyselle La Precouverte*, daughter to *Monsieur de la Vaquery* of *Troyes*, and that he was hired to do it by the Lady *Masserina*, of whom at *Paugges* he received two hundred and fifty Crowns and a small Saphyr Ring to perform it, as also fifty Crowns more, which she gave him for his charges from *Nevers* to *Troyes*; and so he dies in the constant confession of this his foul and lamentable murder; and is hanged for his Robbery: And his body afterwards burnt for destroying and poisoning of this young Gentlewoman *La Precouverte*, whom many Gentlemen and Ladies there present well knew, and exceedingly bewailed, for the goodness of her sweet nature and pure beauty, as also for the excellency of her honourable perfections and religious virtues; and although the Spectators of this wretch *Tivoly* his death expected some speech from him, at the taking of his last farewell of this world, yet (besides his former confession) he spake nothing, but mumbled out some few words to himself, which were not understood: And thus he lived wretchedly as he dyed miserably, giving no testimony of his contrition or sorrow to the World, or any spark of grief, or repentance, towards God.

Now before his body was fully consumed to Ashes, This our Wretched and bloody Gentlewoman *Masserina*, together with her old Lover but new Husband *Harcourt*, are (by order of the Judges of *Sens*) apprehended and taken Prisoners in their own house of *Saint Simplician*, as they were walking and kissing together, without any thought of danger, much less of death. They hereat look each on other with grief and astonishment, especially *Masserina*, who understanding (by some of those that apprehend them). That
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it was the Italian Mountebank *Tivoly*, who at his Execution accused her, but not her Husband *Harcourt* for having and causing him to poyson her Sister *La Precouverte*, she then sees her self to be a dead Woman, and no hope left her in the World of her life, but every way a firm assurance and confidence of her death; yet seeing *Tivoly* dead, she resolves to stand upon her Justification. She is all in Tears at this her lamentable disaster, curseth the name and memory of *Tivoly* for ruining her, with himself; and now, when it is too late, she blames her self of indiscretion, for neglecting, and not dealing effectually with *Tivoly* in Prison, to conceal this her fact and name.

As for her Husband *Harcourt*, he (knowing himself absolutely innocent of this murder (he grieves not for the death of his first Wife *La Precouverte*, but now extremely mourneth and lamenteth to think of this, of the second Wife *Masserina*, for live he fears he cannot. He bids her yet be of good comfort, and whispereth her secretly in her Ear, that he will give all his estate and means to save her life, or else that he will dye with her; she thanks him with a world of sighs and tears, and rounds him as privately in his Ear with many deep Oaths and Asseverations, that her tongue shall never dare to speak any one word or syllable to her Judges, which shall tend to the prejudice of his reputation, safety or life, and so they are by their apprehenders separated; and when severally conveyed to the Prison of *Sens*, *Masserina* is first arraigned by the Judges, where (according to her former resolution) she (not with tears but with high words and speeches) stands upon her Innocency and Justification, they inform her how strongly *Tivoly* at his death declared she had given him two hundred and fifty Crowns, a Saphyr Ring, and fifty Crowns more to pay her charges at *Pousses*, and how he at her instigation, and in favour of this her Gold poisoned *La Precouverte* at her father *Monsieur de Vaquery's* house at *Troyes*, she terms *Tivoly* witch and devil, yea worse then a thousand devils, thus to accuse her falsely of this murder of her sister *Precouverte*, whereof she vowes to God and the world, to Earth and Heaven, that she is as innocent as that damned Italian was guilty thereof; but the Judges (notwithstanding all these her great fumes and cracks) do presently condemn her to the rack, the which as soon as she saw and considered the sharp nature of those exquisite torments, then God was so merciful to her soul by his grace, though she was not so heretofore to her body by the perpetration of her foul sins, that she would not permit her tender dainty limbs to be exposed to the misery of those cruel tortures, but then and there confesseth her self to be the author of poisoning *La Precouverte* her sister, as *Tivoly* was the actor thereof, when being here by her Judges farther demanded whether her last Husband *Harcourt* were not likewise accessory with her in poysoning of his first wife *La Precouverte*, she with much assurance and constancy clears him hereof, and is so kind and loving to him, as she speaks not a word to them, of his pistolling to death of her Husband his Brother *Vimory*: So for this foul and bloody fact of hers, she is condemned to be hanged the next morning and for that night again returned to Prison, when she and her sorrowful Husband, make great suit to the Judges that they may for a short time sit and speak one with the other, but it will not be granted them; when *Harcourt* being as confident of his own life, as he was of his wife's death, making secret proffer (by some friends of his) to the Judges, of all his Lands, and demanded to save his wife, but they (resembling themselves) do so much fear God, and reverence and honour the sacred Name of Justice, as they are deaf to his requests.

The next morning (according to her sentence) she is brought to the place of her Execution, but (at her earnest and importunate request) so early, that very few people were present at her death, where being ascended the Ladder, she there again cursed the name, and execrated the memory of that wretched Villain *Tivoly*, and wished much prosperity and happiness to her Husband *HARCOURT*, when turning her Eye about, and seeing a Cosen German of his there present, named *Monsieur de Perpoint*, she calls him to her, and is so vain at this last period (as it were) of her life, as she takes off her Glove and Bracelet from her right hand and Arm, and prays him to deliver it to his Cousin and her Husband *Harcourt*, and to assure him from her that she died, his most loving and constant Wife, which *Monsieur Pierpoint* faithfully promised her to perform; then a Subordinate Officer of Justice being there to see her dye, tells her that he was now commanded by the Judges his Superiours, to tell her, that she being now to leave Earth, and so ready to ascend into Heaven, they prayed her in the name and fear of God to declare to all those who were present, if her Husband *Harcourt*, yea or no, had any hand, or were knowing or accessory with her in the poisoning of his first Wife *La Precouverte*, and that she should do piously and Christianly to discover

discover the truth thereof, which would undoubtedly tend to Gods glory, and the salvation of her own soul: When she solemnly vowed to him, and to all the people that her Husband *Harcourt* never knew, nor in thought, word, or deed, was any way accessory, knowing, or consenting with her or *Troly*, in poisoning of his wife, and this which she now spake was the pure truth, as she hoped for Heaven; and now after a few years, she most vainly and idly fell praying and commending of him, especially how tenderly and dearly he loved her, with other ridiculous and impertinent speeches tending that way, which I hold, every way, unworthy of my mention and repetition; but had not the grace either to look up to Heaven, or to God with repentance, or the goodness to look down into her own heart, conscience or soul, with contrition and sorrow for all those her foul Adulteries and Murders; Neither to pray to God for her self, or to request those who were present to pray to God for her: And so she was turned over, all wondering and grieving at her bloody crime, and therefore some few lamenting or sorrowing for this her infamous death: But she there speaks not a word, or the shadow of a word, either of her Husband *Harcourt* pistolling to death of his Brother her first Husband *Vinny*, or of her knowledge thereof or consent thereunto.

Now though *Harcourt* seemed outwardly very sorrowful for this shameful death of his wife *Masserina*, yet he is inwardly exceeding joyful, that her silence at her death, of murdering his Brother *Vinny*, hath preserved his life with his reputation, and his reputation with his life. Whereupon being that day freed and acquitted by the Judges of *Sens*, both of his pretended crime, as also of his imprisonment; He composing his countenance equally betwixt joy and sorrow, returns to his house of *Saint Simplicien*, where now thinking himself absolutely discharged and cleared of all these his former Adulteries, as also of his late cruel murdering of his Brother; He within two, or at most within three months after his wife *Masserina*'s Execution casts off his mourning apparel, (which he wore for her death) and neither thinking of his soul or his conscience, or of Heaven or Hell, he flants and froliques it out in brave apparel, and because he is now fortunately arrived to be chief Lord and Master of a great estate both in Lands and Money, therefore he thinks it not his pride, but his glory, and not his vanity but his generosity to dight and put himself now into far richer Apparel than ever formerly he had done, whereof all the Gentlemen his Neighbours, yea, all the City of *Sens*, (with no little wonder) took especial notice thereof: Yea, he is so far from once dreaming or thinking either of his murdering of his Brother *Vinny*, or of the deplorable and untimely end of his two Wives, with as much vanity, and with far more haste than discretion or consideration, he now speedily resolves to take and marry a third. But his hopes will deceive him, because God in his sacred justice and judgment will deceive his hopes.

For, when he thinks himself secure and safe, not only from the danger, but likewise from the suspicion of any fatal or disastrous accident which can possibly befall him; then, the triumphant power of Gods revenge will both suddenly and soundly surprise him. His honest man *Nesl*, (with an observant eye, and a conscionable, and sorrowful heart) hath heard of *La Decourte*'s poisoning, and of *Vinny*'s pistolling to death, and hath likewise seen the hanging both of *Troly*, and of his last Mistress *Masserina*. In all which several accidents, as one way he wondreth at the malice of Satan, So another way he cannot but inwardly admire and applaud the just judgments of the Lord: He likewise knows what his Master *Harcourt* is to him and he to his Master, and in time of his service and attendance under him, what different and several passages of business and secrets have past between them: He hath remarked far more vices than virtues in his Master, whereas he much grieveth, but he was infinitely more enforced than desirous either to see or know them; and this again doth exceedingly rejoyce him. He well knows that fidelity is the glory of a servant, and yet he a continual sensible grief to his heart, and vexation to his soul, to see that his Master serves God no better: He doth not desire to know things (which concern his Master) whereof he is ignorant, but doth wish and pray to God that he were ignorant of many things which he knows, and of more which he fears; and being very often perplexed in his mind with the relation of these different causes and their as different effects, he cannot but in the end fatigue himself with this resolution; That as *Harcourt* is his earthly Master, so God is his Heavenly Master. But here betides an unexpected and unwished Accident to this *Nesl*, which will speedily try of what temper and metal both himself, his heart, his conscience and his soul is made, and what infinite disparity there is betwixt Earth and Heaven.

By the pleasure and visitation of God, he is suddenly taken extrem sick of a pestilent fever, but not in his Master *Harcourt*'s house, but in his own Fathers house, who dwells some

four leagues thence in a parish called *Saint Lazare*, and his Physician yielding him a dead man, he, as a religious Roman Catholick, takes the Extream Unction, and then prepares himself to dye: But he is so moral, and so good a Christian, as (the premises considered) he resolve to carry his conscience pure, and his Soul white and unspotted to Heaven. He prays his Father therefore, that he will speedily ride to *Senis* (in whose Jurisdiction *Saint Lazare* was) and to pray two of the three Judges to come over to him, for that he hath a great Secret to reveal them now on his death-bed, which conduceth to the glory of God, the service of the King, and the good of his own Soul: His Father accordingly rides to *Senis*, and brings two of those Judges presently with him to his Son's bed-side, to whom (in presence of three or four more of his Father's Neighbours) he, very sick in body but perfectly sound in mind, tells them, that his Brother *Tharcier* would (heretofore) have had him pistol his Brother *Vincent* to death, and offered him two hundred Crowns in money, and forty Crowns Annuity during his life to perform it: But he refused it, and knowing the said *Monsieur de Vinery* to be since murdered by a Pistol, he therefore verily believes that it is either his said Master, or some other for him, which is guilty of that lamentable murder, the true detection whereof (he says) he leaves to God and to them, and within half an hour after, (yea before they were departed his Father's house) this *Noble* dies.

Hereupon, these Judges wondering at the providence of God, in the evidence of this dying man for the discovery of this lamentable murder, they speedily send away their Officers who apprehend *Harcourt* in his own house of *Saint Simplician*; carrying and bringing it in his bed-chamber, in Company of three or four of his debauched Comforts and Companions; and so bringing him to *Sens*: Where lying in Prison that night, the next morning the Judges of that City cause him to be arraigned before them; and charge him with Pillowing of his Brother *John* to death, which (fortified and armed by the Devil) he strongly and stoutly denies; they read his man *Nels* dying Evidences against him, to prove it: So they adjudge him the fiery torment of the Scorpions, for the vindication of this truth, the which he endureth with a wonderful fortitude and constancy, and still denies it; When their heart being prompted from Heaven, and their souls from God, That he was yet the undoubted murderer of his Brother, they the second time adjudge him to the Rack, whereon punishing himself to be lacerated, and his tormentors giving a good scotch at him, God is more merciful to his Soul, than his Torturers are to his Body, and so with tears in his eyes, he confesseth that it was he which Pillowed his Brother *John* to death, and which afterwards ran him twice through the body with his Rapier: Whereupon for this bloody and unnatural fact of his, His Judges (without any regard to his extraction or quality) condemn him the next afternoon between four and five of the Clock, to be brought alive on the Wheel at the publick place of execution: Some few Gentlemen in his Kinfolk follow his reprieve, because as yet they despair not of his pardon, but their labours prove vain, and they purchase no reputation in seeking it, for now all *Sens* and the adjacent Country cry out on him, and on his foul and enormous Crimes of Adultery and Parricide.

So the next day, at the hour and place appointed, he is brought to his Execution, where many multitude of people, both of *Sims* and the adjacent Country, flock to see this Monster of Nature take his last farewell of the World. Being mounted on the Scaffold, in a Fawty he takes leave with a Gold Edge. He confesseth himself guilty of murdering his Brother *Primus*, and yet he grieves far more for the death of his last Wife *Margaret* than he does for that of his first. He *Reverent*: He demands forgiveness of God, and the World, for this his foul crime of Parricide, and prays all who are there present to pray to Almighty God for the salvation of his soul, and that they become charitable and Religious, and less bloody and prophane, by his example. So commending his soul unto God, his body to the Earth from whence it came, and marking himself three or four times with the sign of the Croas, he willingly suffers the Executioner to take his Legs and Arms upon the Wheel, the which as soon he breaks with his Iron Axe, he hath already seized upon death, and death on him.

no thus was the wretched lives, and miserable, and yet deserved deaths of these our true
 friends, great sinners, and in this manner did the Triumphs of God's Revenge justify
 them to their name, and cut them off to their Confusion. May we read this history
 with a pure heart, and as often meditate thereon to our own particular reformation and instruction.

The



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murder.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY:

HISTORY XVIII.

Romeo (the Lover of Bortary) kills Radegonda, the Chamber-maid of the Lady Felissima in the street, and is hanged for the same; Bortary afterwards kills Castuchio (an Abominable) to revenge her Husband Seigneur Plancze: for the which Castuchio is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and Bortary is beleaded, and then burnt.

IT is a thousand griefs and pitties, to see that Christians, who are honoured with that glorious title and appellation, should so wilfully and wretchedly lose it, by imbrewing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their Christian Brethren, and thereby to bereave our selves of that rich ornament, and inestimable Jewel, which God (in his Son Christ Jesus) hath lent us for the planting of our Faith, and given us for the extirpation of our profaneness, and rooting out of our Impiety. But this is the subtle malice, and malicious subtilty of Satan, (the professed enemy and Arch-Traytor of our souls) as also of his infernal Agents and Factors, who thereby make themselves fire-brands and incendiaries of their own felicity and safety, and because the examples of the wicked, do strike apprehension and fear to the godly, and that the punishment and death of murderers, doth fortifie the Charity, and foment and confirm the Innocency of the living. Therefore (for that Reason, and to this end,) I have purposely given this next history a place in my Book, wherein we shall see Choler, Malice, and Revenge, to act many deplorable and bloody parts; Let us read it with a jealous fear and a Christian fortitude, and so we shall assuredly hate this foul and crying Sin in others, and religiously, and constantly avoid it in our selves.

The foundation of this History, is laid in the fair and famous City of *Verona*, (antiently a great Colony of the *Romans*, since a free Estate of it self, but now dependent and subject to the Estate and Seignior of *Venice*) wherein there lately dwelt an old Gentleman being a widower, and one of the chiefest and noblest families of that City, named *Seignior Fabricius Minia*, who was rich in Lands, but exceeding wealthy in money, (whereof he had put a great and remarkable sum in the bank of *Venice*); he had one only Child, a daughter of some eighteen years of age, named *Dona Felisanna*, who was wonderful fair, and a most lovely sweet Creature, tall and slender of stature, of yellow golden hair, and sanguine damask Rose Complexion; Now as her beauty was every way answerable to her birth and extraction, no less were her singular virtues and sweeter perfections to her beauty, and as wealth, beauty and virtue concurring and meeting together, are three powerful lures, and attractive Attendants to draw the desires and affections of many noble Gentlemen to seek her in marriage; So two of her chief Suitors and who chiefly flattered their hopes to enjoy this sweet and precious Jewel of nature, and who stood in best possibility to bear away her affection and her self, was *Seignior Thomas Planco*, a brave young Gentleman of the Neighbour City of *Mantova*, of a sweet presence, and proper comely feature, of some twenty five years old, not very rich, yet endued with competent means to maintain himself like himself, but infinitely well bred, and adorned and honoured with all those generous parts and endowments which are requisite to make the Gallantry of courtiers compleat; and the other, *Seignior Juande Borlary*, a very rich Gentleman of the same City of *Verona*, a proper man of countenance, but of personage somewhat crook-back'd, and much Camber-leg'd, and drawing towards forty years of age; but of education, conditions and qualities so ignorant and uncivil, as he seemed to be rather a Citizen than a Gentleman, or indeed more a Clown than a Citizen, and yet otherwise of metal and courage enough. And that we may the more apparently see, and perfectly know, upon what terms they both stand, as well in the opinion of the Father, as the affection of the Daughter; *Minia* is infinitely desirous of *Borlary* for his Son-in-Law, but not of *Planco*; and *Felisanna* is exceedingly affected to take *Planco* for her Husband, but not *Borlary*; which they both perceiving, whilst *Borlary* intends to seek the affection and consent of the Father before that of the Daughter; *Planco* takes a contrary course, resolves to seek and prefer that of the Daughter before the Father. This regard of *Borlary* his wealth, and of *Planco*'s poverty with a covetous *Minia*, like a furious stream, or impetuous Torrent, bears down all other regards and considerations before it. But the consideration and respect of *Borlary* his deformed personage, and then that of *Planco*'s sweet feature and deportment with amorous *Felisanna*, as a delicious charm, and heart-ravishing extasy, sweeps away all other regards and respects whatsoever: the Father bids *Borlary* to be courteous and cheerful, and then he shall not fail to have his Daughter for his Wife; But the Daughter wills *Planco* to be discreet and constant, and then she will not fail to take him for her Husband; *Minia* to shew his love to *Borlary*, forbids *Planco* his house and the company of his daughter; *Felisanna* to reveal her dear and fervent affection to *Planco*, assures him he shall often enjoy both her sight and company, but confidently if not peremptorily, prohibits *Borlary* to approach her presence. Thus whilst *Borlary* often frequents and converseth with the Father publicly, no less, or indeed far oftener both *Planco* privately, and whilst the first hath more cause to despair, than reason to hope of her affection and consent to be his wife: The second hath all the reasons and causes of the world, not only to hope, but to assure himself thereof; But the patience of a little time, will shortly resolve our curiosity, whereunto these different intentions will lead, and what the event and issue will be of these their opposite intentions and resolutions.

But because the ambition and wisdom of *Borlary* will make it conspicuous and apparent to his *Minia*, That there is much difference betwixt him and *Planco*, as there is between her self, and her Chamber-maid *Roderiga*, He therefore seeing that he cannot further gain her by the persuasion of her Father, now hopes and attempts it, by this her minds solicitation, as holding her to be a fit instrument for the compassing of his desires, and a proper Agent for the perfecting and crowning of his wishes, because his best genius and intelligence informeth him that he hath a great power, and bears a great stroke, and sway with her *Mistress*: But we shall shortly see, and he too soon find the contrary, and that that his ill grounded hopes and undervaluing attempt of his, will both deceive his ambition, and betray his wisdom and judgment. Now to gain this her Chamber-maid *Roderiga* to his will, that thereby with the more facility and cheerfulness, she may obtain him her *Mistress*, her favour, and affection: He bribes her with silver and gold, and many other gifts,

gifts, if not too costly for his giving, yet I am sure too rich for her receiving, and in requital thereof she with her tongue promiseth him her best power and assistance towards her Mistress, but in her heart intends the contrary, which is directed to betray him; He sends likewise by her to his love, and her Mistress, divers curious rich Presents and two Letters, and prays her to take time at advantage, and so to deliver them to her from him; the which likewise she faithfully promiseth, but yet intends nothing less, so he holds it rather a virtue than a vice, to keep these Presents for her self, and to give the Letters to his Corrivall *Planeze*, to whom (by solemn Oath) she had formerly engaged her best art and power, and her chiefest assistance. Which policy, or rather which fallacy of hers is not so secretly born betwixt *Planeze* and her self, but *Borlary* (by some sinister accidental means) hath perfect notice thereof, which he takes so unkindly at *Radogonda's* hands, as (consulting more with passion than reason) his heart is so inflamed with Choler, and his resolution with revenge against her, that (impatient of all delays) he sends for her one afternoon to meet him at th' Amphitheatre, and from thence goes with her to the next street to a friend's house of his, where ascending a Chamber, and bolting the door within side to him, he (with choler and threats) chargeth her with this her ingrateful infidelity and treachery toward him; when drawing all the truth from her, by making her self a witness against her self, as well of the delivery of his Letters to *Planeze*, as also of keeping her presents for her self, and that her Mistress and he are solemnly contracted each to other. He there, in their revenge to her, and in malice and disdain to her Mistress, pulls off her head attire, and very basely and violently cuts away all her hair, and throws it into the fire, notwithstanding that *Radogonda* first fell on her knees, and with infinite tears and prayers besought him to the contrary; But as he hath made it an act of his revenge to *Radogonda*, and of his disdain to her Lady, his unkind Mistress *Felisanna*, so he now likewise resolves to make it one of his justifications to the world. Poor *Radogonda* is all in tears and choler at this her disgraceful accident received of *Borlary*, and no less but rather far more is her young Lady and Mistress *Felisanna*, the grief of the one ingendering the choler of the other, yea this ignoble and malicious fact of his doth so deeply stick in her heart and mind, and so extremely exasperateth her against him, as she makes her lover *Planeze* acquainted therewith, who (notwithstanding her Father's prohibition) was then descending his Coach, and ascended the Parlour to visit her. *Planeze* wondereth and grieves at this insolent and base indignity of *Borlary* towards *Radogonda*, which in every way does can no way but reflect on the other part of himself *Felisanna*, and so consequently on himself: When (being in her presence) the passions of his affection, and the flames of his revenge so far eclipse and transport his judgment, as he freely proffereth her his Sword, and self, to right *Radogonda's* wrong on the person and life of *Borlary*, the which courteous and noble affection and respect of his, *Felisanna* takes most lovingly and kindly of him, but yet loves him so tenderly and dearly, that by no means he will permit him to engage, much less to hazard himself in this trivial quarrel, which being (as he affirmed) more feminine than masculine, did therefore more properly belong to her own deciding and requital, the which (in that regard) she prayed him wholly to leave and refer to her self.

Borlary (by some of *Felisanna's* domestique servants whom in favour of money he hath made to be his friendly Spies and Intelligencers) hears hereof, and especially takes notice of *Planeze's* forwardness to fight with him for the quarrel of a poor Chamber-maid, so seeing that he could hope for nothing but for despair in his affection from *Felisanna*, he takes this so ill from *Planeze*, (who although he be his rival and competitor, yet being in a manner but a stranger to him) that he cannot, he will not be out-braved by this *Manoeuvre* in any point of courage or valour, and therefore to prevent his insulting and daring generosity, and to give him a touch and taste of his own: He the next morning by his Lacque *Romeo* sends him this Challenge.

BORLARY TO PLANEZE.

I regard thee couldst not content thyself to leave me of the Lady *Felisanna*, whose sweet beauty and virtues are by far more dear and precious to me than my life, but that (with much ostentation and malice) thou likewise makest it thy Trophy and Glory, to offer her the sacrifice of my death, only for the trivial respect of her Chamber-maid's hair: Therefore because thou makest so small an esteem of my life; my reputation invites, and mine honour conjures me to see what care thou wilt show for the defence and preservation of thine own. To which end, I pray thee to meet me to-morrow (betwixt five and six of the clock in the afternoon) with thy single Rapier without seconds, in the first meadow without the Prisoner's-gate of this City, where I will attend thy arrival, with

much zeal and impiety: Thou art Noble enough to be so generous, and I generous enough to try if thou wilt appear, and approve thy self so Noble.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* well knowing *Romeo* to be *Borlary* his Lacquey, and seeing him deliver a letter to her Lover *Planeze*, which she feareth to be some challenge, she thereat (adorning and beautifying her Lilly cheeks with a Roseat blush) prays him to tell her what *Borlary* his letter contained; When (his own honour getting the supremacy of his affection towards her) he tells her, that *Borlary* therein only requested him, to meet him the next day in the *Domo* (which is the Cathedral Church of that City, dedicated to *Saint Athanasius*) the which he is now going to grant him in his answer. But *Felisanna*, still jealous and fearfull, prays him to shew her those two Letters, which he pleasantly puts off with some kisses, and yet her blood and heart so freeze within her with fear, as she useth the best power of her art; and the chiefest Art of her affection, to conjure him not to fall out, much less to fight with *Borlary*, at their meeting in the Church. *Planeze* tells her he is too religious to be so prophane, to distain and pollute that sacred place with the effusion of Christian blood, because it is the Temple of Prayer, the house of God, and therefore every way fitter for a peacefull atonement and reconciliation, than for a contentious quarrel. Now (as the malice of men is finite, but of women infinite) *Felisanna* seeing her *Planeze* going to write his Letter, revenge and choler being then extravagantly predominant in her looks and resolutions, she hastily steps down into a Chamber next to the Garden, where she sends for *Borlary*'s Lacquey *Romeo*, and causeth three of her Grooms (whom she had purposely placed there) by force and violence to cut off his right Ear; which they presently do notwithstanding that he used a thousand intreaties and prayers to her to divert her from this her unworthy and malicious fact, and then hastily departing from him, she spake this to him: Tell my Master *Borlary*, that I have caused thine ear to be cut off to requite the affront and disgrace which he offered me in cutting off my Chamber-maid *Roderonda*'s hair.

Planeze having secretly to himself read *Borlary* his challenge: He thinks so honourably of himself, and so disgracefully of him, as he not a little wondereth to see, that he hath the courage to write to him, much less the resolution to fight with him; When grieving that he cannot now have the felicity and honour to make trial of his valour to himself, and affection to his Mistress upon a more generous Spirit and noble Personage than *Borlary*, he accepts his challenge, and in this answer promiseth him to meet him and perform it, the which he honourably conceals from *Felisanna*'s fear and jealousy, and so sealing up his Letter, he goes down to deliver it to *Borlary* his Lacquey, and resolves to dispeed and hasten his return, but contrary to his expectation he finds this Lacquey *Romeo* bitterly storming and weeping, and so demanding the cause thereof, he then and there by a Gentleman his servant, is first informed of the Lacquey's disgrace, and of the manner thereof as we have understood; *Planeze* is wonderfully grieved at this disastrous accident, but love prescribes so powerfull a law to his discretion, as he is informed to bear up with the time and so to dissemble it, and when in the language of a Victory and a triumph *Felisanna* acquaints him therewith, he holds it discretion, rather to wink at it, and dissemble it with silence, than to remember it with choler or reprehension towards her; So he to requit his ignorance, reputation, and honour herein towards *Borlary*, calls his Lacquey again, and vows and protesteth to him, as he is a Gentleman, that he is free from being any way knowing or accessory to this his disgrace and disaster, and bids him to assure his Master from him that he is every way innocent hereof, the which he would have signified to him in writing, but that his Letter was sealed before he knew it, and so giving him some crowns to wash down his anger and sorrow, he then takes leave of him.

Romeo sayes little but thinks the more, and as he disdaineth to bewray any appearance of grief hereat, so he cannot cloak that of his choler nor overvaile or smother that of revenge, in their fatal effects, which time will too soon produce.

Romeo in great haste and more choler, arriveth to his Master *Borlary*'s presence, gives him *Planeze*'s Letter, who very speedily and hastily breaking up the seals thereof, finds therein these lines.

PLANEZE TO BORLARY.

I acknowledge it to be rather thy misfortune, than my merit, that induceth the fair and virtuous Lady *Felisanna* to give her affection to me, and not to thy self, the which as a rich treasure, and precious Jewel I do not only esteem equal to my self, but a thousand degrees above it, and therefore it

was with much affection and zeal to her, and with no ostentation or vanity to thy self, that I rendered her my best services, to right her of the ignoble wrong which thou didst offer to her Chamber-maid Radegonda. In which regard, because thou purposely givest a sinister construction to my intent therein, and art so ambitiously resolute to hazard thy honour and life in hope of the loss of mine, I do therefore freely and cheerfully accept of thy Challenge, and my impatience and zeal shall anticipate thine before I perform it; wherein if my Rapier give but the bye to my blood, my misfortune to my Rapier, thou shalt find me enough noble and generous to attempt this duel for thy sake, and to finish those of greater danger for the Lady Felisanna's sake, who I freely profess is the Empress of my affections, and till death shall be the Queen Regent of my desires and wishes.

PLANEZE.

Borley hath no sooner perused and re-read the Letter of Planeze, but finding his challenge accepted, he is exceedingly glad and joyfull thereof, as if his glory consisted in his shame, and his safety in his danger. Then his Lacque *Romes* acquaints him with his disgrace, acted, saith he, wholly by *Dona Felisanna*, and no way as he vows and thinks by the consent or knowledge of Planeze, and so relates all that he and she charge him to repeat unto him: The which Borley hearing and understanding, he extremely burns to see his own affront and disgrace offered and brought home unto him in that of his Lacque: When having other affairs and business in his head, he contents himself for that time to give him some Gold, thereby the sooner to make him forget the loss of his Ear, which his looks better than his looks could now overvail and cover.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen, (being infinitely more ambitious to preserve their honour than their lives, and more carefull of their reputation towards the foolish people of the world, than of their souls towards God) are now sitting of their Rapiers and Chirurgions, to dispatch this their rash enterprise and irreligious business, and it is not the least part of Planeze's discretion and care to play the Mercury, and now to blind the Argus eyes of Felisanna's fear and vigilancy, and how to lose a beginning and end to this duel with his generosity and fame, that he be no way disturbed or prevented by her in the performance thereof: The prefixed hour being come, Borley (with his Chirurgion) as Challenged, comes first into the field, I mean into the meadow, the designed place and theatre where they intend to act this their bloody Tragedy, and is not there half a quarter of an hour, but Planeze the Challenged arrives there likewise with his Chirurgion: When their malice is so furious, and their courages so enflamed each against other, as passing over their saluting ceremonies without a ceremony, they picking their swords into their sheaths, do both of them draw, and so approach each other. At their first coming up, Planeze runs Borley through the left thigh, and Borley him in the right shoulder, and the sight of their fearful blood upon their white shirts doth rather revive than quench their courages. At their second meeting, Borley runs Planeze into the right arm of a large & deep wound, and Planeze dies not in debt for it, but requites it with a dangerous one in the small of his belly, which went near to prove mortal, for it leech much blood from him, made him begin to faint and stagger, so being both of them well near out of breath, they make a stand to breathe & take the benefit of the air, but their hearts and animosity are so great, as they will not yet desist or lay off, but now begin afresh to redouble their blows and courages, and here they traverse their ground to gain the advantage of the Sun, with far more adroitness and discretion than before. Now at this their third coming up, Borley presses Planeze with a furious thrust, but he very artfully and nimbly wards it off him, and in exchange runs Borley into the neck a little wide of his front-bowl: Whereat Planeze instantly closing with him, he fairly attempted to whip up his heels, but that Borley's strength prevented Planeze's agility: When each having the other by the collar of their shirts with one hand, and their Rapiers in the other, as they are striving and struggling together, God (more out of his gracious goodness and mercy, than of their desires and wishes) is pleased that neither of them shall for this time dye. For the Earl of *Lacina* riding post (with three Gentlemen in his company) from *Prin* towards *Torn*, chanced to espie and see them in the meadow, almost all covered over with sweat, blood, and dust, when he and they leaping from their Horses, he very honourably and charitably runs to them and parts them, offering them his best power and a pretty parcel of his time, to end and shut up their differences in a friendly atonement and reconciliation, but so inveterate and strong (by this time) is their malice each to other, as he found it no way feasible but impossible to effect it. So this brave and honourable Earl contents himself, to re-conduct and see them safe into the City, where

where privately leaving them to their future fortunes, he again takes horie away. Our two Devils having first thanked him for his noble Courtisie towards them, but otherwise they are exceedingly grieved to see the Victory pul'd out of their hands, for the vanity and impiety of either of them flattered and bounded their hopes, with no less ambition and felicity than each their own life; and either of them the death of his adversary. But as they are grateful to the Earl of *Lucerna* for this his honourable courtisie towards them; yet they are so irreligious as they look not up to Heaven, nor once have the grace to think on God, much less to thank his divine Majesty, for now so mercifully and so graciously withdrawing them as it were from out the very jaws of death; but still they retain their malice, and cherish and foment their revenge each on other, especially *Borlary* to *Planxa*, for it is a continual private grief and a secret Corrosive to his content and mind, to see that he is enforced to wear the Willow-Garland, and that *Planxa* must bear away his fair and beautiful Mistress *Felisarna* from him: but we will for a little time, leave them to their thoughts and their thoughts to God, and so again speak of *Romeo*, the Lacque of *Borlary*, who as a wretched and most execrable villain comes now to act a bloody and woful part in this History.

For we must here understand, that this lewd Lacque *Romeo*, is so extreemly incensed with choler and iraged with malice against the Lady *Felisarna* for the loss of his Ear, as (being seduced and encouraged by the Devil) he was once of the mind to have murdered her in the street, the very first time he had met or seen her; but then again respecting his Master *Borlary* whom he knew affected her tenderly and dearly, he forsook that opinion of his, and resolved to wreak his wrath and indignation upon her three servants, who were the Actors of cutting off his Ear, as he was the Author thereof; But then again remembering that he knew them not, nor any of them, for that they were all purposely masked and disguised; He then swaps a bargain with the Devil, and the Devil with him, that the storm of this his malice and revenge should assuredly fall on *Radegonda* her Chamber maid, from whom it originally proceeded, and from this resolution he is so execrably prophane and bloody, as he vows that neither Heaven or Earth, Gods nor Men shall divert him.

But as Envy cannot prove so pernicious an enemy to others as to her self, so Revenge will in the end assuredly make us miserable, as first it falsely promised to make us happy.

Romeo continueth still resolute in his rage, and implacable in his revenge towards *Radegonda* (and yet poor innocent harmless soul, she was not so much as guilty of a bad thought, much less of a bad action or office towards him, and therefore least deserving this his revenge;) when waiting many nights for her, as she issued forth in the street on her Ladie's errand, he at last in a dark night found her, and there slew her with his Rapier, giving her four several wounds, whereof he thought have spared the three last, because the very first was mortal, and thereupon betook himself to his heels, and fled through the streets, where the people flocked together at the report and knowledge of this lamentable Murther, but God is so exasperated at this foul and lamentable fact of his, (as in his Star-chamber of Heaven) he hath ordained and decreed, that *Romeo* shall instantly receive condign punishment for the same, as not deserving to survive it. For running through the streets to provide for his safety and life, he at last took the River of *Adice*, near the old Castle, where thinking to swim over to the other-side, or to hide himself in some of the Mill-boats, he was discovered by the Sentinels (for the watch was already set) and the news of this murther was by this time resounded and echoing in all parts of the City. The Souldiers of the Castle suspected him to be the murtherer, they send a Boat after him, and apprehend him; so by the criminal Judges he is committed to Prison for that night, and being the next morning accused by *Seignior Minima* by way of torture, and the Lady *Felisarna* his Daughter by legal order for the murdering of her Chamber-maid *Radegonda*, he without any thought or fear, or shew of sorrow or repentance, freely confesseth it, for the which he is presently condemned to be hanged, and the same day after dinner he was accordingly dispatched and executed, notwithstanding that his Master *Borlary* used his best friends and power, yea and proffered two hundred zechins to save him. Thus we see there was but one poor night between *Romeo* taking away *Radegonda*'s life and loosing of his own, and between her murdering and his hanging: At his execution he spake not a word either of the loss of his Ear by the Lady *Felisarna*, or of that of *Radegonda*'s Hair by his Master *Borlary*, whereof both of them exceedingly rejoyce, and no less doth *Planxa*. But for the other speeches which this bloody Foot-man delivered on the Ladder at his execution, they were either so ungodly, or so impertinent, as the relation thereof no way deserves my pen, or my Readers knowledge.

And here to leave the dead Servant *Romeo*, return we again to speak of his living Master *Borlary*: who after he had spent much time and labour, and as I may say, ran his invention and wit out of breath, to seek to prevent that *Planeze* might not marry the fair *Felisanna*, hath notwithstanding, to his matchless grief, and inseparable sorrow seen that it is all bootless and in vain, for by this time, she through the importunity of her tears and prayers hath obtained her Father *Miniatas* consent, to take and enjoy *Signior Planeze*, for her Husband: when to both their hearts delight and content, they are solemnly married in *Verrona*, and in that height of pomp and bravery as is requisite to their noble rank and quality; When *Planeze* the more to please his new wife leaves *Manona*, and wholly builds up his residence in *Verrona* with her, and in her Father *Miniatas* house, who never hated him so much heretofore, as now he deeply affects and loves him, and to say and write the truth he well deserved that affection of the Father, and this love of the Daughter, with the luster, and virtue of his actions made it apparent to all *Verrona*, yea to all *Italy*, that he proved a most kind and loving Husband to the one, and a most obedient and respectful Son in Law to the other.

Now although *Felisanna* be thus married to *Planeze*, yet the affection of *Borlary* to her is still so far from fading or withering thereat, as it reviveth and flourisheth at the sight of her pure and delicate beauty; for those golden tresses of her hair, those resplendent rays of her sparkling eyes, and those delicious Lillies and Roses of her cheeks do act such wonders in his heart, and his heart in his resolutions; that his lust eclipsing his judgment, and out-braving his discretion, he cannot, he will not refrain, to try if he can yet procure and get her to be his friend though not his wife; and so futurely to obtain that courtesie from her by the by, which formerly he knew it impossible for him to get by the main. To which end his affection or rather his folly giving no truce to his thoughts, nor peace to his mind, because both the one and the other were still ranging and ruminating on *Felisanna*'s sweet Idea, and delicious features. He enters into a consideration and consultation with himself, whether he should betray his amorous flame to her by himself or by some other, or either by his pen or his tongue; when after he had proposed and exchanged many poor reasons and trivial Motives Pro and Con, he at last, resolves on the last, which is to do it by Letters, when hying himself to his Closet, he traceth her these lines, which by a confident friend of his he forthwith sends her.

BORLARY TO FELISANNA.

I Will crave no other witness but my self, of my servants love and constant affection to thee; for none can better testify, how I always made it my chiefest Care and Ambition to make the dignity of my condition tolerable to that of thy beauty; and that this might be as truly immortal, as that is divinely rare, and rarely excellent, which to confirm, I have sealed it with some blood, but with more tears, so that although thou hast given thy affection from me to *Planeze*, yet my heart and soul tells me it is impossible to give mine to any but the Lady *Felisanna*. And because thou canst not be my wife, therefore I pray be pleased to resolve to live my friend, as in requital I do die thy Servant. I confess I am unworthy of thy affection, much less to enjoy the sweet fruits thereof, thy sweet self; yet because I cannot be more than I am, therefore I pray thee make thyself as much mine as thou mayest be. Thy heart shall not be a truer Secretary to our affections than my tongue, and for the times and places of our meetings, I wholly refer it to thy will and pleasure, which mine shall ever carefully attend, and religiously obey. I send thee my whole heart inclosed in this Letter, and if thou vouchsafe to return me a piece of love in exchange, Heaven may, but Earth cannot cross our affection.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* receives this letter with much wonder, and ore-reads it with more contempt and Choler, for if she disdained *Borlary* and his affection when she was a maid, much more doth she now when God and her Husband have made her a wife: Once she was of opinion to have thrown this his letter into the fire, and have answered it with disdain and silence, but then again considering the vanity of his thoughts, and the obscenity of his desires, she conceived he might (paradventure) impute her silence to a degree of consent: and therefore, though not in affection to him, yet in discretion and love to her honour, she resolves to return him an answer, when knitting her brows with anger, dipping her pen in Gall and Vinegar, and setting a sharp edge of contempt and Choler on her resolutions, she hastily frames this Letter, and gives it to his own Messenger to deliver it to *Borlary*: whose heart receiving his

course betwixt hope and fear till he receive it: he first killing it, and then hastily breaking up the seals thereof, finds that it speaks this language.

FELISANNA to BORLARY.

If thou wert any witness of thy folly, not of thy affection, thy obstinate and vain perseverance here, of one making me capable to serve for many. And if thou hadst been as truly careful and ambitious of thine own honour, as thou falsely pretendest to be of my poor beauty, thou wouldest not so often have sacrificed thy shame to my glory; nor so foolishly have cast away thy blood on tears on my contempt: Had thou intended to dispose of thy self, I neither desire to know, nor care to understand. But as I have given my soul to God, so God hath given my heart to my Husband: Planeze, from whom neither the malice of Satan or power of Hell shall withdraw it; and therefore as I am Felisanna, I desert thy lustful suit, and as Planezes wife, I despise both it and thy self; And thus to be thy friend; thou shalt find me thy friend, but for such servants as thyself, I leave them to their own proper Insanity and Repentance. I make God the Secretary of thy actions, and my Husband of my affections, therefore it shall please me well when I understand that my tongue will reave thy folly, I repent thy discretion towards me, in seeking to erect the Trophies of thy lascivious lust upon the ruins of my pure and candid honour: And I assure thee, that if hereafter thou inspire and fortify not thy heart with more religious, and less sinful desires and affections; that Earth and Heaven will make thee as truly miserable, as now thou thinkst thy self fortunate.

FELISANNA

Borlary at the reading of this Letter of Felisanna, is so galled with grief, and nettled with sorrow, to see his refusal sent him in her disdain, as he knows not to what passions to betake himself for ease, or to what Saint for comfort, for the consideration of her coyness and cruelty, makes his despair to gain so much on his hopes, that once he was inclined absolutely to forsake her, and to court her affection no more, but then again his lustful heart and desire, remembering the freshness of her beauty, and the sweetness of her youth, he held himself coward, every way unworthy to enjoy so fair a Lady, and so sweet an Angel, if he retired on her first denial, especially because as those Cities and Castles, so those Ladies and Gentlewomen who entertain a parley, are already half won. In which consideration because it many times proves an error in Nature; but still in judgment, to flatter our selves most, with that which we most hope for and desire; He therefore once more resolves to hazard another letter to her, as having some reasons to believe, that his second may perchance obtain that from her which his first could not; for that he knows that most Ladies and Gentlewomen prize themselves with this felicity, to be oftensought, and importunately sued unto by their lovers, wherefore resolving once more to try his fortune, and her contest, he by his former Messenger greets her with these few lines.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

Thy sweet and excellent beauty hath kindled so fervent a flame in my heart, that thy lies dispel the cold and contempt of me in thy Letter, is it not sufficient to prevail to make me, or so soon, or so lightly to forsake thee? For although thou term my love folly, and my affection obstinate, yet until thou cease to fair; finds in me strange, if it be impossible for me to cease to be affectionate. Neither do I sacrifice my Name to thy Glory, or cast away my tears on thy contempt, but I perform it more out of duty then compulsion, and rather out of true zeal then false hypocrisy. And as the strongest Cities and Castles by the rule of War, so the fairest beauties by that of love, deserve to be honoured with more then one assault and siege; and that Cavalier cannot justly be termed, either a Gentleman, a Soldier or a Lover, who will refuse to be put off with the first repulse, especially from so sweet and so beautiful an enemy as thy self: Neither can it any way breed insanity or repentance in me to be servant to so dear, and slave to so fair a Mistress, because the excellency of thy beauty is every way capable both to confound senses, and to subvert and overthrow Reason. Be thou but as courteous as thou art fair, and as gracious as I am forsaken, and thou shalt find that I only desire to erect the Trophies of mine honour and glory upon those of thy contempt; so I sacrifice my best life and all that I have, and all of thy beauty; and to devote and prostrate myself with all service to the feet of thy Chariot wheels, which if thou please to give me, I shall not make me miserable, but Felisanna fortunate.

BORLARY

The Lady Felisanna having received and ore-read this second Letter of Borlary, in one way she begins to see the constancy of his folly, and indiscretion; so another way she seems and yet grieves to see her self to be both the object and the cause thereof: When returning to the

party, who brought it her, she thinks to vent part of her choler on him; to scold his audacity and rashness herein, and strictly conjures him to bring her no more of *Borlary*'s letters; then she is so far transported with passion and choler against *Borlary* for sending them to her, as now she resolves to answer this with silence, and henceforth to burn all others which present or brought to her from him, because if his folly make him culpable of sending, she will then surely make her self guilty of receiving any more. But here again, her thoughts interlined up with fear, and her heart surprised with resolution and doubt, whether (yes or no) she should show these his two letters to her Husband: For her affection is so tender, so faithful, so constant to him: because she likewise knows that his is reciprocally so to her, that she will rather displease her self, than any way discontent him; or administer him the least cause what soever, to run the hazard of his displeasure or indignation. For as by concealing them from his knowledge, she knows this business will be for ever buried up in silence and perpetually buried in oblivion; so contrarywise, if either through *Borlary*'s malice to her, or indiscretion to himself, it should any way come to her Husband's ears, then she thinks she should give him just cause of exception and offence against her. Wherein, if the subtilty of the Devil should once put his foot, or the malice of any of his members; their tongues enflamed, then his jealousy might call her Honour and Fidelity in question, and make him suspect and fear her to be dishonest, though heretofore (in heart and soul) he confidently believes and knows the contrary: she farther knows, that there is nothing so easie, as to entertain jealousy; nor so difficult, as to expell it; and therefore, that it is not enough for us to prevent a scandal, but likewise to remove the original cause thereof: say she would conceal these foolish letters of *Borlary* from her Husband, but yet she doubts it, and willing she is to acquit him thereof with, and yet she fears it. And although her chastity and innocency perswade her to perform the last, yet her discretion and judgment encourage and prompt her to execute the second; and here our beautiful and virtuous young Wife is perplexed as a Traveller, who meets with two different ways, and knows not which is the best for him to take: and her heart and thoughts here in this accident, is as a Ship at Sea, at one time surprized and met with two contrary winds and tides. For preferring her honour to her life, and her affection to her Husband and his to her before any other earthly respect or felicity whatsoever, she in the intricacy and ambiguity of these doubts, wisteth that *Borlary* had slept when he writ and sent her those letters, or she when she received and read them. But at last consulting with reason and Religion, with her Soul and God, then her chastity gives a commanding law to her heart, and her innocency to her doubt; So first hoping, and then praying, that nothing herein might breed bad blood in her Husband, or disturb the tranquillity and sincerity of her marriage; she watching a fit opportunity, shews her Husband the first Letter, of *Borlary* to her; with her answer thereof; and then his second Letter, the which she informs him, she answered with silence and contempt; adding withal, That had she a thousand lives, as she hath but one, she would cheerfully sacrifice and lose them all, before she would be guilty of the least thought to disdain the honour of his bed, or to break her sacred vow of Love and Chastity, which in presence of God and his Church, she religiously made and gave him in Marriage.

Planage at the hearing of these speeches, and the reading of these Letters, doth at one instant both blush and pale, for as he looks pale with envy towards *Borlary*, to see how secretly and subtilly he endeavoureth to ruin his honour in that of his wives; so he blusheth for love towards her, to see how sweetly and chaste she had demeaned her self in her answer to him; as also what a wise and loving part it was in her so punctually and fully to acquaint him thereof; when in requital hereof he gives her many praises and kisses, extolls her chastity, and virtues to the Sky, and condemns *Borlary*'s lustful vices to Hell. And although (for the present) she finds some incongruity in his speeches, and observes some perturbation in his looks; yet he makes his affection so apparent to her, and dissembleth his hatred and choler towards *Borlary* so secretly and artificially; that his wife *Felisanda* wholly reposing her self upon her own integrity, and her Husbands discretion, she (sweet innocent Lady) little dreams or thinks of any disaster which will ensue hereof; much less what dismal effects threaten to proceed from this inconsiderable act of hers, in acquainting her Husband with those Letters. But she will have time enough to see it to her grief, and know it to her sorrow; yea, she will find occasion enough to repent, but never any means how to remedy it; except it be too late, and which then will meerly prove Physick after death.

Planage (as we have formerly understood) is extremely incensed against *Borlary*, thus to attempt to bereave him of his sweetest Joy, which is his wife's affection, and she of her most

precious Jewel, her chastity. And although (both in reason and Religion) he had far more cause to rejoyce than to grieve at this accident, in regard he was both assured and confident that his Wifes chastity triumphed o're *Borlary's* lust, and her glory was apparent in his shame; for as objects, so actions being best distinguished by their contraries, therefore through the obscure clouds of *Borlary's* his obscene concupiscence, that of *Felissimas* Angelical chastity, as a bright relucient Sun, shined forth most radiantly and sweetly with far more vigor and glory, yet *Planze* being a man composed of corrupt flesh and blood, and therefore subject to passions, and those passions to errors and imperfections; So he takes a course and resolution herein contrary to all judgment, and to all reason, yet diametrically opposit to the rules of Nature, and precepts of Grace. For although his heart be upright in the opinion of his wifes chastity and honour, yet as the dearest and purest affections cannot be exempted of some shadow or spice of fear, so although his heart looked directly on *Borlary* with malice, he cannot possibly refrain, nor retain his thoughts, from glancing quint-eyed on his wife with jealousie. And although he knows it to be a most ignoble ingratitude, and Irreligious impiety in him; thus to call her honour in question, or (in the best sense) to revoke it to doubt, by making any publick shew of suspicion or dislike to her, or by seeking any private revenge on *Borlary*, yet because her beauty and virtue is a thousand times dearer to him than his life, and the purity and integrity of her affection to him as dear as his soul: he therefore thinks he shall not prophane his good opinion of her; nor offer her merits or his own reputation any wrong, if he resolve to fight both her and himself on *Borlary*, when consulting not with reason or charity, but with their opposites, malice and revenge, he will not be at peace with his heart, nor at truce with his thoughts, before he have fought with *Borlary*, albeit (indeed) his delict and offence towards him, more deserved his scorn than his care, and was every way far more worthy of his oblivion, than of his remembrance. To which end (by a Chirurgion which he had made choice of) he sends him this challenge.

PLANEZE to BORLARY.
Thy crime is so foul, and so apparent unto me, in seeking by thy two lascivious Letters to dishonour my honour in that of my wifes chastity, as nothing but thy life is capable to expiate it, or mine to deface and forget it: Wherefore, if thou have as much courage as thou wastest grace, bring thy self, thy Rapier, and thy Chirurgion with thee to morrow at six of the clock in the morning in the City. Dismount the outer Gate, which looks towards Brescia, and there my self and my Chirurgion (who have heretofore will silently and honourably wait for thee. And if thy obscene letters contain yet any spark of generosity, or any vicious brain of judgment, thou wilt refuse to perform this my request, and to accuse my resolution herein, say it is wholly derived from thy lasciviousness, and receives its life and birth from thy treachery.

PLANEZE

Borlary receiving and perusing this Challenge of *Planze*, he is much grieved and sorrowful to see that *Felissima* had so little discretion for her self, and so much hatred against him, to shew her Husband these his Letters, and except she meant to make her self the present author, and the cause of her future affliction and misery, he knows not else what she intends hereby. But for *Planze's* his spleen and resolution against him, *Borlary* knows it to be both just & well grounded in the best sense, and in the worst to be yet a requital of that Challenge & Duel he formerly had presented him: Only he doth a little admire (if not wonder) that he should now again make trial of his valor and courage, whereof he so lately had experience, and tasted. And although he had far more reason to rest assured than doubtful, that this second Duel of theirs would not prove so fortunate as their first, but would rather terminate in one, if not in both of their lives; He yet loves *Felissima* so dearly, albeit she hate him extremely, that he will by no means refuse to fight with her Husband once again for her sake, yea, and to kill him for his own, if possible he can, the Devil making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence; that if it prove now his good fortune to kill *Planze*, that he can then requit and limit his victory with the reward of no less happiness and felicity, than by his death to obtain his widow for his own wife. But this is to write upon the water, and to build Castles of vain hopes in the Air, which the least breath of God's mouth, or wind of his nostrils will easily reverse and blow away. For this is to consult and resolve with Satan, and not with God; and therefore no marvel if he see his lascivious desires to come too short

of

of his ridiculous hopes, and both his hopes, and desires herein to end in as much true misery, as they began in false hope of felicity and joy.

So *Borlary* having made a turn or two in his Garden to resolve upon this business, which so much importuned both his honour and life: He at last, with joy in his looks, and courage in his countenance, turns to *Planeze* his Chirurgion, whom after he used respectfully and courteously, he secretly rounds him thus in his Ear; Tell *Signior Planeze* from me, that I will not fail to meet him to morrow morning, according to his request and expectation, and so he dismisses him, who as soon returns this answer of *Borlary* to *Planeze*, whom he now finds staying for him in the Church of the Augustine Friars, but God knows, with no intent or devotion to prayer, or to invoke his Divine and Sacred Majesty to direct him from this his intended bloody enterprize, but rather to reconduct home the Lady *Felisanna* his wife, who hitherto sweet Gentlewoman, was there in that Church, upon the Altar of her heart, proffering up the most religious Prayers, and zealous Orisons of her soul unto God, without once suspending or thinking what a mournful and dangerous part her Husband was resolved to act the next morning to the prejudice of her content, if not to the utter dissolution and ruin of her Matrimonial joy and felicity. But her Husband *Planeze* bears this business, and these his intentions so secretly from his wife, as it was impossible for her to have any suspicion, much less knowledge of this his next days intended Duel.

The night which brings rest to others, hath not power to give it to our two inflamed Duellists. For the consideration of their honours and their lives, of their quarrel, and the cause thereof, doth equally possess their brains, and pre-occupate and prevent their eyes of their sleeping faculties. So preferring their danger to their safety, their resolution to their rest, and the field to their beds, they (under other pretexts) are not long from it, I mean from the City ditch, the prefixed place of their rendezvous: Which *Planeze* first entreth, and there makes half a dozen of turns before he have any news of his Contendant or Adversary *Borlary*, whereof he doth not a little muse, yet he no ways despairs of his coming, because (by late experience) he knows him to be courageous and valiant: But to put *Planeze* his musing out of doubt, and his doubt out of question, in comes *Borlary* all undressed and untrussed, and afar off espying *Planeze* in the ditch before him; He (ashamed of this advantage he had, because of long stay) with his Hat in his hand, prays him to excuse this error of his; affirming it to be the fault of his watch, but not of his heart, which he alledged should ever go true with his Honour and Reputation. When *Planeze* returning his Complement by approving of his apology, (without any further expostulation) they draw, and here fall from words to blows.

At their first meeting, *Borlary* gives *Planeze* a wound in the right arm, and *Planeze* requites him with another in his right side, which if his Rapier had not met with a rib, it had then undoubtedly ended the quarrel with his life. But although it made him lose much blood, yet he hath strength and courage enough not to die in his debt for it, only he desireth *Planeze*, that they may breath a little, the which he generously granteth. At their second coming up, *Planeze* presents a thrust to *Borlary*, but he wards it, and runs *Planeze* into his left thigh, of a deep wound, and yet they will not give over, although their Chirurgions do earnestly pray them to desist, as having now already here sufficiently testified their courage and valour. At their third meeting and joyning, *Borlary* gives *Borlary* a lick o're the fore-head, which makes his blood stream down his face and eyes, and *Planeze* fully incensed and prepared to requite it, drives a fair thrust to *Borlary* his breast, but he very dexterously and fortunately wards it, beating down the point of *Borlary* his Sword upon the ground, and then with much agility, leaps to him, and whips up his heels, who falling upon his own Rapier, breaks it in two pieces; at which unlooked for disaster, *Planeze* seeing his naked breast exposed to *Planeze* his bloody Rapier, and consequently his life to lie at his mercy, (without once striving or endeavouring to grapple with his enemy) he (more desirous to live with shame, than to die with honour) defends so far from true and noble generosity, as he begs his life of *Planeze*; when (although many hot and jealous spirits would gladly have taken hold of this advantage and wreaked the utmost of their Gall and Spleen upon the misfortune of this accident) yet *Planeze* is so truly noble and generous, as disdaineth to fight with an unarmed man, and so to eclipse or blemish the lustre of his reputation in killing him who beg'd his life of him, and when it lay at his pleasure to give or take it, as he throws away his Rapier, making him promise and swear he will never henceforth attempt against the honour of his wife; *Planeze* very freely and cheerfully gives him his life: and to shew himself the more generous in this his courtesie, lends him his hand to raise him upon his feet; for which infinite kindness, *Borlary* yields him many thanks: When muffling up their faces with their Cloaks they part very good friends, and so get themselves into two of the nearest houses of the suburbs, very secretly.

and silently to dress their wounds, and at night they return to their houses. Where our dear and fair *Felissima* understanding the manner and cause of this combat between her husband and *Borlary*, it is impossible for me to define whether she wept and sighed more for the loss of her husband's blood, or rejoiced and praised God for the saving and sparing of his life.

Yet this Combat of theirs is not so secretly acted, but in less than two days, all *Venice* hath news, and prattles thereof. When measuring the first *Duel* of *Plauze* and *Borlary* by the second, and the second by the first; They extoll *Borlary* his courage to fight with *Plauze*, but infinitely applaud the noble conceits and generosity of *Plauze*, in giving *Borlary* his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. And as most commended the Lady *Felissima* for disdainning to make shipwreck of her honour on the *Seyla* and *Charlyda* of *Borlary* his lust; and for not sacrificing her chastity to his lascivious affections and desires. So, in general, all Gentlemen and Ladies condemn her of indiscretion, in shewing his Letters to her Husband, and acquainting him with his suits and desires; it having been sufficient for her secretly to have given him the repulse and denial, and her self the glory. Again, there want not divers, especially the younger sort of the Nobility and Gentry of *Venice*, who tax *Borlary* of cowardize, in shamefully begging his life of *Plauze*, when either his good fortune in struggling, or his piece of Sword in his defence, might peradventure have preserved it. Thus every one speaks according to his own fancy and affections.

Borlary having lost so much blood for the affection which he bore to *Felissima*, and received and reaped nothing from her but disdain and hatred, he is not a little grieved and vexed hereat. But when he understands that he hath now made himself the laughter of all *Venice*, in this his cowardly begging of his life of *Plauze*, and that his reputation doth therefore universally suffer in this action, he is then as it were pierced to the heart with sorrow, and to the soul with shame. He knows it were far better for him to be born a Clown, than to be held and esteemed a Coward, and that having once purchased that base title, he shall difficultly ever lose it. Yet, wheresoever he goes, he hears and sees, that his Superiors, his Equals, and his Inferiors, not only prattle at his shame, but point at his infamy herein, so that he is (in a manner) a shame to all Gentlemen, and therefore almost a shame to himself. But see here the vanity and impiety of this inconsiderate Gentleman, and if it be not worthy the readers curiosities, yet it will deserve his compassion and pity, to see what use, or rather what abuse he makes of this his imaginary dishonour: For neither with reason, which is the soul of his heart, with Religion which is the life of his soul, doth he once look up to Heaven to thank God for so mercifully protecting, and so miraculously preserving of his life in these two Duels, when he as it were, stood on the brink, and in the very jaws of death, and when betwixt his life and his death there was nothing but the point of *Plauze* his Rapier and of his pleasure. No, no, *Borlary* is too much a man, to be so much a Christian, and too much the member of Satan, to be so much the child of God: For having formerly given up his heart to the turpitude of lascivious desires and lust; now as a limb and agent of the Devil, he will wholly abandon it to infernal rage and hellish revenge; for knowing *Plauze* to be both the Author and object of his dishonour, and the instrument and cause of his disgrace, he therefore retains this Diabolical and bloody Aphorism in his heart; that as long as he lives, it will live with him, and when he dies it will die with him; and therefore to refresh his honour out of his infamy, his heart wholly sacrificing to malice, and his thoughts and resolutions to revenge, he most ingratiously and desperately, resolves to murder *Plauze*, or at least to cause him to be murdered.

Lo, here the woful estate, and wretched resolution of this execrable Gentleman *Borlary*, and what a monstrous ingratitude and prodigious cruelty is this in him to conspire his death, of whom (in a manner) he but lately now received his life; he little knows, or (which is worse) he will not know, that revenge still proves as pernicious, as pleasing to their Authors, and that murder endeth in as much true misery, as it begins in false content and joy; for it is a bitter oblation and odious sacrifice to the Lord, who is the God of peace, and the Father of all unity and charity.

But the Devil is so familiar a guest, and so frequent a counsellor to *Borlary*, that he wretchedly vows and execrably swears, that *Plauze* shall no longer live but die. Once he was of opinion, either to pistol or poyard him in the street by night, but then again, seeing the imminency of that danger in the misfortune of his Lacquy *Romeo*, he rejects it as ruinous, and resolves on poyson, which he thinks is the shortest and safest way for him to send him for Heaven, and thinks none so fit for his purpose to give and administer it to him as *Plauze* his

own Apothecary *Castruchio*, being the more confident in this his choice, because he knew him to be a wonderful poor man, and withal, extremely vicious and debauched, as neither fearing nor caring for God, but more an Atheist than a Christian, and more a Devil than a Catholick, and therefore believes that a little money will act wonders in his heart and resolution. Neither doth he fail in his judgment, or deceive himself in his hopes of his choice; for he no sooner proffereth him three hundred Duckatons, to poyson *Planeze* (one half in hand, and the other when it is performed) but he accepts thereof, engageth himself (by half an oath) speedily to dispatch and finish it, and so like two Factors or furies of Hell, both of them swear secrecie each to other herein.

Borlary longing, and *Castruchio* desiring to finish this Tragedy on *Planeze*, that he might likewise touch the last one hundred and fifty Duckatons; The Spring approaching, wherein *Planeze* every year for the preservation of his health, was accustomed to take Physick of *Castruchio*, he no sooner sent for him to that effect, but first purging, then bleeding him, he then artificially perswades him to take a Vomit, the next morning, whereunto *Planeze* easily consents, so he administred it to him and therein infusing poyson, he within six days after dies thereof, when *Castruchio* demanding his other one hundred and fifty Duckatons, *Borlary* speedily pays it him with much content, joy and delectation: But let the first know, and the second remember, that it is the price of innocent blood.

The order of our History leads us now (as it were by the hand) to our sorrowful young Widow *Felisanna*, who poor soul, (not dreaming any way in the World either of poyson or of *Borlary*) is ready to weep her self to death, that she must survive and cannot die with her dear and sweet Husband *Planeze*, and that as one bed, so one Grave might contain them, yea her grief is so great, and her sorrow so infinite for the loss of this her other part of her self, that neither her Father, Kinsfolks or friends can possibly comfort her; for still he sees him before her eyes, as if he were not buried in his Grave, but in her heart; or that it was wholly impossible for him to die as long as she lives: which excess of sorrows, sighs and tears of hers so withered the Roses and Lillies of her beauty, and so eclipsed the lustre of her sparkling eyes, that to the eyes and judgments of all those who saw or knew her, she became so pale and lean, as she was no longer *Felisanna*, but only the poor sick Anatomy of *Felisanna*.

We have seen this wretched Gentleman *Borlary*, and this execrable Apothecary, *Castruchio*, commit this horrible murder upon the person of noble and generous *Planeze*, and we will not go far, before we shall see the sacred Justice, and just Punishments of God to overtake and overtake them for the same: For God is now resolved to triumph o're these bloody sinners, and although they have so closely acted and perpetrated this their damnable murder, as there are no earthly eyes to detect, nor witness to give in evidence against them for the same; yet our Good and gracious God, who is the true searcher of our hearts and ways, will to his glory and their confusion bring this to light, by an accident worthy of our deepest consideration, and of our most serious and religious observation: The manner whereof is thus.

This wretched Apothecary *Castruchio*, having received his other hundred Duckatons of *Borlary* (as we have formerly understood) for ministering this bloody business, and being (as we know) of a most vicious and debauched life, he had already in his riots and prodigalities spent and consumed all his Estate: And now this three hundred Duckatons which he received of *Borlary* for performing this Bloody business, makes him by many degrees far worse than he was before; For (as by Gods sacred and secret providence) it was impossible to prosper with him, so his prophane vices and sins, and his beastly pleasures and prodigalities made it soon melt away as Snow against the Sun, in such sort, that it seemed to him that he was thief to himself, and that one of his hands and pockets hourly covoured and betrayed the other; and although for a time he bore this his vicious course of life very close and secret from the eye and knowledge of the world, whereby his credit far exceeded his Estate so as that the committing of this foul murder, both his estate, credit, and all were to wreck and spoil, for he left nothing either unpawned or unpawed, and which is yet worse, he fell into many arriages, and debts which at last grew so clamorous (especially when his prodigal and beastly life of whoring, drunkenness and dicing, came to be divulged and spread to the world) that by three of his greatest Creditors he is arrested and slaps into Prison, and his Shop seized on by them, which they find as empty of drugs, as his Masters heart was of pity, and his soul of pity: And as it is the nature (or rather the misery) of Prisons, that where poor man virtually improves his life and actions, there a hundred do vitiously mine themselves, so

Castruchio

Castruccio being one of this last number, he there wasted and consumeth all that he hath, or which he can possibly procure, and in a few weeks reduceth himself to so extream poverty and beggery; that he is clapt into the common Gaol among the poorest sort of Prisoners, who live by the alms and charity of well disposed people, his clothes being all tottered and torn, having no bed to lie on, nor hardly bread to suffice nature, or to maintain life, being abandoned of all his friends and acquaintance, who will rather see him starve and die than relieve him: And yet in all these extremities, and at the very lowest ebb of these his wants and miseries, he will yet neither look down into his Conscience, heart and soul with sorrow, nor up to Heaven or to God with repentance for all his sins and vices, especially not for this his cruel and lamentable poysoning of *Planise*, which are the true reasons and the efficient causes of these his miserable calamities and afflictions, yea his wants and miseries are so great and infinite here in Prison, that none whosoever will come thither to see him, much less to pity him, and least of all to relieve him. Only *Dorilla* (a filthy old Bawd of his) more out of importunity to her, than of her courttesie or charity to him, although she disdain to go her self into prison to see *Castruccio*, yet she is contented sometimes to send him her Son *Bernardo*, a boy of some sixteen years of age to go of his errands; so his necessity making his invention pregnant and clear-sighted, after he had tried all his friends and acquaintance with Notes and Letters, which return still empty sifted, his memory at the last falls and pitcheth on *Borlary*, who (for the bloody reason formerly mentioned) he thinks the only fit man of the world to redress his wants, and to relieve his weather-beaten fortunes, and to him he often sends *Bernardo* with many pitiful requests and intreaties for money, but to write to him he dares not.

Borlary considering that he hath far more cause and reason to love *Castruccio* than to hate him, for that (by vertue of the premises) he sees his own life to lie at the mercy of his tongue, although he rather wish him in Heaven than in Prison, yet being extreamly covetous, and yet holding himself both in conscience and discretion bound to relieve him; he therefore sends him some small sums of money, but no way enough to buy him Clothes, or to maintain his former prodigalities, but rather hardly sufficient to maintain life in him, much less to cherish or pamper him. And so often doth *Castruccio* send the boy *Bernardo* to *Borlary* for money, that at last being weary thereof, and resolute to part with no more money (God here makes his covetousness partly the means to chalk out a way to his own confusion) and is resolved neither to speak nor to see *Bernardo*, to that effect gives order to his servants: when little *Bernardo* seeing that he wears out his time, and his shoes in vain, to hunt after *Borlary*, whom he knows will not be spoken with by him, he tells *Castruccio* he will provide himself of another Messenger towards *Borlary*, for he will go no more to him, because he sees it is wholly impossible for him to speak with him: And at this discourtesie of *Borlary*, *Castruccio* both now bite his lip with discontent, and hang his head for anger, and from henceforth he begins to assume bad blood, and to conceive dangerous thoughts against him, but as yet the consideration of his own safety or danger makes him patient and silent; But God will not have him to continue so long, for almost presently we shall see his patience burst forth into violence and impetuosity, and his silence break out into extream choler and indignation against him.

His old Bawd *Dorilla*, (as an expert Hag of her sinful profession) as often as she hears or knows, that *Castruccio* had any money from *Borlary*, so often she would come to the Prison to him, and speedily carouse and consume it with him; but when by her Son *Bernardo* she sees his purse shut, that fountain exhausted, and that her boy could no more see *Borlary* but a wooden face, I mean his door shut, then she (resembling her self) again forsakes *Castruccio*, and will neither see him nor come near his Prison, so that at last he not seeing *Bernardo*, nor once hearing from *Borlary* in three weeks, or well near a month together, and being ready to perish, starve and die under the heavy burthen and pressure of his wants, he earnestly sends for *Dorilla* to come to him, and causeth her to be informed, that if she will come to him and deliver a letter to a friend of his, he will speedily send him some store of money, and then she shall have a share and part thereof; so when no other respect or consideration will, then this of money again brings this old filthy Beldam *Dorilla* to the Prison to *Castruccio*, who having provided her a Bottle of Wine, and five Gazettaes to drink by the way (thereby the more carefully to effect his business, he exceedingly incensed with choler and revenge against *Borlary* for this ingratitude towards him) writes him this angry Letter, and deeply chargeth *Dorilla* with speed, care, and secrecie to deliver it into *Borlary* his own hands and to no other, which Letter of his spake this language:

CASTRU-

CASTRUCHIO to BORLARY

Thou knowest that for three hundred Ducktons which thou gavest me, I poisoned Seignior Planexze in a Potion, and wilt thou be so hard and cruel-hearted against me, to suffer me to die in Prison for want of so small a sum as twenty Ducktons? I am made of the same flesh and blood as thou art, and although my fortunes be low plunged, yet my heart is so high-seated and elevated, that I give thee to understand that I will rather consent to be hanged than starved. Wherefore because my Tragedy will infallibly prove thine, if thou mean to prevent the one, and to secure thy self from the other, send speedily to send me the said twenty Ducktons by this bearer Dorilla, whom I have entrusted with my Letter fast-sealed (and so maist thou wish thine) but for the secret therein (which thou wilt of) she is wholly ignorant of it: In performing me this course for thou shalt not only save my tongue and pen, but my heart and soul to silence, or else not. Amidst thy wealth remember my poverty, which if thou forget, God hath reserved me to make thee know, that thou dost not all, but abuse it, and therein thy self.

CASTRUCHIO

Dorilla receiving this Letter from Castruchio, she puts it into her purse and promiseth him her best care and fidelity for the delivery thereof to Seignior Borlary, although she confesseth that she neither knew him nor his house: But see here the providence and mercy of God which clearly resplends and shines in the deportment and action of this beastly old Bawd, for the meeting with some of our Gamblers and Gossips in the street (though contrary to the custom of Italy) away they go to a Tavern, where they all swill their heads and brains with Wine, especially Dorilla. So the day being far spent, her business for Castruchio is ended ere begun, for the forgetting her self cannot remember his Letter, but as fast as her reeling legs will permit her, away she speeds towards her own house, which was some half a mile off in the City. But when she was in the streets and had a little taken the Air, then she calls Castruchio's Letter to mind, and her promise to him to deliver it, but to whom (through her cups) she hath quite forgotten: for she cannot once hit on the name Borlary. But at last remembering the Letter to be in her Purse and she by this time in the midst of the City, she takes it out in her hand, and seeing a fair, yet sorrowful young Lady, to stand at the street door of her house in mourning Attire, and no body hear her, after she had done her duty to her, she reacheth her the Letter, and humbly requesteth her to tell her the Gentlemans name to whom it was directed, when God out of the Profundity of his Power and Immediacy of his pleasure, having to ordained and ordered it, that this fair young Lady was our sweet Felisanna, (who for the death of her dear Husband Planexze, hath dighted her self all in mourning attire and apparel, thereby the better to make it correspond with her heart:) Who reading the superscription thereof, and finding it directed to Seignior Borlary (by some motion or inspiration from Heaven) her heart could not refrain from sending all the blood of her body into her face, when demanding of this woman, From whom this Letter came: Dorilla (as drunken in her fidelity and innocency, as she was guilty of drunkenness) tells her, that the Letter came from an Apothecary who lay in Prison, named Castruchio: At the very repetition of which name, our Felisanna again blushed, and then paled, as if God had some news to reveal her by this Letter, because she remembereth that this Castruchio, as we have formerly understood was the very same Apothecary who gave her Husband Planexze Physick a little before his death: Whereupon the praying Dorilla to come with her into her house, because she purposely and poltroquely affirmed she could not read written-hand her self, but would pray her Father to do it: she leaves her in the purer Hall, and her self goes into the next room, where breaking up the Seals of this Letter, she at the very first sight had knowledg that her Husband was poisoned, and by whom, and that God had now miraculously revealed it to her through the ignorance and drunkenness of this old woman, she for meer grief and sorrow, is ready to fall to the ground in a swoond, had not her Father and some of his servants, who over-hearing her passionate out-cries, come speedily to her assistance: which yet could not awake Dorilla, who had no sooner sate her self down in a chair in the Hall, but being top-heavy with Wine, she presently fell asleep. Miniatu rousing up his fainting and sorrowful Daughter, brought her again to her self; and seeing her in a bitter agony and passion of sorrow, demands of her the cause thereof: When the brinish tears trickling down her vermilion cheeks, she crossing her arms, and fixing her eyes towards Heaven, had the will, but not the power to speak a word to him, but reacheth him the Letter to read; Miniatu perusing it, is as much astonished with grief, as his Daughter is afflicted with sorrow

at this poisoning of her Husband and his Son-in-Law *Planze*; so inquiring of her who brought her this Letter, she after many sighs and pauses tells him, that it was the mercy and providence of the Lord, who sent it her by a drunken woman, who was forth in the Hall: they both go to her and finding her fast sleeping and snoring, *Mimata* pulls her by the sleeve and wakes her, and then demands of her, before his Daughter and servants, Where, and from whence she had this Letter: who as drunken as this Bawd is, she is constant in her first speech and confession to *Felisanna*, that she had it from *Castruchio* an Apothecary who lay in Prison, but she had forgotten to whom she was to deliver it, and then prays them both to deliver and give her back her Letter again. But *Mimata* seeing and knowing that it was the immediate finger of God which thus strangely had revealed this murder of his Son-in-Law *Planze*, he calls in two Gentlewomen his next Neighbours to comfort his Daughter *Felisanna*, and so leaving *Dorilla* to the Guard of two of his servants, he (with two other Gentlemen his Neighbours) takes his Coach, and having *Castruchio's* Letter in his hand, he drives away to the Stat-house, where he finds out the Podestato and Prefect of the City, and shewing him the Letter which revealed the poisoning and Poysoners of *Planze* his Son-in-Law, they (in honour to Justice, and out of their respect to the sorrowful Lady his Daughter) take their Coaches. and return with *Mimata* home to his house: Where they examin the Lady *Felisanna*, and then *Dorilla*, who is constant in her first Deposition. Whereat these grave and old personages, wondring and admiring, that a Gentleman of *Borlary* his rank and quality, should make himself the guilty and bloody Author of so foul a murder; they likewise (admiring and blessing Gods providence in the detection thereof) do presently send away their Isbiers (or Sergeants) to apprehend *Borlary*, and so they go to their Forum (or seat of Justice) and speedily send away for *Castruchio*, to be brought from the Prison before them: Who at the very first news of their accusation of him, and the producing of his Letter to *Borlary*, curseth the person and name of this old Bawd, *Dorilla*, who is the prime Author of his overthrow and death, and then confesseth himself to be the Actor, and *Signior Borlary* to be the Author, cause, and instigator of this his poisoning of *Planze*; but never puts his hand on his conscience and soul, that the strange detection of this lamentable murder came directly from Heaven, and from God.

The Sergeants (by order from the Podestato and Prefect) find *Borlary* in his own home, ruffling in a new rich suite of Apparel, of black Sattin, trimmed with Gold-buttons, which he that day put on, and the next was determined to ride to the City of *Bergamo*, to seek in marriage a very rich young Widdow, whose Husband lately died, drowning himself (as it were) in pleasure and security, without so much as once thinking of his poisoning of *Planze*, or how he was revealed to be the Author thereof by *Castruchio* his Letter, sent unto him by *Dorilla*. He is amazed and astonished at this his apprehension, now beating his breast, and then repenting (when it was too late) that ever he imbrewed his hands in the innocent blood of *Planze*. So both himself and *Castruchio* are brought to the State-house, where the Podestato and Prefect first examin them apart, and then confront them each with other. Where finding, that neither of them deny, but both of them do confess themselves guilty of this foul murder, they pronounce sentence of death against them, and condemn *Borlary* to have his head cut off, and then his body to be burnt; and *Castruchio* to be hanged, and his body to be thrown into the River of *Addice*, whereon he was first taken, the which, the next morning, was accordingly executed: All *Verona* is, as it were, but one tongue to talk and prattle of this foul and lamentable murder, and especially of Gods miraculous detection thereof by this drunken Bawd *Dorilla*, who having heretofore often brought *Castruchio* to whores willingly, now, at last she brings him to the Gallows against her will. In the morning they are brought to their execution, where there flock and resort a world of Spectators from all parts of the City. And although the charity of their Judges send them Priests and Friars to direct their souls for Heaven, yet this miserable wretch, *Castruchio* seeming no way repentant or sorrowful for this his foul Fact, uttered a short prayer to himself, and so caused the Top-man to turn him over, which he did, and within two hours after his body was thrown into the River. But for *Borlary*, he came to the Scaffold better resolved and prepared, for with grief in his looks, and tears in his eyes, he thereupon delivered this short and religious speech.

That he grieved in his heart, and was sorrowful in his soul, for this lamentable murder of his, committed on the person of *Planze*, as also for seducing of *Castruchio* to effect it by poyson, for whose death he affirmed, he was likewise exceedingly afflicted and sorrowful; That it was the temptations of the flesh and the Devil, who first drew him lustfully to affect the fair, chaste, and virtuous Lady, *Felisanna*, and consequently to murder her Husband, in full hope afterwards to obtain her for his wife, or for his Courtesan

refrain: That he was infinitely sorrowful for these his enormous crimes, for the which he religiously asked forgiveness, first of God, and then of the Lady *Felisanna*, and then with wept all those that were there present; to pray unto God for his soul: that he was more careful of his reputation towards men, than of his salvation towards God; and that his neglect of prayer, and of the participation of the Most Sacred Sacrament of the Eucharist, was the original cause of this his misery. So again commending himself to the prayers, and intercession of his faithful, yet sorrowful soul into the hands of his Redeemer, the Lord of the Universe, at one blow made a perpetual divorce between his soul and his body, which since that time was a burden to the virtuous Spectators and Auditors: So to confirm the sentence, the body of *Henry* is presently burnt.

And thus was the bloody lives and dejected deaths of these three illiterate and unlettered persons: Of *Rome* the Paquie, Of *Henry* the Gentleman, and of *Thomas* the Apothecary. And in this manner did the justice of the Lord of Hosts (in the time of his triumph over their execrable crimes in their sharp punishment, and eternal end) make us that we may read this their History with fear, and, as religious and Godly Christians, remember their lamentable murders with horror and detestation.

The Triumph of God, over the ungodly the City.

A TRINITY HISTORY.

HISTORY.

Mm 2



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murder.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY XIX.

Baumarays and his Brother Montagne, kill Champigny and Marin (his Second) in a Duel; Blancheville (the widow of Champigny) in revenge thereof, hires Le Valley (servant to Baumarays) to murder his said Master with a Pistol, which he doth; for the which Le Valley is broken on the Wheel, and Blancheville hanged for the same.

LET all Religious Christians examine their hearts and souls, with what face we can tread on Earth, or look up to Heaven, when we stab at the Majesty of God, in killing and murdering Man, his Image, a bloody crime, so repugnant to nature, as reason abhors it, a scarlet and crying sin so opposite to Grace, as God and his Angels detest it. And yet if ever Europe were stained or submerged with it, now it is; for as a swift current, or rather as a furious torrent, it now flows, and overflows in most Kingdoms, Countries and Cities thereof, insomuch as (in despite of divine and human Laws) it is now (almost) generally grown to a wretched custom, and that almost to a second nature. A fatal example whereof, this ensuing History will report and relate us. Wherein God's Justice hath so sharply and severely punished the perpetrators thereof, that if we either acknowledg God for our Father, or our selves for his children and servants, it will reach us to be less revengeful, and more charitable by their unfortunate ends, and deplorable judgments.

I will now relate a sad and Bloody History, which betided in the fair City of *Chartres* (the Capital of the fertile Country of *Beauvais*) so famous for her sumptuous Cathedral Church, dedicated to the blessed *Virgin Mary*, as also that *Henry* the fourth (that great King, and unparalleled Captain of *France*) during the combustions of the League, was (despite of the League) crowned therein. In which fair and pleasant City, as there still dwell some Noble-
men,

men and many Gentlemen, in respect of the sweet air, and goodly Champaign Country thereabouts (second for that to no other in France.) So of late years there resided two rich and brave young Gentlemen, well descended, being both of them heirs to their two deceased Fathers. The one of them named *Monsieur de Champigny*, and the other *Monsieur de Beaumarays*, and their Demains and Lands lay within seven Leagues of this City, in the way towards *Vendosme*. Now the better to see them in their true and natural Characters; They were both of them tall and slender, and of fair and sanguine complexions, and very near of an age; For *Champigny* was twenty six years old, and *Beaumarays* twenty four, and yet the last had a beard, and the first none; and of the two, *Champigny* was by far the richer, but *Beaumarays* the nobler descended. Now to lay this History upon its proper seat, and natural foundation, we must understand that there was a very rich Counsellor of the Presidial Court of *Chartres*, named *Monsieur de Rosaire*, whose wife being dead, left him no other child, but one fair young Daughter, of the age of some eighteen years, named *Mademoiselle de Blancheville*, very tall and slender of stature, and of a wan and pale complexion, and a cool black hair and eye-brows, and of deportment and gesture infinitely proud, coy, and imperious, to whom at one time both these our two Gentlemen, *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* were importunate Sutors, and passionate Rivals to marry her, in so much as the one of them could difficultly be absent from the Fathers house, and Daughters company, but the other was present, which ingendred some malice, but no emulation between them. But in the end (after a whole years re-search and more) as the Willow was destined and reserved for *Beaumarays*, so was the Laurel for *Champigny*; for, to his joy, *Blancheville's* desire, and her Fathers content he marries her. Whereat *Beaumarays*, knowing his Birth to be more noble and his breeding far more generous than that of *Champigny*, though not in outward shew, yet in inward sense, was extremely discontented and sorrowful, but to remedy it he could not, as no

In such, and the like refusing accidents, discretion is ever far better than passion, and contempt than care. But *Beaumarays* cannot, or at least will not, be of this temper. He forsakes reason to give to choler, and so loseth his real and solid judgment, in the Labyrinth of his imaginary beauty. For being at supper in company of some five or six Gentlemen, where mention was made of *Blancheville*, he transported with malice and revenge toward her, forgot himself so far, as (between jest and earnest) to let fall these indiscreet and rash words; That she was more disdainful than chaste; a speech which he shall have time enough both to remember and repent. The honour of Ladies and Gentlewomen ought still to be dear and precious to all Gentlemen of Honour, because their loss thereof can seldom be repaired, but never so well or so fully recovered, but that there still remains some stain or blemish thereof. This undeserved scandal of *Beaumarays* to his Quondam-Mistress, *Blancheville*, falls not to the ground, for the iniquity of our times, and the depravation of our manners are such, as there are few companies without a Fool or a Traitor to their friends, and some are accompanied with both. *Monsieur Marin*, a Gentleman of *Chartres* (more vain than honest) will make himself one of this last number, for he being ambitiously desirous to skrew himself into the favour and familiarity of *Blancheville* (whom from her infancy he affected and loved) reports and tells her this speech of *Beaumarays*, whereat she is exceedingly incensed and exasperated: But for that time (as a true woman) she dissembles her malice and revenge towards him, and so takes up the memory thereof in the embers of silence; but yet with this condition and reservation, that hereafter she will take a time to make it flame forth (towards him) with more violence and impetuosity.

In the mean time, there falls out an unexpected and untimely difference between her Husband and *Beaumarays*, whereat she is so far from grieving, as she rejoiceth: *Beaumarays* quarrelleth with him for his priority and precedency of seats in the Church (as being both of one Parish) as also for that he takes the holy Bread first, and goes before him in all Processions, as pretending it due to him by his right of extraction and propriety. *Champigny* is of too high a grade to yield that to him which he never yielded, and is therefore resolute to justify his equality of birth and consequently not to wrong his Ancestours in himself. When seeing *Beaumarays* passionately bent to maintain and preserve that which he had undertaken, he flies to Justice, and so presently puts him in suit of Law for the same in the Presidial Court of that City. *Blancheville* (whose pride in her self exceeded her birth, and whose malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays*, at the least surmounted her discretion and reason) brings no water to quench, but oyl to inflame this quarrel betwixt him and her husband, when seeing them already entred into a deep process of Law; she disdaining to see her self thus abused, and her husband thus wronged by him, can reap no truce of her thoughts, nor they any peace of her choler, before she have written him these lines.

BLANCHEVILLE to BEAUMARAYS.

WAS it not enough for thee to have heretofore wronged mine honour in thy false and scandalous speeches to Monsieur Marin, and others; but that thou must now attempt to disgrace my Husband in the Church? And because these crimes of thine are so unjust and odious; as they deserve acknowledgement and satisfaction from a far better Gentleman than thy self; therefore I speedily expect the performance thereof from thee, either by thy Letter or Presence, which if thou deny us, we will make thee know, what it is, to abuse thy self and us, in points of these high matters; whereof the first cannot, the second will not admit of any other excuse or expiation. But to write thee now the truth of my mind; as thou hast heretofore vented me the malice of thy heart, I have not as yet acquainted my Husband herewith, or with this my Letter. Consider therefore seriously with thy self, what thou hast to do heredit, for the vindication of my honour, and thine own discretion, and as soon as I receive thine answer and resolution, I will not fail speedily to return thee mine,

BLANCHEVILLE.

Having written this her Letter, she is irresolute with her self, by whom to send it him; but at last she sends it by her Chamber-maid *Martha*, to whom only she intrusteth this great secret, and chargeth her to deliver it to *Beaumarays*, his own hands, and to crave his answer thereon. *Martha* being a witty fair maid, of some two and twenty years of age, goes to *Beaumarays* house, and speaks with a young man of his, named *Le Valley*, who tells her, that his master is now busie with two Gentlemen in his Study, and that she shall immediatly speak with him as soon as they depart. In the interim, his eyes cannot refrain from amorously gazing and ranging upon the excellency of her blushing beauty, and upon her sweet Vermilion cheeks, great rolling eyes, and flaxen hair, wherewith his heart at the very first encounter, is surprized and ravished. Here *Le Valley* kisseth and rekisseth *Martha*; and entertains her with much prattle and many pleasant love-speeches, yea, then and there loves her so deeply, as he vows she shall remain his mistress, and be her servant till death. So some half an hour after the two Gentlemen take leave of his master, and then *Le Valley* brings *Martha* to him, who orderly delivereth him her Mistress's Letter and message: so he wondering at the last, receives the first, leaves her in the Hall with his man *Le Valley*, and so steps to his Study, and with much admiration, and more laughter, peruseth this Letter. Here he accuseth his own indiscretion, in speaking against *Blancheville's* chastity; and exceedingly condemneth *Marin's* treachery in revealing it to her. Once he was of opinion to have returned her his answer by Letter, but at last forming her and that resolution, he then contrariwise resolves to answer her with silence, and so steps forth to *Martha*, and with a disdainful frowning look, bids her tell her mistress from him, that her malicious proud, and foolish Letter shall have no other answer from him, but contempt and silence. *Martha* yet holds it her duty to pray him for his answer in writing to her mistress, but *Beaumarays* his first resolution is his last; so she departeth from him infinitely discontented. But the master is not so unkind to *Martha*, as his man *Le Valley* is courteous; for he being deeply enamoured of her beauty, brings her the one half of her way home, and goes into a Mercers shop, buys her a fair pair of Gloves; and as the pledge of his future affection, bestows them on her, the which (without further excuse or ceremony) she thankfully accepteth, and promiseth him to wear them for his sake. *Martha* returning home to her Lady and Mistress, she delivers her *Beaumarays* his answer, *verbatim* as he told it her, but no Letter. *Blancheville* seeing her self thus wronged and slighted of him, in that he disdaineth to give her any satisfaction, and which is worse, that he peremptorily refuseth and scorneth to answer her Letter; she is so strangely transported with malice and choler towards him for the same, as she vows to cry quittance, and to be revenged of him; but as yet she knows not in what manner to perform and perpetrate it: only she again resolves not as yet to acquaint her Husband therewith, but to attend and watch for some desired opportunity.

Two years are almost past away, wherein *Beaumarays* and *Champigny* (to their great cost and charge) do vehemently contest in Law about their Church-quarrel for precedency, but they do it far more out of malice towards themselves, than any way of piety towards God. And as most of the great Judicial Courts of *France* are too too frequently oppressed with Law-sutes of this nature; so I may affirm with as much truth as pity, that this is a fatal rock, whereon many hot contentious *French* spirits do most inconsiderately suffer shipwrack. At the end of which time (as the loss of one party proves still the gain of the other) the Presidial Court of *Chartres* pronounceth sentence in favour of *Beaumarays*, adjudging him

him the precedency in the Church, and condemning *Champigny* in five hundred Crowns Charge and dammage, to *Beaumarays*. This thundering sentence so prejudicial and contrary to *Champigny* his proud wives hopes and expectation, drives him into extream choler, and her out of all patience towards *Champigny*. He bites his lip with grief, and his wife is enflamed with rage at the report and knowledg herof: And although he were once minded to appeal from this sentence of the Presidial Court of *Chartres*, to the Court of Parliament at *Paris*, yet being powerfully diverted by his best friends, he as soon abandoneth as embraceth that resolution. He cannot see *Beaumarays*: but with envy, nor his wife hear speak of him, but with infinite malice and detestation. She is all bent on revenge towards him, and with her speeches and actions, both day and night precipitates her Husband onwards to it. And now her old grudge and malice against him begins afresh to revive and flourish, and now she thinks it a very fit time and opportunity, to acquaint her Husband with *Beaumarays* his base and scandalous speeches against her honour, the which with much passion, and many tears she effects, and also shews him the Copy of her Letter, which she sent him by her maid *Martha*, whereunto she informs him, he disdainfully returned her no answer, but contempt and silence. *Champigny* is so deeply incensed hereat against *Beaumarays*, as his wife needs not many words or circumstances to induce and perswade him to revenge it on him: When presently he being as incapable of delay, as of better advice and counsel, he finds out *Marin*, who (more in love to *Blancheville*, than in hatred to *Beaumarays*) confirms as much to him, as he would have him affirm. Now, as *Blancheville* thinks that her Husband *Champigny* will question *Beaumarays* by the Law of Justice, for this his crime towards her: He (as a valiant and Generous Gentleman) flies a higher pitch, and assumes a contrary resolution, to do it by that of his sword. When having prayed and procured *Maria* to be his Second, and they both agreeing to fight on horse-back, he (consulting with nature, and not with grace) the very next morning by Seron his foot-man, sends *Beaumarays* this Challenge.

CHAMPIGNY to BEAUMARAYS.

As thy knowledge is Judge, so Monsieur *Marin* is Witness, what base and ignoble speeches thou hast falsely vomited forth against the honour and chastity of my wife. And because crimes of this nature are poisonous to men, and execrable to God, and no way to be tolerated by a friend, much less to be despised and suffered by a Husband: Therefore thank thyself, if (for reparation thereof) thy folly now call on my valour, to invite thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine, with your Swords on horse-back, on Tuesday next, betwixt six and seven in the morning, without the North-gate of the very first Paroiss beyond the River, where you shall find we will attend you, and comparing the equity of my cause, to the injustice and infidelity of thine, it makes me fully confident, that the issue of this Duel will prove glorious for me, and shameful and ruinous for thy self,

CHAMPIGNY.

Seron (according to his charge and duty) finds out *Beaumarays* in his own house, and very secretly gives him his Master's Letter; who much musing thereat, steps to the window, and there privately reads it to himself: When blushing and smiling to see the bold folly of *Champigny*, the foolish malice of his wife *Blancheville*, and the base treachery of *Marin* towards him, he is so courageous and generous, as he disdaineth to be out-braved by any man whatsoever in the point of honour, (which he esteems far dearer and precious than his life: especially by *Champigny*, who he holds to be much his inferiour in valour and blood. He therefore trips to his Study, and writes *Champigny* this Letter, the which he returns by his foot-man in answer of his.

BEAUMARAYS to CHAMPIGNY.

As I will not make my self Judge, so I desire not to be Witness either of thy wives chastity or unchastity. It is sufficient for me to leave her to her self, and her self to thee, *Marin* shall have time enough to repent his treachery towards me, and thou to exchange thy jealousy into Judgment. But because I see thy choler now exceeds all the bounds of reason, for that thou art so inconsiderately and rashly audacious, to seek and preserve thy wives honour with the loss and ruin of mine; know therefore, that to cherish and maintain it equally with my life, I cheerfully accept thy challenge, and do hereby give thee to understand, that I with my second, will at the time and place appointed, meet thee and thine on horse-back, where we doubt not but to acquit our selves, as our selves, and to make thee and thine acknowledge, that our Swords are composed of a good temper, and our hearts of a better; and consequently, that you may, perchance, meet with your superiours, as well in valour as in blood and extraction.

BEAUMARAYS.

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He hath no sooner ended this his Letter, but he presently begins to think of his second, when calling to mind that his own younger Brother *La Montagne*, (a young Gentleman of some twenty years of age) is brave and valiant, and that he hath already fought two Duels, and in both of them come off with honour, he sends for him to his closet, and there shews him *Champigny* his challenge, and his answer thereunto, and demands of him if he have any stomach to second him at this feast, his Brother *Montagne* highly applauds his generous resolution for accepting this challenge, thanks him for the honour and favour he now doth him, in making him his second; vows that if he had many lives as he hath but one, he is ready to sacrifice them all at his feet and service, and courageously tells him, he should have taken it for a sensible affront, disgrace, and injury, if he had made choice of any other then himself: So they both prepare their horses, Swords, and courages against the approaching time, and no less doth *Champigny* and *Marin*.

Beaumarais and his Brother *Montagne* conceal this business from all the world; and *Champigny* bears it so close and secret, as he makes not his ambitious and malicious wife acquainted therewith, but in favour of his love to her beauty, and reputation to himself, smother's it up in silence. Tuesday morning being come, our four impatient champions are in the field at there Rendezvous, first arrived *Champigny* and *Marin*, and presently after them, *Beaumarais* and his brother *Montagne*, all of them being bravely mounted upon neighing and trampling couriers: At their entrance, *Marin* comes with a swift trot toward *Beaumarais*, thinking to apologize himself to him; But *Beaumarais* is so brave and generous, as he is deaf to his speeches, and will not hear him, but tells him, that it is Sword, not Tongues, which must now decide their difference, and prove him innocent or guilty. So *Marin* missing of his aim, he returns again upon the same trot to *Champigny*, and now, according to the order and nature of Duels, it is ordered between these four desperate Gentlemen, that their principals shall search the seconds, and the seconds the principals, to see whether their doublets were any more then Sword-proof, but they might well have saved themselves that labour, for they are all of them too noble and valiant, any way to taint their reputations & honours with the least shadow or tincture of cowardize; so they cast off their doublets, divide themselves, and then draw, and the first that must and will try their fortunes, are *Champigny* and *Beaumarais* (who being some fourscore paces off) they give spurs and reins to their horses, and part as swift as the wind, or rather so furiously & suddenly, as two claps of thunder, or flashes of lightening: At their first encounter, *Beaumarais* runs *Champigny* through his shirt-band, into his right side of his neck, and *Champigny* him into his left shoulder, whereat reciprocally inflamed as Lyons, they make short turns with their horses, and so fall to it again with their Swords, when again *Beaumarais* gives *Champigny* two other wounds, and he returns him one in counterexchange, whereof neither of them being mortal, they again divide themselves to breathe, which having done, and both of them as yet unsatisfied; they met the second time; at which close, *Champigny* misleth *Beaumarais*, and hurts his horse in the neck, but *Beaumarais* gives *Champigny* a lick with his sword ore his forehead, (which bled exceedingly) but yet they are too courageous to desist, as scorning, rather than caring for the number of their wounds. They to it again the third time, which proves a fortunate for *Beaumarais*, as fatal to *Champigny*; for as his horse stumbleth on his fore-feet, *Beaumarais* in his bending, runs him thorow the body, a little above his left Pap, where his Sword meeting and cutting the strings of his heart, he presently, in a fainting and faltering language, spake these his last words; *Beaumarais*, I forgive thee my death, and God be merciful unto my Soul, and with the same, fell stark dead from his horse to the ground; When *Beaumarais*, as a noble Gentleman, leapt presently from his horse to his assistance, and so did his own second, *Marin*, but their charity and care to him was in vain, for already life had forsaken his body, and consequently, his soul was fled to his place: So he lies there goled in his blood, and whiles *Marin* was covering of his breathless body with his Cloak, *Beaumarais* sheaths up his Sword, and with hands and eyes elevated to Heaven, rendereth thanks to God for this his victory.

No sooner hath *Montagne* congratulated with his Brother *Beaumarais* for his good fortune, but with a heart and courage worthy of himself, he calls out to his Rival *Marin*, and bids him prepare to fight; When his Brother *Beaumarais* notwithstanding his loss of much blood, doth infinitely desire to spare his Brother *Montagne* from fighting with *Marin*, and so to perform it himself. But *Montagne* is too courageous and generous either to understand this motion, or to relish this language from his Brother, and so in hot words and high terms he peremptorily tells him: That he came to fight with *Marin*, and fight he would: whereupon his Brother *Beaumarais* gives him his prayers, commits him to his good fortune, and so with his Cloak muffled about him sits down a Spectator to their combat: When *Montagne*

Montagne remounting his Steed, he calls out again to *Marin* and bids him to prepare to fight.

Marin no way appalled or daunted with the unfortunate disaster of his principal, but rather the more exasperated and incouraged thereat, he as a valiant Gentleman vows to sell and requite his death dearly on the life of his adversary *Montagne*: to which end they divide themselves and draw, and so part each toward other, I know not whether with more swiftness or courage; At their first encounter *Marin* runs *Montagne* into the small of the belly of a slight wound, and in exchange he cuts *Marin* a great slash on his left cheek, which hangs down and bleeds exceedingly; When presently closing again, *Montagne* runs *Marin* into the right thigh, and he him in requital into the right arm, and then they divide themselves to take breath, and for all these their wounds being incapable to appease or satisfy their courages, they presently determine again to fall to it with bravery and resolution; When behold the Marquess of *Bellary* (the Titular King of *Ivetot*) with two Lords his sons, and their train passeth that way from *Chartres* to go to *Paris*, and seeing two Gentlemen on Horse-back in their shirts with their Swords drawn, he judgeth it a Duel, when he and his two Sons gallop into the little meadow joyning to the Vineyard to prevent and part them, but they came to late; for *Montagne* and *Marin* seeing them swiftly galloping towards them, they (to prevent them) with more haste than good speed, set spurs to their horses the sooner, at their second meeting *Montagne* warding *Marin*'s sword, and putting it by, doth at the very same instant run him thorow the body a little below his Navel, of which mortal wound he fell presently from his Horse dead to the ground, uttering only these words: O *Montagne*, thou hast slain me: Thou hast slain me, God receive my Soul: and then and there without speaking a word more immediately died.

No sooner hath *Montagne* wiped and sheathed up his Sword, but his joyful Brother *Beaumarais* gallops up to him, and cheerfully congratulates with him for the same: When instantly the Marquess of *Bellary*, and the two Lords his Sons, arrive to them though a little too too late; They are astonished to see two proper Gentlemen lie there slain in the field, and reeking in their hot blood; when turning to *Beaumarais* and his Brother *Montagne*, whom they knew, they congratulate with them for their victories, and the Marquess as briefly as his time and their wounds will permit, enquires of them the cause of their quarrel, and the manner and particulars of their combat, whereof being fully informed and satisfied by them, he sends the dead bodies *Champigny* and *Marin* to *Chartres* in his Coach; And understanding by *Beaumarais* and his Brother *Montagne*, that for the preservation of their safeties and lives, they were resolved to leave *Chartres* and *Beauvais*, and so thwarting o're *Normandy* by *Evreux* and *Lausanne*, to imbarke themselves for *Caen*, and thence to pass the Seas into *England*, till their friends in their absence had procured their grace and pardons from the King, as also that they were destitute both of Chirurgeons to dress their wounds, and of a guide to conduct them thither; He very nobly gave them his own Chirurgeon & guide, & promising them likewise to labour with the King to the utmost of his power, for their peace, he passeth on his Journey, and commits them to their best fortune. A singular, yea, an honourable courtesie of this brave old Marquess of *Bellary*, whose deserts & fame I should much wrong, if I gave not the memory of his a place in this History.

Whiles thus the Marquess of *Bellary* is travelling towards *Paris*, and *Beaumarais* and his brother *Montagne* posting for *Caen*, come we briefly to *Chartres*, which now resounds and rattles with the report and issue of this combat, where Gentlemen and Citizens, and all (according to their passions and affections) spake differently thereof; some condemna the vanity of *Beaumarais*, others the folly and treachery of *Marin*, but all do highly extoll the courage and generosity of *Champigny* and *Montagne*. But leave we them to their censures, and come we again to speak of *Blancheville*, who takes the news of this untimely death of her Husband so tenderly and sorrowfully, that she is ready to drown her self in tears; It is not only a grief to her heart to see, but a terrour to her conscience to know, that her Husband *Champigny*, and her friend *Marin*, have both of them lost their lives for her sake, and when again she falls on the consideration and remembrance, that the first died by the hand and sword of *Beaumarais*, her mortal enemy, and the second by that of his Brother *Montagne*, then she is again ready to burst her heart and breast with sighing thereat. She is so incapable of Counsel, as she will hear of no consolation, nor speak of any thing but of her malice and revenge towards *Beaumarais*; and to write the truth, this implacable wrath and revenge of hers to him, takes up all her thoughts and speeches, her contemplations and actions, and both her time and her self. To which end she converts most of her Corn and Wine into money, goes to *Paris*, casts her self at the King's feet, and to the feet of that great and illustrious Court of *Parliament* for justice against *Beaumarais*, the murderer of her Husband, the which again and again, she aloud resounds and echoes forth to their ears; yea, her rage is so great, and her malice so outrageous towards him, that notwithstanding his

body is absent, yet she spends five hundred Crowns in Law to have him according to the Law and Custome of *France* to be hanged up in effigie: But although her suit be just, yet (by reason of his great friends in Court) she sees her self so unfortunate, that she cannot obtain it. Whereupon, after twelve months vain stay in *Paris*, and a profuse expence of money, she (with much grief and sorrow) secretly vows to her self, that if ever he return again to *Chartres*, or which is more, into *France*, that she her self will be both his Judge and Executioner, revenging her Husbands death in his, and from this hellish resolution of hers, she deeply swears, that neither Earth nor Heaven shall divert her.

Now to follow the natural stream and tide of this History: We must again bring *Beaumarais* and his Brother *Montagne* on the stage thereof: For the Reader must understand, that their wounds being dressed and secured, having bestowed both their horses on the Chirurgion and guide, the two servants of the aforesaid Marquess of *Bellary*, had likewise written him a thankful Letter for his honourable courtesie extended to them, and therewith likewise prayed him to sollicite the King for their Grace and Pardon in their absence, they privately (without any followers) embark themselves upon an English Vessel at *Caen*, and so with a prosperous gale, arrive at *Rye*, and from thence take horse for *London*, where they settle up their abode and residence, from whence *Beaumarais* sends to *Chartres* for two of his foot-men, and his Brother *Montagne* for one of his, which come over to *London* to them some six weeks after, and bring their Masters word how earnestly their adversaries follow the rigour and severity of the Law against them in *Paris*, but especially against *Beaumarais*; they receive these advertisements from their servants and friends, rather with grief than contempt, and therefore to prevent their malice, and their own disgrace and danger, they often write from *London* to *Paris*, to the Marquess of *Bellary*, and likewise to the Bishop of *Chartres* (their dear friend and Kinsman) to hasten their pardons from the King: So that Noble Lord, and this Reverend Prelate, pitying their danger and absence as much as they wish their safety and return, take time at advantage; and the King in a well disposed humor and so do most effectually and powerfully acquaint his Majesty, how these two absent Gentlemen and Brother's, *Beaumarais* and *Montagne*, were without just cause or reason, provoked to this unfortunate combat by their adversaries, that they were the Challenged, not the Challengers: that heretofore they had never committed any act unworthy either of their honour or of themselves; That they had formerly received many wounds in his Majesties Wars, and that their valour and courage was such, that in these times, which threatened more trouble then promised peace, they would undoubtedly prove happy and necessary members for his service, with many other prevailing motives and reasons conducing that way; which at last so weigh down the heart and mind of the King, that he freely conceded and gave them their pardon under his great Seal, the which to make the more authentical, they caused them to be enregistred and confirmed in the Court of Parliament of *Paris*, and thereupon both the Marquess and Bishop joyntly and severally write to them thereof from *Paris*. And after some few months of their stay in *London*, they send them over these their Pardons, which are delivered to them by the Earl of *Tilliers*, then ordinary Embassadour there for this present French King, *Lewis XIII.*, the which they receive with infinite honour, content, and joy.

This good news of theirs makes them now like the air of *France*, better than that of *England*. So they speedily pack up their baggage, leave *London*, and with all celerity poste away to *Dover*, *Calis* and *Paris*. Where being arrived, the first thing they do, they find out the Marquess of *Bellary*, and the Bishop of *Chartres*, to whom they owe their peace, as they do their lives to the King: to whom they express a thousand demonstrations of thankfulness for this their honour and favour shewed them. They likewise burn with desire to testify so much to the King, when the Marquess, seconded by the Bishop, presents them to his Majesty, who falling to his feet, he gives them his Royal hand to kiss. They can better express their thankfulness in deeds, than words to him, and in language of their swords, than in that of their tongues: Only they tell his Majesty, that having received their lives of his meer clemency and Royal favour, they most humbly therefore implore him to grant them the favour and honour, that they may spend and end them in his service. He allows of their zeal and humility, and to redouble his favour, he gives them again his hand to kiss, adding farther to them, that it is rather likely than impossible, that he shall shortly have occasion to use their Swords and service, and so dismisseth them.

These our two Brothers remain a month in *Paris*, wherein almost daily they render their thankful respects and service to the Marquess and Bishop, at the end whereof, leaving their duties, and receiving their commands, they take horse and return home for *Chartres*, (from which by reason of their disaster they have been so long absent) where all their Kinsfolks

folks and friends welcome them home with infinite delight and joy, yea, almost all *Chartres* and the Gentlemen thereabouts, exceedingly rejoyce at their fortunate and safe returns: Only the Parents of *Marin* do envy *Montagne* deeply; and *Blancheville* the sorrowful and incensed Widdow of *Champigny* hates *Beaumarais* deadly. As for *Montagne*, he makes such good means and friends, that in less than two months he obtains a perfect reconciliation of the first; but although *Beaumarais* have made many fair overtures and proffers of atonement by his friends to the second, yet in six months he sees it wholly impossible for him to procure it of her, and which is worse, she is still outrageous and revengeful towards him, that he thinks he never shall; for she disdains to see him, and scorns to hear of him: and still her malice and indignation against him, makes her constant in her former hellish and bloody resolution, that by one means or other she will ere long murder him, as he hath her Husband: •A fearful and most execrable resolution, every way unworthy the heart of a Gentlewoman, and far more the soul of a Christian.

In the former part of this History we have understood the affection of *Le Valley* (*Beaumarais* his man) to *Martha*, *Blancheville*'s Chamber-maid. In the middle thereof we have remarked and seen the implacable intended malice and revenge of *Blancheville* towards *Beaumarais*. And we shall not go far before the end hereof will inform us what mournful fruits, and deplorable effects, these different accidents and persons will procure us.

As there is no love to that of a man, so I am of an opinion, that there is no malice comparable to that of a woman, and if the truth deceive not my judgement herein, I believe we shall shortly see the Antithesis of this Position made good and verified in the persons of *Le Valley*, and *Blancheville*. For while *Le Valley* is lovingly thinking and inventing all possible means how he may marry *Martha*; so is *Blancheville* maliciously pondring and ruminating with her self how or by what means or agents she may murder *Beaumarais*. Thus we see that the heart of the first it is full of kindness and courtesie, as the mind and resolutions of the second is of cruelty and blood. Now the Reader for his better information, will I hope remember, that in all this time of two years and upwards, since *Le Valley* first saw and spake with his sweet-heart *Martha*, in his master's house, that there hath past many love tokens between them, but as yet he could never draw her consent to marry him; for still she tells him that she loves her mistress so dearly, that she will not depart from her service, nor wed any man, without her free consent, and therefore that they have far more reason to doubt than hope of this match between them, considering the lamentable accident and disaster which hath past between their Masters. *Le Valley* seeing he must first win the mistress, before he can wed the maid, with his sween-hearts advice, resolves to seek *Blancheville*'s consent thereto, the which he doth in fair and orderly terms. *Blancheville* who had formerly heard an inckling how dearly *Le Valley* affected her maid *Martha* in the way of marriage, now by this motion thereof to her self, she is fully confirmed thereof. When observing more passion than judgment, as well in his affection to her maid, as in his speeches to her self, she presently (being industrious in her malice, and vigilant in her revenge towards *Beaumarais*) forgets God and all Goodness; abandoneth all Christianity and humanity, and so the Devil brings her a plot, or else her own heart and head fetcht it from Hell. She thinks that this poor servant *Le Valley*, is a fit agent and instrument for her, either to poyson or pistol his Master *Beaumarais* to death, and that his love to her maid *Martha*, and his consideration of her fresh youth and beauty, is a sufficient bait, and powerful lure to make him undertake and perform it, and hereon she settles up her bloody resolution. To which end *Blancheville* having already sufficiently woven this treachery in her heart, and closely and finely spun it in her brains, she politickly gives *Le Valley* more hope than despair, that he shall shortly marry her maid *Martha*; only she tells him she must confer with her, to see how she stands affected to him, and that if he repair to her again at the end of the week, she will then assuredly give him such an answer, as she doubts not but will content and please him, or else the fault shall be his: But to conclude her speech, she chargeth him not to speak or utter a word hereof to his master *Beaumarais*, all which *Le Valley* faithfully promiseth her to perform. He goes from the mistress to the maid, and reports what she hath told and spoken, so these young folks flatter themselves, that they very shortly shall be man and wife. *Blancheville* (whose heart and mind runs wholly upon a bloody revenge towards *Beaumarais*) no sooner understands that *Le Valley* is gone forth her doors, but she sends for her maid *Martha* into her Chamber, where (no way acquainting her with her bloody intent and policy) she chargeth her to swear that she will never marry *Le Valley* without her free consent, and that in the end she shall not repent the following of her advice and counsel herein, which *Martha* solemnly doth, whereof this malicious and vindictive Dame is exceedingly glad and satisfied.

The end of the week being come, away comes *Le Valley* to his sweet heart *Martha*, to know if she be shortly resolved to marry him, who having been perfectly taught her lesson, tells him plainly, that she will be his wife, conditionally that he can gain her mistress *Blancheville's* consent thereunto, but never without it. Whereof he being exceedingly joyful, he giving her many kisses, intreats her to bring him to her Mistress, and that he hopes to receive pleasing news from her, to both their contents. *Blancheville* (with much longing impatience) attends his coming, and receives and welcomes him into her Closet with a cheerful countenance, where bolting the door, this hellish *Erynus* (not Heavenly *Urania*) passionately tells him, that it shall be impossible for him ever to enjoy or marry her maid *Martha*, except he first swear to her to perform a secret business for her, which infinitely concerns her content and service. *Le Valley* desires to know of her what it is, but she first swears him to secrecy herein, both from *Martha*, and from all the world, the which he freely swears: When *Blancheville* (with hypocritical, yea with diabolical tears in her eyes) being instructed and prompted by the Devil, representeth unto him, how foully his Master *Beaumais* had first wronged her chastity and honour, then abused her Husband in the Church, and afterwards killed him in the field, and therefore that he should not only marry her maid *Martha*, but that she would likewise give him three hundred Crowns of marriage money with her, if for her sake, and at her request) he would kill his said Master, either by Poyson, Ponyard, or Pistol, of which sum she told him he should have the one half in hand, and the other when he had performed it, the which if he refused to do, she swore by her part of Heaven, that he should never marry her, nor come near her.

Le Valley is amazed and astonished at this bloody proposition and request of hers, the which she might well perceive by the distraction of his looks, and the perturbation of his countenance. He tells her, that although he loves *Martha* far dearer than his life, yet he cannot find in his heart to kill the poorest Christian in the world, much less so good and so dear a Master as *Beaumais* was to him. *Blancheville* (being now as subtil in her malice, as she was malicious in her revenge towards *Beaumais*) shews *Le Valley* the three hundred Crowns in fair Gold, which was far more than ever before he had seen; Tells him what a dear friend she will ever remain to him and his wife, and (in a word) leaves no lure unpractised, nor charm unattempted, to draw him to the enterprize of this deplorable, and to the execution of this hellish fact. But finding him as frozen as she was fiery therein, she bids him to take a weeks time to consider thereof, then to bring her his last resolution, and withal to remember his oath of secrecy herein from all the world, both which points he constantly promiseth her to perform. As he descends the stairs from her, his sweet-heart *Martha* comes presently to him to know the mind and resolution of her Mistress, whom he thinks good then to satisfy with this pleasing answer, that he hopes a small time will work and compass both their desires: So after a few kisses and embraces, they for that time take leave each of other. He is no sooner returned home, but his heart is as pensive and sorrowful, as his mind and brain is perplexed and troubled for the cause thereof. He consults with himself and his resolutions are as different as his desires. He cannot as yet find in his heart to kill his Master, and yet he can resolve rather to die, than to lose *Martha* his Mistress. True it is, that the sight of the Lady *Blancheville's* Gold doth act wonders in his heart, but far more the sight and remembrance of *Martha's* sweet youth and delicious beauty; So the first tempts him exceedingly, the second extremly, and the Devil in both of them infinitely; yet notwithstanding, his faith and soul are so strong with God, that hitherto he cannot consent to be drawn to imbrue his hands in the innocent blood of his Master. But here befalls an unexpected accident which violently precipitates and throws him headlong on the contrary resolution.

His Master *Beaumais* (not for want of any respect or love to *Blancheville*, but because he perfectly knew she extremly hated him) having formerly charged his man *Le Valley*, that he should not frequent her house, nor no more dare to seek her maid *Martha* in marriage, the which he confidently promised him he would. He now understands that contrary thereunto, his man *Le Valley* the very day before was there, and continued still an earnest suitor to her; so he hereupon calls him to him, and gives him five or six sound boxes on the Ear, for his disobeying him, and vows that if he ever any more return thither, and seek *Martha* in marriage, he would utterly cashier him, and wholly discharge him from his service. *Le Valley* not accustomed to receive blows of his Master, was so extremly incensed hereat, as disdainng the blows for his Master, and his Master for the blows sake, they engender such bad blood in him, as he presently striks a bargain, first with his choler, then with the Devil, that he would now adhere to the request of *Blancheville*, and so speedily return his Master a sharp requital and bloody revenge for the same; and indeed from that time

time forward he never looked on him but with an eye of hatred and detestation.

So without farther delay, the same night as soon as his Master was gone to bed, he trips away to *Blancheville's* house, informs her at large what had past betwixt his Master and himself, and therefore assures her that he is fully and constantly resolved to murder him within three or four days, if she would perform her promise to him, to give him the three hundred Crowns, and that also within a Month after he shall marry *Martha*, whereat *Blancheville* being beyond measure joyful, she faithfully and solemnly swears to him the performance thereof, when (as a pledg of the rest) she presently pays him down the first hundred and fifty in Gold, the which *Le Valley* joyfully purseth up. But the Receipt thereof shall cost dear.

From the intended matter of the murder of *Beaumarais*, these two agents of Satan and Hell, *Blancheville* and *Le Valley*, proceed to the manner thereof, she proposeth that infernal drug, poyson; but he rejecteth it, as dangerous to be bought, and difficult to be applied. And because she dislikes to have him ponyard'd, therefore they both conclude and agree, that he shall pistol him to death: and this is their definitive, cruel, and hellish resolution. *Le Valley* having thus dispatcht his business with *Blancheville*, and taken leave with kisses of his sweet *Martha*, (who poor soul is as innocent, as they two are wholly and solely guilty of this deplorable conspiracy) he puts a cheerful countenance on his revengeful heart, so returns home, and the very next day gets his Masters pocket Pistol, which he loads with a brace of Bullets, and watcheth every day and hour for a desired opportunity to send him to Heaven. So the third after Monsieur *Montagne* going abroad a hawking with his Brothers Hawks and Spaniels, and taking almost all his men-servants with him, and leaving *Le Valley* to wait and attend on his Master, then and there this fatal occasion answered his prodigious expectation. For that very fore-noon, his Master *Beaumarais* coming from the house of Office, he calls up *Le Valley* to him in his chamber to truss his points, which wretched Villain he is busie in performing, but alas, in most barbarous and bloody manner: For as that good and Noble Gentleman thought of nothing less than of his danger or death, then this monster of nature fingering his hind points with his left hand, very softly drew his Pistol out of his pocket with his right, and then and there (with an infernal courage and audacity) shot him into the Reys of his back, nearly opposite to his heart, whereof he presently fell down dead to the ground, without having neither the power or happiness to utter one prayer or word whatsoever, but only two or three small fainting, or indeed dying groans.

This bloody and execrable wretched *Le Valley*, seeing his Master dead, he triumphs in his good fortune, to see what a brave Butcher he had proved himself in so speedily and neatly dispatching him. When to put the better varnish on his villany, and so to make it appear to the World, that his Master was his own Murderer, he takeeth the Pistol and placeth it in his dead right hand, and lays the Key of the Chamber upon the Table, and the door having a strong Spring-lock puls and shuts it fast after him. When again, to make his innocency the more clear and conspicuous to the world, he speedily and secretly taking a horse out of the Stable, a Hawk on his fist, and a Spaniel at his heels, and so very joyfully gallops away to the fields, where (after some hour at least, or hour and half at most) he finds out Monsieur *Montagne*, and tells him his Master dispatcht him to him with a fresh Hawk, which was his best and chiefest Goshawk. They Hawk all day together, and *LE VALLET* (as accustomed) is very officious and diligent to Monsieur *MONTAGNE*; who towards night returns home to *Chartres*, having (between them all) taken eight Patridges, and one Pheasant: he arrives at his Brother's house, where missing him, he gives the Pheasant and four of the Patridges to the Cook to dress for their Supper; when afterwards again missing his Brother *Beaumarais*, and enquiring for him, the menial servants of the out-houses tell him they saw him not to day. Supper being preparing, and the Table covered, he sends up *Le Valley* to look him in his Chamber, who returns him this answer, that his Master is not there, but the door is shut: *Montagne* marvelleth at his Brother's long and unaccustomed absence, and so do all his servants. They find his Cloak, Rapier and Belt, hanging up at a pin the Hall, and therefore deeming him not far, but at some neighbour's house, he sends *Le Valley* one way, and the rest of the servants to other places to find him out; but whiles they seek after him, *Le Valley* (favoured by the night) trips away speedily to the Lady *Blancheville's* house, and there most briefly and secretly acquaints her how bravely he hath dispatcht his Master that forenoon. She cannot contain her self for joy of this sweet news, nor expresse it to him in less than a kiss, he says he will tell her the rest to morrow night, and then come and receive the remainder of her promise to him, the which she again and again swears to him, she will perform it with a surplussage and advantage, so he kisseth his sweet-heart *Martha*, and again dispeeds himself home: Where

he and the rest of the servants who were sent into the streets, return *Montagne* no news of their master and his Brother: Supper being more than fully ready, his long missing of him, doth at last bring him much doubt, and some suspicion and fear of his welfare. It runs still in his mind, that he may be yet asleep in his Chamber; wherefore he ascends thither with *Le Valley*, and others of his servants, who call aloud, and bounce again at the door, but they hear no answer nor speech of him, the which doth the more augment his doubt, and and redouble his fear of his Brother: At last he commands them to force and break open the door, but it being exceeding thick and strong, they cannot. *Montagne* tender care of his Brother, doth by this time infinitely increase his fear of him, which at last so powerfully surpriseth him, that he presently commands a Ladder to be erected to his Brother's Chamber window towards the Garden, and sends up one of his Lacquys with a Torch to look into the Chamber, the Lacquy forced open the Casement, and then thrust in his Torch first, and his head after, which he speedily withdrawing, very passionately crieth out: That his Master hath murdered himself with a Pistol, and lies there dead all gored in his blood. *Montagne* at this lamentable news tears his hair, weeps, and cries out again for sorrow thereof, and so do all his servants. Among whom *Le Valley* is observed to be one of the most, who weeps and cries mightily thereat. *Montagne* being almost as dead with grief and sorrow hereat, as his Brother *Beaumarais* was with wounds; he bids the Lacquy to tear down the Casement, and to enter and unlock the door, which he doth: So he with *Le Valley*, and the rest of the servants, ascend and enter the Chamber, where (to their unexpressible grief and sorrow) they see this mournful and murdered personage, with the discharged Pistol fast in his hand, and the key of the Chamber-door on the Table, as hath been already expressed. Once *Montagne* thought that his Brother might be robbed and killed by Thieves, but seeing all his Trunks fast locked; and then opening his Study door, and finding all his Gold, Silver and Jewels there in good order, he abandons that suspicion and Jealousie, and then both he and they all believe, that he hath absolutely murdered himself. The report of this Tragical and sorrowful accident sounds loud through the streets of *Chartres*. *Montagne* sends for the Kings Attorney, and the Fiscal to see, and Chirurgions to visit his dead Brothers body, they all concur and agree in opinion with *Montagne* and his servants, and so generally affirm and conclude, That *Beaumarais* hath (with his little Pistol) shot himself in to the back with a brace of Bullets, whereof he died, which is sweet musick and melody to *Le Valley*, but his wormwood and gall comes after: and now *Montagne* with all requisite order, state and decency, solemnizeth his Brother's Funerals, and not only all *Chartres* but all *Beauvaisse*, and all Gentlemen who knew him, yea, the Bishop of *Chartres*, the Marquess of *Bellary*, and the King himself much lamented and bewailed the unfortunate loss of this noble and valiant Gentleman.

The grief and sorrow of *Montagne* for his Brother's untimely death, is the joy and felicity of *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*; for as he triumphs, so for her part, she is so extremely delighted and ravished with this sweet news, as at their next meeting (which is the very next night) she gives him his hundred and fifty Crowns, and because he hath dispatched his Master *Beaumarais* so speedily and secretly, she therefore takes a Diamond Ring off her finger (worth one hundred crowns) and likewise gives it him: When to make good her oath and promise to him (as also to make his pretended joy compleat) the very same day month after, marryeth him to her maid *Martha*, but marriages that are founded and cemented with innocent blood, never have prosperous ends. Now is *Blancheville* proud in her revenge for the death of her mortal enemy *Beaumarais*, and now likewise is *Le Valley* (in his conceit and mind rapt up into the third heaven of joy, in enjoying his fair and sweet wife *Martha*; and neither of them hath the conscience to think of, or the grace to repent this foul and bloody fact of theirs; Which, (when they least dream thereof) we shall see God in his sacred mercy in Justice, will speedily detect, revenge and punish, as the sequel thereof will declare and inform us.

As the matter and manner of the detection of this lamentable murder of *Beaumarais* proceeded primarily from God, so it did secondly from his sorrowful Brother *Montagne*, who wanting all other witnesses and evidence (and wholly guided by sacred power, and swayed by divine influence) was led to it by four remarkable circumstances and considerations, every way worthy of our knowledge, and retention. The first was his finding and perusing of *Blancheville*'s Letter to his Brother *Beaumarais* (which formerly we have seen) wherein he observed a wonderful deal of inveterate malice towards him from her: The second was *Le Valley*'s sudden marrying of her Chamber-maid *Martha*, by the which he conceived, that that suspicion strongly reflected on her, and this on him: The third was from the sight of the Diamond-Ring which *Le Valley* wore on his finger (being the same which we have formerly

formerly seen *Blancheville* to give him) for *Montagne* believing that he had stolen it from his dead Brother, his Master, he challenged him for it by order of Law, when *Le Valley* to clear himself of this pretended theft, was enforced to inform both him and the Judges, that it was given him in marriage with his wife, by the Lady *Blancheville* her Mistress: the which confession of his indeed, added much suspicion and jealousy of them both to the heart and mind of *Montagne*, as believing that it must be some extraordinary tie and service, which should make *Le Valley* capable to deserve so great a bounty and reward of her. But the fourth and last consideration was far more powerful and prevalent with him than all the three former, to ground his suspicion against *Le Valley* for this murdering of his Brother, and wherein the Reader may deservedly admire and wonder at the celestial providence and justice of God, which most miraculously and divinely appears herein; for the same day two months after the murder of *Beaumais*, and the same day month that *Le Valley* married his wife *Martha*, it pleased the Lord (in his secret pleasure and justice) to send him a Gangrene in his right hand, which beginning to extend and spread, his Chirurgions, to save his life, advised his said hand to be speedily cut off, which was accordingly performed.

This suddenly cutting off *Le Valley*'s right hand, by advice of his Chirurgions, brings terror to him, fear to *Blancheville*, and astonishment and admiration to *Montagne*, who (led by the immediate spirit and finger of God) doth now confidently believe, that it was that hand of his which pistolled his Brother to death, and that it might be rather probable than impossible, that *Blancheville* might be the Author, and he the Actor of this cruel murder. Wherefore grounding this his strong suspicion upon the piety and innocency of his Brothers life and disposition, as also on his own four former premised serious considerations and circumstances, he neither can nor will take any contrary Law or peace of his thoughts; But goes to the *Senshal*, and King's Attorney of that City, and accuseth *Le Valley* to be the murderer of his brother *Beaumais*.

The wise and prudent Judges, advertised the Presidial Court thereof likewise: So they presently caused him to be apprehended and imprisoned for the same; they charge him with this cruel murder committed on the person of his Master, but he stoutly denies it with many fearful Oaths and Imprecations: But his Crime being greater than his Apology, they adjudge him to the wrack, where in the midst of his tortures, God so deals with his heart and prevails with his soul, that he confessed, it was he who murdered his Master *Beaumais* with a Pistol, charged with a brace of Bullets, and that he was hired to perform it by the Lady *Blancheville*, who gave him three hundred Crowns in gold, and a Diamond Ring to effect and finish it. At the relation and confession whereof, *Montagne* and the Judges exceedingly admire and wonder, and being by them again demanded, if his Wife *Martha* were not likewise accessory with them in this murder, he freely and constantly told them, that she was not, and that he would take it to his death, that she was every way as innocent, as himself and *Blancheville* her Mistress were guilty thereof.

The Judges of this Court speedily send Serjeants away to apprehend *Blancheville*, who is so far from the apprehension or fear of any danger, as she dreams not thereof: They find her in her own house playing on her Lute, and singing in company of many Gentlemen and Gentlewomen her friends: The Serjeants seize on her, and tells her her accusation and crime, whereat she is amazed and weeps exceedingly, and no less do those that are with her: She is brought before her Judges, who strongly accuse her for being the Author of this cruel murder of *Beaumais*, and acquaint her with *Le Valley*'s full and free confession thereof, as we have formerly understood: When here sometimes with tears, and then again with passion and choler, she tells the Judges, that *Le Valley* is a devil and a villain thus to accuse her falsely: That she never gave him a Ring, or three hundred Crowns to do it, and takes God to witness that she is not guilty, but wholly innocent of that murder.

But this poor and passionate Apology of hers will not pass current with her Lyncie-eyed Judges, who cause her to be confronted with *Le Valley*, who stands firm to his former accusation against her, and yet her faith is so weak with God, and so strong with Satan, as with many cries and curses she again and again cries out & protesteth of her Innocency: They produce her Ring and part of her Gold, but she boldly denies, and stoutly forswears both: So they presently adjudge her to the Rack, whereto with much constancy she permits her self to be fastned: But at the very first touch and wrench thereof, her dainty delicate limbs not able to brook those exquisite torments, God was pleased to be so gracious and merciful to her soul, as she presently (with many tears) cries out that she was the guilty Author of this horrible murder, and so in all points and circumstances concurs and agrees with *Le Valley*'s deposition and accusation against her: Here her Judges again demand of her, if her Maid *Martha* were never accessory or consenting with her and *Le Valley* in this their bloody

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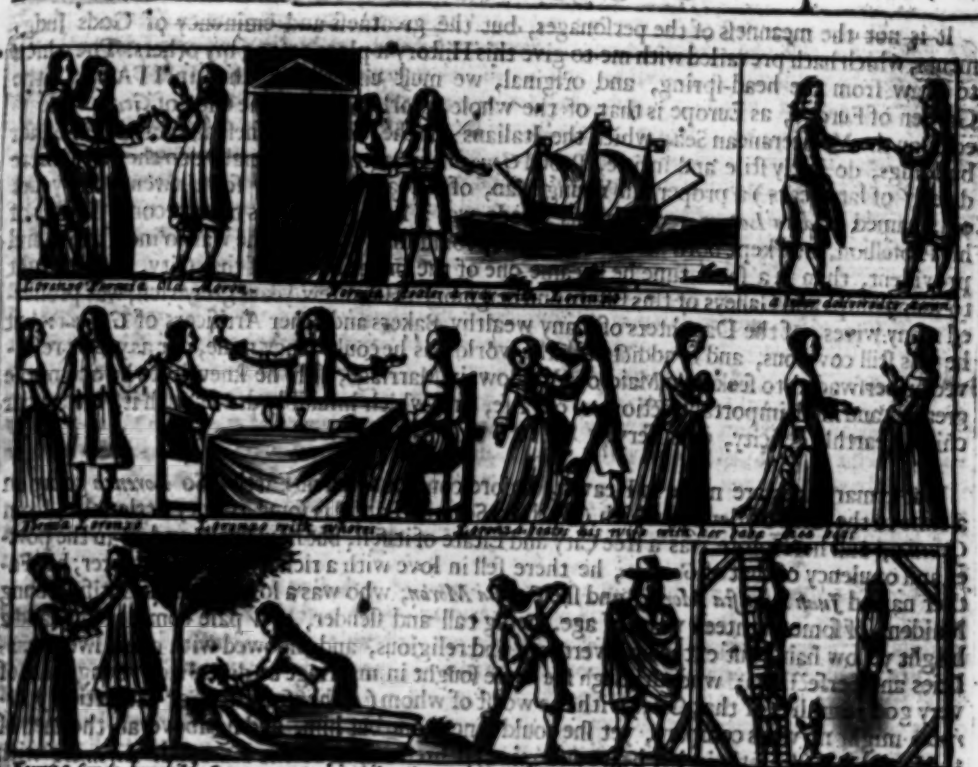
fact, but she vows to them, that upon peril of her Soul, she was absolutely ignorant thereof, so hereupon this our inhuman Lady *Blancheville* is again loosed from the wrack, and brought away to the Tribunal of Justice, and so likewise is *Le Valley*, where *Montagne* and the King's Attorney presently crave judgment of the Presidents against these two Murderers, who after a long and religious speech which they made, doth to them and to all who were present upon this bloody fact and crime of theirs: They conclude and adjudge *Le Valley*, the very next day to be broken on the Wheel alive, and *Blancheville* then likewise to be hanged, which gave matter of Universal speech and admiration to all *Chartres* and *Brassie*.

We have seen the perpetration and detection of this inhuman and lamentable murder, committed by these two unfortunate Wretches *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*: And now (by the mercy and justice of God) we are come to see the Triumphs of his Revenge to fight against them in their condign punishments for the same. They by their Judges are that afternoon returned again to their prisons, and the same night are there effectually dealt with by Divines, who (out of Christian Charity) direct and prepare their souls for heaven: So the next morning, about ten of the clock, they are brought to the common place of Execution in *Chartres*, where a world of people attend to be Spectators of these their unfortunate ends, and deplorable Tragedies: And first *Le Valley* ascends the scaffold, who is sad and pensive, and says little else in effect but this, that it was partly *Blancheville's* Gold, but chiefly his love to her Maid, his wife *Martha*, which first drew him to murder his dear Master *Beaumais*, whereof he affirmed he was now heartily repentant and sorrowful, and besought the Lord to pardon him; He here took it to his death, that his said Wife *Martha* was every way innocent of this murder, and therefore beseeched *Montaigne* to be good and charitable to her after his death, whom he likewise prayed to forgive him, when uttering a few *Ave Marias* to himself, and often marking himself with the sign of the Cross, He was by his Executioner presently broken on the Wheel, whereof he immediately died.

Le Valley was no sooner dispatched, but up comes our Female Monster *Blancheville* on the Ladder, whose youth and beauty drew pity from the hearts, and tears from the eyes of most of her Spectators: in her countenance she was very sad and mournful, and yet I am forced to confess this truth of her, (that in the last Scene and Act of her life) her Pride and Vanity so far usurped on her judgment, her piety, and her soul, that she came here to take her last leave of the world, apparelled in a rich black rayed Sattin gown, a crimson damask Peticoat laid with white Sattin guards, a rich cutwork falling band, her hair all strewed with sweet powder, decked with white Ribband Knots and Roses, and a Snow-white pair of Gloves on her hands, so she there craves leave of the people to speak a few words before she dies, which with a well composed countenance, and behaviour, she doth in these terms.

She said that her dear and tender affection to her Husband *Champigny* occasioned her deadly hatred and malice to *Beaumais*, and that as soon he had slain him in the field, she in revenge hereof instantly resolved and vowed to send him to heaven after him: she affirmed that she was now sorrowful from her heart and soul, that she had caused *Le Valley* to kill this his Master; also that she was so unfortunate and miserable, as now to see him die for her sake and service, in requital whereof she gave all her apparel, and some of her Plate and Jewels to her old Maid, now his new Wife *Martha*, whom she affirmed in presence of God and his Angels, was no way guilty or consenting to this lamentable murder, which she beseeched the Lord to pardon and forgive: she likewise besought *Montaigne* and *Martha* to forgive her, and intreated all who were present to pray to God for her soul: she conjured all Ladies and Gentlewomen who were sorrowful eyewitnesses of her untimely death, to beware by her unfortunate example, and so to hate Malice and Revenge in themselves as much as she loved it: When again praying all her Spectators to pray to God for her, she after a few *Pater-nosters*, and *Ave Marias* was turned over.

And thus was this lamentable, and yet deserved death of these two bloody Wretches, *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*, and in this sharp manner did God justly revenge and punish this their horrible crime of murder: Whose untimely and unfortunate deaths left much grief to their living Parents and friends, and generally to all who either saw or knew them. May we read this their History, first to the honour of God, and then to our own Instruction and Reformation: That the sight and remembrance of these their punishments may deter us from the impiety and inhumanity of perpetrating the like bloody crimes, Amen.



The Triumph of Gods Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XX.

Lorenzo murdereth his wife Fermina: He some twenty years after (as altogether unknown) rob-
berh his (and her) Son Thomaſo: who likewiſe (not knowing Lorenzo to be his Father) ſlaue
murdereth him for that robbery; for which he is hang'd.

Those who (by the pernicious instigation and fatal temptation of Satan) do wilfully imbrue
their hands in innocent blood, and so make themselves guilty of Murther, are no longer men,
but have prodigiously metamorphos'd themselves into the nature and quality of Devils. And
as after this their crime, they are worthy of all true Christians detestation, so most commonly
(without Gods saving grace and mercy) their hearts are so obdurated with impenitency of con-
science, and their souls seared up and abandoned to all kinds of atheistical profanities and impiet-
ty, that they are so far from thinking of God, as they believe there is no God; and so far from
fearing of his Judgements and punishments, as they are desperately confident they have done de-
served any. But because their hearts and actions are as transparent to Gods eyes and knowledge,
as Gods decrees and resolutions are invisible to theirs, therefore (despite this their blindness
and the Devils malice and subtilty to obscure and conceal it) this world will afford them no true
peace, nor this life produce them any perfect tranquillity. But where so ever they go or live, their
guilty thoughts and consciences, as so many hellish blood-hounds, will incessantly pursue and fol-
low them, till in the end they drag them to condigne shame, misery, and confusion for ever.
Which this subsequent History will verifie and make good to us, in a wretched and execrable per-
sonage, whom it mournfully presents to our view and consideration. Let us read it in the face
of God, that we may weigh that benefit by it which becomes good Christians to make.

It is not the meanness of the personages, but the greatness and eminency of Gods Judgments, which hath prevailed with me to give this History a place among my others: The which to draw from the head-spring, and original, we must understand, that in ITALY, (the Garden of Europe, as Europe is that of the whole World) and in the City of *Genova*, (seated upon the Mediterranean Sea, which the Italians for the sumptuousness and stateliness of her buildings, do justly stile and intitle, Proud *Genova*) near to the Arsenal upon the Key, there dwelt (of late years) a proper tall Young Man, of a coal-black hair, some twenty five years old, named *Andrea Lorenzo*, who by his Trade was a Baker, and was now become Master of his Profession, and kept both his Oven and Shop for himself; wherein he was so industrious and provident, than in a short time he became one of the prime Bakers of that City, and wrought to many Ships and Gallies of this Estate and Signiory: He in few years grew rich, was proffered many wives, of the Daughters of many wealthy Bakers and other Artificers of *Genova*: but he was still coverous, and so addicted to the world, as he could fancy none, nor as yet be resolved or perswaded to seek any Maid or Widdow in Marriage, sith he knew it to be one of the greatest and most important actions of our life, and which infallibly draws with it, either our chiefest earthly felicity, or misery.

But as marriages are made in Heaven, before consummated on Earth; So *Lorenzo* going on a time to the City of *Savona*, which (both by Sea and Land) is some twenty little miles from *Genova*; and heretofore was a free City and Estate of it self, but now swallowed up in the power and opulency of that of *Genova*; he there fell in love with a rich Vintners Daughter, her Father named *Yuan Baptista Moron*, and she *Fernia Moron*, who was a lovely and beautiful young Maiden, of some eighteen years of age, being tall and slender, of a pale complexion, and a bright yellow hair, but exceeding vertuous and religious; and endowed with many sweet qualities and perfections; who although she were sought in marriage by divers rich young men, of very good families of that City, with the worst of whom (either for Estate or extraction) *Lorenzo* might no ways compare, yet she could fancy none but him, and he above all the men of the world she (secretly in her heart and mind) desired might be her Husband. *Lorenzo* (with order and discretion) seeks *Fernia* in marriage of her Father *Moron*, who is too strong of purse, and too high of humour to match his Daughter to a Baker, or to any other of a mechanical Profession, and so gives him a flat and peremptory denial. But *Lorenzo* finds his Daughter more courteous and kind to his desires, for she being as deeply enamoured of his personage, as he was of her beauty and virtues; after a journey or two which he had made to her in *Savona*, she consents and yields to him to be his wife, conditionally that he can obtain her Fathers good will thereunto, but not otherwise, which *Lorenzo* yet feared and doubted would prove a difficult task for him to compass and procure; for her Father knowing *Fernia* to be his own and only child and Daughter, and that her beauty and vertuous education, together with the consideration of his own wealth and estate, made her every way capable of a far better Husband than *Lorenzo*. As also that his Daughter, in reason and Religion, and by the Laws of Heaven and Earth, was bound to yield him all duty and obedience (because of him she had formerly received both life and being); therefore he was resolute that *Lorenzo* should not have his Daughter to wife, neither would he ever hearken to accept, or consent to take him for his Son-in-Law.

Lorenzo having thus obtained the heart and purchased the affection of his sweet and dear *Fernia*; but now void of his fervent desire, and zeal to see her made his wife, and himself her Husband; makes it both his ambition and care (according to her order) to draw her Father *Moron* to consent thereto; wherein she more importunate, humble, and dutiful he (both by thanks and service) is to *Moron*, the more importunate, averse, and obstinate he is to *Lorenzo*; and displaying any further to hear of this, he rose and motion for his Daughter, But *Lorenzo* who was the Daughter too tenderly and dearly thus to be put off with the first repulse, and chafed her Father; and so (notwithstanding) he again persevereth in his sute towards him with equal humility and resolution. He requesteth his consent to their affections with prayers; and his Daughter *Fernia* (having formerly acquainted her Father with her dear and inviolable love to *Lorenzo*) she now prays him thereto with tears: But (as one who had wholly wedded himself in the singularity of his own resolution and pleasure) he again proudly rejecteth his wish, disdain, and peremptorily rejecteth her with choler and indignation; and so strictly vows to himself, and publicly swears to them that he will first dye, and salute his Grave, before ever he will permit him, to marry his Daughter. Which unkind answer and thundering resolution of his, proves the extreme grief of his Daughter

Fernia,

Fermia, and infinite affliction and sorrow of her lover *Lorenzo*, who hereupon are enforced to bear up with the time, yea and to make a virtue of necessity, by separating their bodies, but not their hearts and affections. So he returns to *Genova*, and he lives and remains with her Father in *Savona*, having no other comfort left them in their absence, but hope, nor no other consolation, but sometimes to visit each other with their Letters, which they do.

Old *Moran* now finds his young Daughter *Fermia*, far more penfive, reserved, and sorrowful than heretofore, and therefore although he grieve to see her affection intangled with this Baker *Lorenzo*, yet he rejoiceth to see, that he comes to *Savona*, as also to understand that his Daughter is no way ingaged her self to him in promise of marriage, but with the condition of his free will and consent thereto, which as heretofore, so now again, he deeply swears, he will never be drawn or perswaded to grant. And the sooner and better eternally and fully to dash these their irregular loves and affections, he thinks it fit for him to provide and requisite to present his Daughter with another Husband: To which end he gives her the choice of two or three proper young men, and of very good families in *Savona*, but she will have none of them, for her affection is so deeply fixed, and constantly settled on *Lorenzo*, that say her Father what he will, or do he or they what they can, he can hardly draw her to see, much less to speak with any one of them: Whereat he calls her foolish Gigglet, and fond Girl, and swears that he will wholly renounce her for his Daughter, and absolutely disinherit her, and leave her a beggar, if she marry *Lorenzo*, and then and there flies from her in rage and choler, and leaves her to her self, to entertain her disconsolate and sad thoughts, with a world of sighs and tears.

As for the Letters which pass from *Genova* to *Savona*, and than are also returned from *Savona* to *Genova*, between these our two Lovers, *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, deeming them impertinent to this our History, I have therefore purposely excluded, and for order and brevities sake omitted them: The which entertained their time, and took up their affections and patience so long, that three years are now past and blown over, since they first saw each other. And since *Lorenzo* first motioned *Moran* for his consent to marry his Daughter, during all which long tract of time, which to these our two young Lovers seemed at least so many ages, the Reader is prayed to understand and take notice, that *Lorenzo* hath made five or six journeys from *Genova* to *Savona*, to see his *Fermia*, and hath importunately requested her Father *Moran* for his consent, and that at least many times she likewise hath employed all her Parents and friends towards him, yea, and hath been more often on her bended knees to him to beg it, but all these their requests and solicitations towards him prove vain.

When *Lorenzo* at last considering and remembering, that he had used all the lawful means he could possibly invent, and *Fermia* all her best endeavours and inventions which lay in her mortal power to draw her Father *Moran* to their desires and wishes of marriage, and that neither they, nor all the world, could prevail with him, he thinks it now high time (as well for the settling of his fortunes and trade, as also for the confirmation of his hearts content) to lay close siege to his *Fermia*, that (notwithstanding her Fathers refusals) she would consent and yield to marry him, and so very secretly by night to leave him and *Savona*, and to come live and die with himself in *Genova*, telling her, that although he had never a Duckaton of marriage money with her from her Father, yet that God had given him estate and means enough to maintain her and his family, in full and plentiful prosperity, and that he would be a thousand times more tender and careful of her than of his own life. Thus with a world of sweet words and sacred promises and persuasions, this sweet and fair young maiden (contrary to her former wholesome, virtuous, and obedient resolution) is at last, drawn and tempted away by him, now to prove disobedient to her Father, yea, and to forsake and flee away both from his house and himself. So *Lorenzo* having to that end secretly provided himself of a fine small Frigate, of four Oars on each side, he therewith comes by night into the key of *Savona*, (which the policy of the Genouesles, have dammed up, and made incapable of ships of burthen, that thereby all the trade and commerce by Sea, may arrive to their own Capital City, where giving notice to *Fermia* of his being there, she in the dead time of the night, when her Father and his servants were fast asleep, and all things being hushed up in silence, seemed to conspire to her rash and inconsiderate escape, she by the Garden-door, issued forth to *Lorenzo*, who there received her with much joy, and many kisses, and so conducts her to the Frigate, where the wind proving very fair, they hoise up sail, and early the next morning are at *Genova*; where *Lorenzo* conducts her to Saint Saviours Church, and there very secretly espouseth and marries her. But, O *Fermia*, how I pity thy youth and beauty, thy innocency and indiscretion, thy few years, and many virtues, thy affection and misfortune, and thine ignorance and credulity, so rashly and disobediently

to flee from Savona to Genoa, and to take away thy self from thy Father, purposely to give thy self in marriage to Lorenzo, for which indiscreet and disobedient fact of thine, it is not unpardonable for thee to see this ensuing position verified and confirmed in thy self, *That there is nothing so easy in young people as to commit errors, nor so difficult as to repair them.*

Whiles thus our young married couple celebrate their nuptials in Genoa with delight and joy, old Moron the Father, grieves and storms thereat in Savona, for the sudden flight of his Daughter: When fearing and believing that Lorenzo had stolen her away, he secretly makes enquiry thereof at his house of Genoa, from whence he hath perfect notice, that she is there, and married to him; Whereat he passionately converts his grief into choler, both against her and him, and (in regard of this their disgrace and dishonour offered him) most constantly vows to himself, and to all who are near him, that they shall never touch nor enjoy the value of one Duckaton of all his Estate and wealth, as long as he or they live, and that he will not once send after them, nor ever hereafter see them, which sharp vow and bitter sentence against our Lorenzo & Fermia, we shall be enforced to see him too carefully to keep, and too severely and punctually to perform.

Some ten dayes after this marriage of Lorenzo and Fermia, when their wedding joyes and pleasures had given them some truce and time to consider of their worldly affairs, because they know and repute it folly, to think to be able wholly to live by love, Lorenzo considering the injury and disgrace which he had offered his Father in Law Moron in this action, and therefore very desirous yet now again to seek his consent and good will to this their marriage, that thereby he may participate and share of some part of his wealth, he determineth shortly to ride over to Savona to him, and with his best respects and duty to comply and labour with him for a reconciliation; and yet nevertheless, he thinks it very fit, and holds it most expedient, that his wife in the mean time, should first excuse her self to her Father by her Letter, the which she doth in these terms.

FERMIA to MORON.

Although the cause and manner of my departure from you and from your house make me more worthy of your indignation then of your pardon, yet when you shall please to remember that you are my Father, and my self your child and Daughter, and that God and his holy Church, hath of Lorenzo my friend, now made him my Husband; and also that for the term of three whole years, I with tears and prayers, came many times prostrate to you on my bended knees to obtain your consent therunto; then I hope you will at least excuse, if not wholly forget and pardon this error of mine: Or if these reasons be not powerful enough to intercede with your displeasure, I most humbly beseech you further to consider, that herein I have neither blemished nor disgraced your reputation with any point of dishonour; For as I came to my Husbands bed a pure Virgin, so I will live and die with him a chaste Wife; and thus as this clandestine flight and marriage of mine was the first, so it shall be the last act of my disobedience towards you. Some small portion of your wealth at our first beginning, will do my Husband and self a great deal of good in our trade; but this I leave, as your consideration, so to your pleasure: Only in all humility and duty (as low as the earth or lower if I could) I desire your blessing to me, and implore your prayers God for me, the which in religion you cannot, and in nature I hope you will not deny me. My Husband will shortly second this Letter of mine to you with his presence, and will then commit that task to his tongue, which I have now obediently imposed and commanded to my pen: my prayers and hopes, and his promises and virtues do assure me, that in his respects and service to you, you shall ever find him to be as much your servant as your son-in-Law. God ever prosper your age with health, and bless your health with prosperity.

FERMIA.

Moron received this Letter in Savona, and understanding by the Messenger who brought it, that it came from his Daughter Fermia, from Genoa, he was at first in such a fret and fume of choler thereat, as he once thought to have thrown it into the fire, without vouchsafing to read it: But after he had made three or four turns in his Parlour, and so somewhat abated the violence of his passion and choler, he then procures so much time from his pleasure, and so much patience from himself, as he breaks up the seals thereof, and peruseth it, the which as soon as he had performed, he in presence of the messenger who brought it, tears the Letter in pieces, and then (all enraged with choler) throws it into the fire; when again turning himself to him, he bad him tell the Gigglet his Daughter, that her carriage had been so base, disobedient, and ingrateful to him, that he disdained to return her any answer to her Letter, and very sorry that he had so much descended from himself, as to have received and read it. When without once enquiring of him how his Daughter did, yea, without giving the Messenger

any reward, or, which is less, without making him drink; he hastily and cholerickly flings from him, and will no more see or speak with him; who returning to *Genova*, and reporting to *Levella* and his Wife what cold entertainment his Letter and himself had of his Father *Morin* in *Savona*; she grieves and storms thereat publicly, and he privately, and at their first relation and knowledge of this her Fathers unkindness in answering her Letter with silence, they look each on other with countenances, composed partly of discontent, and partly of sorrow, and for her part, she cannot refrain from tears, till at last, her Husband *Lorenzo* steps to her, when (as much to dissipate her grief, and to dissemble his own) he gives her many smiles, and comforts her with these speeches.

That according to her promise (in her Letter) to her Father, he will the next week go over to him, and then will bear himself so respectfully towards him, that he hopes his presence shall purchase his Affection, which her Letter could not, so she hereat remains better satisfied than her Husband contented with this harsh carriage, and unkind resolution of their Father towards him.

Now some eight dayes after, *Lorenzo* rides over to *Savona*, (handsonly clad, and rather above than below his quality) and putting up his horse in an Inn, he a little before supper time goes to his father-in-Law, *Morins* house, where inquiring of his servants for him, they tell him he is in his Chamber, when desirous to see and speak with him, one of them steps up to him, and informs him thereof; Whereat *Morin* starting up, as if he had been suddenly awaked out of a dream, he at the first mention and name of *Lorenzo*, but especially of that of his Son-in-Law *Lorenzo*, bolts himself fast in his Chamber, and then calling up his servants to him he flatly chargeth them to deny his being within to *Lorenzo*, and as soon as he is gone forth, to shut the doors against him, and at any hand, not to admit him into his house, for that his pleasure and resolution is, neither to see nor speak with him. *Lorenzo* bites his lips at this baffle of his servants, first to say their Master, his Father-in-Law was within, and therein one breath to contradict and deny it. When for that time he holds it discretion to depart, goes to his Hostary (or Inn) to Supper, and returns thither again speedily after, but finds the same answer. So then fearing the truth, that his Father-in-Law was (infallibly) within, and yet would not be within, he returns to his lodging, and in much choler, betakes himself to his bed: But this discourtesie of his Father-in-Law will not permit him any sound rest, but only affords him many broken discontented slumbers. The next morning, very early, he returns thither again, to see and speak with him, but the first proved the last answer of his servants, whereat *Lorenzo* (all nettled with choler and anger) takes horse and rides away for *Genova*.

Allow we him by this time returned to *Genova*, where he truly and fully relates to his wife *Fermia* the discourtesie of her father towards him, from point to point, as we have formerly understood, which (poor sweet soul) exceedingly grieves her heart, and infinitely perplexeth her mind and thoughts, but how to remedy it she knows not; for as she knows, she (by her disobedient flight and marriage against her Fathers consent) hath committed a great fault towards him, so now she sees, that (of necessity) she must own and make the best of it: When he comforting his wife with encouragement, and she reciprocally encouraging him with comfort, they refer the issue of this their fathers pleasure or displeasure unto God; but yet rather hoping than despairing, that a little time will make him more tractable and flexible to their desires, they pass away their time merrily and sweetly together, he proving a courteous and loving Husband to her, and she a kind and dutiful wife to him: He exceeding provident to get and thrive by his trade, and she as careful in her house and family, to save what he gets, and thus in six months after, they neither go nor send to their Father, thinking and hoping, that altho' it be unlikely, yet it is not impossible but that hereafter of his own free accord and good disposition and nature, he may shortly exchange his displeasure into courtesie, and his malice into affection towards them: But as yet, they still find the contrary, for in all this time, he never sends to them, nor so much as once hearkens after them.

At the end of six months *Lorenzo* prays his wife *Fermia* to ride over to *Savona*, to see what alteration this long time hath wrought in her Father's affection, and so recommends her portion from him to her care and remembrance, but resolves not to write to him because of his unkindness to him at his last being at *Savona*. *Fermia* (more in obedience to her Husband, than out of her own willingness or desire) accepts of this journey, but still she fears that she shall find her Father to be one and the same man in his discontent and displeasure against them. But yet in regard she is his own flesh and blood, his only child, and therefore a great part of himself, she yet flatters her self with this hope, that he cannot be so unnatural to her, as he was unkind to her Husband. She comes to *Savona*; but look what en-

entertainment her Husband *Lorenzo* found from her Father, the same in all respects and points both she, and no otherwise: For he will neither speak with her, nor see, nor permit her, either to lie, eat, or drink in his house, but most uncourteously and unnaturally cōsēth his doors to be fast shut against her; yea, and to add cruelty to his unkindness, he is extremely angry with his servants, for daring to admit her to speak with him, and with her Aunt *Alcyna* (his own Sister) for receiving and lodging her.

Our sweet *Fermia* the Daughter is extremely perplexed, afflicted, and grieved at this her Father's bitter unkindness and cruelty towards her, the which she seals with many sighs, and confirms with infinite Rivolets of tears which trickle down her beautiful cheeks, as so many pearled drops of dew on blushing and fragrant damask-Roses: When again imploying her aforesaid Aunt *Alcyna*, and likewise intreating father *Bernardin de Monte*, her father's own ghostly Father, to perswade him in her behalf, which they do. But at last seeing the requests of the one bootless, and the spiritual exhortations of the other vain and to no effect, then, as she came from *Genova* to *Savona*, with some hope and joy, so she is again constrained to return from *Savona* to *Genova*, with infinite grief and despair; Where from point to point (betwixt Anger and Tears) she relates to her Husband *Lorenzo* the unnatural discourtesie which her Father had offered her: Whereat, as before, so now he again dissembleth his discontent thereof, and with many sweet Speeches, and some few Kisses, seeks to comfort and pacifie her: But still the remembrance hereof sticks deep in her mind, and yet far deeper in his thoughts: for the knowledg of his Father-in-Law *Moreni* discourtesie first offered to himself, and now to his Wife in *Savona*, being known and reported to many of his Neighbours and friends in *Genova*, they scoff and taunt at his foolish Ambition, in marrying and stealing away his Wife, and in all Companies which he frequenteth, they give him this quip, that he had done far wiser to have married a poor Trades-mans Daughter in *Genova* with a small portion, than a rich Vintners in *Savona* with nothing: Which foolish and malicious speech of theirs, falls not so easily from his Memory as from their Tongues, but leaves an impression therein. For from henceforth *Lorenzo* of a wise man proves himself a fool; of an honest man, a knave; and so of a good Christian to God, an extream bad Husband both to his Wife and himself: For now seeing the mountains of his hopes of a Rich Wife turned to Molehiles, and they to nothing through his Father's displeasure and unkindness to them, he looks not on his Wife with so kind and respective an eye as heretofore, although poor harmless young woman, she knows far better to lament and grieve, than how to remedy her Fathers cruelty towards them: But this is but the beginning of his ingratitude and her unfortunacy, for before a whole year be past since their Marriage, her Husband so far forgets his love to his Wife, his regard to himself, and his reputation and credit to the world, as he first begins to slight her, and then to neglect both himself and his profession: And here now it is, that Idleness begins first to enter into his Hands, Vice into his Heart, and Sin into his Soul; and here it is, that he first falls into bad courses, and wicked Company, from whence in the end (I fear) will proceed nothing but shame, repentance, and confusion of all sides.

He who formerly prayed often with his Wife and Family in his house, and was a devout and religious frequenter of his Church, now he is so dangerously fled from God, and so desperately following of the Devil, as he scorns the Church, and will neither pray himself at home with his Wife, nor (which is worse) permit or suffer her to do it at home with her Family: He hath forgotten her dear affection and constancy to him, and how she hath incurred her Father's indignation for making him her Husband, and her self his Wife: He hath forgotten his former oaths and promises of his tender affection and constant love to her, and how that in life and death he would live and die more hers than his own; He hath forgotten how for his sake, and for the fervent love she bore him, that she forsook divers rich young men of *Savona*, who were every way his Superiours in Birth, Wealth, and profession: Or else if he did remember it, he would not thus slight her by day, or lie from her by night in lewd and lascivious Company, spending both his time, his means, and himself, upon Panders, Bawds, and Strumpets; from which ungodly life and sinful conversation, neither her prayers, intreaties, requests, perswasions, sighs or tears can possibly reclaim him; but he lets all things run at random and confusion without order, care, or consideration, so that within the compass of one whole year and a half, his Trade is neglected, his Credit crackt, his Reputation lost, his Estate spent, and nothing left, either to maintain himself, or relieve her, but Grief, Sorrow, Despair, and Misery. She sets all his best friends, and most vertuous acquaintance to convert him from this his abominable life, yea, she holds it more shame than sin, to acquaint his Confessor therewith, who taking a fit time, deals roundly with him for his Reformation, and fails not to paint out his sins and vices, as also their deserved punishments in their foulest and most hidious colours: But still her Husband *Lorenzo* is so strongly

strongly linked to the Devil, and so firmly wedded to his heathen vices and enormities, that all the world cannot divert or dissuade him from them; and still he is so far from abandoning and forsaking them, as he adds new to his old: For the Devil hath now naught to delight in cursing and swearing; for in his speeches and actions, he useth many fearful oaths and desperate execrations: He begins to revile her, and to give her foul language, terming her begger, and her Father Villain, and that he is bound to curse them both, because (saith he) they have beggered him: when God and his sinful soul and conscience well know, that there is nothing more untrue or false: For if his piety towards God, or his care and providence of himself and his family had equalized hers, he had then made himself as happy as now he is miserable, and she as joyful, as now we see her disconsolate and sorrowful, and then no doubt, but time and God would have drawn her Father *Moron* to have bestowed some portion on him with his wife, whereas now the knowledge of his impious life & lascivious prodigalities doth justly occasion him to the contrary. Again, here befalls another accident which brings our sorrowful *Fermia*, new Grief, Vexation, and Tears: for she fees her self great, yea quick with child by her Husband *Lorenzo*, so as that which the once hoped would have been the argument of her joy, now proves the cause of her affliction and sorrow; for his vices hath scarce left her wherewith to maintain her self, & therefore it grieves her to think and consider, that hereafter she shall be able to maintain her child when God in his appointed time shall send it her; for he hath consumed his estate, and spent, sold and pawned all their best household-stuff and Apparel, that almost they have nothing left to give themselves maintenance, hardly bread: But yet still how lowd and irregular soever *Lorenzo* be, his virtuous and sorrowful wife *Fermia* serves God duly and truly, and spends a great part of her time in prayer, still beseeching the Lord to give her patience, and to forgive her Husband all his foul sins towards him, and cruel ingratitude towards her self: When, in the midst of this her poverty and misery, once she thought to have left her Husband in *Genova*, & to have cast her self at her Fathers feet in *Savona*, that he would pardon, receive and entertain her: But then again considering his stinty heart and cruelty towards her, and that he would rather concern than pity her youth and misery, but especially calling to mind her duty to her Husband, and her Oath given him in marriage, in the presence of God and his Church, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer; Then, I say, the consideration and remembrance thereof is so strong a eye to her Conscience, and so strict an obligation to her soul, that she thinks her vices and poverty, hath now more need of her assistance, prayers and company, than of her absence: so, as a virtuous wife, and a religious Christian she will not consent to forsake and leave him, but resolves to stay and live with him, to see what the Lord is pleased to impose on her; and (for his sins and hers) what afflictions and miseries he hath ordained and decreed for them. And yet being desirous to draw hope and comfort any way, because she finds grief and despair from all parts, she resolves to acquaint her Father with her calamities, as also (earnestly and humbly) to pray him to relieve them, the which she doth in this her sorrowful letter to him, which she sends him safely to *Savona*.

FERMIA to MORON,

I Now send to my grief, and know to my shame and Repentance, that my disobedience in marrying *Lorenzo* against your consent and without your blessing, is the reason why God hath thus punished me with a bad Husband in him, whose servent affection to me is so soon forgotten and frozen, and whose virtues in himself are so suddenly and sinfully exchanged into vices, that his prodigality hath spent and consumed all his estate, and left me wherewith either to give myself or me maintenance: in which regard because my afflictions are so great, and my miseries so infinite, that I rather deserve your pity than your displeasure; Therefore if not for my sake who am your living Daughter, yet for my mothers sake and remembrance, who is your dead wife; either give my Husband means to set up his old trade and forsake his new vices in *Genova*, or else take me home to live with you again in *Savona*. And if you will not in Nature respect me as your Daughter, yet in compassion entertain me as your Handmaid; and I most humbly and religiously beseech you think and consider with your self, to what great want and necessity I am now reduced; such Pardon you this my Letter rather with tears than ink: Give direct your hearts to my relief and consolation, as mine is eternally devoted to your service, and conserved to his glory.

FERMIA.

(Her Father *Moron* after a long consultation and reluctance with himself, whether he should read or reject this Letter of his Daughter; He at last (having formerly understood of her Husbands prodigality, and her poverty and misery) breaks up the Seals thereof and peruseth it, and surely if there had been any spark of humanity or reason, or of good nature or pity in him at all, his former knowledge of her miseries and now this present assurance and

and confirmation thereof, he had perswaded him to grant her, if not the first, yet the second of her requests, which was to receive her, and give her maintenance: but he is still so hard-hearted to her as he will neither relieve her wants, nor pity her afflictions, but (more out of hatred than affection to her) thinks he hath done enough in sending her not his Love, but this his sharp Letter in answer of hers.

MORON to FERMIA.

IF thy Husband prove not to thy liking, thou hast just reason to thank thy self, and condemn thine own Idleness and disobedience in choosing him, and if his affection be so soon forgotten or frozen to thee, it is a just punishment of God, because thine was so first to me, whereof as that is the effect, so doubtless this is the prime and original cause thereof, and as his vices and prodigality hath spent all his Estate, so I have not so little judgement (though thou so small understanding) to think that mine shall redeem it (which upon the whole) were then to imitate and second him in his folly, and consequently to make my self guilty in consuming it. And because thou fleddest with him without my knowledge from Savona to Genoua, and didst there marry him without my consent, therefore it is neither thy Grief nor Misery, or thy shame and repentance, which shall induce me either to respect or pity thee as my Daughter, or which is lesse, to relieve and entertain thee my handmaid; you both are young enough to work and labour for your living, as thy mother and my self did for ours, and therefore know thy youth deserves no compassion from my age, and if this will not satisfy thee, then the best advice and counsel which I can or will give thee, is, that thou continually direct thy prayers to God for thy relief and consolation: and herein thou wilt then serve thy self; please me, and glorifie him: And as thou regardest my Commands, or desirest my blessing, let me neither see thee, nor hereafter hear any more of thy vain and foolish Letters.

MORON.

The receipt of this her Fathers unkind and cruel Letter to her, doth at one time kill both her hopes with despair, and her heart with grief: or if that do not, then the mad tyranny, and new cruelty of her debauched Husband, doth: for now contrary to nature, beyond reason and opposite to Grace, he many times beats her; she is all in tears heretofore, useth all possible means to reclaim him from his new vices to his old virtues: She continually perswades him fairly with exhortations, sweetly with sighs, and dearly with tears, yea poor sweet young woman! she many times casts her self at his feet, and with her arms crossed, her hands elevated towards Heaven, her hair dishevelled and dangled about her cheeks, and her pearled tears bedewing the Lillies of her mournfull and disconsolate countenance, begs him to forsake his sin to himself, and his undeserved unkindness and cruelty towards her: But all this is in vain, for he proves deaf to her requests and prayers, and blind to her sighs and tears. He hath no longer money to buy Corn, and is so far from selling any bread to others, as he hath scarce enough to give to himself, and to his great bellied-wife: and as for his servants he is enforced to put them all away: His vanity to himself and cruelty to his wife is too too lamentably notorious and remarkable; for when he wants money, he beats her, if she will not presently supply his wants, and furnish his expences. Now in the midst of all her griefs and miseries, God sends her a fair young Son, of whom the Father is not worthy, nor of his virtuous wife who bore it: For had not the care, affection, and charity of her Neighbours been far greater than that of her Husband to her, both the Mother had miscarried, and the child perished in the sharp throws and agony of her delivery; and the name of this her little Son, whom she causeth to be christened in a very poor manner and ceremony, is *Thomasa*: For she is so poor as she hath nothing but rags to cover him with, and therefore with much grief and shame, she begs poor linnen clouts of her Neighbours to keep him clean and sweet: when it is waking, she looks and kisseth it often with joy, but when it sleeps or sucks, then she grieves that it is so unfortunate both in a wicked Father, and in a poor disconsolate Mother, who hath more cause to lament and pity than milk to feed and nourish it: She often shews her Husband his child, and importunately begs him henceforth to have a more provident care of himself for his child's sake, and of his child for his own sake. But he as a lowd Husband and too degenerate a Father doth neither love nor care for either, but hates both of them; yea his vices and cruelty makes her sorrow so infinite, that she reputes her self a burthen to her self, and a thousand times wisheth she were in Heaven: And one time among the rest after her Husband without cause had given her many bitter words and some sharp and cruel blows, her child being in its cradle, he gone forth, from choller she falls down on her knees to prayer; the which so soon as she had ended, and her child awaking and crying, she takes it up in her arms, and mournfully sitting down on the floor by her bed side, (she weeping as fast as her poor infant babe sucked) having bolted her Chamber door, was over-heard by one of her Neighbours (twixt whom and her self there was but a Wainscot enterclose and partition) to pronounce these (or the like) sorrowful speeches to her self.

O poor *Fermia*, it had been an infinite happiness for thee if thou hadst never seen thy husband

band *Lorenzo*, or perished and sunk in the Sea when thou fleddest with him from *Savona* to *Genova*, before he was thy Husband. For surely thou hast great cause to think, and reason to believe, that this cruelty of his towards thee, is a just plague and punishment sent thee from God for disobeying thy Father, in marrying without his consent and blessing; with whom when thou livedst single, thou hadst so much felicity and joy, as thou knewest not what he longed to sorrow and misery, and now living a wife to this thy Husband, thou art enforced to taste so much grief and misery, as thou knowest no more what belongs to joy and felicity. Then thou didst surfeit with the choice of the costliest meats and viands; and now thou art ready to starve meekly for want of bread: Then thy apparel was rich, but now rent and torn: Then thy beauty made thee sought in marriage by divers, and now thy griefs and sorrows having defaced and withered it, thou art contemned and hated of him who married thee: For can thy griefs be matched, or thy actions and sorrows paralleled, when thou wast a Husband who neither fears nor serves God, who will neither go to Church or pray himself, or permit or suffer thee to do it; and who is far from loving thee, as he loves nothing better than to hate, revile, and beat thee: For (aye me) he drowns himself and his wife in wine, and keeps whores to thy Nose, spends all his estate upon them, and upon Bawdy Panders and Drunkards (the Off-scum and Caterpillars of the world) with whom he consumes his time and himself, making night day, and day night in these his leasty revels, and obscene voluptuousness, and upon whom he hath spent so much, as he hath now nothing left either to spend, or maintain himself and thee; yea, thy miseries are so great, and thy afflictions and sorrows so sharp and infinite, that thou hast no parent left to succour or relieve thee, and which is less, no friend who will assist or comfort thee. Poor young woman, and inconsolate sorrowful wife that thou art, it were a blessed happiness and a happy blessing for thee that thou hadst been unborn or unmarried. Alas, alas, thy mother died too soon for thee when thou wert but young, and therefore she cannot, and thy Father lives (and is exceeding rich) yet hates thee so much as he will not assist and relieve thee. And as all thy kinsmen refuse to lend or send thee any comfort in these thy wants and calamities, so those who professed themselves thy friends in thy prosperity, will not now either see thee in thy poverty, or know thee in thy misery. When again and again looking on her pretty babe, and giving it many tender kisses (her tears interrupting her words, and her sighs again cutting her tears to pieces) she continueth her speech thus: And thou my sweet babe, what shall I say to thee, for almost I can do nothing for thee, for I have no food to give my self, how then can I give milk to thee? and yet I love thee so dearly and so tenderly, that although thy father had put a Father hate me so deadly, yet I will starve my self before thou shalt want; yea, I will cheerfully work, and (if occasion serve) beg my self to death, to get sustenance and necessities for the preservation of thy life. For live thou my sweet babe as happy as thy poor mother is miserable and unfortunate: And if I die before thee (as I hope I shall not live long) say thou hadst a Mother who loved thee ten thousand times dearer than her own life, and who was rich in care and affection, though poor in Estate and means to maintain thee. And if I leave thee nothing behinde me, (because I have now nothing left me either to give or leave thee) yet I will give thee my blessing, and leave thee heir to these my most religious prayers, that God in his infinite favour and mercy will not pour down his wrath and punishments on thee, but that thou mayest live to be as happy in thy virtues, as I fear thy Father will be miserable in his vices, and as true a servant and instrument of Gods glory, as (with grief and tears) I see he is of his own disgrace and dishonour.

Neither is our virtuous *Fermina* deceived in the close of this her passionate and piteous speech towards her Husband, for he continueth his odious and ungodly course of life both towards God and her; and now (as well in his flesh as in his drunken humours) makes it his practice to revile, and his delight and glory to beat her: who notwithstanding yet thinks and hopes to work some good in him, through the sight of this poor infant his son: she often shows it to him, and with sighs and tears prays him to leave off this inhumane life towards God, and these his cruel courses and actions towards her self. But he is still the same man, yea, he is so wretchedly debauched and vicious, as he will not endure to think of making himself better, and to say the truth, I believe and think that the Devil cannot possibly make him worse; the which his poor sorrowful wife perceiving, as also that her child being now by this time almost two years old, she hath not wherewithall in the world to maintain it in meat or clothes, she is enforced to make a virtue of necessity, and so works exceeding hard with her Needle, thereby to give life to her self and her pretty young son, and yet say she

what she will with sighs, and do she what she can with tears, her Husband still forcibly takes away the two parts of the poor profit, and small renew of her labours, both from her self, and her little Son *Thomasso*, not caring if they starve or die, so he have to maintain his vicious expences among his lewd Conforts and Companions, yea, her miseries and wants are now so great, and her affection to her child so dear and tender, that when she hath no means to set her self to work, nor can procure any from others, then (though to her matchless grief and shame) she descends so far from her self, as shamefully and secretly in remote streets and Churches, she begs the almes and charity of some well disposed people for their subsistence and maintenance. But at length, when she sees that her Husband is informed and acquainted therewith, and that he is so inhumane in himself, and so cruel-hearted to her and her Son, that belikewise takes these small monies away from her, which in effect is to take bread out of their mouths, and life out their bodies: then not knowing what in the world to do, or which way to wind or turn her self any longer to maintain her Son, which (by many degrees) she loves better than her self, she resolves to write to her Father to take him home to him at *Sewona*, and maintain him, which she doth by this her ensuing Letter, which carrieth him this humble language and petition.

FERMIA to MORON:

THe increase of my Husbands vices are those of my wants and miseries, which are now grown so extreme and infinite, that I have not clothes nor food left to maintain my self, or my poor little Son *Thomasso*, nor scarce to give life to us. And considering that I am your Daughter (yea your only child) methinks both in Nature and Christianity, that my Father should not see me driven to these sharp and bitter extremities, without relieving me, especially, because as heretofore, so now my sighs begg it of you with humility for charities sake, and my tears with sorrow for Gods sake. Or if yet your heart will not dissolve into pity, or relent into compassion towards me, at least let it towards my poor and pretty young child, whom now with prayers and tears I beseech you to take from me and maintain, though not as a great a part of me, yet as a little piece of your self, and whom God (in his sacred power and secret providence) may (for his honour and glory) reserve to be as much happiness to you, as I your sorrowfull Daughter, and his poor Mother see my self born to affliction and misery: God will requite this your charity to him, and thereby I shall the sooner forget your unnatural unkindness and cruelty towards my self. And so may you live in as much prosperity, as I fear I shall shortly die in extreme indigence and misery.

FERMIA.

Her Father *Moron* receiveth and peruseth this third Letter of his Daughter *Fermia* whereat being yet nothing moved in Charity, or touched in compassion towards her, but only towards her young Son (and his grand-childe) *Thomasso*, he returns her this short Answer.

MORON to FERMIA.

I See thou art both wilful and obstinate in disobeying my commandt, with thy Letters; wherein I believe thou takest more glory, than either I conceive grief at the relation of thy wants, or sorrow at the repetition of thy miseries, the which I am so far from relieving, as I only pity it as I am thy Father but not as thou art my Daughter. And yet because thy young Son *Thomasso* is as innocent as thou art guilty of my displeasure and indignation, therefore give him to this beaver whom I have purposely sent, to receive him of thee, and I will see whether it be the pleasure of God that I shall be as happy in him as I am unfortunate in thy self, and if in his sacred providence he hath ordained and decreed that he prove as great a comfort to thy age, as thou art a cross and calamity to mine, which if it prove so, thou give God the only praise and Glory, which is the best use and requital which thou canst make, or I desire.

MORON.

Our poor and desolate *Fermia* having received and over-read her Fathers Letter, although she

she be wonderful sorrowful at the perseverance of his cruelty towards her self, yet she is infinitely glad and joyful at his compassion and kindness towards her young Son, whom apprelling the very best that possibly she could (which God knows is ragged, mean, and poor) she (with a thousand sighs, tears, prayers, blessings, and kisses) gives him to her Fathers Messenger, to whose affection and education, as also to Gods gracious protection and preservation, she religiously recommends him; when (to her exceeding grief and sensible affliction) she sees it out of her possible power once to persuade her Husband *Lorenzo* either to kiss or to see him at his departure, as if it were no part of his affection to bless it, or of his duty to pray to God to bless it, much less to kiss it at parting. A most unkind and unnatural part of a father to his sweet and pretty young Son. Which strange and discourteous ingratitude of his, it is not impossible for us to see God as strangely both to requite and revenge.

Sorrowfull *Fermia* having thus sent away her little Son *Thomaso* to her Father *Moron* at *Savona*, she the very same night dreams in her poor Bed and house in *Geneva*, that she shall never be so happy to see him again; when being awaked, and remembering this her sorrowful and sad dream, she for meer grief bitterly weeps thereat, and although she would, yet she cannot possibly forget or suppress the remembrance thereof, or once put it out of her mind; so that thinking her self fortunate in placing this her little son with her Father, and his Grandfather, she is now very penfive and sorrowfull for his absence, because she can no longer see him, play with him, and kiss him, and is infinitely disconsolate and mournfull when she thinks of her dream of him. In the mean time her lewd Husband grows from bad to worse, so that her co-habitation is but a bondage with him, and her marriage and wedlock but an indenture of slavery, and a contract of misery under him. Such is her incomparable grief, such her unparalleled afflictions and calamities.

Five years our disconsolate *Fermia* lives in this misery, and miserable poverty with her Husband, and yet all the whole world cannot persuade her Father *Moron* to take her home to him and maintain her. She hath no consolation left her but prayers, nor remedy but enforced patience; so she arms her self with the last, and adorneth her self with the first. She was contented to beg for the maintenance of her little Son *Thomaso*, but now being eased of that burthen she will give it over, so she works hard to get her hard and poor living, which yet she cannot get so fast as her Husband spends it prodigally and lasciviously. Her care and virtues make her the pity, as his lewdness and vices make him the scorn and contempt of their Neighbours. So while she sits at home close at her needle in poor apparel, he idly wanders abroad until he have brought his apparel to rags, and himself almost to nakedness. And here it is that wretched Husband *Lorenzo* now first begins to hearken to the Devil, yea, to prove a very Devil himself, towards this his dear and virtuous Wife; for he enters into a consultation with himself that if he were once rid of his Wife *Fermia*, he might marry some other with a good portion to maintain him, and so again set up his Trade of Baking, which now had forsaken him, because he had vitiously and unfaithfully forsaken it. When his faith being as weak with God, as his infamous life and vices were odious to the World, he assumed a bloody and damnable resolution to murder her, and hereunto the Devil is still at his elbow to provoke and egg him onward, and continually blows the coals to this his malice and indignation against her: So neither his minde nor heart, his conscience nor soul can divert him from this fearful enterprize, and lamentable bloody business. The which to perform and perpetrate, he on a great holiday (which was the purification of the Blessed Virgin *Mary*) takes her with him into a Vineyard some half a mile from the City of *Geneva* under colour to recreate themselves, and to take the air, which God knows, the poor soul, takes for a great, because an unaccustomed favour and courtesie at his hands; where she most lovingly and willingly goes with him, and there feigning himself fast asleep, and she (innocent harmless young woman) then and there slept soundly, and every way being as devoid of fear, as he was of grace, he with a barbarous and diabolical cruelty, (seeing the coast clear) softly riseth up and cuts her throat, without giving her the power, time or happiness to utter one word before her death; Where leaving her weltering and goring in her blood, he speedily and politickly enters *Geneva* by a contrary gate, thereby to avoid all suspicion of this his bloody and damnable fact.

The very same night this her breathless murdered body is found out by some of *Geneva*, who accidentally walked that way, and they causing it to be brought to the City, it is known by some of *Lorenzo's* Neighbours, to be his Wife *Fermia*, whereat to add the better cloak to

his knavery, and shadow to his villany, he seems to be wonderfully sad, and passionately sorrowful for the same, and so requesteth the Criminal Officers, both in and about the City to make curious research and enquiry for the murderers of his Wife, which they do; but this hypocritical sadness and false sorrow of his, though (to the eye of the world) it prevail for a time, yet (to that of God's mercy and Justice) in the end, it shall little avail him: so he gives her a poor and obscure burial, every way unworthy the sweetness of her beauties, and the excellency of her virtues: her Father *Moran* hath speedy notice of this deplorable death of his Daughter, who considering how she had cast away her self upon so bad a Husband as *Lorenzo*, though outwardly he seem to bewail and lament it, yet inwardly he cares not much for it; and for her little Son *Thomaso*, his few years despendeth with his capacity from understanding, much less from lamenting and mourning for this disastrous end of his Mother. A month after the cruel murder and burial of this virtuous, yet unfortunate young woman *Fermia*, her bloody and execrable Husband *Lorenzo*, (is yet so devoid of grace) as he goes do *Savona* to request his Father in Law *Moran*, to give him some maintenance, in regard he had no portion from him with his Wife his Daughter, as also to see his Son *Thomaso*. But *Moran* by his servants, sends him a peremptory refusal to both these his requests, and so will neither see him, nor suffer him to see his Son, but absolutely for ever forbids him his house: Whereat *Lorenzo* all in choler leaves *Savona* and returns to *Genova*, where selling away his wife's old Clothes to provide him new, he seeks many Maydens and Widows in marriage, but the same of his bad life, and infamous carriage and deportment with his late Wife, is so fresh and great, that they all disdain him; so that utterly despairing ever to raise himself and his fortunes by marriage, he forsakes and leaves *Genova*, inrolls himself a *Bandetti*, and for many years together practiseth that thievish profession, to the which we will leave him, and speake a little of his young and little Son *Thomaso*.

Old *Moran* Trains up this his Grand-child *Thomaso*, very virtuously and industriously, and at the age of fourteen years, he bids him choose and imbrace any trade he best liketh: When *Thomaso* exceedingly delighting in Limning, Graving, and Imagery, he becomes a Goldsmith, and in four or five years after, is become a singular expert & skilful work-man in his trade. His Grand-father loves him dearly and tenderly, and intends to make him his heir, but *Thomaso* (led as I think, by the immediate hand and providence of God, or out of his own natural inclination) being of a gadding humour to travel abroad, and see other Cities and Country, and having a particular itching desire to see *Rome*, (which he understood is one of the very prime and chief places of the World for rich and curious Goldsmiths); He finding a French ship of *Marseilles* (which by contrary winds stopt in the Road of *Savona* bound up for *Civita Vecchia*, very secretly packs up his trunk and trinkets, and so goes along in that ship: Now as soon as his Grand-father *Moran* understands hereof, he very much grieves at this his rash and sudden departure: So *Thomaso* arrives at *Civita Vecchia*, goes up to *Hofia* by Sea, and thence on the River *Tiber* to *Rome*, where he becomes a singular ingenious Goldsmith, and thrives so well, (as after a few years) he there keeps shop for himself, and constantly builds up his residence. In all this long tract and progression of time, which (my true information tells me) is at least twenty four years; his Father *Lorenzo* continues a thievish *Bandetti* in the state of *Genova* and *Luca*, where he commits so many leud robberies and strange rapines, depredations and thefts, as that country at last becomes too hot for him, and he too obnoxious for it, so he leaves it, and travelleth into *Tuscany*, and to the fair and famous City of *Florence*, which is the Metropolis thereof, where with the monies he had gotten by the revenews of his robberies, he again sets up his old trade of a Baker; in which profession he knew himself expert and excellent, and here he settleth himself to live and dwell, takes a fair commodious house, and looks out hard for some rich old Maiden, or young Widdow to make his new Wife; but God will prevent his thoughts, and frustrate his designs and desires herein: For, as yet his bloody thoughts have not made their peace with his soul, nor his soul with his All-seeing and righteous God for the cruel murdering of his old Wife *Fermia*, which as an impetuous storm and fierce tempest, will suddenly befall him, when he least dreams or thinks hereof, yea, by a manner so strange, and an accident so miraculous, that former ages, have seldom, if ever paralleld, or given us a president hereof; and wherein the Power and Providence, the Mercy and Justice of God resplends with infinite lustre and admiration; and therefore in my poor judgment and opinion, I deem it most worthy of our observations, as we are men, and of our remembrance as we are Christians.

Charles, now Cardinal of *Medices*, going up to *Rome* to receive his hat of this present Pope

Urban VIII. and *Cosmos* the great Duke of *Florence* his Brother (in honour to him and their illustrious blood and family; whereof they are now chief) resolving to make his entry and abode in that City of *Rome* to be stately and magnificent; he causeth his House and Train in all points to be composed of double Officers and Servants, to whom he gives rich and costly liveries, and among others our *Lorenzo* is found out, elected and pricked down to be one of his Bakers for his own trencher in that Journey, where in *Rome* he plants it out most gallantly and bravely in rich Apparel, and is still most debauched and prodigal in his expences before any other of the Cardinals menial Servants, without ever any more thinking or dreaming of the murdering of his Wife *Fermia*, but rather absolutely believes, that as he, so God had wholly buried the remembrance of that bloody fact of his in perpetual silence and oblivion: but the Devil will deceive his hopes. For now that lamentable murder of his cries aloud to Heaven, and to God for vengeance; wherein we shall behold and see, that it is the Providence and Pleasure of God, many times to punish one sin in and by another, yea, and sometimes one sin for another, as reserving it in the secret Will and inscrutable Providence, to punish Capital offenders, whereof Murderers are infallibly the greatest, both when, where, and how he pleaseth; for earthly and sinful eyes have neither the power to pry into his heavenly decrees, nor our mind and capacity to dive into his divine actions and resolution, because many times he accelerateth or delayeth their punishments, as they shall stand most fit and requisite for his Justice and their crimes.

When therefore, the Panders and Strumpets, and the new pride and bravery of our *Lorenzo* had eaten out all his money and credit in *Rome*, and that (to his grief) he now saw, that by no possible means he could procure or borrow any more there, being infinitely unwilling to let his vice and prodigality strike fail, and so as he vainly and foolishly thinks to disgrace his Lord Cardinal's service instead of honouring it: He once was minded and resolved to steal some gold out of the Argentiers or Pay-masters Trunk. But then consulting with his judgment and discretion, and finding that attempt to be full of danger, ingratitude, and infamy: He buries that resolution as soon as it was born, and then gives conception and life to another, which was to steal some pieces of Plate out of a young Goldsmiths shop there in *Rome* with whom he was familiarly acquainted, and whose shop and company, he (with divers others of his fellows) very often haunted and frequented since his coming to *Rome*: The which watching, and taking his time he doth, and from him takes away two fair rich gilt Chalicees and a curious small gold crucifix set with a few Saphirs and Emeralds, all amounting to the value of four hundred and fifty Duckatons. This young Goldsmith (whose name we shall anon know) is amazed at this great loss, when being guided and directed by the immediate finger of God, he knows not whom to suspect or accuse for this robbery but *Lorenzo* the Cardinal of *Florence* his Baker: whom he saw, and observed did very often and too familiarly frequent his shop, and saw the more doth he fortifie and increase this his suspicion of him, because then making a curious inquiry and research of his former life and actions, he found both the one and the other in all points so vicious and debauched, as we have formerly understood, only the murder of his wife *Fermia* excepted, which as yet none but God and himself knew: Whereupon well knowing that he lay not in his Lord Cardinals Palace, which as all others are privileged or sanctuaries, but in a Taylors house near adjoining: he with an Officer searched his Chamber and Trunk, wherein he found one of his Chalicees, but not the other, or the gold Crucifix, which *Lorenzo* immediatly had sold both to pay his debts, and to put some double Pistols in his pockets for his vain and prodigal expences; which hunting after this his thief *Lorenzo* he presently finds him, commits him to prison, and accuseth him to the Captain and Judges of *Rome*: who upon knowledg and sight of one of the Chalicees found in *Lorenzo's* Trunk, and also upon his confession of having sold away the other, and likewise the Crucifix of gold, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the same. *Lorenzo* (bitterly weeping and fuming at this his disaster) doth most humbly sue and petition the Lord Cardinal his Master to beg his life of the Pope, who considering him to be a base Companion, and no Gentleman, and his fact (during this his service) to be very foul and scandalous. He is too Noble and wise to attempt or undertake it, and therefore becomes deaf to his requests; Whereupon *Lorenzo* is that night returned to his prison, where he hath leisure though not time enough to think upon his conscience and soul, upon the baseness of this his robbery, and the foulness and bloodiness of murdering his wife *Fermia*.

The next morning he is brought to his death, at the common place of execution at the

Bridge-foot, in a little walled Court close to the Castle of *Saint Angelo*, where a world of people flock from all parts of *Rome* to see the Cardinal of *Florence* his Baker take his last leave of the world, being the night before prepared by a Fryer, in his souls journey towards Heaven, as soon as he ascended the Ladder, he there confesseth this his robbery: And likewise that his name was *Andrea Lorenzo*, and that he (about some twenty and three years since) murdered his own wife, named *Fermia Moron* in a Vineyard near *Geneva* whereof he saith he will no longer charge his soul: The which the young Goldsmith (whose name was *Thomaso Lorenzo* over hearing) he presently burst forth into tears, and very passionately and sorrowfully crys out, that this man on the Ladder is his own Father; and that *Fermia Moron* was his own Mother, and therefore he with a world of sobs, sighs, and tears prayeth the Officers, and then the Executioner of Justice to forbear, and leave the prisoner for a small while, which accordingly they do: When at the descent of his Father from the Ladder, *Thomaso* (in presence of all that huge number of people who were present) throws himself at his feet, and seeming to drown himself in his tears for sorrow, confesseth himself to be his Son, and acknowledgeth *Fermia Moron* to be his Mother, and therefore prays him to forgive him this his innocent ingratitude towards him, in seeking his death of whom he had received his own life: And although the consideration of his Mother's lamentable murder doth pierce him to the heart with grief, yet knowing him likewise to be his Father, and himself his Son, he freely and willingly offers the Captain of *Rome*, and the Judges all his Estate to save his Father's life, but this his robbery is so foul, and that former murder of his so inhuman and lamentable, yea, so odious to God and the World, and so execrable to Men and Angels, that none will presume to dare to speak in his behalf: So the next day *Lorenzo* is hanged, having first freely forgiven his Son *Thomaso*, and intreated him likewise to forgive him for murdering of his Mother, and for any other thing else, he at his death said little; But cursed the name and memory of that miserable and covetous wretch his Father in Law *Moron*, whose unkindness and cruelty he said had occasioned and brought him to all this misery. But he spake not a word of his grief or sorrow for having murdered his wife *Fermia Moron*; Only he said and believed that this his untimely death was a just revenge and punishment of God to him for the same.

The common sort of the spectators and people of *Rome*, seemed to tax the Cardinal of *Florence* his Master for not saving this his Bakers life; but the wiser and more religious sort, applauded his generosity and piety for not attempting it from the Pope: but all do admire and wonder at God's sacred providence and divine Justice in making the Son the cause and instrument of his Fathers hanging for murdering of his Mother, the which indeed gave cause of speech and matter of wonder at *Rome*, *Geneva*, *Savona*, and *Florence*, yea, to all *Italy*. And thus was the wicked life and deserved death of this bloody Villain *Lorenzo*, and in this manner did the Justice of the Lord triumph o're his crime in his punishment. And as for his Son *Thomaso* (the Goldsmith) after this infamous and scandalous death of his Father, he could no longer content himself to live in *Rome*, but returned to *Savona* to his Grandfather *Moron*, who received him with many demonstrations of Joy and affection, and after his death made him sole heir to all his wealth and Estate.

To God be all the Glory.

FINIS.

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
Against the
Crying and Execrable
SIN OF
MURDER.

EXPRESSED

In Thirty several Tragical Histories (digested into Six
Books.) which contain great variety of mournful
and memorable Accidents; Amorous,
Moral, and Divine.

BOOK V.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Bennet*, for *Thomas Lee*, 1679.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
(And truly Noble)

FRANCIS Lord RUSSELL,

Baron of Thornhaugh, and Earl of Bedford.

Right Honourable,

When I had the honour to refer to that Valiant, Wise, and Honest Nobleman, Arthur Lord Chichester, Baron of Belfast (whose sublime merits do here justly deserve and challenge this Testimony from my Duty, that he was too good for Earth, and therefore is now so soon crowned a Saint in Heaven) I then had first the happiness to know and to be known of your Honour at your Chefwick ; In whom (because I ever held it a far less crime to speak the truth, than either to silence or dissemble it) I then found so many Prints and Stamps of true Honour, and Characters of ancient Goodness and Nobility, that (with a pleasing content and delectation) I was enforced to be again and again enamoured of your Vertue and Honour for your sake, and reciprocally, to love and respect your Lordship for both their sakes. Since when, (out of your generositie, not my expectation or deserts) your Honour was pleased to confer a favour on me, the which though you forget, yet the remembrance thereof I will (with equal zeal, and Ambition) strive to make as eternal, as I know my self to be mortal and transitory. You are a Religious Christian, and a true-hearted Englishman ; and therefore as it is your Glory, so it is our Happiness, that you are both a constant Lover of God and his Church ; and a firm and faithful Honourer of your Prince and Country : and you are now Lord Lieutenant (under our Gracious Sovereign) of that famous County of Devon, and fair and honourable City of Excester, to which I owe my nativity ; and in both which the Russels (Earls of Bedford) your Noble Ancestors have con- dingly left behind them many honourable Trophees of their Valour, and sweet and precious perfumes of their Vertue.

These Premises being so powerful in truth, and so considerable and prevalent in reason, I therefore flatter my self with this hope, that your Honour will attribute it rather to Duty, than Presumption in me, If I now publickly attempt to profer and sacrifice up something to the Honour of your illustrious Name, and to the Dignity of your resplendent Vertues : Missing therefore of that desired happiness (by some rare or elaborat piece) sufficiently to testifie to your Lordship and the whole world, what you are to me in the height of Honour, and what I am, and desire to be found of you in the lowness of Obedervance and Humillity ; It will therefore be no less my Felicity, than your Goodness, if you vouchsafe to accept and patronize this my Fifth

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Book of forraign Tragical Histories, and also please to permit them to travel and seek their Fortunes abroad in the World, under the auspicious Planet, and authenticall Passport of your Noble Protection: Wherein you may behold and see, how soundly, how sacredly, the Justice of God meets with this crying and scarlet Sin of Murder, which (in these our depraved, and sinful times) do in contempt of the Laws of Heaven and Earth, make so lamentable and so prodigious a progression; and how sharply and severely it (deservedly) punisheth (those Butchers, and Monsters of Nature) the perpetrators thereof; And if I may borrow (for I desire not to usurp) any part of your Lordships hours of leisure, to give first to the Knowledge, and then to the Contemplation of these Histories, and the severall Accidents which they report and relate; I shall then triumph in my good fortune, as having obtained that Honour and Favour, which I ingenuously acknowledg, I am far more capable to desire than deserve.

I come now to implore pardon of your Honour for this my Presumption, in inscribing and adventuring so mean a work to your Noble acquaintance. And I have ended this my Epistle, as soon as began, to assure you, That I will ever (religiously) pray unto God to accumulate all prosperities and blessings on your Honour; as also on your most Virtuous Connells, and successively on your Honourable and Flourishing Posterity, who now promise no less than a happy and famous perpetuity to your thrin Noble Name and Family.

Your Honours truly devoted and

most Humble Servant,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The



The Triumph of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY XXI.

Baptistyna and Amarantha possess their eldest Sister Jaquinta, after which Amarantha causes her servants Barnardo and Piera, to strangle her Elder Sister Baptistyna in her Bed; Barnardo dying, breaks his neck with the fall of his Horse. Piera is hanged, so likewise is Amarantha, and her body after burnt. Barnardo being buried, his body is again taken up, hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his Ashes thrown into the Air.

THE Golden times being past, what doth this Iron or flinty age of ours produce but Thorns for Roses and Brambles for Lillies, I mean bloody and barbarous acts in stead of deeds of Compassion and works of Charity; Not but that Christianity (as a fair and glorious veil) covereth the face of Europe, as the firmament of Heaven doth that of Earth; and that (by the mercy of God) there are now great variety of learned and Godly Preachers, who (by the sanctity of their lives, and the purity of their Doctrine) spend the greatest part both of their time, and of themselves, to propagate Virtue and Piety in us, and consequently to root out vice and Sin from among us. But it is the vanity of our thoughts, the corruption of our depraved Natures, the infirmity of our Judgments, the weakness of our Faith, the coldness of our Zeal, and our neglect of prayer, which sometimes (O that I might not say too too often) transporteth our selves beyond our selves, and our resolutions and actions beyond the bounds of reason, yea and violently carrieth us to desperate and inhuman attempts, which this next deplorable History will so apparently and perspicuously verify unto us, that we shall difficultly read it without sighs, nor understand it without tears; at least if we have but the sparks of so much Charity.

ty in our Hearts, and Piety in our Souls, as the unfortunate Authors, and miserable Actors heretofore wanted.

If *Tuscany* be the beauty and glory of *Italy*, then *Florence* (the Capital City thereof) must needs be that of *Tuscany*; or else it could not so fully and generally deserve that true and excellent Epithete of Fair. It is a City which hath given both Life and being to the Multitude of the *Medici*, (or, as some affirm, they to it.) The worst Grounds about that City, and the best are dainty Meadows, and delicious Gardens; for the same Gardens are Meadows for their spaciousness, and these Meadows are Gardens for their fertility and beauty. It is divided and crossed in two parts by the famous River *Arno*, and the two parts are wonderfully Bridges curiously embellished and adorned with many Marble and Metal statues. The Streets heretofore are well paved, broad and long; the Buildings (for the most part) rather surpass private Houses, and the Temples for sumptuousness and beauty, nothing inferior to the best, and richest of *Italy*; especially the two most sumptuous and noblest, (happened the *Cathedral*, and Saint *Lorenzo*, as also the *Basilica*, and *Companella*, which is a Church, whereof it being a most magnificent and rarely Cathedral Church, which is only to be seen with wonder, but which I leave your thoughts with admiration, as also the noble and Gentleman, *Francesco*, who by adventure I know to be better than myself, in this his fair City of *Florence*, near the Church of the *Dominican* Friars, in the last days of the great Duke *Ferdinand*, there dwelt an ancient, virtuous, and generous Cavalier, named *Strozzi*, or *Leporeto Strozzi*, descended of a noble Family, near to the City of *Pistoia*, where his Ancestours left him many fair Demesnes, and a very rich Patrimony, the which (through his Fidelity, Virtue, and wisdom, the true foundation of the chiefest Houses, and best Families of *Italy*) he managed and improved so well, that within the space of twenty years, he became exceeding rich and opulent. But near about this time, that the sweetness of his content might receive some check of lesser affliction, to shew him that man is subject to God, and that there is no perfect or permanent felicity here on Earth, his Lady *Aldina* died, which brought him much sorrow and affliction, having only yet this Joy and Consolation left him, that he had by her in marriage, three proper young Ladies to his Daughters, named *Jaquina*, *Baptistina*, and *Amarantha*; who albeit, he hoped would prove the stays and comforts of his Age, yet they will surely afford him far less felicity, and more misery than he can expect, or my Reader (as yet) any way conceive or imagine: the which, to approve and verifie, they are by me prayed to understand, and remember, that these two youngest Daughters *Baptistina*, and *Amarantha* are wonderful fair and beautiful, of a reasonable tall stature, very freight and slender; but *Jaquina*, the eldest Daughter, is of a brown complexion, more and more black, but she hath this sleight, that her Tailor hath sewed to over all the defects, and to cover the deficiency of her Nature; and she herself hath the skill to put on fresh tincture and complexion on her face, which the purity and simplicity of former ages were not acquainted with, or else purposely disdained and hated, although the Pride and Vanity of these our times do ambitiously allow and practise them. Again, *Jaquina* is proud and haughty, *Baptistina* choleric, full, and revengeful; and *Amarantha* (to the eye and judgment of the World) pleasant and courteous. Have we but a little patience, and we shall shortly see each of these three Sisters, appear in their true colours, and in very different ways to act their several Parts upon the Stage and Theatre of this their History.

Strozzi being himself a widower, not so much favoured of God to have any Son to enjoy his Name and Lands, and all his three Daughters to be now capable of Marriage, He (as a provident and loving Father) holds it a great point of affection and discretion in him now to leave his Mannor House of *Cardura* near *Pistoia*, and to betake himself to live and reside in *Florence*, hoping thereby with less difficulty, and far more advantage, to look out and provide fit Husbands for his Daughters, answerable to their Rank and Degree, which Disposition and Resolution of his pleased them well, and administered them cause of great content and joy, such it is now grown to a custome, and an habit, that young Ladies and Gentlewomen do infinitely desire to live in great Towns and Crys, where they may see, and be seen, and especially in those of *Italy*, more than in any Country of the World, where the whole Nobility and Gentry make all their abode and residence, the which indeed is one of the main points, and essential reasons, why their Cities are so rich, populous, and fair.

Thus we see *Strozzi* and his three Daughters by this time come to *Florence*, and dwell (as I have formerly said) near the Monastery of the *Dominican* Friars, where his wealth, birth, and Port, cause him to be visited and frequented of the best and noblest sort of that City, and as the time of his residence, so the number of his acquaintants encreaseth, for virtue is capable to purchase Friends every where, and his wealth and

Daugh-

Daughters beauties like so many powerful Lares and Adamants draw many young gallant Gentlemen to his House to see and serve them: Where although *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* are beloved and sought in marriage of many, yet their Father is resolute to marry their eldest Sister *Jacquina* first; wherefore when any Noblemen or Gentlemen come to his House, he is to be seen, and courted, but *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* are mew'd and locked up in Chambers: They grieve hereat, but they can neither alter nor remedy this their Fathers resolution, for his word must be the Oracle, and his will their Law: Now before I proceed further in the relation of this History, as I one way commend *Streni* his resolution to marry his eldest Daughter first; so yet, in approving his discretion for her preferment, I must nevertheless tax his want of affection, in hindring that of his two youngest Daughters: For as it was a course of him to have *Jacquina* seen of Sutors, so it was a degree of disrespect, to say, of cruelty, in him to confine *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* as Prisoners to their Chambers, when divers of them came purposely and honourably to his House, both to see and seek them in marriage: But *Jacquina* (aim'd with her Fathers Love and authority) grows extremely imperious and stately: She triumpheth in conceit to see her self preferred of her Father before her Sisters: She sees her two Sisters *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* are sued and sought for in marriage by divers Cavaliers, and the very consideration hereof grieves, and the remembrance as it affects her: but withal she observes that they dare not disobey, or contradict their Fathers command to speak with any, and therefore the very knowledge and remembrance thereof again reproacheth her: As it is a happiness for us to purchase friends, so is it a misery to lose them. Her Sisters Love her, but she loves not them: they are as unworthy of her hatred, as she is of their affection. Nature (indeed) hath given her the prerogative, and privilege; but yet she should consider, that they are her Sisters, and not her Servants, and that their blood is hers, and hers theirs. It is an argument of discretion and insolency, for one brother or sister to think themselves better then another. But many Gentlewomen who are Sisters, esteem pride a second beauty, or at least an excellent Grace and Ornament to them, and therefore, to prefer and elevate themselves, they care not how they disparage and deject others. The beauty of *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* is an eye-sore to *Jacquina*: The tree of malice never produceth good fruit: It is still a happy virtue for us to check and vanquish our own passions. She knows that many Gentlemen love them, but sees and observes with grief that none will marry her. Her desire to marry is so immoderately licentious and boundless, that she would willingly resolve to accept of any Gentleman for her Husband, that would be content to take her for his wife: but incontinency proves still a pernicious Counsellor to young Ladies and Gentlewomen. Now as *Cenobardus* fly still to the fairest flowers, so she sees, and indeed infinitely bites the lip, and grieves to see, that all Lovers and Sutors fly to one of these her two Sisters, and wholly abandon and forsake her self: but being a woman, she wants not an invention to apply a present remedy to this her discontent and choller. She must have her Sisters beauties and braveries eclipsed, that hers may appear more bright, and resplend and shine with more luster and glory: She knows that Crystal seems precious when Diamonds are not in place; to which end, she very passionatly, and subtilly works upon the affections of her Father, and obtains of him, that as her years, so her apparel may excell and exceed that of her Sisters, the which he inconsiderately grants her: and this she receives and conceives to be a step to her advancement, and an obstacle to theirs. So if they formerly grieved to see themselves imprisoned in a Chamber, whiles she to her content and pleasure rejoiceth both to see, and to be seen of Gentlemen; So now their discontent thereof grows into choler, and their choler into rage, to see this their elder Sister *Jacquina* not only to step some degrees beyond them, but likewise many beyond her self in her apparel.

It is ever a wise and discreet virtue in Parents to distribute their favours and affections equally to their children, or if they chance to affect one better than others, at least that they be so reserved and cautious, as to conceal it secretly to themselves, that the rest may neither perceive nor know it. That *Streni* sought to marry *Jacquina* before *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* (as I formerly have said) he did well: but yet to make them lose when they might find and gain a fortune, was withal to be indiscreet, if not unnatural. Mens fancies and affections in marriage are many times counselled and led by the Eye, as the eye is by the Heart. Some will prize and affect beauty without virtue, others virtue without beauty; but where both meet and concur, it doth not only please, but delight, and so joyntly sympathize to make each other excellent. Many of the best and noblest Cavaliers of Florence love *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, but not *Jacquina*; or if they seem to court *Jacquina*, it is but with a reserved hope and intent to enjoy the sight and company of *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, but as jealous and

malice have always four eyes instead of two, so it is at least a torment, if not many deaths, to *Jaquinta*, to see her two Sisters to live and be beloved of all Sisters, and her self of none; the which to prevent, and so to stop the progress of their Triumphs, and consequently of her own discontent and affliction, she (not desirous to have two such Stars of beauty to appear, and shine together in the Firmament of her Fathers House in *Florence*) doth so secretly undermine, and so cunningly prevail with him, as her two Sisters (when they least dream or think thereof) by his order and command suddenly sent away by Coach to his Countrey-House of *Cardura* near *Pistia* (whereof we have already made mention) notwithstanding all their requests, sighs and tears to the contrary, and there by his appointment to be privately and disconsolately shut up, from any access or conversation of any man whatsoever, and under the charge and custody of an old ill-favoured Beldame (sometimes their School-Mistress) named *Dona Malvola*.

Baptistina and *Amarantha*, being enforced to banishment from *Florence* to *Cardura*, believed that it proceeded as well by the pride and malice of their Sister *Jaquinta*, as by the severity of their Father; they know not from what Saint to implore aid or assistance, or from what point of their Art or Invention to expect for hope for redress hereof; but at length (being constrained to make a Virtue of Necessity) they brook this their disgrace, with as much patience as they may, no way doubting (much less despairing) but that a little time will work a great alteration in their Estates and Fortunes. But seeing a month past over, and their Keeper *Malvola* still more and more bent to restrain them of their liberty, without suffering them to see or speak with any stranger, or any stranger with them, they at last recollect, and pluck up their spirits to themselves, and to resolve to write a fair Letter to their Father, and a peremptory one to their Sister *Jaquinta*, to procure their return to *Florence*, which they do; and send it by one *Barnardo*, a trusty Servant of theirs; That to their Father spake thus,

BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA to STRENI

IT is with much astonishment and grief to us, that you have so suddenly banished us from your presence, and from *Florence*, to live here rather as Prisoners than your Daughters, in your Countrey house of *Cardura*. And having the honour to be so great a part of your self, we do not a little wonder, what our Errour or Crimes should be, that we must be enforced to be deprived of that felicity, and suffer this misery. If we have been sought unto by any Noblemen or Gentlemen, it hath been in the way of marriage, and therefore in that of honour, and yet we have still so strictly tyed our fancies to our Duties, and our affections to our obedience towards you, that in least degree we have not swerved from your consent, but have done, and doe still inevitably make your pleasure therein our resolution, and your will and command our Law. But we are confident that although you are the cause, yet our Sister *Jaquinta* is the sole Author of this our sorrowful and immersed Sequestration; Who, (pride venture) in regard that her beauty comes short of ours, that her malice therefore must not only reach the bounds of Reason, but of Nature. And although she alledge her Privilege and Prerogative of years against us, yet because our blood is as good as hers, and our hearts and education no worse, therefore we beseech you to be so favourable and kind to us, that in regard her Malice and Pride hath made her our Accuser, and which is worse our Enemy, that you will not make her our Judge, but that we may speedily re-obtain the happiness to return and live with you in *Florence*, without which we shall assuredly either live here in Despair, or shortly dye in Discontent and Misery: Which request of ours is so just and equal, as you cannot deny it to us, either in Affection or nature, much less in reason or equity, God over bless you with happiness, and make us happy in your blessing.

BAPTISTINA
AMARANTHA.

Their Letter to their Sister *Jaquinta* depainted these passions.

BAPTISTINA and AMARANTHA to JAQUINTA

HAVING curiously examined our thoughts and actions, we cannot find the least shadow of cause much less of Reason, why thou shouldst sharply exasperate our Father against us, so suddenly to banish and exile us from *Florence* to *Cardura*, neither do we think, it is for that we are fairer than thy

thyself, but that thou art more malicious than me, which hath occasioned thee; and thou precipitated him, to this sharp resolution against me. If thou art desirous of a Husband, let it content thee, that as yet we no way intend or desire to become Wives to any, and therefore if thou wilt not believe us; at least believe this truth from us, that thou hast far more reason to doubt thine own haste, than any way to suspect or fear ours therein: for whiles thou prayest for a Husband, we will first make it our Prayers to God, that we may be capable and happy to deserve good ones. We advise thee therefore in Love, and counsel thee in Affection and Charity, to consider seriously with thy self, that we are thy Sisters, not thy Servants, much less thine Enemies; and in that regard that we are as unworthy of thy malice, as unwilling and incapable to digest it, because the priority of thy years can no way justly introduce an inequality in our blood: And if thou wilt not inforce us to degenerate from our selves, and consequently from the nature and affection of Sisters, thou shalt do us great right, and to thy self more reason, to cause my Father to recall us home to him, with as much celerity and favour, as he sent us away from him with discourtesy and indignation.

BAPTISTYNA.
AMARANTHA.

The Lackey *Bernardo* arriving at *Florence*, and having delivered these two Letters to *Streni* and *Jacquinta*, they breaking up the seals thereof, perused and read over their Contents; when beginning to see the indiscretion of these his two daughters, attributed this their disobedience towards him, and their discontent towards their sister *Jacquinta*, rather to ignorance and simplicity, than to malice, and yet he could not but wonder at this their bold and peremptory Letter sent him; But for *Jacquinta*, she was so galled and nettled with her two sisters insolent carriage and Letter towards her, that it exceedingly troubled and perplexed her, but especially, and far the more, for that she feared that their Letter to her Father might cause him to grant their return to *Florence*, the which to her possible power she would no way willingly permit or suffer, as desirous to rule and govern her Father alone, and so to reign sole Lady over his humours and house, without rivals and competitors: To which end she goes to him, and in the softest and sweetest terms which either her Art or Malice could invent, she extremely incenseth him against her Sisters, alledging to him that their stay in *Cardura* was necessary, and their disobedient motion for their return to *Florence* too insolent and insupportable; & that she hoped with confidence, that he would not permit their malice so unjustly to fall and reflect on her, because she was as innocent as they guilty thereof: and that for any thought and desire of a Husband, she vowed she had none, but that his will and pleasure should in all things be hers, as resolving both to live under his commands, and die in his favour and service: Which sugred and treacherous speeches of hers so prevailed and vanquished the credulity of her old Father, yea and so powerfully wrought and trenched upon his affection, that being all in choler against *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, he resolves with himself to return them a sharp answer; and commands *Jacquinta* to do the like, the which they both write and send back to them by *Bernardo*, who returning to *Cardura*, he delivereth his two young Ladies and Mistresses these two Letters, and they speedily and privately retiring themselves to a close shadowed arbour in the Garden, they there with much earnest desire and impatience, first break up that of their Father, wherein contrary to their hopes, but not to their fears, they find this language.

STRENI to BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

IF it be not purposely to cross your own good fortunes you would not so rashly and peremptorily have attempted to cross my good intentions and affections towards you, in sending you to *Cardura*, but would have brooked it with as much patience as I see you do with discontent; and before this act of your disobedience, now revealed me in your Letter, I held you for my Daughters, not for mine enemies, and mine house of *Cardura* to be rather a place than a prison for you: so if you know how ill those errors of yours become you, you would rather redeem them with repentance and tears, than remember them either with the least thought of delight, or conceit or sense of joy. Nay think with your selves what modesty it was, what wisdom it is, for your green youth to presume (or to dare to presume) to teach my gray age how or when to choose you husbands; when God knows that neither your years nor your discretion, do as yet make you capable to think of Husbands: And if you have any judgment remaining in you, then judge, with your selves how false and incongruous your reasons are, when in words you pretend to obey my commands, and yet in effects you wilfully oppose and contradict them: And having used me with so small respect, see again with how much wrath and envy you abuse your sister *Jacquinta*, who to my knowledge is as innocent of those false aspersions of Pride and Malice towards you, as your selves are guilty of them towards

towards her, sith she loves nothing more, and you affect nothing less than humility and charity, their contrarities; for, believe me, I find her to be your true friend, and your selves to be the greatest and only enemies to your selves; for otherwise you cannot live in the smallest degree of despair, discontent, or misery, because such is my care of your education and maintenance, that no young Ladies of Tuscany, and few of Italy, of your rank and quality, are brought up in more bravery, delight, and honour: the which my indulgency and affection shall still continue to you, if your disobedience and folly henceforth give me no further motive to the contrary: and therefore as you tender my blessing, I charge you to make it your delight and practice to think of God, not of Husbands, of your love to your Sister Jaquinta not of her hatred to you; and of your Prayer-books, your Lutes, and your Needles, and not of such vain conceits, and passions, wherewith you have stuffed and forced up your Letter to me, the which together with the Copy of this of mine to you, I now inclose and return to your Governess Malevola, that she hereafter may be more careful of your conduction and carriage, and that you give more hours to discretion and honour, and less to idleness and vanity, to the end that she seeing her fault in yours she may thereby the better futrely know how to teach, and you how to learn to reform them. And so I beseech God who hath made you my Daughters, to bless; and make you his faithful servants.

STRENI.

They having thus perused their Fathers Letter, and seen his spleen and passions towards them they cannot so much accuse him of choler, as they believe they have reason to condemn their sister Jaquinta of cruelty towards them; wherefore with more speed than affection, and with more hast then charity, they likewise break up the seals of her Letter, wherein she greets them thus.

JAQUINTA to BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

I Am so far from incensing, or precipitating our Father against you, as I vow to God, and to you, that his sending of you from Florence to Cardura, was not only without my consent, but without my knowledge; and for calling in question either the thought of your beauties, or of my husbands, you equally wrong me, and the truth therein: for it is that most whereof I trouble my heart and mind least; and therefore my hast to marry comes infinitely short of your jealousy and fear; and except it be out of your pride and malice, of Sisters to become mine Enemies herein, I know no cause in Nature, and less reason in Grace, why those false suggestions of yours should fall within the compass of your conceits, or those untrue scandals within the power of your heart and pen, and it is as vain as ridiculous either for your love or counsel ever to think to make me believe or conceive the contrary. As for the priority of my years, it shall never make me esteem worse of you than of my self; for my conscience to God, and my actions to the world shall still make it apparent, that although you condemn my friendship, I will yet corroborate and cherish yours, and that there shall want no good will or zeal in me, that (according to your desires and expectation) our father do not speedily recall you from Cardura to Florence, where your presence shall still be my happiness, and your company my content and felicity: And except your deportment and carriage towards me give me not henceforth just cause to divert me from this sisterly affection and resolution, I am constantly resolved both to live and die in the same.

JAQUINTA.

Baptistyna and Amarantha having thus read and considered these two several Letters of their Father and Sister Jaquinta, they are infinitely incensed and chollerick to see his discourtesie, and her dissimulation and cruelty towards them, in that they must be enforced to live a solitary country-life in Cardura, while she triumphs in pride, and flants it out in bravery in Florence; and as they much repine and murmur at his dis-affection, so they infinitely disdain and complain of her imperious courses and carriage towards them, adding no belief to her Letter, but judging it to be hypocritical. They pity the weakness of their Fathers judgment, in suffering himself to be so violently transported and caried away by the subtil policy and secret malice of their sister towards them; wherein although their duty and obedience do some way excuse his age, yet their blood and beauty can no way possibly dispence with the pride and malice of her youth, which they hourly see confirmed and made apparent in the unaccustomed strict and hard usage of their Governess Malevola towards them, which with her best endeavours and ambition fought as well to captivate their minds as their persons, by making her self to be as much their Gaoler as their Governess; but they vow to requite her unkindness, and to revenge their Sister Jaquinta's cruelty towards them: They see her deformity in their beauty, her malice in their love, and her pride in their humility; so they alter the course of their natural affection, and now decline, instead of increasing, in sisterly love and charity towards this their sister. To go retrograde in virtue, is to

go forwards in vice; for as it is the mark, so it is the duty of Christians, to render good for evil, but not evil for good: Yea all contrary Examples and Axioms are ill taught, and worse practised, and it is to be feared, that the end thereof will produce at least sorrow, if not misery and destruction.

But *Baptistina* and *Amarantha* are too young and wilful to make good use of their sister *Jacquinta's* bad affection and malicious carriage towards them; for else, had they had as much wit as beauty, or as much affection as malice, they would then flee that which they follow; and detest this bloody design and resolution of theirs, which they now intend to embrace and put in practice. They are weary of their Sisters hard usage of them, they cannot digest her imperiousness and pride, and (in all outward semblance and appearance) if they stay from Marriage till she be married, they may all die Maids, and, as our English adage goes, *Whip Ape in Hell for Company*. They prefer their beauty before hers, as much as she doth her age before theirs; and deeming it impossible for them to have Husbands ere she be a wife, they thereupon abandon all reason and religion, and so at one time begin both to desire and to plot her death; and of these two wretched sisters, *Baptistina* is the most forward in this their intended deplorable business; for she is so weak with God, and Satan so strong with her, that she says often to her self she can reap no content in this world, before her sister *Jacquinta* see another. It were better for us not to see a sin, than seeing it, not to prevent, but perpetrate it. To which end, she purposely lets fall some words to her sister *Amarantha*, tending and bending that way; but *Amarantha* is too courteous to be so cruel, and too religious, to be so outrageous and diabolical to any, especially to her sister: Had she lived in this piety, and persevered in the integrity of this opinion and conscience, peradventure, her days had seen better fortunes, and her end been freed from so much misery. It is not enough for us to be virtuous and godly, except we religiously and faithfully continue therein; for constancy in all good and pious actions, makes men and women excellent, and of being wholly mortal, to become (in a manner) partly divine. But (to report Truth in her naked colours) *Amarantha* is too weak to resist her sister *Baptistina's* strong temptations and persuasions. It is an excellent virtue and happiness in us to have our ears still open to good counsel, and shut to that which is evil and pernicious; but *Amarantha*, hoping and desiring to gain a good Husband, makes her in a small time consent to the loss of a bad sister; and now she is therefore fully resolved to join with *Baptistina* to make *Jacquinta* away. Good God! what cruelty, rage, and barbarism is it, for two Sisters to resolve to murder their third! But this is not all; for we shall see more blood spilt upon the Theatre of this History, before we see the Catastrophe thereof. These two unnatural young Gentlewomen, having thus swapt a bargain with the Devil, to dispatch their sister *Jacquinta*, they now consult on the manner thereof, whether or no they should perform it with Ponyard or Poyson; but at last they agree upon poyson, but disagree which of them shall administer it to her, and if there were any spark of grace remaining in either of these two bloody-minded Sisters, it was in *Amarantha*; for she cannot find in her heart or conscience to do it, and yet she is so graceless and impious, as she freely gives way to the performance of this bloody Fact: so in the end, they fall upon this ungodly resolution, that lots must decide it: thus the Devil holds, and they as his infernal Factors and Agents, draw them, and it falls to *Baptistina* to do it. But here ere they proceed farther in the progress of this lamentable business, and how to execute it, they are now assailed with a doubt and difficulty of no mean importance, for as they hold it requisite for them to perform this murder in *Florence*; so they know not how to escape from their watchful Governess *Malevola* from *Cardura*: But they are Women, and therefore they will be industrious in their malice; they are Ladies, and therefore they will be swift and subtil in their revenge; for having gold (though not their liberty) at their command, they resolve, that the first shall speedily procure the second: To which end, they, by their servant *Bernardo*, secretly hire a Coach for four Duckatoons, the next night to carry them away very closely and privately from *Cardura* to *Florence*, and with so many more to corrupt the Gardiner to give him the Key of the Garden Postern gate; both which (with much care, fidelity, and silence) he affecteth, being himself only by them appointed to attend, and commanded to accompany them in this their Journey.

These two revengeful sisters having thus given order for their escape, and secretly packed up such things as they held necessary to carry with them, as soon as their Governess *Malevola* was in bed and fast asleep, who was as innocent as they were guilty of this their clandestine departure, in comes *Bernardo* about midnight to their Chamber-door, to which giving a soft knock, they presently descend the stairs with him to the Garden, and from thence to the Coach, wherein seating themselves, they leave *Cardura*, and so with great speed drive away for *Florence*, where they arrive at their Father's house, betwixt nine or ten of the clock the

next mornings; he much wondering, and their Sister *Jaquinta* extremely perplexed and grieved at this their sudden and unexpected arrival, they cast themselves at their Father's feet, and crave his blessing and excuse, but he receives them with more anger than joy, and so gives them frowns and checks instead of kisses: he hears their reasons of their unlooked-for departure from *Cardura*, which he rejects both with contempt and choler, sharply reproves their disobedience, and voweth speedily to return them; they answer him, that his presence is the sole felicity and glory of their life, and that they had rather dy with him in *Florence*, than live without him in *Cardura*. As for their Sister *Jaquinta*, she dissembles her love to them as they do their malice towards her, for whiles she secretly wisheth them out of *Florence*, so (in counterchange) do they as silently wish and desire her in heaven; but after a day or two was past over, then their hypocrisie and dissimulation was such each to other, as (to the eye of the world) it seemed they could not be better friends, nor dearer or kinder sisters; then now they were so artificially could all of them overveil their malice, and so cunningly could they conceal their different intentions, thereby the better to compose their countenances and speeches. But when *Jaquinta* again perceives that the gallants of *Florence* do afresh repair and flock to her Father's house, purposely to neglect her, and to admire and adore the excellent beauties of these her two younger sisters, then her old jealousy revives, and inflames her new malice towards them; so as with all her power and art, she again secretly tampers with her Father, either to return them again to *Cardura*, or to contract and espouse them to a Nunnery, that she might thereby triumph alone at her pleasure, and being then sole Heir to all his Lands and Estate, might wed her self to the greater fortune, and nobler husband, and she wanted neither sighs nor tears to draw him to this her earnest desire and resolution.

This is not so secretly born betwixt their Father and Sister *Jaquinta*, but *Baptistina* and *Amarantha* have present and pregnant notice hereof, the which strongly and fully to prevent, they now (encouraged and animated by the devil) resolve to reduce, and draw their bloody contemplation into action, and so (with more haste than good speed) to dispatch their sister for heaven, because they loved *Florence*, disdained *Cardura*, and above all (from their hearts and souls) infinitely detested to spend and end their dayes in a Nunnery; when neither having the fear of God in their hearts, nor is Justice or Judgements before their eyes, *Amarantha* buys the poyson, and *Baptistina* administereth it to their sister *Jaquinta* in a Lemmon Posset, which they observed she often used to drink in the Summer time, so that some ten dayes after she died hereof, when none but God, besides them, was witness of this their unnatural and bloody business: So they rejoyce as much as their Father grieves and sorrows hereat, and now they are alone, and domineer at their pleasures in their Father's house at *Florence*, without Rivals or Competitors: But God is as just as they are sinful, and therefore they shall reap but poor and miserable fruits of this their bloody victory. For within less than six weeks after the deplorable death of *Jaquinta*, a sudden languishing sickness overtakes and surpriseth *Baptistina*, so as the white tincture of her face looks yellow, and the fresh Roses and Lillies of her beauty did exceedingly fade, and whither of the Jaundies: A sickness which I think God sent her purposely to punish her for that execrable crime of hers in poysoning her sister. But the beauty of *Baptistina* cannot be so much eclipsed or deformed, as that of *Amarantha* daily grows more deliciously sweet, and sweetly delicious and amiable; so as all those Nobles and Gallants of *Florence* and *Tuscany*, who come to seek *Sireni* his Daughters in marriage, do infinitely prefer *Amarantha* before *Baptistina*, and passionately desire the first, as much as they now slight and neglect the second. *Baptistina* is not ignorant hereof, but sees it with grief, observes it with sorrow, and remembers it with choler and Indignation; and yet she seeks and strives to conceal it from her Father, and to dissemble it to her sister *Amarantha*. She in this wane of her beauty and joy begins now to participate of her dead sister *Jaquinta*'s living humours and conditions; she is now become the eldest sister, and therefore will not permit or suffer her younger to be her mate, or equal, much less her superiour; and although her sickness hath deprived her of a great part of her beauty, yet it hath no way diminished, but rather increased and augmented her desire to marry, she envies the sight and fame of her sister *Amarantha*'s beauty, as much as she lamenteth the decays, and pitieth the ruins of her own; and, both grieves and scorns to see so many Gallants court and seek her in marriage, and none her self: Now as pride and malice (for the most part) are inseparable Companions, so her discontent hereat made her so devillishly malicious, as she secretly vows to her self, that she could almost find in her heart to make *Amarantha* as well a Companion of *Jaquinta*'s Fortune, as of her blood: but God then presenting her first murder to her eyes, and remembrance, the Devil was not then enough prevalent or powerful with her to draw her to conceive or commit a second. Thus not being willing to add murder

to murder, and so to gallop instead of pacing to hell and destruction, she nevertheless determinately resolves to emulate and imitate the actions of her dead Sister *Jaquinta*, towards her living one *Amarantha*; and yet so to wreak her malice and revenge on her, as closely to insinuate, and under-hand surreptitiously to prevail with her Father, that she be speedily eclipsed, and again sent away to *Cardura*, under the guard and custody of *Malevola*, the which she effectually and briefly obtaineth of him; so our young and fair *Amarantha* (though infinitely against her will) is now enforced to leave *Florence*, and suddenly (when she least thought or dreamed thereof) is again confined and banished to *Cardura*: notwithstanding all her sighs, tears, and prayers to her Father to the contrary.

Amarantha (with much sorrow and more indignation) being arrived at *Cardura*, she is not a little perplexed and grieved thereat, but rather exceedingly discontented with her Father, and infinitely incensed against her Sister *Baptistina* for the same, as well knowing that it wholly proceeded from her meer pride and malice towards her; the which she now doth not conceal, but make apparent to her old Beljam Governess *Malevola*, both in her looks, speeches, and actions. She wondreth that her Sister is so inconsiderate of her self, and so imperious and bitter towards her; and how it is possible for her so soon to forget either their joyned crime, or their several dangers, for their so inhumanely and cruelly poisoning their eldest Sister *Jaquinta*; the consideration and remembrance whereof is of so sharp and bitter digestion to her, as her thoughts vow to her heart, and her heart swears to the Devil, that she neither can nor will long endure it; yea, the time seems so irksome to her, and her stay in *Cardura* so infinitely long and tedious, as if hours were years, and days ages, that she often thought to steal away from thence to *Florence*, either on foot or horse-back, and so to have put her self into some disguised apparel, that none should know thereof, before she came to her Fathers house and presence: But at last considering, that her reputation and fortune might suffer much in this action, she holds it not amiss, rather convenient, first to write to her Father and Sister, to see if her Letters may prevail with them for her return, the which she doth, and sends them to them to *Florence* by her old trusty servant *Bernardo*.

Her Letter to her Father bewrayed these passions.

AMARANTHA to STRENI.

My obedience hath not deserved so much contempt and hatred, as that (without cause or reason) you should thus again banish me from *Florence* to *Cardura*; and with how much grief and sorrow I digest it, I can better relate with discontent, than conceal with patience: How dear your sight and presence was, and ever shall be to me, if you will not know, and wishal remember, God doth; for my soul appeals unto him, and my heart to Heaven, that I made it the chiefest life of my joy, and the sweetest joy of my life; So as if you are not the cause, I am sure my Sister *Baptistina* is of this (undeserved) cruelty towards me; who out of her pride, ambition, and malice, strives to be so unreasonably imperious to me; as my deceased Sister *Jaquinta* was both to her self and me. The remedy herof is every way worthy of you, as you are my Father, and of my self, as God and Nature have made me your Daughter; for if you will not permit me to respire and breathe the air of *Florence*, I will shortly hazard my life to enjoy that of Heaven; For already this my enforced exile hath brought me to extreme discontent, and that almost to utter despair.

AMARANTHA.

Her Letter to her Sister *Baptistina* carried this Message.

AMARANTHA to BAPTISTINA.

Couldst thou not be contented to live happy in *Florence*, but that thou must needs constrain our Father to make me live miserable here in *Cardura*? Is our Sister *Jaquinta*'s blood already cold, or is the memory as well as the manner and cause of her death already of thee forgotten, and so laid up in the dust of her Grave? Judge with thyself (if thou art not wholly as devoid of Judgment, as of affection and charity) What a palpable, yea what a gross and sottish vice it is in thee, to make thy self both guilty of her pride, and Heir apparent to her malice. I remember those ingrateful crimes and vices of her towards us with pity, and I pity these of thy self to me with admiration, in that thou wilt not suffer me to live at the courtesy of thy tongue, when thou wilt knowest that thy life stands at the mercy of mine; Not that I am either so malicious to thee, or so uncharitable or indiscreet to my self to wish thee any disaster or danger to the prejudice of mine

own happiness, and safety: For I desire all peace, affection, and atonement betwixt us? the which if thou wilt grant me, by causing our Father to recall me home to Florence, he shall then see, and thou assuredly find, that I will be as much thy Handmaid as thy Sister, and that I will far sooner hope and pray for a good Husband for thee, than for my self: but if thou deny me this courtesie, then blame not me, but thy self, if the event and issue of this thy cruelty come too short of thy hopes, and so (peradventure) flie a pitch far beyond thy expectation.

AMARANTHA.

Bernardo being thus charged by his Lady *Amarantha*, for the safe and speedy delivery of these her two Letters, as also to procure her Father's and Sister's Answers to them, he rides away to Florence, where he is no sooner arrived at *Streni* his house, but meeting with the young Lady *Baptistina*, and thinking to deliver her Letter (whether it were out of haste, or misfortune, or both) he delivers her her Fathers Letter, instead of her own, the which she well observing, she hastily and purposely breakes up the Seals thereof, and silently reads it to her self; whereat growing first red with choler, and then again pale with envy, she folds it up, and committing it to her pocket, turns to Bernardo, and demands him for her sister *Amarantha's* Letter to her self; for (quoth she) that which I have already read and perused, is hers to my Father; when Bernardo (as much amazed at his error, as afflicted at his foolish simplicity) reading the direction of the second Letter, and finding her speeches and his mistaking true, he then gives her her own Letter, and desires back the other for her Father, as also both their answers thereunto, for his Lady and Mistress *Amarantha*; whereunto, when she had perused her own Letter, she (with disdain in her looks, and malice in her eyes) tears her Father's Letter before Bernardo's face, and then returns him this bitter Answer: Tell that proud Girl thy Mistress from me, that it is my Fathers pleasure and mine, that she shall stay in *Cardura* and not see Florence till she receive other order from us; and for any further answer, either from our Father, or my Self, it is both a vanity and a folly for her to expect: And so (in much choler and indignation) she flies from him, and violently throws fast the door against him. Bernardo not expecting such sharp and cold entertainment, and seeing it now wholly impossible for him to have any access to *Streni*, or answer from *Baptistina*, he leaves Florence, and speedily returns to *Cardura* to his Lady *Amarantha*, to whom he punctually and fully relates the bitter reply, and sharp and proud answer, which her sister *Baptistina* had given and sent her, and leaveth not a syllable un-rehearsed, but only silenceth his mistaking, in giving of her her Father's Letter instead of her own, as right now we understood.

Amarantha is all inflamed with choler at this proud and cruel carriage of her sister *Baptistina* towards her; yea, the remembrance thereof, so transporteth her thoughts with envy, and her heart with revenge against her, that she vows she neither can, nor will brook it at her hands; and here, not hearkning either to Reason, or Religion, or to her Conscience or Soul, she now violently seduced, and exasperated by the Devil, doth refresh and revive her old malice, and resumes her former pernicious resolutions to her Sister *Baptistina*: She hath neither the wit, much less the grace, to consider, That choler increaseth her own torment and misery, and that if we vanquish not our own malice and revenge, it is more to be feared than doubted, that it will in the end both vanquish and ruin us. She had formerly consented to poyson her eldest Sister *Jaquinta*, and now she likewise vows, that she will cause her elder Sister *Baptistina* either to be Poyson'd or pistoll'd to death? but which of these to make choice of, as yet she is irresolute, and upon this bloody business her thoughts run incessantly to her heart, as so many lines to their centre. O that so young a Lady, and so sweet a beauty should make her self accessory and guilty of so foul and inhumane crimes; but this I may write to her shame, and the Reader may please to observe it to his comfort, and retain it to his instruction, That had she had the grace to have been formerly sorrowful and repentant for her first Murther, she had then never proceeded so far, as to have made her self guilty of contriving and resolving a second.

Baptistina hath a Chamber-maid named *Pieria*, of some twenty four years old, who was far more fair than rich, as being heir to much beauty, though to no lands, or estate; and having heretofore for some trivial respects, sometimes incurred the anger and displeasure of her Lady, and for the same received many a sharp word, and bitter blow from her, as being a freer Gentlewoman of her hands, than of her purse: She now accidentally chancing to break a fair rich Looking-glass of hers, her Lady doth not only exceedingly beat her, but also without pity or humanity draws and drags her by the hair about her chamber, and then

then again and again kicks her with her foot. *Pieria*'s heart is not so ill lodged, nor her extraction and quality so contemptible, but that she is very sensible of this her disgrace, as holding her fault far inferior to her correction: and therefore disdaining any longer to serve so cruel a Mistress, she very privately packs up her apparel, leaves *Florence*, and flies to *Cardura*, forsakes *Baptistina*, and so resolves henceforth to live and die with her younger sister *Amarantha*: But as there are many of both these places, who report that it was only her hatred to *Baptistina*, and her affection to *Amarantha*, which drew her to this resolution; yet there are divers others both of *Florence*, *Cardura*, and *Pistoia*, who (better acquainted with *Pieria* and her secrets) have solidly affirmed to me, that it was wholly affection to *Bernardo*, which was the truest reason, and strongest motive thereof, and the event and issue of this History will confute the first, to confirm this second opinion of these her deliberations and resolutions; For, for the term of at least three or four years heretofore, *Pieria* was known to be passionately in love with *Bernardo*, and she had employed many friends towards him, to persuade and draw him to marry her; but he was still as averse, as she forward in this suite: For although he were enamoured of her beauty, and loved her tall and slender personage, yet he hated her poverty, and (because of some small Lands and means he had) as he thought himself too good to be her husband, so she in regard of her beauty, youth, and chastity, both highly and innately disdained to be his strumpet; and indeed the passage and process of these their affections was not from time to time unknown to *Amarantha*. *Pieria* is as welcome to *Amarantha*, as *Baptistina* is sorrowful for her departure; and the youngest sister now entertains her with as much courtesie, as the eldest formerly retained her with cruelty: As for *Bernardo*, he inwardly delights, though outwardly will not seem to rejoice in her company, and so gives her his eyes, though not his heart; And for *Pieria*, her carriage was so modest, and yet withal so respectful to him, as if she endeavoured to make it her chiefest ambition and glory, that her virtues and chastity should make as true and as perfect a conquest of his heart, as her beauty had of his eyes: As for *Baptistina* (her quondam-Lady) she is now angry with her self, as soon as she knew of her departure from her; But when she understands that *Pieria* is fled to *Cardura*, and lives with her discontented sister *Amarantha*, then (under hand) she makes strong means for her return again to her service, intimating to her, that she is ready to redeem her former discourtesie towards her, both with acknowledgment and requital. But these her hopes will deceive her, for she will find, that errors are not so soon repaired as committed, and that her wont of kindness to her Chamber-maid *Pieria* may in the end (perchance) prove cruelty to her self. *Pieria* is deaf to all these her requests, and endeavours rather to tie her self to *Amarantha* her new affection, than to *Baptistina* her old unkindness, as preferring the courtesie of the first to the choler and indignation of the second. On the other side, *Amarantha* is glad of this resolution of her new maid *Pieria*; for the Devil being still at her elbow, he continually sets fire to her malice, and (as an infernal Incendiary) perpetually blows the coals to her revenge against her sister *Baptistina*; yea, and now he so captivateth her soul, and extinguisheth her devotion and zeal towards heaven, that I write it with pity and sorrow, and not with passion, but compassion, she had neither the power to pray, nor the happiness or grace, either to frequent the Church for Gods sake, or to desire Gods presence and assistance for her own: No, no. Such thoughts of piety were far from her prophane thoughts and minds; for as her best blood, so her best zeal was now corrupted and polluted with revenge towards her sister. And here, as a wretched Lady and a bloody sister, she doth yet far worse: For (by the Devils suggestion) she assumes this horrible resolution, not only to engage and hazard her self, but others therein, as if she took a pride, and conceived a glory, not to shipwreck her self alone, but to confound and cast away others with her for company in this prodigious and lamentable business of hers. The manner is thus:

She knows, that by reason of her strict exile in *Cardura*, she must needs employ some Factors and Agents, either to poison or murder this her Sister *Baptistina* in *Florence*: and therefore she thinks none so fit and proper to attempt and perform it, as her old trusty servant *Bernardo*, and her new Maid *Pieria* his Sweet-heart, whom (by degrees) she purposely draws and obligeth to her by gifts and promises: and her reason for this conceit and opinion of hers, that they will concur with her in this bloody Fact, is derived from this foundation and ground, that Love and Money may easily act wonders in the hearts and minds of those who desire the one, and want the other; as also, for that she perfectly knows, that for many years *Pieria* hath deeply loved *Bernardo*, and dearly desired and wished him for her Husband, and that he hath ever affected her, but only disliked her poverty; Wherefore believing that she would do much for the obtaining of this Husband, and be for preferring and gold, she is resolute in making this her bloody proposition to them; when, not caring any more to write to her Father, she is

now as hasty as bloody, in her malice and revenge towards her Sister; and so impatient of delay, and (without any further consideration with her self, or consultation either with her Soul, or with God) she, taking time at advantage, first breaks with *Pieria* about this bloody business, adding withal, that her desire and resolution is to have her Sister *Baptistina* stifled in her bed, (for now the Devil hath cast off her resolutions from Poyson or Ponyard), to which effect, she promiseth to gain her *Bernardo* to her Husband, and to give them wherewithal to maintain themselves well, being married, if she will consent with him to undertake and perform her request: Which professes and promises of her Lady do sound so sweetly in poor *Pieria*'s ears, and work so deep an impression in her heart, especially that she shall hereby enjoy *Bernardo* for her Husband, whom she loves far dearer than her own life, that being wholly vanquished with the consideration thereof, as also enchanted with the sweet melody of her Lady's sugred persuasions, she without any fear or thought of God, as an inconsiderate and graceless Maiden, yields to her ungodly and inhumane requests; who then swearing her to secrecy, she within a day or two after, likewise boardeth her servant *Bernardo* upon this bloody business, the which if he will perform for her, and take *Pieria* to his wife, she faithfully promiseth to give him and hundred and fifty Duckatoons of yearly Annuity, during his life; and to remain their true and constant friend for ever. At first *Bernardo* wondereth and staggereth at the hearing of this cruel and lamentable project, as amazed and astonished thereat, as if he were now so good a Christian, that Grace triumphed above Nature in his heart, and God above Satan in his soul; but at last, being deeply enamoured of *Pieria*'s delicate youth and beauty, which he likes well, and of this yearly sum of gold for their maintenance in Marriage, which he loves dearly, he forgetting himself, and which is worse, God; without any further rubs or rumination, gives his Lady *Amarantha* his free consent and promise to perform both her requests, as well of the murder as marriage. Whereupon she carries him to her Closet, and there calls for *Pieria*, and acquaints her with her and her *Bernardo*'s conclusion; so in her presence, they (by joyning of hands) contract themselves each to other, and then they all three do severally and jointly swear secrecy, as also punctually to accomplish this which they have concluded: When this wretched and execrable *Amarantha* (the faster and stronger to tie them to her desires and their promises) opens a Casket of hers, and gives each of them fifty Duckatoons in gold, as a pledg and earnest-penny of her love to them; and then faithfully promiseth to reward them with so much more as soon as they have sent her Sister *Baptistina* to Heaven; when *Bernardo* and *Pieria* (to testify their thankfulness to her) do both vow and swear, that herein (as in all things else) her will shall be their Law, and that their best services and best lives shall for ever be prostrate to her commands. But they shall repent the taking, and *Amarantha* the giving of them this Gold, because it is the price and hire of innocent blood.

This lamentable (because sinful) compact, being thus secretly shut up, and impiously concluded between these three wretched personages, then *Bernardo* and *Pieria* fall so close and thick to their amorous kisses, as being desirous to become one in body, as already they are in heart and mind, they request their Lady *Amarantha*, that she would please to permit them to finish and consummate their marriage, before they perpetrate the murder of her Sister *Baptistina*; but she (who was clearer-sighted in her malice and revenge to her said Sister, than they in their judgments and affections to themselves) considering that this Seal of their marriage was the great yre and Gordian knot for them to perform and finish her desire, the which, if it were once solemnized, then their devotion and zeal thereunto might (peradventure) afterwards either grow cold, or freez, if not shortly wither and dye away upon the Design; she strongly opposes and contradicts it, as affirming they shall first dispatch her Sister before they marry: the which *Bernardo* well observing and considering, he thinks it no folly in him to learn by her, and so to make her discretion his; and therefore that this murder being once committed, she might after at her pleasure revoke her verbal Annuity given him, the which to prevent (and so to be as wise in his Covetousness, as she was cruel and bloody in her bounty) he tells his Lady *Amarantha*, that according to her desire, he will willingly defer his marriage till then, but withal, humbly requests her to give him her promised Annuity written and signed with her own hand; the which, because she cannot well refuse, she then and there doth in these terms:

IN consideration, that my servant Bernardo, do espouse, and take to his wife my Chamber-maid Pieria, I do promise that (after the consummation thereof) upon my fidelity and honour, I will yearly give and pay unto the said Bernardo or his Assigns, during all the term of his life, the full and entire sum of one hundred and fifty Duckatons of Florence money; and in witness and testimony of this truth, I hereunto subjoin my Name:

A promise and contract written with more blood than ink, or rather not with ink, but wholly with blood, and which therefore God, in his divine providence, may hereafter produce, and bring to light, to serve as a powerful witness, and instrument of his glory, and peradventure, to the infamy and confusion of those who gave and received it.

Amarantha having thus given this promise to Bernardo, and likewise received his, and his intended wife Pieria's oaths in counterchange, she now thinks with her self, that she must again return Pieria to Florence, and by some lie hypocritic, to re-invest and screw her anew into her old Lady Baptistina's service, thereby to be the more able and fit to dispatch her. Now as she is maliciously ruminating on this invention, there falls out an accident which seems both to favour her hopes, and to further her desires and expectation herein. For by this time, *Epistina* writes over to *Malevola* to deal secretly and seriously with Pieria for her return to Florence to her service, and that she shall find her welcome to exceed her expectation and desires: So the truth is apparent, that Pieria (instructed by the Premises) now needs not many great persuasions from *Malevola*, to draw her to consent to this resolution; for as she and her Bernardo receive the first motion of this (unexpected) news with joy, so *Amarantha* embraceth and entertains it, with delight, and now their last consultation is held between them, about the conclusion and finishing of this troumful business. To which end, Pieria is dispatched for Florence, and the fifteenth day after, Bernardo is likewise secretly and precisely to arrive there to her by night, and then is the direct and appointed time for them to close and shut up this Tragedy. We must now allow and conceive Pieria to be again entertained of her old Lady Baptistina in Florence, with much courtesy and joy; and for the seal and cement of this their reciprocal reconciliation, her Lady gives her a new black wrought silk Gown, and a purple Damask Petticoat, the which (as a treacherous dissembling wretch) she seems to receive of her with much content and thankfulness, the which yet we shall shortly see her requite with a most inhumane and prodigious ingratitude, for her desire of marriage, and longing for a Husband, makes her think every hour ten, before the fifteenth day be arrived, and for her late Lady *Amarantha* (who sees by no other eyes, but by those of malice and revenge towards her Sister) she thinks every day an age, before she hears of her dispatch. At the expiration of which time (according to their former agreement) Bernardo arrived by night at *Streni* his house in Florence, and at one of the clock after midnight, he finds the little Garden door open, and his Pieria there purposely to receive and welcome him; so they begin their meeting with kisses. She leads him by the hand to the back-door of her Ladies Chamber, and they two having agreed on the manner how to stifle her in her bed, she had there to that purpose, provided two pillows, keeps one, and gives him another to effect it: These miserable wretches (for the more secrecy) put off their shoes, and out the candles; and the darkness of the Moon, and the obscurity of the night seeming to conspire to their conspiracy, they softly enter into her Chamber, go one by one side, and the other by the other, where unfortunate *Baptistina* lying soundly asleeping and snoring, they stifle her with their pillows, and then a little while after, thrust a handkerchief into her mouth, and their fury and malice was so fierce and implacable towards her, as she hath neither space to speak, nor power to screech or to cry. Thus she who had formerly poisoned her eldest Sister *Jacquina*, is now also cruelly murdered by the treachery of her youngest sister *Amarantha*, which makes me cry out and say, O Lord, as thou art immense in thy mercies, so thou art inscrutable in thy judgements, and that therefore, as we ought not, so we cannot resist his divine power and eternal pre-ordination.

Bernardo and Piera (as two limbs of the Devil) having finished this cruel Murder on *Baptistina*, they leave her breathless body on her bed, and then withdrawing themselves from her Chamber, they softly pull fast the door, which had a Spring-lock, and then she secretly throws in the key within side, at a private hole, or cranny: when her sweet heart and her self descended the stairs, and with wonderful silence stalk away to the Garden, without the Postern door whereof, his Horse tied up to an Iron Ring in the Wall, awaited and attended him; where with a multitude of kisses they part, he faithfully promising her

her to return to her again at *Florence* within a month after at most, and then to marry her : So while *Pieria* now (in the depth and dead of this dismal night) betakes her self to her bed, and there (as devoid of fear as of grace) sleeps soundly, her Sweet-heart *Bernardo*, that very obscure night, gallops thorow the streets of *Florence* towards the gate which leads to *Pistoia* : Where God (in his all-seeing providence) causeth his horse to stumble, and fall with him to the ground, whereof he broke his neck, and presently died, and his horse then rising, flies from him straglingly in the streets, leaving the breathless Corps of *Bernardo* in the street, having not the happiness either to cry or utter one word at this his sudden and disastrous death; God having so ordained and decreed in his Star-chamber of Heaven, that although for the murdering of the Lady *Baptistina* he deserved a more shameful end, yet that this poor horse which brought him to *Florence*, should at the same time and place be his Executioner, as also that there was scarce one hour between his crime and his punishment, between her murder and his own death : An act and example of Gods Justice, worthy of all men to know, and of all Christians most especially to remember : so secret and sacred are the Judgments of the Lord of Hosts ! All that night *Bernardo's* dead body lay gored in his blood (which abundantly issued forth his mouth) as also in the dirt of the street, unespied of any mortal eye ; but as soon as the morning began to appear thorow the windows of Heaven, then it was found, and likewise to be done by the fall off a horse ; whereof his neck, the beholders saw, was broken : the which the sooner they were induced and led to believe, because they likewise found a horse nere him, stragling in the streets without his Rider : This his dead body therefore presently exposed to the Criminal Judges of that fair and famous City, who forthwith, cause his pockets to be searched, where, instead of gold, they, by the direction of God, find the before nominated promise of a yearly Annuity, which we have formerly understood *Amarantha* gave him : Whereupon, they knowing the Lady *Amarantha* to be *Signior Leonardo Streni's* Daughter, and by this Note, confidently believing this dead man to be the same *Bernardo*, and he to be *Amarantha's* servant ; they (without once suspecting or dreaming of any murder committed by him) hold it a part of their office and duty to acquaint *Streni* herewith. But the news of this dead sound Corps ratling thorow the streets of the City, it devanceth this care of theirs, and so speedily arrives to *Streni's* house before them ; whereat *Piera* (looking for nothing less) takes so hot an alarm of grief, fear, and despair, that her guilty thoughts and conscience (like so many Blood-hounds) still pursuing her. She seeing this unlook'd for disaster and death of her *Bernardo* to be an act of God, and a blow from Heaven, which infallibly predicted both her danger and death ; she therefore presently flies out of doors, and (with much celerity and more fear) betakes her self to the least frequented and most remote streets of the City for her safety. By this time the Criminal officers are arrived at *Streni's* house, whom they acquaint with this mournful accident, shewing him this assurance of Annuity, and inquire of him if it be the Lady *Amarantha's* Daughter's hand, as also the dead corps, and if this were her servant, who (with a countenance composed of astonishment, fear and sorrow) acknowledgeth to them, that it is his Daughter *Amarantha's* own hand-writing, and the dead personage to be her serving-man *Bernardo* : Whereupon they confidently believe, and he sorrowfully fears, that this Death of his, and that Assurance of hers, doth either import or include some greater disaster and misfortune : Whereupon, they again, modestly, yet judicially, demand of him for his Daughter *Amarantha*, and her Chamber-maid, *Pieria*, who returns them this answer ; that the first is at his Mannor of *Cardura* near *Pistoia*, and the second here in this house, and now serving his eldest Daughter *Baptistina*, they demand to speak with *Pieria*, whom he causeth to be sought in all places of his house : but she is not to be found, so he sends to look her in his Daughters Chamber, her Mistress : but his servant return and report, that the door of that Chamber is fast lock'd, and that they can get no speech either of her, or of the Lady *Baptistina* ; which answer of theirs doth exceedingly augment the Jealousie of the Judges, and the fear of the Father : So they all resolve to ascend themselves to that Chamber, where they aloud again calling both the Lady and her Maid, and hearing no answer of either of them, they instantly cause the door to be forced open ; where (contrary to their expectation) they find the Lady *Baptistina* dead, and well near cold in her bed, and causing her body to be secretly searched by some Chirurgions and neighbour Gentlewomen, they are all of opinion, that she is undoubtedly stifled in her Bed, and her face very much black and swoln with struggling for life against death. They are amazed, and her Father *Streni* almost drowned in his sorrowful tears at the sight of this deplorable accident and mournful spectacle, and therefore what to say, or how to bear himself herein, he knows not.

But the Judges upon further knowledge and consideration of the flight of *Pieria*, the death of *Bernardo*, and the promised annuity of *Amarantha* upon their marriage (as it were

prompted

prompted by God) do vehemently suspect and believe, that they all three were undoubtedly consenting and guilty of *Baptistina's* death, notwithstanding that the key of her Chamber was found thrown in within side : So they presently leave this sorrowful Father to his tears, and, betaking themselves to their seat of Justice, do instantly cause all the gates of the City to be shut, and a strict and curious search to be made in all parts thereof, for the apprehension of *Pieria*, which (in their zeal and honour to sacred Justice) they perform with so much care and speed, as within three hours after she is found out, and apprehended in an Aunts house of hers, who was a poor woman and a Laundress of that City, named *Eleanora Frasca*.

The Judges being presently advertised hereof, convent her before them, and (by virtue of this annuity) charge both her and her Lover *Bernardo* to be the Actors, and *Amarantha*, to be at least accessary, if not the author with them of murdering of *Baptistina*; she can hardly speak for tears at this her examination, because her sighs still cut her words in pieces; and yet she is so far from grace and repentance, as at first she stoutly denies all, and boldly affirms, That both *Amarantha*, *Bernardo*, and her self, were every way innocent of attempting any thing against *Baptistina's* life, and that if she were dead, she died only of a natural death by the appointment of God, and no otherwise; and to this answer of hers the Devil had made her so strong, as she added many fearful oaths and deprecations, both for her own and their justification; but yet (notwithstanding this her Apologie) these grave and clear-sighted Judges are so far from diminishing, as they augment their suspicion both of her and them, and so they commit her to prison, and forthwith to the Rack. At the pronouncing of which sentence, *Pieria* is much daunted, and seems to let fall some of her former fortitude and constancy, and to burst forth into many passionate tears, sighs and exclamations; but they will nothing avail her: For, seeing her pretended husband *Bernardo* dead, in whom lived the imaginary joys of her heart, she so fainted, as at the very first sight of the Rack (with some tears, and more deep-fetched sighs) she confessed to her Judges, that she and *Bernardo* had stifled her Lady *Baptistina* in her bed; but still constantly affirmed that her sister *Amarantha* was wholly innocent thereof, flattering her self with this hope, that for thus her clearing of her Lady *Amarantha* from this crime and danger, she (in requital thereof) could do no less than be a means to procure a pardon for her life: But these hopes of her will deceive her, and she as fast from her hereafter, as ever she formerly did from God. So the Judges (in detestation of this her foul and bloody crime) adjudge her to be hanged for the same: but first they send her back to prison, and the very next morning, before break of day, they secretly send away three of their *Isbieres* (or Sergeants) to *Cardura*, to fetch the Lady *Amarantha* to *Florence*, being very confident (notwithstanding *Pieria's* denial) that she likewise had a deep finger and share in her sister *Baptistina's* murder.

Amarantha not dreaming in *Cardura* what had betided in *Florence*, to *Bernardo* and *Pieria*, but flattering her self with much hope and joy, that by this time they had undoubtedly made away her sister *Baptistina*, and consequently that she should shortly revilit *Florence*, and there domineer alone, and obtain some gallant Cavalier of her father for her Husband; she in expectation of her servant *Bernardo's* return, and of his pleasing news, had that day (as it were in a bravery and triumph) purposely dighted her self up in her best attire, and richest apparel; and betaking her self to her chamber, and to that window which looked towards *Florence*, she with a longing desire expecteth every minute when he will arrive; when about ten of the clock before dinner (contrary to expectation) she sees three men to enter into the house, apparelled as Florentines, whereat she much museth and wondereth, as not knowing what they, or their coming should import. These three Sergeants having entered the house, they are brought to the Governess *Malevola*, who brings them to her young Lady *Amarantha* in her chamber; to whom (with a dissembling confidence) they report to her, That Seignior *Streni* her Father, hath sent them to conduct and accompany her speedily to *Florence*. *Amarantha* inquired of them for her Fathers Letters to that effect, whereunto one of the subtlest of them makes answer very sily and artificially to her, that her Father's haste, and her preferment, would not permit him to write to her, for that he perfectly knew from him, he was now upon matching her to a rich and noble Husband: Her Governess *Malevola* likewise demands of them, if he had not written to her Self, they answer, No, but that he bad them tell her, that he willed her without delay to bring away his daughter *Amarantha* with her, and themselves to *Florence* by Coach, and only one Foot-boy. The Pupil and Governess consult hereon, and the very name of a Husband makes the first as willing, as the second is discontented to go to *Florence* without a letter; but the policy of the Sergeants so prevail with the simplicity of this young Lady and old Gentlewoman;

that they speedily pack up their trunks, so dine, and then take Coach and Horse, and away for Florence; during which short journey, although the mirth and joy of *Amarantha* be great, yet she finds so many different reluctations, and extravagant thoughts in her mind, at the absence and silence of her man *Bernardo*, as she cannot possibly again refrain from musing and wondering thereat. They all arrive at Florence, where these Sergeants (having learnt their parts well, and acting them better) instead of *Amarantha's* Father's house, do clap her up close prisoner in the common Gaol of that Citie, notwithstanding all her prayers and cries, sighs and tears, to the contrary; and then send her Governess *Malevola* home to her said Father, to advertise him hereof; who tearing the snow-white hair off his head and beard at this sad news and extremely fearing the dangerous consequence of this deplorable accident, he (with tears in his eyes, sorrow in his looks, and sighs in his speeches) repairs speedily to the Judges, to whom sorrowfully and humbly casting himself almost as low as their feet, he prays them to think of his age, and of his imprisoned daughter's youth, and that having unfortunately lost his eldest daughter, that they would not deprive him of his youngest, nor cast her life away either upon bare presumption or circumstance, or upon the wrongful reports and malice of his and her enemies; But these grave and Lynce-eyed Magistrates (who looks as deeply into the priviledg and dignity of Justice, as he doth into the passions of paternal affection and nature) cut him off with this sharp reply, That they honour his age and respect his daughter's youth, that she shall have justice, and that by the Laws of Florence he must expect no more; with which cold answer he returns home to his house, as disconsolate as he came forth sorrowful, being not permitted, but defended, to see or speak with his daughter *Amarantha* in prison, only he hath permission to bury his murdered daughter *Baptistina*: the which he performeth with far more grief and sorrow than solemnity.

The truth and decorum of this History must now invite the Reader to visit *Amarantha* in prison, who being here debarr'd from speaking with any, or any with her, except (those miserable comforters) her Sergants and Gaolers; she now seeing the imminencie of her danger, and fearing the assurance of her death, for that she heard a secret inckling (from the lower Court, through her chamber window) That her sister *Baptistina* was murdered, her Maid *Pieria* imprisoned, and she herself vehemently suspected for the same: She therefore now begins to think of her former bloody crimes with repentance, and of these her inhumane cruelties towards her two elder sisters with contrition, and solemnly vows to God, that if his Divine Majesty will now please to save her life, she will henceforth religiously redeem the first and second with repentance. So in the midst of these good thoughts, though vain desires and wishes of hers, she yet still flatters her self with this poor hope, that if her man *Bernardo* be living, then her promised annuity to him, written with her own hand is still sure, and therefore tacitely dead in his custody; and that both he and *Pieria* cannot any way wrong her, without infinitely wronging themselves, and endangering their own lives: So albeit her Judges have matter of suspicion, yet they can have no cause of death against her; or if peradventure they have, yet that the power of her Father's greatness and friends are so prevalent in Florence and Tuscany, that if (the worst fall out) he and they can obtain at least her Reprival for the present, if not her pardon for the future. But (contrary to all these weak and trivial hopes) the very next morning she is sent for before her Judges to a private examination, who (after they had made a grave and religious speech to her) they demand her, first, If she employed not her servant *Bernardo*, and *Pieria* to murder her sister *Baptistina*, the which she firmly and constantly denies: Secondly, If she had not given an annuity of 150 Duckatoons during his life to marry *Pieria*, the which she likewise denies; then they produce and shew it her under her own hand-writing, whereat (they measuring her heart by her countenance) she seems to be so much perplexed with sorrow, and amazed with fear, as she cannot refrain from giving them less words, but more tears; Of which her Judges conceiving a good opinion and hope, and therefore deeming themselves now to be in a fair way, and a direct course to obtain the whole truth of this lamentable business from her) they bethink themselves of a policie, thereby to effect and compass it, which is every way worthy of themselves and their offices, of their discretion and justice. They tell *Amarantha*, that in regard of her youth and beauty, and of her Father's age and nobility, they desire and intend to save her, if she will not wilfully cast her self away; That her safety and life now consisteth in her plain confession, and not in her perverse denial and contestation, of being accessory and consenting to the murder of her sister *Baptistina*. That they have proofs thereof, as clear, and as apparant as the Sun: And that they having caused *Pieria* to be executed for the same this morning, she confessed it to them at her death, yea and dyed thereon. At which speeches of her Judges, and confession and death of *Pieria*, this

this wretched and unfortunate Lady *Amarantha* (seeing her self so palpably convicted of this her bloody and inhumane crime) being wholly vanquished either with fear towards her self, or choler towards *Pieria*, she falls on her knees to her Judges feet, and (with a great shower of tears) makes her self (by her free confession) to be the prime author of her sister *Baptistina's* murder; That she had hired *Bernardo* and *Pieria* to perform it, and given him an Annuity of 150 Duckatoons per Annum; and to each of them 50 Duckatoons more in hand to that effect, concealing no point or part thereof, as we have already formerly understood: When (contrary to the expectation of her Judges) she most bitterly exclaimed on the name, memory, and ingratitude of this base wretch *Pieria* (for so she then termed her) in that she could not be contented to die her self, but also as much, and as maliciously, as in her power, to think likewise to hazard her own life with her. And now our cholerick, and yet sorrowful *Amarantha* (between these two different extreams of hope and fear) layes hold of her Judges late promise and proffer'd courtship to her, to save her, and then there (with many reverences, tears, and wringing of her hands) most humbly beseecheth them for Gods sake, and for honours cause, to be good unto her, and to give her her life, although she confesseth she is most worthy of death, in being so degenerate and bloody minded towards her own Sister. But they (having by this commendable means, and artificial policy, drawn this worm from *Amarantha's* tongue, I mean this truth from her mouth) are exceeding sorrowful, and as much detest this her barbarous fact, as they pity her descent, youth and beauty; but well knowing with themselves, that God is glorified in the due and true execution of justice upon all capital Malefactors, and especially on Murderers (who are no less than Monsters of Nature, the disgrace of their times, and the very butchers of Mankind) and that the greatness of their quality and blood doth only serve but to make these crimes of theirs the greater: Therefore (I say) these wise and religious Judges prove deaf to her requests and blind to her tears; and so having first caused her to sign this her confession, and then confronted her with *Pieria*, who now to *Amarantha's* face confirmed as much as she herself right now confessed and affirmed, they now in expiation of this her cruel murder, adjudge her likewise to be hanged the next day, at the common place of Execution, in company of *Pieria*; although her aged sorrowful Father Seignior *Streni* (being well nigh weighed down to his grave with the extream grief and sorrow of these his misfortunes and calamities) proffered the Judges and the Great Duke, the greatest part of his Estate and Lands, to save this his youngest, and now his only Daughter *Amarantha*: But his labour proved lost, and his care and affection vain in this his suit and solicitation, because those learned Judges, and this prudent and noble Duke, grounded their resolutions and pleasures vpon this wholesom and true maxim, That Justice is one of the greatest Colossus's and strongest columns of Kingdoms and Commonwealths, and the truest way and means to preserve them in flourishing prosperity and glory; and consequently, that all wilful and premeditated murderers cannot be either too soon exterminated, or too severely punished, and cut off from the world. So *Amarantha* with more choler than sorrow, and *Pieria* with more fear than choler, are now both sent back to their prisons; and that night *Streni* sends his Daughter, and the Judges send *Pieria* some Friars and Nuns to prepare their souls for Heaven, but (in honour of the truth) I must affirm with equal grief and pity, that both these two female Monsters had their hearts so sealed, and their souls so seared up with impiety, that neither of them could there be perswaded or drawn either to think of repentance, or of God.

Whiles thus *Florence* resounds of these their foul and inhumane crimes, as also of their just condemnations, the next morning about ten of the clock, they are brought to the destin'd place of Execution, there to receive their condign punishments for the same. *Pieria* first mounts the Ladder, who made a short speech at her death, to this effect; that her desire to obtain *Bernardo* for her Husband had chiefly drawn her to commit this murder on her Lady *Baptistina*, and that it was far more her Sister *Amarantha's* malice to her, than her own, which seduced her to this bloody resolution; and that this her own shameful death was not half so grievous to her, as the unfortunate end of her Lover *Bernardo*, whom she there affirmed to the world, and took it to her death, that she loved a thousand times dearer than her own life, with many other vain and ridiculous speeches tending that way, and which favoured more of her fond affection to him, than of any zeal or devotion to God; therefore I hold them every way more worthy of my silence, than of my relation: And so she was turn'd over. To second whose unfortunate and shameful end, now our bloody and execrable *Amarantha* (with far more beauty than contrition, and bravery than repentance) ascends the Ladder: who (to make her infamy the more famous) had purposely dighted and apparelled her self in a plain black Sattin Gown, with a silver lace, and a deep lace Cambrick Ruff of a very large Set, with her hair unvaild, and decked with many Roses of silver Ribband: At her ascent

her extraction, beauty and youth, begat as much pity, as her bloody and unnatural crime did detestation, in the eyes and hearts of all her spectators, When, after a pause or two, she (vainly composing her countenance, more with contempt than fear of death) there, to a world of people, who flocked from all parts of the City and Country to see her die (with a wondrous boldness) confessed, That she had not only caused her said Sister *Baptistina* to be stifled in her bed by *Bernardo* and *Pieria*, but that her Sister *Baptistina* and her self had formerly poysoned their elder Sister *Jaquinta*, and that it was only their imperiousness and pride towards her, which drew her to this resolution and revenge against them both; the which she affirmed, she could now as little repent, as heretofore remedy, and that she more sensibly lamented, and grieved for the sorrows of her Father's life, than for the shame and infamy of her own death: When without any shew of repentance, without any speech of God, or which is less, without so much as once looking up towards Heaven, or inviting or praying her spectators to pray to God for her soul, she with a graceless resolution, and prophane boldness, conjured her Executioner speedily to perform his office and duty, which, by the command of the Magistrate, he forthwith did. So this wretched *Amarantha* was hanged for her second murther, and then by a second decree and sentence of the criminal Judges, her body is after dinner burnt to ashes for her first; who likewise in honour to Justice, and to the glory of God, do also cause the dead body of *Bernardo* (for two whole days) to be hanged by his feet in his shirt at the same gallows, and then to be cast into the River of *Arno*. And here the Judges also, to shew themselves, themselves, were once of opinion to have unburied *Baptistina*, and likewise to have given her dead body some opprobrious punishment, for being accessory with her sister *Amarantha* to poyson their elder Sister *Jaquinta*; but having no other evidence or proof hereof, but only the testimony of her condemned dying Sister *Amarantha*, whom it was more probable than impossible, she might speak it more out of malice than truth, as also that God had already afflicted a deplorable end and punishment to her, they therefore omitted it. And thus was the deserved ends, and condign punishments of these wretched and execrable murtherers; and in this manner did the just revenge, and sacred justice of God meet and triumph over them and their bloody crimes.

And now here fully to conclude and shut up this History in all its circumstances: The griefs and sorrows of this unfortunate old Father was so great and infinite, for the untimely and deplorable deaths of all these his three only daughters and children, that although Piety and Religion had formerly taught him, that the afflictions of this life are the joyes of that to come, yet being wholly vanquished and depressed with all these different bitter crosses and calamities, he left *Florence*, and retired himself to a solitary life in *Cardura*, where he not long surviv'd them, but died very pensively and mournfully.



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable SIN of MURDER.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY. XXII.

Martino *poisoneth his brother Pedro, and murdereth Monfredo in the street: He afterwards grows mad, and in confession reveals both these his murders to Father Thomas his Ghostly Father, who afterwards dying, reveals it by his letter to Ceciliana, who was Widow to Monfredo, and sister to Pedro and Martino. Martino bath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same.*

AS it is a dangerous wickedness to contrive and plot murder; so much more it is a wretched and execrable one to finish and perpetrate it; for to kill our Christian Brother, who figuratively bears the image of God, is an act so odious, as Nature cannot excuse, and and so diabolical, as no Clemency can pardon: And yet this Age, and this world is but too plentiful and fertile of such bloody Tigers, and inhumane Monsters, and Butchers of Mankind, as if they had not a Conscience within them to accuse them, a God above them to condemn them, and a Hell below them to punish them, or as if they had not the sacred Oracles of Gods eternal Word, I mean the Law and the Gospel, and the blessed precepts, and the doctrine of the holy prophets and Apostles; yea, of Christ Jesus himself, the great Shepherd and sacred Bishop of our Souls, to teach us the rules of mercy, meekness and long suffering, whiles we live in this vale of misery here below, and that we must embrace and follow peace and charity with all men, if ever we think to participate of the true felicity and joyes of Heaven above: But nevertheless (yea directly contrary hereunto) this ensuing History will produce us one, who though sufficiently instructed in the rules of Piety and Charity, yet he wilfully abandoned the first, and condemned the second, by cruelly and unnaturally imbrewing his hands in innocent blood, for

the which we shall see, that he in the end suffereth a severe and shameful death. May we read this History to the glory of God, and the instruction of our selves.

The Scene of this History is laid in *Spain*, in the famous Province of old *Castile*, and in the fair and ancient City of *Burgos*, where lately dwelt a noble and rich old Gentlewoman, termed *Dona Catherina Autunex* (a Sirname much known, and famous in that City, Province and Kingdom) who had by her deceased Husband *Don Roderigo de Ricaldo*, two Sons, *Don Pedro*, and *Don Martino*, and one Daughter named *Dona Cecilia*. Her eldest Son *Don Pedro* was a gallant Cavalier, of some eight and twenty years of age, tall and well timbred, by complexion and hair black, and of a swart and martial countenance, who for the space of seven years, served as a voluntary Gentleman under that wise and valiant Commander *Don Gonzalez de Cordova* in *Germany*, and against the Lords States of the *Netherlands*, and since in the *Valtoline* and *Millane*, against the *Grifons* and *French*; in both which wars he left behind him many memorable testimonies of his prowess, and purchased divers honourable trophies of true valour and generosity; but for any other intellectual endowments of the mind: he was no scholar, but of an indifferent capacity, yet very honest, courteous, and affable, particularly to his Friends, and generally to all the world. His Brother *Don Martino* was of some four and twenty years of age, short of stature, very slender but crook back'd, of an Auburn hair, a withered face, a squint eye; of inclination extremely fullen, and of disposition and nature envious and revengefull, as desirous rather to entertain a night quarrel in the street, than a day combat in the field; but as God is many times pleased to countervail and reward the defects of Nature in the body, with some rich gifts and perfections of the mind, so though not by profession, yet by education he was an excellent scholar, of an active and sharp wit, a fluent tongue, and singularly able either to allure or divert, to persuade or dissuade, according as the stream of his different passions and affections led him: Vertues enough relucient and excellent to build a fame, and sufficient to raise an eminent fortune, if his former vices do not too fatally eclipse the one, and deface the other. Their Sister *Cecilia* (aged of some twenty years) was of an indifferent height, but growing to corpulency and fatness, of a black hair, an aimable brown complexion, of a big rolling eye, and the air of her countenance rather beautifully amorous, than modestly beautiful: She was of a nimble wit, of humour pleasant and facetious, yet so reserved in the external demonstration thereof, that through her Mothers pious and austere education of her, she (in all outward resemblance) seemed rather to be fit for a Nunnery than a Husband, and more proper to make a Saint than a Wife; but as the face proves not still a true index of the heart, nor our looks and speeches still a true Sybil of our souls; so how retired soever her mother kept her from the company of men, yet her wanton eye conspiring with her lascivious heart, made her the more desirous thereof: and far the more licentious, in regard she was strictly forbidden it; so as (not to contradict or dissemble the truth) I am here enforced to relate and affirm, that she imparteth her favours upon two or three young Gentlemen of that City, of her private acquaintance, and is more familiar with them, than modesty can well warrant, or chastity allow of. But there is a young Gallant of this City likewise (more noble by birth than rich in estate and means) named *Don Baltazar de Monfredo*, who (deeming *Cecilia* as famous for her Chastity as for her beauty) bears a singular affection to her; yea, his heart and thoughts are so fervently intangled in the snares of her delicious beauty, that in publick and private, in his desires and wishes, and his speech and actions, he proclaims her to be his Mistress, and himself her servant; and if he affect and desire *Cecilia* for his Wife, no less doth she *Monfredo* for her husband; so that they many times by stealth meet and confer privately in remote Churches and Chappels, it being rather a prophane, than a religious custome of *Spain* (wherein Heaven is too much made to stoop to earth, and Religion to impiety) for men to court their intended wives, and (which is worse) many times their Courtizans and Strumpets. *Cecilia* (oftentimes warranted by her Mothers indisposition) can no sooner take Coach, to enjoy the pleasure and benefit of the fresh air abroad in the fragrant fields, but *Monfredo* assuredly meets her, where leaping from his Coach into hers (and leaving his Page to accompany her waiting-Gentlewoman in his own) they at first familiarly kiss and confer, and in a few of these meetings at last effectually resolve to give themselves each to other in the sacred bonds of marriage, so he gives her a rich Diamond Ring, and she reciprocally returns him a pair of gold Bracelets, in token of marriage, and they then and there (calling God to witness) very solemnly contract themselves man and wife, yet for some solid reasons, and important considerations, which conduce to the better accomplishing of their desires, they for a time conclude to bear it secretly and silently from all the world; and it is concluded and agreed between them, that a month after, and not before, he shall attempt to seek her publicly in marriage, both of her Mother the Lady *Catherina*, as also of her two brothers, *Don Pedro*, and *Don Martino*.

So when this month is past over (which to these our two Lovers seemes to be many ages) *Monfredo* very fairly and orderly seeks her of her mother in marriage, and likewise (in terms fit for him to give, and them to receive) acquaints her two brothers with his suit and affection to their sister, and with his best art and eloquence endeavoureth (on honourable terms) to gain and purchase their consents thereunto. As for her mother, she (preferring wealth to honour, and riches to content) considering the weakness of *Monfredo's* estate, the death of his Parents, whereby she sees him deprived of all future hope to raise his fortunes, doth absolutely deny to bestow her daughter on him in marriage; and the more to bewray her extream distaste of this his suit, and dislike of himself, she (with much obstinacy and choller) forbidshim her daughter's company, and (with more incivility and indignation) conjures him to leave and forbear her house, telling him she hath already firmly engaged her word and promise to *Don Alonso Delrio*, that he shall shortly espouse and marry her. Now although this sharp answer of hers seem to nip *Monfredo's* hope, and desires in their blossoms, yet relying more on the affection and constancy of the daughter, than on the power or resolution of the mother, he again and again (with a most respectful and honourable importunity) soliciteeth her consent; but he sees it lost labour, because she is resolute that her first shall be her last answer to him herein. As for her brother *Don Pedro*, he loves his sister so perfectly, and her content so dearly, that he finds him to stand well affected to their affections, and in regard of his love to her, and respect to him, that he utterly contemns the motion and mention of *Delrio*; and therefore faithfully promiseth *Monfredo* his best assistance towards his mother for the effecting of their desires. But for her younger brother, *Don Martino*, he finds a contrary nature and disposition in him; for he never loved, but hated his sister *Ceciliaana*, and therefore hates *Monfredo* for her sake, and loves *Delrio*, because he hears she hates him, and so animates his mother against them; and thus he gives *Monfredo* cold answers, and (the sooner and better to convert his hope into despair) tells him plainly that *Delrio* must and shall marry his sister, and none but he. Thus *Monfredo* departs, as glad of *Don Pedro's* love, as he is sorrowful for his mother and brother *Don Martino's* hatred. And here (to observe the better order in this History, and likewise to give the curiosity of the Reader the fuller satisfaction) it will not be improper, rather pertinent, for us to understand, that *Don Delrio* was also a well descended Gentleman of the same city of *Burgos*, rich in lands and monies, but at least fifty five years old, having a white head and beard, of a hard and sour favour, and exceedingly Baker-legged; yet, as old as he was, he was so passionately enamoured of the fresh and sweet beauty of *Ceciliaana*, that he thought her not too young to be his wife, nor himself too old to be her husband; but, led more by his lust than his judgment, and encouraged by *Dona Catherina* her mother, for that his great lands and wealth wholly inclined and weighed down her affection towards him, he often visiteth her daughter *Ceciliaana*, and with his best oratory and power seeks and courts her affection in the way of marriage: But she having her heart fixed on *Monfredo's* youth, and comely feature, she highly slights *Delrio's* frozen age, and disdained to make her self a May to this December, because she apparently knew, and perfectly believed, that he was every way fitter for his Grave, than for her Bed; for it was *Monfredo*, and only *Monfredo*, whom her heart had elected and chosen for her second self and Husband: And suppose (quoth she) that *Monfredo* be not so rich as *Delrio*, yet all *Castile*, yea all *Spain*, well knows, that by descent and generosity he is far more noble; and that there is as great an Antithesis and disparity between the virtues of the first, and the defects and imperfections of the last, as there is between a Clown and a Captain, a Peasant and a Prince; therefore let my mother say what she will, *Delrio* what he can, or my brother *Martino* what he dare, yet they shall see, and the world know, that I will be wife to none but *Monfredo*, and that either he, or my grave shall be my husband.

But the Lady *Catherina* her mother (notwithstanding her daughters averfeness and obstinacy) layes her charge and blessing upon her to forsake *Monfredo*, and take *Delrio*, urging to her the poverty of the one, and the wealth of the other, what delights and contentments the last will give her, and what afflictions and misery the first do threaten her: But the affection of *Ceciliaana* is still so firmly fixed, and strongly settled and cemented on her *Monfredo*, that she is deaf to these requits, and blind to these reasons of her mother, in seeking to disswade her from him, and in contenting and perswading her to accept of *Delrio* for her Husband; and although her Mother follow her in all places as her shadow, and haunt her at all times as her Ghost, to draw her hereunto; yet she still finds her daughter as resolute to deny, as she is importunate to request it of her, vowing that she will rather wed her self to a Nunnery, than to *Delrio*, whom she saith she cannot affect, and therefore peremptorily disdaineth to marry. Her mother seeing her daughter thus constantly and willfully to persevere in her obstinacy against

her

her desires, she (with much choler and grief) relates from point to point to her son Don *Martino*, what had past between them; whom she knew did as much love *Delrio*, and hate *Monfredo*, as her eldest son Don *Pedro*, hated *Delrio*, and loved *Monfredo* for their sister in marriage. *Martino* takes advantage of this occasion and opportunity, and thinking to give two blows with one stone, by crossing his sister in her affection; and his brother in his designs and wishes, doth now more than ever incense his mother against her, alledging that it would be a far greater honour, and less scandal to their name and house, that she were rather married to a Nun, than a Beggar, and with many powerful reasons, and artificial persuasions, strives to make her inclinable to his project, and flexible to this resolution of his, as indeed in a little time she doth: For the mother being thus wedded to her will, and therein now confirmed by the flie policy; and fortified by the subtle intimation of her son Don *Martino*, she hereupon constantly resolves to betake and give her daughter to God and the Church, affirming that she shall never reap any true content in her thoughts, nor peace in her heart, before she see her cloystered up and espoused to a Nunnery. But this compact of theirs is not so closely carried between them but the vigilance of Don *Pedro* (whose affection and care aims to give *Monfredo* and his sister content) hath perfect notice and intelligence hereof, the which for a time he holds fit to conceal from them both; when firmly purposing to prevent it, and so to cross his mother and brother, who herein delight and glory to cross him, he bethinks himself of an invention (worthy of himself) how and which way to effect it. He sends for Don *Alonso Delrio* to the Cordeliers Church, and there relates him the friendship he bears him, that he will not see him run himself into an error, in seeking his sister *Ceciliana* in marriage, whom he knows he cannot possibly obtain; she (to his knowledge) being already firmly contracted to *Monfredo*, notwithstanding all that his mother and brother Don *Martino* have said, or can do to the contrary. *Delrio* heartily thanks Don *Pedro* for the expression of this love to him, the which he affirms he shall ever find him ready both to deserve and requite; when measuring the time future by the present, and of *Ceciliana*'s blooming youth by his weather-beaten and blasted age, he vows to Don *Pedro*, that he will henceforth no more desire or seek his sister in marriage, not yet speak with her, or come near his mother or brother; so that business is for ever dashed, and receives an end, almost as soon as beginning. The which Don *Martino* (out of his deep reach and politick pate) understanding, and knowing that this falling off of *Delrio*, from farther seeking his sister in marriage, proceeded wholly from the secret undermining of his brother Don *Pedro*, he is extremely in choler against him for the same; and so (with more passion than discretion) goes and chargeth him herewith: Whereupon these two brothers fall at great contention and variance, and many bitter words and outrageous speeches here interchangeably pass between them, the repetition whereof I think good to bury in silence, because it matters not much to give it a place in this history; only (to deal on generals) I must say that Don *Pedro* was high, and Don *Martino* hot, and that the first spake not so much as he dared, and that the last dared not so much as he spake. But this Tongue-combate of theirs was so violent and blustering, as the issue thereof redounding to Don *Pedro*'s glory and generosity, and to Don *Martino*'s shame and baseness; and *Martino* finding that he had more will than power to be now revenged hereof on his brother, he is inflamed with choler and revenge against him for the same, as, consulting with Satan, not with God, he is so revengeful and inhumane, as he wisheth his said brother in Heaven, and from thenceforth plotteth with himself how to finish it; reasoning thus uncharitably and damnably with himself; That he being dead, and his sister pent and mewed up in a Nunnery, he shall then be sole heir and Lord to all the lands and estate which his Father left him.

Thus in the heat of his choler, and the fumes of his revenge against his brother Don *Pedro*, he repairs to his mother, informs her how it is he and his policy which hath beaten off *Delrio* from seeking his sister *Ceciliana* in marriage, and that through his close treacherous dealing, he hath prevailed with him for ever to abandon her; yea, he here leaves no invention unassayed to incense his mother against his brother, nor means unattempted to inflame her against his sister, by still putting her in mind of his rashness towards *Delrio*, and for her disobedience towards her self; and here (he remembering his own avaritious end) doth again modestly persuade, and then again importunately pray his mother to constitute her to a Nunnery; whereunto (as we have formerly understood) he knows she is already resolutely bent and resolved: When she (being vanquished with her own desires, and his importunity) promiseth him very shortly to effect it. But first she sends for her son Don *Pedro*, and in a language of thunder, rebukes and checks him for his double crime, in dissuading *Delrio* so suddenly to forsake his sister, and in persuading her so strongly to affect *Monfredo*: adding withal, that notwithstanding his treachery and policy, and her ingrateful disobedience to her, she is inviolably

violably resolved shortly to send *Monfredo* to seek another wife, and to give and betake her to no other Husband than a Nunnery. *Don Pedro*, holding it his duty to entertain this choler and these speeches of his Mother rather with modesty than passion, returns her this answer, that he hath not said nor done any thing to *Delrio*, but what he can well justify with his obedience to her, and his honour to the whole world; that his affection to his Sisters present condition, and care of her future prosperity, makes him assure this belief and confidence, that *Delrio* is as unworthy of her, as she is worthily bestowed on *Don Monfredo*, and therefore that it is both pity and shame, that the wealth of the first should be preferred to the nobility and generosity of the second; he prays her to consider, that as *Cecilia* is her Daughter, so she is his Sister, and that he is so well acquainted with her disposition and secrets, as not to dissemble her the truth; he holds her far more fit to make a Wife than a Nun, and a Nunnery therefore (every way) to be improper for her, and she for it; that he is not ignorant that it is the policy, or rather the malice of his Brother *Don Martino*, which hath wrought these false impressions in her belief against himself, and this her uncharitable resolution against his Sister, for which base treachery and ingratitude of his, if he thought him as worthy of his care, as he knows he is of his scorn, he would not fail to call him to a strict account for the same, but that Nature and Grace prescribe him contrary rules. *Dona Caterina* being far more capable to distaste, than to relish this bold answer of her Son *Don Pedro*, and contenting her self to have now delivered him her mind and resolution at full, she leaves him, and finds out his Brother *Martino*, to whom she punctually relates what had passed between her and his Brother *Don Pedro*; whereat he is afresh so nettled with choler, and inflamed with revenge against him, as what before he hath desperately plotted and resolved against his life, he now vows and swears shortly to execute; whereat his bloody thoughts (without intermission) aim and tend, and next thereunto he desires nothing so much, as to see his Sister made a vowed and vayed Sister.

Whiles thus his Mother and himself are deep in conference, and busie in consultation how to effect and compass these their different designs; *Don Pedro* goes to his Sister *Cecilia*, finds out *Monfredo*, and to them both sincerely delivers what had past between his mother, his brother, and himself, in their behalf; yea it is a jest (both worthy and well becoming his laughter) to see how between earnest and jest he tells his Sister (in presence of her lover *Monfredo*) that she must shortly prepare her self for a Nunnery, for that their brother *Don Martino* hath decreed it, and their mother *Dona Caterina* sworn it: At this pleasant passage and concept of *Don Pedro*, *Cecilia* cannot refrain from blushing, nor *Monfredo* from smiling: For looking each on other with the eyes of one and the same tender affection and constancy, he smiles to see her blush, and she again blusheth to see him smile hereat, here she tells her brother *Don Pedro* plainly, and her lover *Monfredo* pleasantly, that she will deceive her mothers hopes, and her brother *Don Martino*'s desires, in thinking to make her a Cloystered Sister, when again metamorphosing the snow white Lilies of her cheeks into blushing Damask Roses, she with a modest pleasantness, directing her speech to *Monfredo* (who then lovingly led her in the Garden by her arm) tells him, that his house should be the Nunnery, his arms the Cloyster, and himself the Saint, to whom (till death) she was ready to profer up, and sacrifice both her affection and her self; that as she did not hate, but love, the profession of a Nun in others, so for his sake she could not love, but hate it in her self, adding withal, that for proof and confirmation hereof (if it were his pleasure) she was both ready and willing to put her self into his protection, and to repose her honour in the confidence of his faithful affection and integrity towards her.

Monfredo first kissing her, then infinitely thanking her for this true demonstration of her dear and constant affection to him, when again intermixing kisses with smiles, and smiles with kisses, he swears to her, in presence of God, and her brother *Don Pedro*, that if the Lady her mother wholly abandon her, or resolve to commit her to a Nunnery, he will receive and entertain her in his poor house with delight and joy, and preserve her honour equally with his own life, and that in all things (as well for the time present, as the future) he will steer his actions by the star of her desire, and the compass of her present brother *Don Pedro*'s commands: For which free and faithful courtesie of his, *Cecilia* thanks him, and no less doth *Don Pedro*, who in requital hereof makes him a general and generous tender of his best power and service to act and consummate his desires; and so for that time, and with this resolution they part each from other, leaving the progress of their affections, and the success thereof partly to time, but chiefly to God, whom they all religiously invoke to bless their designs in hand.

Leave we them for a while and come we now again (cursorily) to speak of their mother *Dona Catherina*, and of *Don Martino* their Brother, who being the Oracle from whom she derives and directs all her resolutions, she is still constant to her self, and therefore still vehemently bent against her Son *Don Pedro*, her Daughter *Ceciliana* and *Monfredo*, swearing both solemnly and seriously, that she will rather die than live to see him her Son-in Law: And yet whatsoever *Don Martino* doth say, or can alledge to her to contrary, she yet loves *Don Alonso Delrio* so well, and her Daughter *Ceciliana* so dearly, that before she will attempt to Cloyster her up in a Nunnery she hoping to reclaim him to affect her, and to revive his suit of marriage, doth by a Gentleman her servant send him this Letter.

CATHERINA to DELRIO.

I Am wholly ignorant why thou thus forsakest thy affection and suit to my Daughter *Ceciliana*, whereof, before I am resolved by thee, I have many reasons to suspect and think, that it was as feigned as thy Promises and Oaths pretended it to be fervent. Sure I am, that as Envy cannot eclipse the fame of her virtues towards the world, so Truth dares not contradict the sincerity of my well-wishes and affections towards thee, in desiring to make thee her Husband, and her thy Wife. Her true beauty (which thou so often sworest, thy heart so dearly admired and adored) hath lost no part of its lustre, but is the same still; and so am I, who have ever wished, and ever will faithfully desire, that of all men in the world, thy self only may live to enjoy it. If thou think her affection be bent any other way, thou doest her no right, but offer a palpable wrong to thy own judgment, and to my knowledge. Or if thou imagine the Portion to be too small, which I have promised to give, and thou to receive with her in marriage, thou shalt command that augmentation from me, which none but thy self shall ever have cause to request, or power to obtain; yea, thou shalt find, that for the finishing and consummating of so good a work (which thou so much deservest, and I so much desire) I will willingly be contented to enrich her fortunes with the impoverishing of mine own. If thou send me thine Answer bereunto, I shall take it for an argument of thy unkindness: But if thou bring it thy self, I will esteem it as one of thy true respects and affections to me.

CATHERINA.

Don Martino being solicited and charged by his Lady mother likewise to write effectually to *Delrio*, to return to seek his Sister *Ceciliana* in marriage, yet notwithstanding, drawn thereunto for his own covetous ends, secretly to desire and wish that he might never marry her, but she a Nunnery; he therefore to that effect writes and sends him a most dissembling and hypocritical Letter by the same messenger, to accompany hers, but he is so reserved and fine, as he purposely conceals the sight and reading thereof from his mother. This Letter of his, which was as false and double as himself, reported this language.

MARTINO to DELRIO.

My duty ever obliging me to esteem my Mothers requests as commands, I therefore adventure this Letter, as desiring to know who or what hath so suddenly withdrawn thee, or thy affection from my Sister *Ceciliana*. Thou canst not be ignorant of my hearty well-wishes and love to thee in obtaining her to thy wife; and yet it is not possible for thee to conceive, much less believe the hundred part of the bitter speeches, which I have been enforced to receive and pack up, from her and my Brother *Don Pedro*, for desiring and wishing it. I know, that enforced affections prove commonly more sad than fortunate; and more ruinous than prosperous; therefore I am so far from anymore perswading thee to seek her in marriage, that I leave each of you to your selves; and both unto God. And to the end thou maist see how much the Lady my Mother affects thy fate, and distastes that of *Monfredo* to my Sister, she upon thy forbearance and absence hath vowed unto God, that, if thou be not, he shall not, but a Nunnery must be her Husband. My Mother is desirous to see thee, and my self to speak with thee; but because marriages ought first to be made in Heaven, before consummated on Earth, therefore thou knowest far better than my self, that in all actions (especially in marriage) it is the duty of a Christian to wait on Gods secret providence, and to attend his sacred pleasure with patience.

MARTINO.

Delrio

Delrio receives and reads these two Letters, and (consulting them with his judgement) finds that they look two different wayes; for Dona Catherina the Mother would marry her Daughter to himself, but not to Monfredo, and her Son Martino aims, and desireth to have her married to a Nunnery, and not to himself; wherein wealth and covetousness are the chiefest ends and ambition of them both, without having any respect to the young Ladies content, or regard to her satisfaction; and although the speech which Don Pedro delivered him in the Cordeliers (or Gray Friars) Church, have so much wrought with his affection, and so powerfully prevailed with his resolution, that he will no further seek Ceciliaana in marriage, yet in common courtesie and civility, he holds himself bound to answer their two Letters: the which he doth, and returns them by their own Messenger. That to the Lady Catherina had these words,

DELRIO to CATHERINA.

Though you suspect my sincerity, yet if you will believe the truth, you shall find, that the affection which I intended the Lady Ceciliaana your Daughter was fervent, not feigned; and because you are desirous to know the reasons why I forbear to seek her in marriage, I can give you no other but this, that I know she is too worthy to be my Wife, and believe that I am not worthy enough to be her Husband: So though envy should dare to be so ignorant, yet it cannot possible be so malicious, either to, eclipse the lustre of her beauty, or the fame of her vertues, sith the one is so sweet a grace to the other, and both so precious ornaments to her self, that infinite others beside my self, hold it as great a prophaneity not to adore the last, as a happiness to see and admire the first. For your affection in desiring my self hers, and she mine in marriage, I can give you no other requital, but thanks for the present, and my prayers and service for the future. How your Daughter hath or will dispose of her affection, God and her self best know; and therefore I shall do her right, and your knowledge and my judgement no wrong, rather to proclaim my ignorance, than my curiosity herein: But this I assure you, that if her to me had equalized mine to hers, I should then thankfully have taken, and joyfully received her with a far less portion than you would have given me with her. To your self I wish much prosperity, and to the Lady your Daughter all happiness. I must return you this mine answer by your own servant, and whether you make it an argument of my unkindness, or affection; in pleasing your self you shall no way displease me.

DELRIO.

His Letter to Don Martino spake thus.

DELRIO to MARTINO.

I Have (by my Letter) given the Lady thy Mother the reasons why I desist from any farther seeking thy Sister Ceciliaana in marriage; and because I know she will acquaint thee therewith, therefore I hope they will suffice both for thee and her. I am as thankful to thee for thy well wishes, to have obtained her for my Wife, as I grieve to understand that thou hast received any bitter speeches, either from her or thy Brother Don Pedro, for my sake: It rejoiceth me to see thee of the opinion, that enforced marriages prove commonly fatal and ruinous, in which belief and truth, if thou and thy Mother persevere, I hope you will espouse your Sister to Don Monfredo, and not to a Nunnery, because (if I am not misinformed) her affections suggest and assure her, that she shall receive as much content from the first, as misery from the second. As thy Mother is desirous to see me, so am I to serve her, and likewise thy self; and as thou writest religiously and truly, that marriages should first be made in Heaven, ere solemnized on Earth; so, doubtless, God hath reserved thy Sister for a far better Husband than Delrio, and him for a far worse Wife than Ceciliaana; And thus (as a Christian) I recommend her with zeal to the Providence, and my self with patience, to the pleasure of Almighty God.

DELRIO.

When in regard of his former affection, and future respect, devoted to the beauty and virtues of Ceciliaana, and seeing her self, her mother, and brother Don Martino, bent to dispose otherwise of her in marriage, he will yet be so jealous of her good, and so careful of his own honour and reputation, as he holds himself obliged to take his leave of her by Letter, sith not in person, and so to recommend her, and her good fortunes to God; the which he doth, and gives his Letter to the same Bearer, but with a particular charge and secret instructions to deliver

liver very privately into the Lady *Ceciliana's* hands, without the knowledge either of her mother, or brother *Don Martino*, which he faithfully promised to perform : His said Letter to her was charged with these lines.

DELRIO to CECILIANA.

BEing heretofore informed by your brother *Don Pedro*, of your dear affection to *Don Monfredo*, and your constant resolution to make him your husband; I held my self bound out of due regard unto you, and firm promise to him, to surcease my sute to you, and (because the shortest errors are ever best) no more to strive to make impossibilities possible, in persevering to seek you in marriage, whom I see (Heaven and Earth have conspired) another must obtain and enjoy: And when I look from my age to your youth, and from that of *Monfredo's*, I am so far from condemning your choice, as I both approve and applaud it, praying you to be as resolute in this confidence, as I am confident in this resolution, that my best prayers and wishes shall ever wish you the best prosperities. And to the end you may perceive that my former affection shall still resplend and shine to you in my future respect, I cannot, I will not conceal the knowledge of this truth from you, that by Letters which right now, (by this Bearer) I received from the Lady your Mother, and brother *Don Martino*, they have some exorbitant and irregular design in contemplation, shortly to reduce into action, against the excellency of your youth and beauty, and the sweetness of your content and tranquillity, which howsoever (to your self and the world) they seem to shadow and over-vail with false colours; yet, although they make Religion the pretext, you (if you speedily prevent it not) will in the end find that their malice to your lover *Monfredo* is the true and onely cause thereof. God hath indued you with a double happiness, in giving you an excellent wit to second and imbellish your exquisite beauty: whereunto if in this business you take the advice of your best friend *Monfredo*, and follow that of your noble brother *Don Pedro*, you will then have no cause to doubt, but all the reasons of the world to assure your self that your affections and fortunes will in the end succeed according to my prayers, and your merit and expectation.

DELRIO.

The messenger first publicly delivereth the two former Letters to his Lady *Dona Catherine*, and her son *Don Martino*; and then privately the other to the young Lady *Ceciliana*, according to his promise, and *Don Delrio's* request: As for the mother, she grieves to see that *Delrio* will not be reclaimed, but hath quite forsaken her daughter: but for her son *Don Martino*, he is exceeding joyful hercof; for now he is confident, that (according to his plot) his mother upon *Delrio's* refusals will (in meer malice to *Monfredo*) assuredly commit his sister to a Nunnery: Thus, if he obtain his ends and desires, he cares not who misse theirs. As for *Ceciliana*, she doth not a little rejoyce at *Delrio's* Letter to her, and at his constant resolution to leave, and commit her to *Monfredo*; yea, she reputes his advice to her concerning her mother, and her brother *Don Martino's* intended discourtesie towards her to much respect and honour. She acquaints her brother *Don Pedro*, (and her *Monfredo*) with this Letter of *Delrio*, who now plainly see their mother and brother's former resolution confirmed, in aiming and intending to make *Ceciliana* a holy Sister, whereat they again laugh and jest at her, and she to them, for in their hearts and thoughts they all know, and resolve to prevent it. But they cannot but highly approve of *Delrio's* noble respect and true discretion, in being so constant to give over his sute to her, and yet so courteous and honest towards them all, in this his kind and respectful Letter to *Ceciliana*; the which above the other two, she cheerfully receives, and joyfully welcomes; that she resolves she can (in honour) do no less, than return his complement, and answer his Letter with one of her own to him, the which she doth in these terms.

CECILIANA to DELRIO.

VV *Has my Brother Don Pedro informed you concerning Monfredo and my self; was the very truth and sincerity of those affections wherewith God hath inspired our hearts and sealed our resolutions each to other. As I was never doubtful of your well wishes and love, so now I am not a little thankful to you for your dear respect towards me, in approving my choice, and in praying to God to make it prosperous, whereas the obstinacy of my Lady Mother, and the malice of my Brother Don Martino (without ground or reason) affirm it must needs prove ruinous. I have heretofore been advertised, and now (by your care of me, and respect to me, which clearly resplends and shines in your Letter) am fully confirmed that my said Mother and Brother have some undeserved design against me, and my content; and although my poor beauty and silly wit no way deserve those excellent praises of your Pen, yet my heart shall consult with Don Pedro how to bear my self in this so weighty and important a business, whereon (although the cause be malice and the pretext Religion) I know depends either my future content or affliction, my happiness or my misery. In the mean time I will pray for those who viciously bate me, and honour those who virtuously affect and honour me. Of which last number, I ingenuously and gratefully acknowledge, that your generosity, not my merits, hath condignly made you one.*

CECILIANA.

When she had dispatched this Letter to Delrio, then Monfredo by her consent, and the advice of her Brother Don Pedro, hold it very requisite now once again to sound the affection, and to feel the pulse of their Mother Dona Caterina's resolution towards him, to see whether yea or no she will please to give him her Daughter in marriage; and it is agreed of all sides between them, that at the very time and hour which he goes there, that she and her Brother Don Pedro will purposely absent themselves, and ride abroad in their Coach, to take the air; which they do. To this effect Monfredo takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Lady Caterina's house, and sends up his name to her, as desiring to have the honour to salute her, and kiss her hand, but she is so enraged and transported with choler at his arrival and message, as she sends him down a flat and peremptory denial, That she will not see him, and as formerly she prayed, so now she commands him to depart, and ever hereafter to forbear her House. An Answer so unkind and uncivil, that Monfredo knows not whether he have reason to digest it with more choler or laughter, so returning her answer by her Waiting-Gentlewoman, that he will obey her commands, and no more trouble either her house or her patience, yet that he will still remain her most humble servant, and although she refuse to see him, that he will ever pray for her long life and prosperity: Don Martino is now at home and laughs in his sleeve as a Gipsie to see what brave entertainment his Mother gave Monfredo: he expects also that he should visit him, but because his Mothers stomach is so high, therefore he cannot descend so low, as owing him no such duty and service, and so takes Coach and away: and knowing where Don Pedro and his Mistress Ceciliana were in the fields, he drives away presently to them, and very pleasantly relates them the whole long story of their Mother's short entertainment to him, which administ'reth matter of laughter to them all, and far the more, in regard neither of them expected less; so Monfredo staying an hour or two with them in the fields, and then bringing them to the Gates of the City, they for that time take their leave each of other, and all appoint to meet the next day after dinner, in the Garden of the *Augustine Friars*, and there to provide and resolve for their affairs, against the discontent of their Mother, and the malice of their Brother Don Martino.

The next morning, the Lady Caterina (stirring at Monfredo's yesterdays presumption and boldness) sends for her Daughter Ceciliana into the Garden to her as being fully resolved to deal effectually with her for ever to forsake Monfredo; or if she cannot, then to commit her to a Nunnery. She comes, when (in great privacy and efficacy) she layes before her the poverty of Monfredo, the which she affirms will bring her to more misery than she can expect or think of, or indeed which she deserves; at least if she be not so wilful to ruin her self and her fortunes, as she is to preserve them. Ceciliana now seeing her Mother bent to play her prize against the merits and honour of her Monfredo, and therefore against the content and felicity which she expects to enjoy by enjoying of him, she no longer able to brook or digest it, cuts her off with this reply, that (her duty excepted) it is in vain for her, either to seek to disparage Monfredo, or any way of the world to attempt to withdraw her affection from him; and therefore with much observance and respect prays her to affect and honour him, if not for his own sake, yet for hers. Her Lady-mother weeps to see her Daughter thus obstinate (she might have said, thus constant) in her affection to Monfredo, and therefore (with frowns in her looks, and anger in her eyes) she thunders out a whole Catalogue of dispraises and recriminations against

against him; and because yet she despaireth to prevail with her hereby, she now (thinking it high time) resolves to divert and change the stream of her affection from him to God, and so at last to mew and betake her to a Nunnery, whereon her desires and intentions have so long ruminated, and her wishes and vows aimed at: To which end calming the storms of her tongue, and composing her countenance to patience and piety, she with her best art and eloquence speaks to her thus; That in regard she will not accept of Don *Delrio* for her Husband, with whom she might have enjoyed prosperity, content, and glory, but will rather marry *Monfredo*, from whom she can, and must expect nothing but poverty, grief, and repentance; She therefore (out of her natural regard of her, and tender affection to her) hath by the direction of God, bethought her self of a *medium* between both which is to marry neither of them, but in a religious and sanctified way to espouse her self to God and his holy Church; when (thinking to have taken time by the forelock) she depainteth her the felicity and beatitude of a Nuns profession and life, so pleasing to God and the World, to Heaven and Earth, to Angels and men: When her Daughter *Ceciliana* being tired and discontented with this poor and ridiculous Oration of hers, she lifting up her eyes to heaven, with a modest boldness, yet with a bold truth; interrupts her mother thus, That God hath inspired her heart to affect *Monfredo* so dearly, and to love him so tenderly, as she will rather content her self to beg with him, than to live with *Delrio* in the greatest prosperity which either this life or this world can afford her; that although she had no bad opinion of Nuns, yet that neither the constitution of her body, much less of mind, was proper for a Nunnery, or a Nunnery for her; in which regard, she had rather pray for them than with them, and honour than imitate them: When the Lady her mother not able to contain her self in patience, much less in silence, at this audacity (and, as she thought) impiety of her Daughter, she with much choler and spleen demands of her a reason of these her exorbitant speeches. When her Daughter, no way dejecting her looks to Earth, but rather advancing and raising them to Heaven, requites her with this answer; That it is not the body, but the mind, not the flesh, but the soul, which is chiefly requisite and required to give our selves to God and his Church; that to throw, or (which is worse) to submit our selves to be thrown on the Church through any cause of constraint, or motion of distaste or discontent, is an act which favoureth more of prophaneness than piety and more of Earth than Heaven; that as Gods power, so his presence is not to be confined or tyed to any place, for that his Center is every where, and therefore his circumference no where; that God is in *Egypt* as well as in *Palestine* or *Hierusalem*, and that Heaven is as near us, and we Heaven, in a Man's house, as in a Monastery or Nunnery; that it is not the place which sanctifieth the heart and soul, but they the place; and that Churches and Cloysters have no privilege or power to keep out sin, if we by our own lively faith, and God by his all-saving grace do not. Which speech of hers as soon as she had delivered, and seeing that the Lady her Mother was more capable to answer her thereunto with silence than reason, she, making her a low reverence, and craving her excuse, departs from her and leaves her here alone in the Garden to her self and her Muses.

Her Mother having a little walked out her choler, in seeing her Daughter's firm resolution not to become a Nun; she leaves the Garden and retires to her Chamber, where sending for her son *Martino*, she relates him at full what conference had there past between his Sister and her self, who likewise is much perplexed and grieved hereat, as putting their heads and wits together, they within a day or two, vow to provide a remedy for this her obstinacy and willfulness. As for *Ceciliana*, she likewise reports this verbal conference, which had past between her Mother and her self, to her Brother Don *Pedro*, and *Monfredo*, when (according to promise) they met that afternoon in the *Augustines* Garden, who exceedingly laugh thereat; and yet again fearing lest the malice of their Brother Don *Martino* towards them, might cause his Mother to use some violence or indurance to her, and so to make force extort that from her will, which fair means could not, they bid her to assume a good courage, and be cheerful and generous, promising her that if her Mother attempted it, that *Monfredo* should steal her away by night, and that he, as he is Don *Pedro* her Brother, will assist her in her escape and flight; whereon they all resolve with hands, and conclude with kisses: Neither did their doubts prove vain, or their fear and suspicion deceive them herein; for her incensed mother being resolute in her will, and wilful in her obstinacy, to make her Daughter a Nun, she shuts her up in her Chamber, makes it no less than her prison, and her brother Don *Martino* her Guardian, or rather her Gaoler. Poor *Ceciliana* now exceedingly weeps and grieves at this cruelty of her Mother and Brother Don *Martino*, which as yet her dear Brother Don *Pedro* cannot remedy, by perswading or prevailing with them to release her; he acquaints *Monfredo* with it, they both consulting, find no better expedient to free her from this domestical imprisonment than counterfeiting to give her Mother to understand and believe, that her daughter hath now changed her mind, and that (by Gods direction) she is fully resolved to abandon *Monfredo*, and

and so to spend and end her days in a Nunnery; but contrariwise, they resolve to fetch her away by night, and without delay. Accordingly hereunto *Ceciliaana* acts her part well, and pretends now to this spiritual will and resolution of her Mother, as before she was disobedient. Her Mother infinitely rejoiceth at this her conversion, and no less (or rather more) doth her Brother *Don Martino*, who, to fortifie and confirm her in this her religious resolution, they send some Friars and Nuns to perswade her to appoint the precise day for her entrance into this Holy House and Orders; which with her tongue she doth, but with her heart resolves nothing less, or rather directly the contrary. The Mother now acquaints both her Sons with this resolution of their Sister, which is, the next Sunday, to give her self to God and the Church, and to take holy Orders; when *Don Pedro* purposely very artificially seems as strongly to oppose, as his Brother *Don Martino* cheerfully approves thereof, now extolling her devotion and piety as far as the sky, if not many degrees beyond the Moon; so the day appointed for her entrance and reception drawing near, the Lady Abbess is dealt with by her Mother, her Cell provided, her spiritual Apparel made, all her Kinsfolks and chief friends invited to a solemn Feast, to celebrate this our new holy-Sister's Marriage to God and the Church. But whiles thus *Dona Catherina* the Mother, and *Don Martino* her Son are exceedingly busie about the preparation and solemnity of this spiritual business, *Don Pedro* and *Monfredo* resolve to run a contrary course, and so to steal away *Ceciliaana* the very night before the perfixed day of her entrance into the Nunnery, as holding that Saturday night the fittest time, and most void of all suspicion and fear, whereof (both by tongue and letter) they give her exact and curious notice; which striking infinite joy into her heart and thoughts, she accordingly makes her self ready, packs up all her Jewels and Bracelets in a small Casket, and acquainting none of the world therewith, for that her Brothers *Don Pedro's* Chamber was next to hers, and he as vigilant and watchful as her self, for *Monfredo's* coming about midnight, which was the appointed hour for his *Rendezvous*. When at last both their several Watches (in their several Chambers) assuring them that it was near one of the clock, it being the dead time of the night, none of the house stirring, but all hushed up in silence, as if every thing seemed to conspire to her escape and flight, then, I say, *Don Pedro* issues forth of his Chamber to hers, where the door being a little open, and her candle put out, he finds his Sister ready, when conducting her by the arm, they softly descend the stairs, and so to a Postern door of the Garden; where they find *Monfredo* (joyfully ready to receive the Queen regent of his heart) assisted with two valiant confident Gentlemen his friends, who were well mounted on excellent Horses with Swords and Pistols, and for himself and her, a Coach with six Horses: When briefly passing over their Complements and Congees each from other, they (with a world of thanks) leave *Don Pedro* behind them, and so away as swift as the wind, who seeing them gone, secretly and softly returns to his Chamber and Bed, silently shutting all the doors after him, whiles *Monfredo* with his other self, and his two friends, drive away to *Valdebelle*, a Mannor-house of his some eight leagues from *Burgos*.

Don Pedro lies purposely long in his bed the next morning, thereby the better to colour out his ignorance and innocency of his Sister's clandestine flight and escape: So his Mother about five, or near six of the clock, sends *Felicia* her Daughter's Waiting-Gentlewoman to her Chamber to awake and apparel her to receive many young Ladies and Gentlewomen, who were come to visit her, and to take their leaves of her before her entry into God's house: but *Felicia* speedily returns to her with this unlookt-for answer; That her Lady's Chamber door is fast locked, whereat she hath many times called and knock'd aloud, but hears no speech. The Mother is amazed hereat, and no less, (rather more) is her Son *Don Martino*; so they both run to her Chamber and knock and call aloud, but hearing no answer, they force open the door; where they find the Nest, but the Bird flown away; whereat the Mother infinitely weeps, and her Son *Don Martino* doth exceedingly rage and storm, at this their affront and scandal, he tells his Mother he will engage his life, that his Brother *Don Pedro* is accessory to his Sister *Ceciliaana's* flight, and gone with her; so they both run to his Chamber, but find him in his Bed fast sleeping and snoring, as he pretends, and they believe, their out-cries awake him; but they shall find him as subtil and as reserved in his policy towards them, as they were in their malice to his Sister; so he hears their news, puts on his apparel, seems to be all in fire and choler hereat, proffereth his Mother his best endeavours and power to recover his Sister, and to revenge himself on the Villain who hath stoln her away. But his Brother *Don Martino* is so galled and nettled at the escape of his Sister, and these words of his Brother, as he tells him to his face, in the presence of their Mother, that his speeches and proffers are counterfeit, and himself a dissembler, and that it is impossible but he assisted and favoured her escape and departure; for which uncivil and foul language of one Brother to another,

another, *Don Pedro* gives him the lie, and seconds it with a Box on the Ear, and then very cunningly betakes himself to console and comfort the Lady his Mother, who is not a little grieved and angry at this her second affliction, and the more in regard he did it in her presence; so *Don Pedro* reconducting her to her Chamber, and leaving her weeping in company of many of their sorrowful Kinsfolks and Neighbours, he then calls for his Horse, and under colour to find out his Sister he rides to *Valdebelle*, to her and *Monfredo*, stays there some eight day's, where being exceeding careful of the preservation of his Sister's honor and reputation, he, before his departure, sees them solemnly, but secretly married; where leaving them to their Nuptial joyes, and pleasures, he again retains to *Burgos*, and tels his Mother it is impossible for him to hear any news of his Sister.

And now what doth the return, sight, and presence of *Don Pedro* do here in his Mother's house at *Burgos*, but onely revive his Brother *Don Martino*'s old malice, and new choler and revenge against him for the lie and box on the Ear, which he so lately gave him? For the remembrance thereof so inflames his heart and thoughts against him, that he forgetting his conscience and soul, yea Heaven and God, as he assumes and gives life to his former bloody resolution to murder him, and thinks no safer nor surer way for him to effect it, than by poyson, that ingredient of Hell, and drug of the Devil. But *Don Martino* is resolute in his rage, and execrable in his bloody malice and revenge against this his generous and noble Brother *Don Pedro*; so disdainning all thoughts of Religion, and considerations of Piety, he procureth a pair of poysoned perfumed Gloves, and treacherously insinuating them into his Brother's hands, and wearing the fatal invenomed scent thereof in less than two daies poysoneth him, so he is found dead in his Bed: When *Don Martino* the more closely to over-vail this damnable fact of his, purposely gives it out, that it was an Impostume which broke within him, and so he died suddenly thereof in his bed, there being no servant of his own, nor none else that might near him, or by him to assist him, and this report of his passeth currant with the world; so the Lady his Mother and himself cause him to be buried with more silence than solemnity, and every way inferior to his honourable birth and generous virtues, because she still affected and loved *Don Martino* far better than him: so his death did not much afflict or grieve her, and far less his Brother *Don Martino*. But for his Sister *Ceciliana*, as soon as she understood and heard hereof, she is so appaled with grief, and daunted with sorrow and despair, that she sends a world of sighs to Heaven, and a deluge of tears to Earth for the death of this her best and dearest brother. Her Husband *Don Monfredo* (for henceforth so we must call him), likewise infinitely laments *Don Pedro*'s death, as having lost a constant friend, and a dear and incomparable Brother in law in him; and yet all the means which he can use to comfort this his sorrowful wife, hath will, but not power enough to effect it; for still she weeps and sobs, and still her heart and soul do prompt, and tell her, that it is one Brother who hath killed another, and that her Brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the murther of his and her Brother *Don Pedro*; but she hath only presumption, no proofs for this her suspicion, and therefore she leaves the detection and issue thereof to time, and to God.

Now by this time we must understand that *Dona Caterina* hath perfect news, that it is *Monfredo* who hath stoln away her Daughter *Ceciliana*, and keeps her at his house of *Valdebelle*, in the Countrey. but as yet knows not that he hath married her; wherefore being desirous of her return, not for any great affection which she now bore her, but only to accomplish her former desires, in frustrating her marriage with *Monfredo*, and in marrying her to a Nunnery, she again still provoked and egged on by the advice of her Son *Don Martino*, sends him to *Valdebelle* to crave her of *Monfredo*, and so perswade and hasten her return to her to *Burgos*, but writes to neither of them. *Don Martino* arrives thither, and having delivered *Don Monfredo* and his Sister *Ceciliana* his Mother's message for her return to *Burgos*, he then vainly presumes to speak thus to them from himself. He first sharply rebukes her of folly and disobedience, in flying away from his and her Mother, and then (with more passion than judgement,) checks him of dishonour to harbour and shelter her; that this was not the true and right way to make her his Wife, but his Strumpet, or at least to give the World just cause to think so; and if he intended to preserve her prosperity and honour, and not to ruin it, that he should restore his Mother her Daughter, and himself his Sister, and no longer retain her; but speaks not a word of his Brother *Don Pedro*'s death, much less makes any shadow to mourn, or shew to grieve or sorrow for it. His sister *Ceciliana* (at his first sight) is all in tears for the death of her brother *Don Pedro*, and yet extreemly incensed with him for these his base speeches towards her and her *Monfredo*, she once thought to have given a hot and cholerick reply, but at last considering better with her self, (as also to prevent

vent *Monfredo*, whom she saw had an itching desire to fit him with this answer) she then in general terms returns him this short reply; That she is now accomptable to none but to God for her actions, who best knows her heart and resolutions, and therefore for her return to her Mother at *Burgos*, or her stay here at *Valdebelle*, she wholly refers it to *Don Monfredo*, whose will and pleasure therein shall assuredly be hers, because she hath and still finds him to be a worthy and honourable Gentleman: when (before she concluded her speech to him) she tells him, that she thought his coming had been to condole with her for the death of their Brother *Don Pedro*, but that with grief she is now enforced to see the contrary, in regard his speeches and actions tend r to afflict not to comfort her, and irather to be the argument of her mourning, than the cause of her consolation. But *Monfredo*, being touched to the quick with these ignoble and base speeches of *Don Martino*, both to himself and *Cecilia*, he is too generous long to digest them with silence, and therefore preferring his affection to her, before any other earthly respect, and her reputation and honour dearer than his life, he, composing his countenance to discontent and anger, returns him this answer: That if any other man but himself, had given him the least part of those unworthy speeches, both against his honour, as also against that of his Sister *Cecilia*, his Rapier, not his Tongue, should have answered him; that his affection and respects to her, are every way vertuous and honourable; and that she is and shall be safer here in *Valdebelle*, than the life of his noble brother *Don Pedro* was in his Mother's house at *Burgos*; that as the young Lady his Sister is pleased to refer her stay or return to him, so (reciprocally to requite her courtesie) doth he to her; and for his part, he is fully resolved not to perswade, much less to advise her to put her selfe into her Mother's protection, or his courtesie; for that he is fearful if not confident in this belief; that the one may prove pernicious, and the other fatal and ruinous to her. And so with cold entertainment, and short ceremonies, *Don Martino* is enforced to return to *Burgos* to his Mother, without his Sister, where as soon as he is arrived, he tells his Mother of his Sister *Cecilia*'s constant resolution, from whence he thinks it impossible to draw or divert her, because he finds *Monfredo* of the same opinion: but whether he have married her or no, he knows not, neither could he inform himself thereof.

And here yet *Don Martino* is so cautious to his Mother, as he speaks not a word or syllable of any speech or mention they had of the death of his Brother *Don Pedro*. But as soon as he had left his Mother, and retired himself to his Chamber, then he thinks the more thereof; yea, than he again and again remembers what dangerous speeches he publicly received from his Sister *Cecilia* and *Monfredo*, concerning that his sudden death, whereby they silently meant, and tacitely implied no less than Murther: Wherefore he is so hellish and bloody-minded, that he resolves shortly to provide a plaister for this sore; and he knows, that to make their tongues eternally silent, he cannot better nor safer perform it, than by murdering them, whereof he says the reason is apparantly and pregnantly true: for as long as that suspicion lives in them, he therefore can never live in safety, but in extream danger himself. But because of the two, *Monfredo* seemed to intend and portend him the greatest choler, and the most inveterate rage, therefore (as a Limb of the Devil, or rather as a Devil incarnate himself) he resolves to begin with *Monfredo* first, and as occasions and accidents shall present, then with his Sister *Cecilia* after, without ever having the grace to think of his Conscience or Soul, or of Heaven or Hell, or without once considering, that our own malice and revenge doth more hurt us than our Enemies; that anger is a short madness, and that it is a most assured happiness for us rather to forget offences, than to revenge them; and which is more, that (in a manner) it is but right now that he came from poisoning of his own Brother, whose innocent Blood is yet hardly cold in his untimely grave, but still cries aloud for vengeance from Heaven on his head, for that cruel and damnable Fact.

But this shame, this monster of Nature, *Don Martino*, who fears none less than God, and loves none more than the Devil, will not thus forsake his cruel malice, nor abandon his execrable revenge: But understanding that *Monfredo* sometimes (though secretly) leaves *Valdebelle* to see *Burgos*, he hearkens out therefore for his next coming thither: when being assured that he was now in the City, he waiting for him as he issued forth his house, which he did between eleven and twelve at night, he with his small Target and dark Lanthorn in his left hand, and his Rapier drawn in his right, runs him twice thorow the body therewith, of which two mortal wounds he presently fell dead in the Street: his misfortune being then so great, as he had no Servant nor Friend present to assist him, and his fear and care of himself so small, as he was killed before he could see his Enemy, or have the leisure to draw his sword in his own defence and assistance, so fierce and sudden was *Martino*'s rage and malice, in murdering of this harmless and innocent Gentleman; the which as soon as he had performed,

formed, he secretly hies home to his Mother's house, and speedily betakes himself to his bed, where the Devil rocking him a sleep in security, he, as his infernal Agent, and bloody Factor, nothing cares what God or man can do unto him. The next morning at break of day, this breathless body of Don *Monfredo* is found in the Street: So all *Burgos* resounds of this his lamentable Murther, but no mortal eye hath seen, or tongue as yet can tell who the Murtherer should be. But God (in his Divine Justice, and for the exaltation of his sacred Glory) will shortly bring both it and him to light, by an accident no less strange than remarkable.

Dona Catherine hears hereof, and is so far from grieving, as she rejoiceth thereat, no way doubting, but, *Monfredo* being dead, she with much facility (according to her desires and wishes) shall now, of two resolutions, draw her Daughter *Ceciliana* to embrace and follow one; that is, either to marry *Delrio* in earnest, or a Nunnery no more in jest. The next day after Dinner, the Relation of this deplorable accident arrives at *Valdebelle*, and consequently to the knowledge of our *Ceciliana*, who so pitifully mourns and weeps thereat, as for meer grief and sorrow she tears her hair, bolts her self into her Chamber, and there throws her self down on the floor, and neither can nor will be comforted, no, nor permit any one to administer it to her, or, which is less, to see or speak with her. So although *Monfredo's* Kinsfolks and Friends do infinitely lament this his unfortunate death, yet all their sighs and tears put together, are nothing in regard of those of his young Wife, and now Widow, *Ceciliana*, who (out of the immoderate excess of this her anxiety and affliction) is now become so reasonless and desperate, that first the Murther of her dear Brother *Don Pedro*, and now this of her sweet Husband *Monfredo*, is both a grief to her thoughts, and a torment to her heart and mind; yea, to her very soul; For still she remains confident in this opinion, that her Brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the Murtherer of them both; and from this suspicion of hers, she cannot, she will not be diverted; yea, her living affection to their dead memories, is so extream and fervent, that to be assured whether it be him, or who else that hath murthered them, it leads her mind to a resolution, to prove an Experiment, which though prophane curiosity in some persons sometimes seems to allow and practice as tollerable, yet sacred Religion must and doth for ever, both reject and condemn it as Diabolical. She disguiseth her self in her apparel, and very early in the morning rides to one *Alphonso Sanchez*, a famous reputed Wizard or Sorcerer, who dwelt at *Arena*, some six Leagues off from *Valdebelle*, and giving him the two Pictures of her murdered Brother and Husband, as also a perfect Note of their age, and horoscope of their Nativities, she prays him to discover, and shew her in a Looking-glass, the true pictures and representations of their Murtherers; When, to have him dispatch both it and her self the sooner, she gives him ten Duckats, upon the receipt wherof he promiseth her his best Art and Skill, makes her stay till almost dark night, and then fools her off with this flim, that he hath effectually invocated and raised his Spirit, from whom he could get no other answer, but that God for that time would not permit him to shew her these Murtherers Pictures in a glass; whereby this Wizard proving himself more a cheating Knave than a Sorcerer, and more a true Impostor, than a Christian, he herein makes a fool of his sorrowful young Lady, in thinking to make her know that which it is both a foul shame, and a shameful ignorance for any Christian to be ignorant of, (to wit) That it is not the Devil or his Agents, but only God, who (in his Divine Pleasure and Providence) hath power to reveal Murthers and Murtherers, both when, where, how, and by whom it seems most agreeable and pleasing to his all-seeing and sacred Majesty.

Ceciliana returning home, more loaden with doubts than gold, from this Monster of Men, (because in effect he makes it his profession to be less a man than a Devil) she is ashamed of her ignorance and impiety herein, and (for meer grief and sorrow) weeps to see that the foundation of her Faith should be so weak and reeling, as not constantly to rely upon the Providence and Justice of God, but to repose her foolish curiosity and belief upon this prophane and sottish Sorcerer, for the detection of these Murtherers. But leaving her for a while in her disconsolation and sorrow at *Valdebelle*, I come now to this wretched Villain, *Don Martino*, her Brother in *Burgos*, who having thus committed these two cruel and lamentable Murthers, doth for the first two or three Months after put a chearful and frolick countenance thereon, thereby the more absolutely to betray, and blear the eyes of the World, that the least spark or shadow thereof should not diffuse or reflect on him. But here before I proceed further, the Reader is requested to observe this one remarkable circumstance of God's Justice and Providence, in detecting of *Don Martino*, to be the sole Author and Actor of these two unnatural and deplorable Murthers. For as the Devil had made him so cautious in his malice, and subtil in his Revenge, that he employed no other Minister, nor used no other Agent or Assistant herein but himself; so being deprived of any witness, ei-

ther to accuse, or make him guilty hereof; God (I say) out of the immensity of his Power, and profundity of his Providence, will make himself to become a witness against himself and wanting all other means, will make himself the only means both to detect and destroy himself. The manner thus.

As there is no felicity to Peace, so there is no felicity or Peace comparable to that of a quiet and innocent Conscience; It is a precious Jewel of an inestimable value, and unparallelled price, yea a continual Feast, than which Heaven may, but Earth cannot afford us a more rich or delicious: And the contrary it is, where the heart and conscience have made themselves guilty of some foul and enormous crimes, and especially of Murder, wherein we can never kill Man the Creature, but we assuredly wound God the Creator: For than, as those, so this (with less doubt and more assurance) gives in a heavy and bloody evidence against us, and which commonly produceth us these three woful and lamentable effects, *Despair, Horror, Terror*; the which we shall now see verified and instanced in this bloody and miserable Wretch, *Don Martino*, who (as I have formerly said) hath not fully past over the term of three months in external mirth, jollity, and bravery, thereby to cast a cheerful countenance and Varnish on those his bloody Villanies, but God so distracted his wits and senses, struck such an astonishment to his thoughts, and amazement to his Heart and Conscience, as it seemed to him, that (both by night and day) the Ghosts of his harmless brother *Don Pedro*, and of innocent *Don Monfredo*, still pursue him for revenge, and justice of these their Murthers. And now his looks are extravagant, fearful, and gassy, which are still the signs and symptoms either of a disordered brain, a polluted Conscience and Soul, or of both. He knows not to whom, or where, or where not to go for remedy herein, but still his heart is in a mutiny and rebellion with his conscience, and both of them against God. He is afraid of every Creature he sees, and likewise of those who see him not. If he look back, and perceive any one to run behind him, he thinks it is a Sergeant come to arrest him; and if he chance to behold any Gentleman in a Scarlet cloak coming towards him, he verily believes and fears it is a Judge in his Scarlet Robes to arraign and condemn him. He hath not the grace to go into a Church, nor the boldness to look up to the Tower thereof, for fear lest the one swallow him up alive, and the other fall on him, and crush him to death: If he walk in any Woods, Fields, or Gardens, and see but a leaf wag or a Bird stir, he is of opinion, they are some furies or executioners come to torment him; or doth he here any Dog howl, Cat cry, or Owl whoot, or screech, he is thereat so suddenly appalled and amazed, as he thinks it to be the voice of the Devil, who is come to fetch him away. He will not pass over any bridge, Brook, or River, for fear of drowning, nor over any plank, gate or stile, lest he should break his neck. The sight of his shadow is a correlative to his heart, and a Panique terror to his thoughts, because he both thinks and believes, that it is not his own, but the Hangmans; and when any one (out of charity or pity) comes to see or visit him, he flies from him, as if Hell were at his back, and the Devil at his heels. The very sight of a Rapier stabs him at his heart, and the bare thought, or name of Poyson, seems to infect and kill his Soul; and yet miserable Wretch and Mifcreant that he is, all this while he hath not the goodness to look down into his heart and conscience with contrition, nor the grace to look up to heaven and to God with repentance. The Lady *Catherina* his Mother is wonderfully perplexed and grieved hereat, and so are all his Kinsfolks and Friends in and about *Burgos*, who cause some excellent Physicians and Divines to deal with him, about administering him the means to cure him of this his Lunacy and distraction. But God will not permit, that either the skilful Art of those, or the powerful perswasions of these do as yet prevail with him, or perform it. Two Moons have fully finished their celestial course, while thus his Phrenzies and madness possesseth him; and in one of the greatest, and most outrageous fits thereof, he (without wit or guide) runs to St. *Sebastiano's* Church, finds out Father *Thomas* his Confessor, in private and serious confession, reveals to him, how he hath poysoned his Brother *Don Pedro*, and also murdered *Don Monfredo*; adding withal, that God (out of his indulgent mercy) would no longer permit him to charge his soul with the concealing thereof, and then begs his Absolution and Remission for the same.

His Confessor (being a religious Church-man) much lamenting, and wondring at the foulness of these his (Penitent's) two bloody facts, although he find more difficulty than reason to grant his desire; yet enquiring of him, if there were any other accessary with him in these murders, and *Don Martino* freely and firmly acknowledging to him there was none, but the Devil and himself: He (after a serious check, and religious *reprimendo*) in hope of his future contrition and repentance, gives him a sharp and severe Penance (though no way answerable to his crimes) and so absolves him; and yet for the space of at least a whole month after, his Lunacy (by the permission of God) still follows him, when (for a further trial of his comportment, and hope of his repentance) God is again pleased to slack the hand of his Judgment, and so

frees him from his madness and distraction, to see whether he will prove Gold or Dross, a Christian or a Devil.

Not long after this, his Confessor, Father *Thomas* (being Curate of one of the neighbouring Parishes) falls extream sick of a Plurisie, and so dangerously sick, that his Physician (despairing of his life) bids him prepare his body for death, and his soul for Heaven and God: Who then revoking to mind (what he had heard and seen) how grievously and sorrowfully the Lady *Ceciliana* takes the death of her Brother and Husband, and the more, in that she is ignorant who are their Murtherers, he is no longer resolved to burthen his conscience and soul with concealing thereof; but to write it to her in a Letter. The which he chargeth and conjureth his own Sister *Cyrilla*, to deliver into her own hands, some three dayes after his burial; the which we shall see her shortly perform: For the Priest, Father *Thomas* her Brother, lived not three weeks after.

In the mean time, come we to the Lady *Dona Catherina*, the Mother, who having outwardly wept for the death of her eldest Son *Don Pedro*, for the disobedient flight and clandestine marriage of her Daughter *Cecilians* to *Monfredo*, who is now murdered, but by whom she knows not, and seeing her said Daughter thereby made a sorrowful Widdow, she (as an indulgent and kind Mother) forgetting what she had formerly done and been, and now desirous to comfort her, and to be comforted of her, again sends her Son *Don Martino* to *Valdebelle*, to sollicite his Sister to return and to live with her in *Burgos*: Who (detesting this project and resolution of his Mother) is very sorrowful thereat, but seeing that she will be obeyed, he rides over to *Valdebelle*, to his Sister, and there delivereth his Mothers will and message to her; but in such faint and cold terms, as she thereby knows, he is far more desirous of her absence than her presence, and of her stay, then her return; yea, (and to write the truth of her mind) his very sight strikes such flames of fear into her heart, and of suspicion into her thoughts, that she still assumes and retains her old opinion and confidence, that he is the absolute Murtherer of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*; but herein she now holds it discretion to conceal her self to her self, and so gives him kind and respective entertainment, she prays him to report her humble duty to her Mother, that she will consider of her request, and either send or bring her her resolution shortly: But inwardly in her heart and soul, she intends nothing less, than either to hazard her content upon the discontent of her Mother, or (which is worse) her life on the inveterate malice of her Brother *Don Martino*.

And now we approach and draw near, to see the Judgments and Justice of God overtake this our wretched *Don Martino*, for these his two most lamentable and bloody murders. And now his Sacred Majesty is fully resolved to detect them, and his Arrow is bent and Sword whetted, to punish him for the same; for we must understand that the very same day which her Brother *Don Martino* was last with her at *Valdebelle*, his Confessor, Father *Thomas*, died; and some three daies after, his Sister *Cyrilla* (according to his dying Order) rides over to the Lady *Cecilians*, and delivereth her the Priest her Brother's Letter, at the receipt whereof, *Cecilians* finds different emotions in her heart, and passions in her mind: When, going into the next Room, she breakes up the Seals, and finds therein these Lines.

Father THOMAS to CECILIANA.

WELL knowing that the Laws of Heaven are far more powerful and sacred than those of Earth, as I now lye one my death-bed, ready to leave this Life, and to flie into the Arms of my Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus, I could not go to my grave in peace, before I had signified unto thee, that very lately thy Brother *Don Martino*, in St. Honoria's Church, delivered unto me in Confession, That he had first poisoned thy Brother *Don Pedro* with a pair of perfumed Gloves, and then after murdered thy Husband *Don Monfredo* with his Rapier in *Burgos*: And although I must and do acknowledg, that he was in his fit of Lunacy and Madness, when he thus made himself a witness against himself hereof, yet no doubt the immediate finger and Providence of God led him to this resolution, as an Act which infinitely tends to His Sacred Honour and Glory. I send thee this Letter by my Sister *Cyrilla*, whom I have strictly charged to deliver it to thee three dayes after my Burial, because I hold it most consonant to my Profession and Order, that not my Life, but my Death should herein violate the Seal of Confession, and thou shalt shew thy self a most Religious and Christian Lady, if thou make this use hereof, that it is not my self, but God who sends thee this news by me.

Father THOMAS.

Cecilians

Cecilia having read over this Letter, and therein understood and found out that her Brother *Don Martino* is the cruel Murderer, both of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*, her Grief thereat doth so far overway her Reason, and her Malice and Revenge her Religion, as once she is of a mind to Murder him with her own Hand, in requital hereof; but then again strangling that bloody thought in its conception, she vows, that if not by her own Hand, he shall yet infallibly dy by the hand of the Common Executioner: When Love, Pity, Nature, Reason, Grief, Sorrow, Rage, and Revenge, acting their several Parts upon the Stage of her Heart, she finds a great combat in her Heart, and reluctancy in her Soul, what, or what not to do herein; when with many tears and Prayers (by the Advice and Council of God) she enters into this consultation hereon with her self. Alas, unfortunate and sorrowful *Cecilia*! It is upon no light presumption, or trivial circumstances, that I believe my Brother *Martino* to be the inhumane Murderer of my Brother *Don Pedro*; and Husband *Monfredo*; for besides that God ever prompted mine heart, and whispered my Soul that this was true, yet now here is his own Confession to his Godly Father, and his Godly Father's own Letter and Confession to me, to the same effect, evidences and witnesses, without Exception, as clear as Noon-day, and as bright as the Sun in his hottest and brightest Meridian, That he, and only he, was the Murderer of them both: But oh poor *Cecilia* (quoth she) to what a miserable estate and perplexity hath these his bloody facts and crimes now reduced me! For he hath murdered my Brother and my Husband, shall I then permit him to live? But withal, he is likewise my Brother, and shall I then cause him to die? True it is I cannot recal their Lives, but it is likewise as true that I may prevent his Death; for as the first lay not in my power to remedy, yet all the World knows, that the second meerly depends of my pity, courtesie, and compassion to prevent: But alas, (saith she) the eyes of Heaven are, and ought to be infinitely more strong then those of Earth, and the glory of God to be far preferred before all our natural affections and obligations to our best friends, or nearest or dearest Kinsfolks whosoever. Therefore, as to detect these Murders of his, thou art no Friend to Nature, so again, to conceal them, thou thereby makest thy self an enemy to Grace: for assure thy self (unfortunate *Cecilia*) that God will never be appeased, nor Justice satisfied, until their innocent blood be expiated, and washed away in his, who is guilty thereof; because, as by detecting Murder, we bless and glorify God, so by concealing it, we heap a fatal *Anathema*, and curse upon our own heads.

As Clouds are dissipated, and blown away, when the Sun ariseth and mounteth in his vertical lustre and glory, so *Cecilia* having thus ended her consultation with her self, and now began her resolution with God, she leaves *Valdebelles*, takes her Coach, and speedes away to *Burgos*; where instead of going to her Lady Mother's, she goes directly to the *Corrigado's* (or criminal Judges) of that City, and with much grief and sorrow (her tears interrupting her sighs, and her sighs her tears) before them accuseth her Brother *Don Martino* to be the bloody Murderer of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*; and for proof of this truth, produceth the Letter of Father *Thomas* his Confessor. The Judges read it, and are astonished with this report of hers, and far the more, in regard they here see a Sister call the life of her own Brother in question; but they see, that she hath as much right and reason for her Accusation, as her inhumane brother, *Don Martino*, wanted for his malice, in making himself guilty of these foul and bloody Crimes: Wherefore attributing it wholly to the Pleasure and Providence of God, they highly extol her Piety and Integrity towards his Sacred Majesty, in preferring his Glory before the scandal and misery of her so wretched and execrable Brother; and then (out of their zeal and honour to Justice) they (to evince and vindicate the truth of this lamentable business) send away for *Cyrilla*, and (as soon as she came) upon her Oath propose her these three Questions; First, whether she had this very Letter from her deceased Brother Father *Thomas* his own hand, and that he gave her order and charge to deliver it to the Lady *Cecilia*, three dayes after his decease? Secondly, if it were of his own writing and sealing? And thirdly, if she, with her own hands delivered this Letter to the Lady *Cecilia*? To all which three Questions, *Cyrilla* (with a staid look and countenance) answereth affirmatively, and thereupon (with hast and secrecy) they grant out a Warrant to apprehend *Don Martino*, when he was as it were drowned in Voluptuousness, Security, and Impenitency, as making it his vain-glory to build Castles of content in the Air, and to erect Mountains of wealth and preferment in the *Utopia* of his ambitious desires and wishes, without ever having the grace, either to think of his former horrible Crimes, or future punishment for the same. He is amazed at his Apprehension by the Serjants, but far more at the sight and presence of the Criminal Judges, before whom he is now brought. They sharply accuse him of these two aforesaid foul Murders, and for evidence and witnesses, produce him his Confessor Father *Thomas* his Letter, his Sister *Cyrilla*, and his own sister the Lady *Cecilia*; at the sight and knowledge whereof, he at the first seemed

to be much appalled and daunted, but at last recollecting his Spirits (taking counsel of the Devil, and not of God) assumes a bold countenance, puts himself and his Tongue on the points of Denial and Justification, and so to his Judges terms his Confessor a Devil, and no Man, and *Cyrilla* and his Sister *Ceciliana* Witches, and no Women, so unjustly and falsely to accuse him of these foul Murthers, whereof he affirms not only the act, but the very name and thought is odious and execrable to him. But God will not be mocked, nor his Judges deluded with this his Apology: so they adjudge him to the Rack, the first tortures whereof he endured them with admirable fortitude and patience, but the second he cannot, but then and there confesseth himself to be guilty, and the sole Author and Actor of both these deplorable murthers: But yet his Heart and Soul is still so obdurate by the Devil, as he hath neither the will to be sorrowful, nor the grace to be repentant for the same.

For expiation of which his inhumane and bloody crimes, his Judges condemn him to be hanged, and his right hand to be first cut off and burnt the next morning, at the common place of execution, notwithstanding that his afflicted and sorrowful Mother (out of the natural and tender affection which she bore him) employed all her Friends and possible power, yea, and offered all her own Estate and Lands to save his Life; but she could not prevail or obtain it. So the next morning (in obedience to this his sentence) this Monster of Nature, *Don Martino*, is brought to the common place of Execution, to take his last farewell of this life, and this world: He was clad in a black silk Grograin Sute, with a fair white Ruffe about his neck, and a black Beaver hat on his head, which he drew down over his Eyes, that he might neither see nor be seen of that great concourse of people there present, who came to see him conclude the last scene, and Catastrophe of his life: when after his right hand was cut off and burnt, which held the Rapier, wherewith he murdered *Don Monfredo*, he then ascended the Ladder: where the Spectators expecting some repentant and religious speech from him before his death, he resembling himself (I mean rather an Atheist than a Christian, and rather a Devil than a Man) as he lived so he would die, a prophane and graceless Villain; for some speeches he (betwixt his teeth) mumbled to himself, but spake not one word that could be heard or understood of any one: And so most resolutely, he himself putting the Rope about his neck, although all the people, and especially two Friars near him, cried to him to the contrary, he saved the Hangman his labour, and so with more haste and desperation than repentance, he cast himself off the Ladder, and was hanged. And thus was the bloody life and deserved death of this Hell-hound, and Limb of the Devill, *Don Martino*; and in this sort and manner did the just revenge of God triumph o're his foul and bloody Crimes; which may all true Christians read to Gods glory, and to the instruction of their own Souls,

And if the curiosity of the Reader make him farther desirous to know what became of the old Lady *Catherina* the Mother, and of Dona *Ceciliana* the Daughter, after all these their ditmal and misfortunate accidents, I thought good (by the way of a Postscript) briefly to add this for his satisfaction; That the Mother lived not long after, but her Daughter was first reconciled to her, and she to her Daughter, to whom she (having no other Child) left all her whole Estate: And for her, who was now become likewise very rich, as having a fair yearly Revenue and Joynture out of her deceased Husband *Don Monfredo's* Lands and Means, although she were again saught in marriage by some noble Gallants of *Castile* and *Burgos*, yet she resolved never to marry more; and as I have within these few years understood, she then lived sometimes at *Burgos*, and sometimes at *Valdebelles* in great Pomp and Felicity.



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable SIN of MURDER.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY. XXIII.

Alphonso poysoneth his own Mother Sophia, and after shoots and kills Cassino (as he was walking in his Garden) with a short Musket (or Carabine) from a window. He is beheaded for these two Murders, then burnt and his ashes thrown into the River.

AS Faith and Prayer are the two Pillars of our Souls, and may well be called the Fortresses of Christian Piety against the tentations of Satan: So by the contrary we expose and lay open our selves to the treacherous lures and malice of the Devil. For if by Faith we do not first believe, then pray to God for our own preservation, it will be no hard matter for him to tempt us in our choler, to quarrel with our best Friends, and in our malice and revenge to murder even our nearest and dearest Kindred. O Faith, the true foundation of our Sovereign Felicity! O Prayer, the sweet preservative and sacred Manna of our Souls, how blessed do you make those who embrace and retain you! and contrariwise, how miserable and wretched are they who contemn and reject you! of which last number, this ensuing History will produce us one, who (by his debauched life, and corrupt Conversation) trampled these two heavenly Vertues and Graces under his feet, without thinking of God, or regarding, much less fearing his judgements: But how God (in the end) requited him for the same, this History will likewise shew us. May we therefore read it to Gods glory, and to our own instruction.

In the City of *Verceli*, (after *Turin*, one of the chiefest of *Piedmont*) bordering near to the Estate and Datchy of *Millan*, there lately dwelt a rich Canon of that Cathedral Church, named *Aloisius Cassino*, who had a dainty sweet young Gentlewoman to his Niece, named

Dona

Dona *Eleanora*, whose Mother (being Sister to *Cassino*) named Dona *Isabella Calia*, lately died, and left this her only Daughter and Child her Heir, very rich both in demians and monies, when her Uncle *Cassino*, being nearest her in blood, takes *Eleanora*, and her Estate into his protection and wardship, and is as tender of her breeding and education, and as curious of her comportment and carriage, as if she were his own Daughter; for there is no sweet quality, nor exquisite perfection requisite in a young Gentlewoman of her rank and extraction, but he caused her to become, not superficial, but artificial therein, as in Dancing, Musick, Singing, Painting, Writing, Needling, and the like, whereof all the Nobility and Gentry of *Verceli* take exact notice and knowledge; yea her beauty grew up so deliciously with her years, that she was (and was justly reputed to be) the prime Flower and Phœnix of the City. *Cassino* considering that his House was destitute of a Matron to accompany and over-see this his Niece *Eleanora*, that this age was too Stoical for her youth, and that his Ecclesiastical profession and function called him often to preach and pray; he therefore deeming it very unfit and unseemly (in the Interims of his absence) to leave her to her self, and to be ruled and governed by her own fancy and pleasure, she being now arrived to twelve years of age; he therefore provides her new apparel, and other pertinent necessaries, and giving her a Waiting-Maid, and a Man of his own to attend her, he sends her in his Coach to the City of *Cassal*, in the Marquisate of *Montferrat*, to the Lady *Marguerita Sophia*, a Widow Gentlewoman, left by her deceased Husband but indifferently rich, but endowed with all those ornaments of Art and Honour, which made her famous not only in *Piedmont*, and *Lombardy* but also to all *Italy*; and to her he therefore writes this ensuing Letter to accompany his Niece, and chargeth his man with delivery thereof to her.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

TO satisfy your courteous requests, and my former promise, I now send you my Niece *Eleanora* to *Cassal*, whom I heartily pray thee to use as thy Daughter, and to command as thy Hand-maid. She hath no other Uncle but me, nor I any other acquaintance but thy self, with whom I would entrust her for her Education, and recommend her for her Instruction. She is not inclined to any vice that I know of; except to those imperfections wherein her youth excuseth her ignorance, and it is both my order and charge to her, that she carefully and curiously adorn her self with virtues in thy example and imitation, without which the privileges of Nature and Fortune (as Beauty and Wealth) are but only obscure shadows, and no true substances, because there is as much difference betwixt those and these, as between the purity of the soul and the corruption of the Body, or between the dignity and excellency of Heaven, and the invalidity and baseness of Earth. I am content to lend her to you for a few months, but do infinitely desire to give her to thy Virtues for ever. In which my voluntary transaction and donation, thou wilt confer much happiness to her, and honour to me, and consequently for ever bind both her Youth, and my Age to thee in a strict obligation of thanks and debt. What apparel, or other necessaries thou deem'st her to want, thy will shall be mine; God ever bless her in his fear, and you both to his Glory.

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* receives this sweet young Virgin with much content and joy; yea, she sees her tender years already adorned with such excellent beauty, and that beauty with such exquisite virtues, that it breeds not only admiration, but affection in her towards her, whom she entertaineth with much respect and care, as well for her own sake, as also for her Uncle *Cassino*'s, whose Letter she again and again reads over, highly applauding his Vertues and honourable care of his Niece, whom in few years she hopes will prove a most accomplished and gracious Gentlewoman; when *Cassino*'s Coach man after a dayes stay deeming it high time for him to return to *Verceli* to his Master, he takes his leave of his young Mistress *Eleanora*, who, out of her few years and tender affection and duty to her Uncle, with tears in her eyes, prays him to remember her best service to him at his coming home; and the Lady *Sophia* by him likewise returns and sends him this Letter in answer of his.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

I know not whether you have made me more proud, or joyful, by sending me *Eleanora*, wherein you have given me far more honor than I deserve, though far less than she meriteth, and who henceforth shall be as much my Daughter in affection, as she is your Niece by Nature; and if I have any Art in Nature, or Judgement in Inclinations, her virtues and beauty do already anticipate her years: for as she one is envious of Fame, and the other of Glory: so (as friendly Rivals, and yet honourable Friends) they already seem to strive and contend in her for supremacy: to the last of which (as being indeed the

most precious and sovereign) if my poor capacity, or weak endeavours may add anything; I will esteem it my ambition for your sake, and my felicity for hers. But if you resolve not rather to give her to me for some years, than lend her to me for a few months, you will then kill my hopes in their bud, and my joy in their blossoms, and so make me as unfortunate in her absence, as I shall be happy in her sight and company. As for her Apparel and other necessaries, she shall want nothing which is either fit for her to have, or you to give. Let your prayers to God ever desire, and follow her welfare, and then rest confident, that her prayers and mine shall never fail to wish you long life, and to implore all prosperity for you.

SOPHIA.

Cassino did well to place his young Niece Eleanora with the Lady Sophia, but ill in forgetting that she had a very debauched young Gentleman to her Son, named Seignior Alphonso of some two and twenty years of age, who (to her grief and shame) haunts her and her house as a Ghost, makes himself the Publick laughter and pity of all the different humours of Cassal; yea, the lewdness of his life, and the irregularity of his conversation and actions, hath reduced him to this fatal point of misery, that he holds it a noble vertue in him, to participate himself and his reputation into base debts, vices, and company; making this his shame his glory, and lewd vices his honour, till in the end not caring for the world, the World will not care for him, nor he for himself, untill he have wholly lost himself in himself without either desert, or hope ever to be found or recalled again. But at last seeing so sweet a beauty, and so rich an Heir as Eleanora fallen in his Mothers hands, and therefore he vainly thinks into his; and hoping that her wealth shall redeem his prodigalities, and revive his decayed Estate and fortunes, he secretly Courts her: But Eleanora (as young as she is) sees his vices with disdain, himself with contempt, and his affection to her with scorn. He is importunate in his sute, and she perverse and obstinate in her denial, but she resolves to conceal it from all the World. As for Alphonso, he (after some six months time) acquaints the Lady Sophia his Mother herewith, and with his fervent desire and affection to marry Eleanora; but she chargeth him on her blessing, never to proceed any further herein, without her consent and order; and quoth she, if here (in the presence of God and myself) thou wilt now swear wholly to abandon all thy former vices; henceforth to be absolutely led by my advice and counsel, and to steer all thy actions by the star of Honour, and the card of Vertue, then I will promise thee to use all my best endeavours and possible power, both with Cassino, and Eleanora, to effect thy desires. Alphonso hereat (with much courtesie and humility) thanks his mother, and solemnly swears to God and her to perform all these points carefully and punctually; and to add the more Religion and reverence to this Oath, he doth it on his knees, and it is a wonderful joy to her, to see that the fruits and effects thereof do accordingly fall out and follow; for this her Son Alphonso, in a very few dayes, become a new man, and she from her heart and soul praiseth and glorifieth God for this his happy conversion: And if his Mother Sophia be glad thereof, no less is our sweet young Eleanora; for now hereby she sees that she is rid of her Sutor.

Cassino comes over three several times to Cassal to see his Niece. The Lady Sophia gives him her best entertainment. He is wonderful glad to see that she hath imprinted such Characters of vertue and honour in her; and during his stay there, Sophia chargeth her Son Alphonso not to speak or motion a word to Cassino, of this his affection to his young Niece Eleanora: So he bears himself exceeding modestly and respectfully toward him; and for his Mother, she holds it fit not as yet to break or speak a word hereof to Cassino. Cassino (no way dreaming of their intents and desire towards his Niece) tells the Lady Sophia, he is infinitely joyful to see that her Son Alphonso proves Fame not to be true, but a tatling goddess, in his condition, and conversation; whereat she heartily thanks him: And thinking then (though reservedly and secretly) to take time and opportunity at advantage, she leaves not a vertue of her Sons either undisplayed, or unmagnified, but extols them all to the skie, and himself beyond the Moon, and so leaves the remainder hereof to time, and the issue to God. But yet revolving and ruminating in her mind, how (in a fair and honourable way) to obtain this rich and beautiful young prize for her Son; and holding it discretion, not as yet either to motion or mention it to her, she secretly layes wait at Verely to know when Cassino will have home his Niece, and so some three weeks before that time she holds it fit to motion it to him by her Letter, which she doth in these terms.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

The fervent affection, and vertuous desire of my Son Alphonso, to marry your Niece Eleanora is now the sole cause and argument of this my Letter to you, the which I had not attempted to write or send you, but that I know his love and zeal to her is as pure, as her beauty and virtues are excellent.

excellent. He (without my privacy or knowledge) hath already motioned his sute to her, and as he tells me, she hath returned him her denial instead of her consent, whereof I held my self bound to advertise you, because his ambition and mind herein is so honourable, as it shall go hand in hand with your good will and approbation, but never without it, especially in regard you pleased to recommend her to my charge and custody, wherein I faithfully promise you, nothing shall be designed or practised to the prejudice of her honour or your content. All the estate and means which I can give, or you require of me, to make my son a fit Husband for your Niece, I will freely and cheerfully part with, and yet were I not fully and firmly assured, that he is now as deeply enamoured of virtue and goodness as heretofore he was of their contraries, neither my tongue or pen had dared thus to have presented his sute to her acceptance, and your consideration. The joy and blessing of which Marriage (if God in his secret and sacred Providence resolve to make it a Marriage) will, I hope, in the end be theirs, the honour mine, and the content your own; wherein I request your answer, and intreat you to remain most confident, that both in this, and in all things else Alphonso's will and resolution shall ever be Sophia's, and hers, Cassino's.

SOPHIA.

Cassino, upon the receipt and perusal of this Letter of the Lady Sophia, is not a little displeased, to see her ambition in desiring his Niece Eleanora for wife to her Son Alphonso; and although he be formerly well acquainted with the weakness of the Mothers estate, as also perfectly advertised of her Son's debauched life, and corrupt and prodigal conversation, howsoever he pretend to put a virtuous gloss and colour hereon to the contrary; yet he holds it discretion to seem to be ignorant of the one, and not to take notice of the other, but will frame his excuse to them herein, that he hath already disposed of his Niece, and that their motion to him for her came too late, when in heart resolving to make her preferment and fortunes more assured, and not so doubtful; and to match her in a higher blood, and nobler family than that of theirs; he yet in discretion and honour, knowing himself bound to answer the Lady Sophia's Letter, calls for Pen and Paper, and by her own Servant and Messenger returns his mind and resolution to her thus;

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

Although the tender years of my Niece Eleanora make her incapable of marriage, yet your rich deserts and resplendent merits, and your Son Alphonso's honourable affection and zeal to her (which every way exceeds her poor beauty and virtues) had infallibly made me to grant her for his wife, which I am now enforced to deny, in regard I have already (by my promise) disposed and given her to another before your Letter came to my hands, and consequently before that motion of his arrived to my knowledge and understanding: For to me it would and should have been both a sweet joy and a singular honour, to have seen your Son matched to my Niece in the links of Wedlock. But God having otherwise decreed it; You have many reasons to rest confident, that your Son is reserved for her better, and she promised to his inferior: and therefore the freeness of this your proffered courtesie to her, and of your honourable respect and affection towards me, shall for ever tie me to a thankful acknowledgmeat and an immortal obligation; and I will make it my chiefest Felicity and Ambition, if (in requital thereof) I may any way either serve you in your Son Alphonso, or him in his Mother Sophia, of whose conversion to virtue, propension to goodness, your Letter hath so firmly and joyfully assured me, that the truth hereof will, I hope, hereafter prove his happiness in your content and glory: the which my most Religious Prayers shall still desire of God, because he is your only Child and Son by Nature, and your self my most honourable friend, both by deserts and purchase.

CASSINO.

Within three weeks after that Cassino had dispatched away this his Letter to the Lady Sophia he then (in contemplation and consideration of the debauched life and corrupt pranks and vices of her Son Alphonso) not thinking his Niece Eleanora to be safe with her in Cassal, for fear least her old wit, or his smooth tongue might peradventure too far prevail and work upon her young years and indiscreet affection: He therefore sends over his Coach, and one of his servants to bring her home, and to the Lady Sophia writes this Gratulatory Letter for her honourable education and entertainment.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

According to my Last Letter to you having heretofore privately contracted my Niece Eleanora to a Husband, reason and Religion, his request and my promise now require, that I take her from you in Cassal to give her to him here in Vercely; to which effect I here send my Coach and Servant to you

you for her, and desire you to return her to me with your best prayers, as I sent her to you with my best affection: And had not God now visited me with sickness, my resolution for her return had not been either so sudden or so speedy. For your honourable care in adorning her few years with so many excellent virtues and sweet perfections, I know not how to deserve, much less how to requite, except in my Prayers and Orisons to God for his best favours and graces to you, and the best prosperities and honours to your Son: But if my age now cannot, I hope her youth hereafter will endeavour partly to free me of that debt, and to acquit her self of that strong obligation, till when, as I will not fail to give it a place in my heart, so I am sure will not she likewise to allot it one in her remembrance: In which mean time, I forget not my chiefest respects first to your self, then to your Son. God give us all his Grace that we may live and die his Servants.

CASSINO.

Now as Cassino's first Letter to Sophia (wherein he denied her Son to marry his Niece) exceedingly afflicted and discontented her, so this his second to her, wherein he so suddenly sends for her away from her, doth extremely afflict and torment her, and not only her, but likewise her Son Alphonso, who is all in sorrow, all in grief hereat: For now they fear that their hopes of this young Lady are frustrated, and she, according to her Uncle's report in his Letter, is contracted to some Gallant of Vercey: When Alphonso again laying before his Mother the fervency of his affection to Eleanora, and representing unto her the extremity of the grief and misery which her refusal of him, and his loss of her, will occasion him; he with sighs and tears again and again entreats his Mother to seek out some cure for this his disconsolation, and that she will please once more to try her chiefest wits and invention to change Eleanora's refusal, and her Uncle Cassino's denial of him to be her Husband: when at last his Mother being much moved and induced with these his sorrowful passions and importunities, she before her departure doth her self break this motion for her Son to her, wherein her wit and age sets upon the innocency and simplicity of her youth, with the sweetest Oratory and most delicious speeches and persuasions, which possibly she could invent; but she finds her Art to be ignorance, and her Eloquence folly therein. For Eleanora is (as young as she is) deaf to her requests, and dumb to her entreaties and persuasions; returning contempt to the first, and little deafness to the second, and disdain to both; so as in detestation of his fate, and envy of his affection, she will no more hear the Mother for the Son's sake, nor see the Son for his Mother's sake. When yet again, although Sophia despair of the Niece, yet she will once more make farther trial of her Uncle Cassino, flattering her self with this hope, and her hope with this conceit, that his pretence of precontracting her to another, might be but only a policy of his to try her Son's affection in his constancy towards his Niece, and her own zeal in her preservation thereof towards himself: When seeing (Break-fast being ended) the Coach prepared, and Eleanora ready to depart, she betakes her to her Closet, where taking pen and paper, she hastily scribbles out a few lines, and sealing up her Letter, delivereth it privately to Eleanora, whom she secretly prayeth, and effectually conjureth to deliver it carefully to her Uncle Cassino at her coming to Vercey, which this young Lady confidently promiseth her, when likewise taking her own Coach, she and her Son conduct her three or four miles in her way, where the Mother with many sugred speeches and complements, and her Son with many amorous sighs, regards and kisses, take their leave of her; they returning to Cassal, and she driveth away to her Uncle Cassino at Vercey, who receives her with much joy, and welcomes her with infinite gladness and humanity; to whom she delivering the Lady Sophia's Letter, he hastily breaking up the seals thereof, finds therein this Language.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

Before I was so happy to answer your first Letter, your second which now calls home your Niece from me, makes me again double-unfortunate: Neither do I hold it your resolution, but rather your pleasure, or at least your policy, in thinking to make me believe you have formerly contracted her to another. I will not say, but that she deserves my Son better in marriage; but thus much I will speak for him out of my knowledge of his affection, and confidence of his zeal towards her, that in heart and soul he is a perfect honourer of her Vertues, and a true admirer of her beauty. Yea, and no way to exceed and stray from the truth, I have many pregnant reasons for this belief of mine, that he is a servant to the first, and a slave to the second; and that his flame is so fervent towards her, that he would think himself honoured to prostrate his life at her feet, and esteem himself blessed to receive his Death at her command. Think not then so slightly of him, who thinks so seriously and sincerely of her, and thus assure your self; that if you will give her to him in marriage, I will give nothing which I enjoy in the world from him. In obedience to your request and order, I now send you your Niece,

and I am sure that her proficiency as her stay, hath been so small with me in Cassal, as it neither deserves her debt or your obligation, your requital or her remembrance. My Son was desirous to have visited you with his Letter, but that I commanded his Pen and resolution herein to silence: And notwithstanding all your prayers for his prosperity, I am assured he is more your real Servant, than you as yet are his intended friend. God bless your self and my Son, your Neece and my self; and make us all the lovers of his Grace, and the heirs of his Glory.

SOPHIA.

Cassino upon the perusal of this Letter, perceiving that the Lady *Sophia* and her Son *Alphonso*, were so far from giving over their sute to his Neece *Eleanora*, as they now prosecuted it with more importunity and violence than before; he not only calls her respect towards him, but her discretion in her self in question, to see that she is incredulous, that he hath precontracted her, or that his former Letters to her in that behalf are not worthy of her belief and confidence: Whereupon being sensible of a kind of dis-respect and wrong, whereof she had voluntarily made her self guilty towards him, in the passage of this business, and absolutely refusing to hearken to, or entertain any other parley, and so to cast away his Neece on the vices and prodigalities of her Son, He arming his pen with discontent and choler, returns her this peremptory answer, which he conventeth and resolves with himself, shall be the very last that he will either write, or send to her in this nature.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

I Had well bew'd and thought, that your affection and judgment would have deemed my former Letters to you (in contracting my Neece) to be currant, no counterfeit; yea, to be the pure truth, and therefore no way my policy to inform you of the contrary; for such proceeding to any one, especially in your self (whom I so much respect for your Birth, and honour for your vertues) are as unworthy of me, as I am and will be ignorant of them; As for your Son, his zeal to my Neece, or his affection to be service in the way of Marriage; if it be as pure and fervent as you affirm it, (he is the more bound to him; but I, notwithstanding, the less to your self, in that you endeavour to make me an enemy to my self and to mine own honour, which next to my Soul is the best part of my self, in perswading me to take her from a Gentleman, to whom (by faith and promise) I have solemnly given her; and as this was my first so it shall be my last resolution and answer to you; which I assure you I write not slightly, but (to use your own words) seriously and sincerely: Therefore I thank you for imposing silence to your Sons pen. And if you will henceforth likewise prescribe the same Law to your own herein, I will take it both for a courtesy and a respect from you; only in any other matter whatsoever that you will think me capable to stead him, or serve you, your will and pleasure shall be my Law, and your Letters shall receive many respects and kisses from me. I have received my Neece: and her tongue and mine eye and ear inform me, how much we both are bound to you for your care, and her proficiency in Cassal, the which my Age and her Youth will expose to Usury before I have the honour to pay you the principal, and see the interest thereof. God ever bless you and your Son *Alphonso*, and give you no less joy and honour of him, then I hope and desire to find in mine own Neece *Eleanora*.

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* grieves, and her Son *Alphonso* storms at the receipt of this unkind Letter from *Cassino*, whereby they see their hopes of his Neece *Eleanora* reversed and frustrated; and although this his flat refusal made her of opinion no more to stir or intermeddle herein, yet (as Lovers are impatient of derials and delays) some three weeks after, he prays his Mother to ride over to *Vercely* again to prove *Cassino*, and likewise to motion (again) and sollicite it to *Eleanora*, hoping that her presence may purchase that which her Letters cannot procure; and he is very desirous and willing to accompany her himself. His Mother *Sophia* grants both his requests; they arrive to *Vercely*, where the Mother courts the Uncle, and the Son the Neece; and although they find exceeding great Cheer and noble Entertainment, yet in the point of their business, which is *Alphonso's* Marriage to *Eleanora*, they find themselves lost, and their sute in vain, and so they are enforced to return to *Cassal* with their definitive sentence of Denial, which makes her to bite the lip, and infinitely grieves, and exasperates her Son: So now he again casts off the Cloak of Vertue, and far worse then ever, flies to his old vices and sins, which his Mother with her sweet perswasions and remonstrances can no longer retain or conceal, especially from his Whoring and Drunkenness: yea, and which is most lamentable and deplorable, he will no longer serve God, either abroad or at home: for he forsakes the Church, and wholly abandoneth that sweet and Heavenly vertue of Prayer, which is the spiritual food and life of the Soul. His Mother, *Sophia*, exceedingly weeps and grieves

grieves hereat, but how to remedy it she knows not : For his discontent hath made him so vicious his vices so obstinate, and his obstinacy so outrageous and violent, as his Mother surfeits with his Love-sute to *Eleanora*, and will no more intermeddle with it. He prays and repays her to make one Journey more for him to *Vercely* to see what alterations time may have wrought in the hearts of *Cassino* and *Eleanora* ; but she is as averse and wilful, as he is obstinate and peremptory : And therefore constantly vows, neither to write, nor ever to confer more with them herein. But this resolute answer of the Mother breeds bad blood in the Son, yea it makes a Mutiny in his thoughts, a Civil War in his Heart, and a flat Rebellion in his resolutions against her for the same, to which the Devil (the Arch-enemy, and Incendiary of our Souls) blows the Coals : For he who heretofore looked on his Mother with obedience and affection, cannot (or at least will not) see her now but with contempt and malice ; yea, he is so devoid of Grace, and so exempt of Goodness that the looks from Charity to Wrath, from Religion to Revenge, from Heaven to Hell, and so resolves to murder her, thinking with himself, that if he had once dispatch her, he should then be sole Lord of all her wealth, and that then this his great and absolute Estate would soon induce *Cassino* and *Eleanora*, to accept of his affection : But he reckons without his Soul and without God ; and therefore no marvel if these his bloody hopes deceive and betray him. His Religion and Conscience cannot prevail with him, neither hath his soul either grace or power enough to divert him from this fatal business, and execrable resolution, for he will be so infernal a Monster of Nature, as to act her death of whom he received his life. He consults with himself, and the Devil with him, whether he should stab or poison her : but he holds it far more safe and less dangerous, to use the Drug than the Dagger ; and so concludes upon poison ; to which end he being resolute in his rage, thus to make away his Mother, he as an execrable Villain (or indeed rather as a Devil) provides himself of poison, the which he still carries about him, waiting for an opportunity, to give an end to this deplorable business, the which the Devil very shortly administ'reth him : The manner, thus.

This refusal of *Sophia* to her Son *Alphonso*, and his miserable relapse to Whoredome, Drunkenness, and neglect of Prayer, doth exceedingly distemper the Lady *Sophia* his Mother's spirits, and they her body, so that she is three dayes sick of a burning-Feaver ; when to allay the fervour of that unaccustomed heat, she causeth some Almond-milk to be made her, the which she compoundeth with many cool herbs and other wholesome ingredients of that nature and quality, which she takes three times each day, at morning, after dinner, and before she goes to bed : So the third day of her sickness, walking in the afternoon in one of the shaded Allies of her Garden with her Son, and there with her best advice rectifying and directing his resolutions from Vice to Virtue, she is unexpectedly surpris'd with the symptome of her Feaver, when sitting down, and causing her waiting Maid to hold her head in one of the Harbours, she prays her Son *Alphonso* to run to her Chamber, and to bring her a small wicker Bottle of Almond-milk, the which he doth, but bloody Villain that he is, nothing can withhold him (but his heart being tempered with inhumanity and cruelty) he first pours in his poison therein, and then gives it her, who, good Lady, drinks two great draughts thereof when a sweat presently over-spreading her face, and she beginning to look pale, he (as a wretched Hypocrite) makes a loud out-cry from the Garden to the House, and calling their servants to her assistance, he likewise calls for a Chair, so she is brought to her Chamber, and laid in her Bed, and within few hours after (as a vertuous Lady and innocent Saint) she forsakes this Life and this World for a better, and the ignorance of her Servants, and her bloody Son (drench'd as it were in the rivolets of his feigned tears, together with his excessive lamentations) do coffin her dead body up somewhat privately and speedily, so that there is no thought nor suspicion of Poison, and thus was the lamentable Murder, and deplorable end of this wife and religious Lady *Sophia* committed by her own wretched and infernal Son. Now this Devil *Alphonso* (to set the better lustre on his sorrows, and the better varnish and colour on his mourning for the death of his Mother) gives her a stately Funeral ; the pomp and cost whereof, not only equalized, but exceeded their rank and quality : For he left no Gentleman or Lady in or about *Cassal* uninvited to be at her Burial, and his Feast ; and dighted himself and all his Kinsfolks and Servants in mourning attire, thereby the better to carry off the least reflection or shadow of suspicion from him of this his foul and inhumane Murder.

The news of the Lady *Sophia*'s death, runs from *Cassal* to *Vercely*, where *Cassino* and his Niece *Eleanora* understanding thereof, they both of them exceedingly lament and sorrow for it, in regard she was a very honourable, wife, and religious Lady, and to whom the tender youth of *Eleanora* was infinitely beholding and indebted for many of her sweet virtues and perfections : so that as her Uncle honoured her ; so this his Niece held her self bound to reverence her, as making her eminent and singular virtues the mould and pattern whereon she framed all her terrestrial comportments and actions : which in few months after were so many, and so excellent, that as

she was known to be one of the most beautiful, so she was likewise reported to be one of the wisest young Ladies of all that City and Country, which together with her own great Estate, as also that of her Uncle *Cassino's*, to the full enjoying whereof (in contemplation of her virtues and consanguinity) he had justly both designed and adopted her his sole Heir; the which made her to be sought in marriage by divers young gallants of very noble and chief houses; most whereof were superior to *Alphonso*, both in blood and wealth. When her Uncle at last (with her own free affection and consent) privately marries her to *Signior Hieronymo Brasciano*, a rich and brave young Gentleman of *Vercely*, who was Nephew and Heir to the Bishop of that City; but he being likewise very young, the tenderness of both their ages dispensed them from as yet lying together; and both the Bishop and her Uncle *Cassino* (for some important reasons best known to themselves) caused this their marriage as yet to be concealed from all the world with great privacy and secrecy; he for the most part living with the Bishop his Uncle at the City of *Turin* (which is the Court of the Duke of *Savoy*) and she in *Vercely* with her Uncle *Cassino*: only they visit each other with their Letters, which is all the familiarity that as yet they are permitted to reap and receive each of other.

And here the true order of our History calls us again, to speak of this degenerate and debauched Gentleman *Alphonso*, who had no sooner embred his guilty hands in the innocent blood of the Lady *Sophia* his Mother; but he then without any further shew of sorrow, or sigh, or sense of repentance for the same, again desperately abandoneth himself to all old vices and prodigalities, flaunting it out in brave apparel (for his mourning weeds he speedily cast off) and swimming as it were in the vast Ocean of all his carnal Delights, and worldly Pleasures, and Sensualities, never thinking of Religion or Prayer, but passeth away whole dayes and nights, yea consumeth whole weeks and months in all licentious riots, and excessive prodigalities with his debauched Companions and Strumpets, which began to drown his Estate, and to devour his Lands apace: And in the heat and ruffle of these his jovial tollies and exorbitant intemperances he be-thinks himself again of the wealth and beauty of the young Lady *Eleanora*, and so (in the vanity of his conceits, and the imbecility of his judgement) flattering himself, that being now Lord of all his deceased Mothers Lands, and Wealth, her Uncle *Cassino* could not refuse to give, her him in Marriage, not so much as once dreaming or remembering how plainly and peremptorily both he and she had formerly given him the repulse; To which effect he dights himself and his followers in exceeding rich Apparel, and (with a train too worthy of himself) he rides over to *Vercely*, and there becomes a most importunate Suitor both to *Cassino* and *Eleanora*; first seeking her, and then courting her Uncle for her: But all in vain, for he puts him off with disrespect, and she rejects him with disdain; and when yet they see, that his importunacy herein passeth the bounds of reason, and exceedeth the limits of discretion and civility, then *Cassino* tells him plainly that his Niece is married; and that therefore (in that consideration) he forbids him his house, and her company; which point of discourtesie, and (as *Alphonso* terms it) of dishonour to him, he takes in so ill part from *Cassino*, that exchanging his reason into rage, and forgetting himself to be a man or which is more a Gentleman, or which is most of all a Christian, he again strikes hands and agrees with the Devil, and for meer dispiht and rage vows that he will murther *Cassino*: The Devil making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that this speech and suggestion of his, that his Niece *Eleanora* is married, is but fabulous and false, and that if he were once dead, he could not impeach or hinder him from enjoying the fair and rich *Eleanora* to his Wife, which is the same prodigious bait and lure whereby Sathan formerly drew, and betrayed him to poyson his Mother: The Devil still so closely over-vailing his Conscience and Soul, and so eclipsing, and winking his understanding and judgment, that as his hand so his heart is injured, and obdured to the effusion of innocent blood, and therefore he will not retire with grace, but onwards with impiety to the finishing of this cruel Murther of *Cassino*; and although he had an itching desire, and an hellish ambition likewise to effect it by Poyson, yet in regard he was denied access to his house and company, as also far that he was unacquainted with any Apothecary or Physitian of *Vercely*, he therefore resolves with the Devil to do it by a Carabine, which many times by night he wore and carried about him. There is nothing easier than to do evil; and as it is the nature, so it is the policy of Sathan, as well to furnish us with the means, as the matter thereof: For when we cast our selves from malice to Revenge, and from Revenge to Murther, he then makes us industrious, first in the contriving, and then in the execution thereof; but in the end God will so ordain, that this hellish policy shall turn to misery.

Alphonso's malice against *Cassino* will give no peace to his thoughts so he informs himself, that every morning and evening he has accustomed to walk alone in his Garden, for an hour or two in his spiritual Meditations, and therefore he thinks this a fit place (from some adjacent house or window

dow) to shoot at him; when being likewise assured, that there was a poor small Tavern (not much frequented: with company) that lay somewhat near and commodious to *Cassino's* Garden, he resolves to make choice of that, and there to give end to this bloody business, which his heart so much desireth; so abandoned by God, and guided and conducted by the Devil, he about six of the clock in the evening rides thither, and tying up his Horse to the door, he in a disguised suit of Apparel, pretending there to stay for a friend of his, which promised to come thither to meet him (and having purposely sent away his Servants before him to *Cassal*) he goes up into the Chamber, calls for Wine and something to eat, the better to favour and colour out his stay; there, when bolting the Chamber-door to him, he putting aside the paper Casement, which they use in *Italy* to expel the fervency of the Sun) from thence (according to his former intelligence) plainly perceives *Cassino* walking in his Garden with his Hat in one hand, and his Breviary (or Prayer-book, wherein he reads) in another: with which he was as busie with God in his meditations and devotions, as he was with the Devil in charging his Carbine with a brace of Bullets, and dressing of his Fire-lock, and priming of his powder-touch-hole; when, without the least spark of grace, or fear of God, or his punishments, he lets fly at him; and the Devil had made him so expert a Mark-man, that, as *Cassino* was softly coming on, walking towards the Window, wherein he secretly and scelerously stood, both the bullets hit him right in the breast, at a little below the left Pap, whereof this harmless and religious old Gentleman *Cassino* fell presently dead to the ground, and none being in the Garden with him (wherein I my self have since sometimes beep) I could not understand, that he had the power or happiness to speak a word; But we shall see, that this inhumane and bloody murder, shall not go far before the Judgments of God will surprize and overtake him. The manner whereof is thus:

As soon as *Alphonso* had given this bloody blow, and seen *Cassino* fall dead to the ground, he unbolting the Chamber, presently resolves to take horse and fly away, but God ordained the contrary: For as he had again put up his Carbine into his belt, God presently struck him into a stupified swoon, whereof falling to the ground, the noise of the fall, the report of his Carabine, and rattling of his sword and it, presently invited the people of the house below, to see what had befallen above to this Gentleman, where finding him groveling and gasping for life, they (by Gods immediate direction) do think that he hath there shot and murdered himself; when dressing him of his Apparel, and laying him in bed to search for his wounds, they find none; but yet it is an hour before they perceive any motion, or action of life in him. And then opening his eyes, he with a distracted look and amazed countenance deeming himself upon the very point of death; and that for his murdering of *Cassino*, the Lord in his judgement had infallibly struck him with sudden death, he finding this foul and bloody act of his, to lye heavy upon his soul and conscience, in this last Scene (as he then thought) of his life, he (rather raving than speaking) in the heat of his madness and distraction, cries out again and again, that he had murdered *Cassino*; The which the people of the house are exceedingly astonished to understand. And now by this time *Cassino* is found dead in the Garden, and shot through with a brace of Bullets. So his Niece *Eleanora* is all in tears hereat, and all *Vercely* resound of this his lamentable murder. When *Cassino's* friends and servants make speedy search for the Murderer, and finding a Horse tyed to this little Tavern door, they find the Man, Wife, and Servants thereof in outcries and amazements: So they ascend the stairs, find *Alphonso* in bed, with his Carbine by him on the Bench, and his clothes on the Table, examining the People of the House, they report to them this suddain accident of his swooning, and therein of his confession of the murdering of *Cassino*; so they all praise and glorify God, in that they have so soon, and so readily, found out the inhumane Author and Actor of this bloody Murder.

But here, before I proceed farther, I (in the name and fear of God) do request and invite the Reader to take notice of another remarkable (I may say miraculous) circumstances of God, mercy and glory, which likewise appears in this direction and confession of *Alphonso*, to be the cruel murderer of this innocent, harmless Gentleman *Cassino*; for he being no better than distracted of his wits, before God had caused and brought him to confess it, which else he had never done, but that in the agony and anxiety of his stupified spirits, he (as I have formerly said) thought himself on the point and brink of death, and no shadow of hope left him, either of this life or this World: Then, I say, as soon as he had confessed it, God in his good pleasure and providence presently restored him again to his perfect health, strength, and memory, so that being put in mind, and again remembering his confession, and seeing the imminency of his danger by the presence of *Cassino's* friends and servants, who were there present about his Bed, to apprehend and carry him away to Prison for the same; he now with tears and bitter oaths, and curses, declines and recants what he hath formerly spoken thereof, and rather as a Devil than a Christian, in lofty and proud speeches stands upon the terms of his justification, alledging and affirming to them

them farther, that what he had formerly confessed, or said to them, concerning the murder of *Cassino*, proceeded from the distemperature of his heart and brains, in that of his distraction, or else from the delusions and temptations of the Devil, and no otherwise. But his own confession, the testimony of those of the house who heard it, and the rest of the presumptions and circumstances are so pregnant and apparent, that he is the undoubted murderer of *Cassino*, as they believe not what he now says in his own behalf and Apology, or that it is any way the delusions of the Devil, but the good pleasure of God, which brought him to this detection and conviction of himself for the same: So they being deaf to his request and Oaths, they enforce him to draw on his apparel, and then by order of the criminal Judges, they that night commit him to Prison, where the Devil having brought him, he now leaves him to himself, and to his own misery and confusion, which it is to be believed, that the Lord hath ordained shall speedily befall him.

The next morning this Monster of Nature *Alphonso*, is called to his arraignment, where being by his Judges, charged with this foul murder, the Devil hath as yet so obdured his heart, as he not only denies it, but contests against it with vehemency and execrations. So the Vintner and his Wife, and Servants, are produced against him as witnesses, who acknowledge and confess his own confession thereof, as also the report of his Carbine, and the vicinity of their house, and prospect from the Chamber wherein he was, to *Cassino's* Garden, wherein as he was walking he was shot to death. When the mournful and sorrowful young Lady *Eleanora*, is likewise brought forth as a witness against him, who informs his Judges, that *Alphonso* was a most importunate Sutor to her, both in his Mother's house at *Cassal*, as also at her deceased Uncle's house, here in *Vercely*; adding withal, that (in her heart and soul) she verily believes him to be the murderer of her said Uncle. But still he denies it with choler and indignation: Whereupon, the presumptions and circumstances hereof, being more apparent to his Judges, than the knowledge of this truth, they adjudge him to the Rack, where, at the very first torments thereof, he with tears confesseth it; and God is now so merciful to his soul, as he seems to be very sorrowful and repentant thereof: So they seeing him guilty, pronounce sentence against him, the next day to have his head cut off for the same; and that night the Judges (out of their honourable zeal to charity and piety) send him some Friars to prison to him, to direct his soul to Heaven; who willing him to disburthen his conscience and soul of any other capital crime, which he might have committed in all the course of his life, to the end that it might not hinder her passage and transmigration from Earth to Heaven; He then and there reveals to them, how he had also formerly poisoned his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, at *Cassal*; for the which he likewise craved absolution both of them and God. Whereat his Judges are exceedingly amaz'd and astonish'd, to see a Gentleman so degenerate, inhumane, and bloody, as to be the death of his own Mother, of whom formerly he had received his life.

The day following (according to his sentence) *Alphonso* is brought to the place of execution, clad in a black sute of Silk Grograin, and a falling Band, where ascending the Scaffold, and drawn to much humility and contrition, By his secular Priests and Friars, he in presence of a great concourse of people, there made this short speech. That these two murders of his, and especially that of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, were so odious in the sight of God and Man, that he acknowledged, he no longer deserved to tread on the face of the Earth, or to look up to Heaven. That he knew not justly, wherunto to attribute this infamy and misery of his, but to his continual neglect and omission of prayer, whereby he banished himself from God, and thereby gave the Devil too great an interest over his body and soul; that he desired God to forgive him these his two foul and bloody crimes of Murder, as also that of the neglect of Prayers; and so (with tears in his eyes) besought all who were there present, likewise to pray unto God for him: When again beseeching the vertuous young Lady *Eleanora*, to forgive him the murder of her good old Uncle *Cassino*, he often making the sign of the Crols, and recommending himself into the hands of his Redeemer, bad the Executioner do his Office, who presently with his Sword severed his head from his body, and both were immediately burnt, and the ashes thrown into the River of *Ticino*, without the walls of *Vercely*, although his Judges were once of opinion, to send his said head and body to *CASSAL*, for the Judges of that place to do their pleasure therewith, for there poisoning of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*.

And thus was the miserable (and yet deserved) death and end of this bloody and execrable Gentleman *Alphonso*, and in this sort did the judgments and punishment of God befall him? For these his two most inhumane, and deplorable Murders. May God of his infinite grace and mercy, still fortifie and confirm our faith by constant and continual prayer (the want whereof was the fatal Rock whereon he perished) that so we may secure our selves in this World, and our souls in that to come.



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable SIN of MURDER.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY. XXIV.

Pont Chaufey kills La Roche in a Duel. Quatbrisson causeth Moncallier (an Apothecary) to pay for his own Brother Valfontain. Moncallier after falls and breaks his neck, from a pair of Stairs. Quatbrisson likewise causeth his Father's Miller, Pierot, to murder and strangle Marieta in her Bed, and to throw her body into the Mill-Pond. Pierot the Miller is broken alive on a Wheel, and Quatbrisson first bewitched, then burnt for the same.

WE may truly affirm, That the World is in her want, when Murder is become the practice of Christians, which indeed is the proper Office of the Devil; and how frequently those woful accidents happen, we cannot think of, but with much horror; nor remember, but with grief of mind, and compassion of heart: for is it not to make our selves wilful Traitors and Rebels to God, to violate his Divine Majesty, in spoiling his true Image and resemblance? Yea, is it not the High-way of Hell? But that this age of ours produceth such Monsters of Nature, read we but this ensuing History, and it will enform us of much innocent blood shed, we know not whether more willfully or wickedly.

It is not unknown, that the Province of Little Britain was (long since) annexed and united to the flourishing Kingdome of France, by the marriage of Charles the Eighth, with Anne the young Dutchess thereof, notwithstanding that she was formerly contracted to Maximilian (Arch-duke of Austria): Where we shall understand, that in the City of Vannes (formerly the Court and Residence of those Brittish Dukes) there of late years dwelt a Noble Gentleman

Yy

(of

(of rich Demeins and Revenues) termed Monsieur de *Caerstaing*, who by his Wife *Madamoyelle de le Ville Blanche*, had two Sons, the eldest named by his title, Monsieur de *Quatbrisson*; and the youngest, Monsieur de *Valfontaine*. The first aged of twenty four years, being short and corpulent; the second of twenty, being tall and slender; both of them brave and hopeful Gentlemen, as well in their outward personages, as in the inward perfections and endowments of their minds: for in all respects, the care and affection of their Parents had made their education answerable to their births. *Valfontaine* (for the most part) lived in the City of *Nantes* (the second of that Dutchy) with an Uncle of his, named Monsieur de *Mansie*, being President of the King's Chamber of Accounts which is kept there; who frequented the Ball or publick Dancings (whereunto the youth of *France* are generally addicted) amongst many other excellent Beauties where with that City is graced, and those pastimes and meetings honoured; he sees a young Gentlewoman (being a stranger, and newly come to the City) so infinitely rich in the excellencies of nature, and the treasure of loveliness and beauty, as (with a kind of imperious commanding power) she attracts all mens eyes to behold, to admire, to affect her. So as although *Valfontaine's* youthful heart and years had never yet stooped or sacrificed to Love, yet at the very first sight of this sweet young Gentlewoman, (whose name we shall not go far to know) he cannot retain his enamoured eyes from gadding on the Roses, and ranging on the Lillies of her sweet complexion, nor his resolutions from enquiring what her name and her self was; when being informed that she was the only Daughter and Heir of a rich and noble Gentleman, a Widdower, termed Monsieur de *Pennelle*, of the Parish of Saint *Argnan* four leagues from the City, and her name *Madamoyelle La Pratiere*, of the age of some seventeen: he at the very sight likes her so well, and loves her so dearly, that (if her interior virtues come not too short of her exterior beauty and feature) he vows he will be her Sutor and Servant; and so he attempts to court and seek her for his Wife.

To which end he (more like a Tutor than a Pupil in the Art and School of Love) is so far from neglecting any, as he curiously and carefully seeks all opportunities and occasions to enjoy the felicity of her company, and so (for the most part) he conducts her to and from the Dancings, sits and talks with her in her Lodgings, meets her at Church, where as well at *Vespers* as *Mass*, he accompanies and prays with her; and (briefly) she can difficultly be present any where, where he is long absent from her: for by this time (which is scarce a month since he first saw her) her peerless beauty, and unparallel'd virtues and discourse, have acted such amorous wonders in his heart, as he vows he must either live her Husband, or die her Martyr. But see the Providence and pleasure of God; for if *Valfontaine* tenderly loves our sweet and fair *La Pratiere*, no less doth she him: for knowing him to be the Son of his Father, and therefore a Gentleman of noble extraction and worth; and seeing him to be wife, discreet, and proper; as also, remembering and marking, that he frequently and infinitely affects her; she is so delighted with his neat feature and personage, and ravished with the melody of his discourse, as albeit at first her tongue be so civil and modest to conceal her affection from him; yet hereyes (the Ambassadors of her heart) cannot but in dumb Eloquence, and silent Rethorick, bewray it him. So as (to omit the gifts, presents, and especially the letters which interchangeably pass between them) and which indeed powerfully assisted to the sympathizing and cementing of their youthful affections, it sufficeth that we take notice and knowledg, that *Valfontaine's* presence was *La Pratiere's* delight; and the enjoying of her company, his felicity and glory, and that she in life and death would remain his obedient and faithful Wife, and he her faithful and loving Husband; only she prays him carefully and respectfully to conceal her affection to him, and so likewise to observe her Father in seeking his consent to their marriage, the which he promiseth her shortly to perform: for as soon as *La Pratiere* hath left *Nantes*, and purposely retired her self home to her Father's house, at Saint *Argnan*, *Valfontaine* is not many dayes behind her, where he acquaints her Father *Pennelle* with his affection to his Daughter, seeks her in Marriage, requesteth his consent; and with many reasons fairly and discreetly endeavoureth to enduce him thereunto, where for three or four dayes he takes up his lodging and residence, under pretence to court the Daughter, whom he knows he hath already won; but his sute is no way pleasing, but distasteful, to *Pennelle*; who although he knew that Monsieur de *Caerstaing* his Father (as well for Lands as Blood) is every way rather his Superior than his Equal; yet because his Daughter, *La Pratiere*, is his only child and Heir, and *Valfontaine* but a Cadet (or younger Brother); therefore covetousness makes him assume this resolution, that he will have none of him for his Son-in-law: but this reason and conclusion he conceals to himself, and so (in general terms) gives *Valfontaine* a cold and averse answer, little better in effect than a flat denial: and thus for his first journey, *Valfontaine* takes leave of his sweet *La Pratiere*, and no way doubting but that his second to her

her will prove less distasteful, and more fortunate, he leaves *Nantes*, and rides home to *Vannes*.

Being arrived at *Vannes*, he acquaints his Father and Mother with his affection and suit to *Mademoiselle La Pratiere*, the only Daughter and Heir (as we have heard) of *Monsieur de Pennelle*, of *Saint Argnaw*, wherunto (because they knew him to be rich and noble, and his Daughter fair and virtuous) they give good approbation and allowance; when *Valfontaine* praying his Father to ride over to *Monsieur de Pennelle*, to confer with him about this business; whose presence, he hoped, will effect that with him, which he fears and knows his poor power cannot. But his Father, although he be very glad to procure his Son's advancement and content by this Match; yet being at the time much troubled with the Gout, he excuseth himself upon his own indisposition, and so defers off the journey to another time. *Valfontaine* missing of his Father, deems it rather expedient, than impertinent, to intreat his Brother *Quatbriffon* herein, to whom he fully relates what hath past between *Pennelle* and himself; but withal, conceals upon what terms he stands with *La Pratiere*, or that she is any way his, or he hers, either by contract or promise, to the end that he may have no just cause either to tax her immodesty, or condemn her indiscretion, in so suddenly giving her self to him. *Quatbriffon* very willingly yields to his Brother's request; when (followed with a train and equipage answerable to their rank and quality, and armed with their Father's Letter to *Monsieur de Pennelle*) they take horse and ride to *Saint Argnaw*. Now as it is the error (nor nature) of Lovers to be still unsecret Secretaries, in delighting to talk and prattle of their Mistresses, whom they esteem their Sovereign good, and chief felicity. So all the way between *Vannes* and *Saint Argnaw*, *Valfontaine* could neither refrain, nor restrain his tongue from painting forth *La Pratiere* in all the excellency of her praises, and from extolling her beauty and perfections above the skies; yea he ran so curious a divition, and so ample a comment on the wonders and rarity of her beauty, that his verbal relation already prepared his Brother's eyes to behold a female Master-piece of Nature in *La Pratiere*; but being arrived at her Father's House (a little before Dinner-time) and seeing and saluting first him, then her, at the very first encounter and sight his senses are so surpris'd with the sweetness of her countenance, and so taken with the exquisiteness of her feature, as he now finds that his Brother's report and praises of her, come infinitely short of the dignity and excellency of her beauty.

Dinner being ended, *Quatbriffon* delivered his Father's Letters to *Pennelle*; with whom making a slight and superfluous conference concerning his Brother's affection and suit to his Daughter, he turns from him to her, who dying her milk-white cheeks with a roseate blush to entertain him, he ravished with the delicacy of so amorous an encounter, and sweet object, could not likewise refrain from blushing to see her blush; when enquiring of her, if she pleased to take the air of the Garden (where her Father and her Brother were already gone and attended them), and she replying that his pleasure therein should be hers; he taking her by her hand, conducts her thither; where *Valfontaine* in civility purposely walking aloof off, because he hoped and assured himself, that his Brother *Quatbriffon* now meant effectually to speak with his Mistress in his behalf, there being then no witnesses to their conference, but only the sweet Quiristers of the woods (the Thrushes and Nightingals) who purposely and pleasantly fate one every bush and tree, to delight them with their mellifluous melody; the very first words he administered and directed to her, was, That if she pleased to swear her tongue to secrecy to what he should now say and deliver to her, he would reveal her a secret which should infinitely import her good. *La Pratiere* (wondering at the nature of *Quatbriffon's* first speech and request, and what it might mean and concern) stood a little while mute and silent, not knowing what to conceive thereof, much less what to answer thereto. But at last considering, that *Valfontaine* was her Lover, and *Quatbriffon* his Brother, she imagined there was some plot secretly compacted between them, that if her Father would not condescend to their desires, that they had then resolved, to steal her away from him, and so to make it a clandestine marriage; Whereupon (her affection being desirous to know the certainty hereof, and her curiosity ambitious to see this abstruse mystery unlocked) she grants him his request, vowing to impose secrecy to her tongue in what he should deliver or intrust her with. When, he kisseth her, and evaporating many fair-fetched sighs (as the Heralds to proclaim his affection) he tells her, That her incomparable beauty hath captivated his thoughts, and made his heart both her tribunal, and her prisoner; that he envies his Brother's happiness, in having the honour to see her before himself. That as he is the Superior in years, so he is in affection to her; and that he knows his Brother is as unworthy of her, as himself worthily bestowed on her: *La Pratiere* (whose affection and thoughts ran a direct contrary Career, least dreaming of that which she is now enforced to understand) is so affected, and withal so incensed at these unexpected speeches of *Quatbriffon's*, that (her passion giving a law to her civility)

casting a snow-white veil over her crimson cheeks, and bending her brow (in whose frowns it seemed that discontent and choler sat now triumphant) her affection is too sincere and entire to *Valfontain*, as she returns his discourteous Brother, *Quatbrisson*, this short and sharp answer: *Quatbrisson* (quoth she) to have offered this unkindness of yours to your friend, had been ignoble ingratitude; but to do it to your own Brother, can be no less than treachery: and therefore this know from me, that I esteem your primogenitureship as inferiour to *Valfontain's* Vertues, as they are in all respects superiour to yours; and had you not tied and wedded my tongue to silence, I would now presently publish it to the world, to the admiration and detestation of all good men; and so (with a look ingendred from choler, and derived from disdain) she hastily and suddenly trips away from him, leaving him alone in the garden to his Muses; *Quatbrisson* biting his lip at this sharp repulse of *La Pratiere*, is yet resolute not thus to leave her; when hoping to find her Father more tractable and propitious to his suit, than his Daughter, he seeks him out, and in fair terms informs him of his affection and love to her, and that (notwithstanding his Brother's research of her) he himself infinitely desireth her to be his own Wife. Old *Pennelle* (being more covetous of his Daughter's Preferment, than any way careful of her content) gives an attentive and pleasing ear to this motion of *Quatbrisson*, and is so delighted with the melody of his speeches, as already in heart he witheth her married to him; but how to answer or give content to *Valfontain*, he knows not.

Now the better to effect, and to compass this match, so much wished of *Quatbrisson*, and desired of *Pennelle*, he (in the absence of *Valfontain*) sends for his Daughter into his Closet, shews her what preferment and happiness is now offer'd her, if she will forsake *Valfontain* and accept of his elder brother *Quatbrisson* for her Husband. *La Pratiere* (both moved and grieved with this her Father's proposition and speeches) very humbly beseecheth him, that if ever he will respect her content, or regard her life, that *Valfontain* may be her Husband, and not *Quatbrisson*, because she confesseth she loves the younger Brother, but that she neither can nor will affect the Elder. Now although this her resolute and obdurate answer, do exceedingly afflict and grieve her Father, yet hoping that a little time will prove capable to draw her to his desires, he secretly bids *Quatbrisson* to ride home to *Vannes*, and to take his Brother with him, and shortly after to return again to *Saint Argnaw* without him, and that he shall find no cause to fear, or reason to doubt, but that he shall enjoy his Mistress; the managing whereof he prays him to refer to his care in his absence. Thus we see the Father and Daughter differently affected; he loves *Quatbrisson* and not *Valfontain*; and she *Valfontain*, but not *Quatbrisson*; who grieving as much at the Daughter's refusal, as he rejoiceth at the Father's consent. He now venteth his malice on the innocency, and his treachery on the integrity of his Brother, by acquainting him that he had used his best power and art of solicitation towards *Pennelle*; and that he finds it impossible to draw him to reason: adding withal, that he is so far from consenting that he shall obtain his Daughter in marriage, as (upon the whole) in terms enough clear and apparent, he futurely denies him access to his house: Wherefore Brother (quoth he) because I see with grief that you strive against the stream, and that in all actions and accidents whatsoever, the shortest errors are still best, let us to morrow take horse and away, and let this indifference be your resolution, That if God have decreed it shall be a match, it then will be; otherwise not. *Valfontain's* heart bleeds at *Pennelle's* averfeness and cruelty, and his eyes overflow with tears, so soon to forsake the sight and company of his Daughter, of his dear and fair Mistress *La Pratiere*; but being ignorant of all his Brother's passages and treacheries intended and meant towards him, he holds it folly to impugn or contradict his pleasure, and so resolves to leave *Saint Argnaw*, and depart home with him to *Vannes*.

Our fair *La Pratiere*, seeing all things bent to cross her desires, and her *Valfontain's* wishes, she (out of her tender affection to him) resolves to give him a private meeting and conference; when that very night (as her Father and his Brother were in their beds soundly sleeping) she sends for him into her Chamber, where seeing him extremely pensive and sorrowful, she bids him be chearful and couragious; tells him, that he hath no reason to despair, but to hope, for that in life and death she will be his, and only his; and then informs him, that instantly upon his arrival at *Vannes*, she will write and send him a Letter, wherein she will acquaint him with the passage of a business, whereof he neither can conceive or dream; conjuring him now to enquire no farther what it is, for that her tongue was enjoined to secrecy, and sworn to silence; and so (with much chat, and more kisses) he giving her a Diamond-Ring from his finger, and she him a pair of Pearl-Bracelets from her arms, in token of their mutual constancy and affection each to other, they (infinitely against their minds) are enforced to take leave each of other, and the succeeding morn being come, the two Brothers prepare and dispose themselves for their journey.

When

When Breakfast ended, according as it was concluded between Pennelle and Quatbriffon, Pennelle takes Valfontain aside to a window, and in short terms prays him henceforth to forbear his house, and refrain his Daughters company, for that he hath provided another Husband for her; so having feverally and solemnly taken their Congees, first of the Father, and then of the Daughter, they take Horse and away. Now as they are riding home towards Vannes, as it is a sensible and heart-killing grief to La Pratiere, so soon to be deprived of her Valfontain's dear and sweet company; so again, she cannot refrain from smiling, to see how ingratelously and subtilly Quatbriffon goes to work to betray his Brother, in seeking to obtain her for himself in marriage; but measuring the integrity of the one, by the treachery of the other; and likewise remembering her promise to Valfontain, to write to him at the end of two days after their departure, she (by a confident Messenger) accordingly sends him this Letter.

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAIN.

MY Promise owes you this Letter; whereby I give you to understand, that I know not whether you have greater cause to love me, or hate your Brother Quatbriffon, in regard he vows he affects me dearer than your self, and hath attempted to rob you of your Wife, and consequently me of my Husband: and as this is ingratitude in a friend, so it must needs be treachery in a Brother. I have heard his Courting, and seen his Complements tending that way; but for your sake I relish those with distaste, these with neglect, and himself with contempt and disdain. He hath won my Father to his will; but rest you confident (my dear Valfontain) that he neither can nor shall draw me to his desire: And because true affection, especially in accidents of this nature, cannot still be exempt of Fear, therefore if any arise or ingender in your thoughts, let this dissipate and dispel it, That although my Father have banished you his house, yet his Daughter is (till death) constantly resolved to retain and cherish you in her heart, and none but you. Manage this your Pratiere's advice with discretion towards my Father, and not with choler towards your Brother; and be but a little time a patient Spectator of my affection and constancy to you, and you shall assuredly see him act his own shame and your glory; his affliction, your content and desire.

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontain having received and read this Letter, the base ingratitude and foul treachery of his Brother Quatbriffon, doth extremely afflict and torment him; yea, the knowledge and remembrance thereof, throws him into such passions of choler and fumes of revenge, as once he resolved to right himself on him by sending him a Challenge, and fighting with him; vowing that the Bonds of Nature were not by far so strong, as those of affection; and that his Brother having given the first cause of offence and breach of amity betwixt them, it was no marvel that he took that course, and preferred that form of proceeding to any other. But then again considering his dear La Pratiere's injunction and prohibition from choler, this last reason overruled and prevailed against his former resolution; when knowing himself infinitely obliged to her for her courtelie and constancy, so sweetly expressed to him in this her Letter, he can do no less than return her an answer thereof in requital; the which he doth by her own Messenger in these terms.

VALFONTAIN to LA PRATIERE.

OF all men in the world, I least thought that my Brother Quatbriffon would have proved my Rival in attempting to love you; because he perfectly knows, I affect you far dearer than the whole world; yea, this Error, (or as you justly term it, this Treachery) of his, is so odious, so strange to me, as it had far exceeded my belief, if your affection and constancy had not so courteously revealed it to me in your Letter, the which I both blushed and paled to peruse. Neither is it any thanks to him, that he missed of his desire, in missing of you; rather to your virtuous self, which distasteth his Courting and Complements for his own sake, and disdaining him for mine. Dear and sweet La Pratiere, in that my Brother hath won your Father, I exceedingly grieve; but in that I have not lost his Daughter, I far more triumph and rejoice. But why think I of losing you, sith to call your constancy in question, is no less than to prophane your affection and my judgement, and so to make myself both incapable and unworthy of you: for how can my love to you retain any spice or spark of fear, for that being banished your Father's House, I am yet so happy to recover so safe an Harbour and Sanctuary, yea, so precious a Temple, as your heart: In which regard its every way fit, that your Requests should be to me commands: for otherwise my Sword had already called me Coward, if by this

time I had not called my Brother to a strict and severe account for this his treachery. I will still observe your Father with respect, though he refuse to respect me with observance : and for my ingrateful and treacherous Brother, he may all his own shame and affliction, but cannot conduce to content our desire, because that must solely proceed from your self ; sit in the sweet enjoying of you to my Wife, consists the only content of my life, and the chiefest of all my earthly felicity.

VALFONTAINE.

Some two dayes after that *La Pratiere* was made joyful with this answer of her *Valfontaine*, she hath again sorrowful news of *Quatbriffon's* arrival to her Fathers house at *Saint Argnan*, who had purposely given it out to his Brother *Valfontaine* at *Vannes*, that he rides to *Aennou*. He here renews his late sute to the Father and Daughter, but he finds them both in the same humours and resolutions he left them ; he willing, and the coy ; he desirous to have him his Son-in-law, and she resolute never to make him, but his Brother *Valfontaine*, her Husband. He proffereth her many rich gifts and presents, and a blank to write down what Joynture she pleaseth to demand ; but she peremptorily refuseth it all, and bids him bestow it on some other, on whom it may find better acceptance ; yea I may safely say, and truly affirm, that their affections are more opposite and contrary than their Sexes ; for the more he sees her, he loves her ; and the oftner she beholds him, the more she hates him : so that when he apparently perceives, that she deeply vowes to her Father and himself, only to marry his Brother *Valfontaine* or her Grave, he seeing his labour for the time present lost, and his affection to her in vain ; having nothing left to comfort him against the repulse of this amorous sute, but the constant friendship of her Father, he sorrowfully takes his leave of them, and rides home to *Vannes* ; but as close as he bears this his journey from his Brother *Valfontaine*, yet *La Pratiere* holds her self bound to signifie it to him, the which the very next day she doth by her second Letter, which speaks thus :

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAINE.

I Hold it a part of my duty and affection, to advertise you, That these two dayes I have been again importunately haunted and solicited by your unkind Brother, *Quatbriffon*, for marriage ; but he hath found my first answer to be my second and last ; yea, I have so nipt his vain hopes in their blossoms, by signifying to him and my Father my infallible resolution either to wed you or my Grave, as I think (except their hopes betray their judgements) the one is assured, and the other confident, that time will make it apparent to the world, that my words will prove deeds, and that the last will make the first real. But if your said Brother will yet notwithstanding further exercise his folly in my patience, and so make himself as ridiculous to me, as to you he is treacherous : I out of the dear affection and tender respect which I bear you, will then fall on my knees to my Father, to hasten his consent to our marriage that in seeking my content, you may therein find your own : and this is my resolution, wherewith if yours concur and sympathize, Heaven may, but Earth shall not cross our desires.

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine receives this second Letter from his Mistress with smiles and frowns ; with smiles to see her inviolable constancy and affection ; with frowns, to behold, his Brother *Quatbriffon's* continual malice and treachery towards him ; the which considering (as also because it so nearly concerns him), he resolves to tax him thereof, and to see whether (by fair requests and persuasions) he may reclaim him from affecting his fair and dear *La Pratiere*, and so to give over his sute to her ; but first he knows himself indebted and obliged to return her an answer to this her last Letter, the which he doth in these terms :

VALFONTAINE to LA PRATIERE.

IT is every your affection no way your duty (sweet *La Pratiere*) which again advertiseth me of my Brother *Quatbriffon's* perseverance in his treachery towards me, by seeking to betray and bereave me of your self, in whom my heart and thoughts imparadise their most sovereign earthly felicity ; and your resolution in nipping his hopes, and your Father's will, by electing me or your Grave for your Husband, doth so ravish my heart with joy, and so wrap my conceits in an extasie of sweet content, as I am confident God hath reserved *La Pratiere*, to be *Valfontaine's* sweet Wife, and be to be her dear Husband. But as I know not whether my unkind and treacherous Brother will yet further

ther bewray you his folly, in exercising your patience with his importunity; so to save you that labour and pittance, which for my sake and love you are ready to impose on your self, I am both ready and resolved, not only to fall on my knees to your Father, but also to your sweet self, that our marriage be hastened: for, as your resolution herein is, and ever shall be mine: so our hearts and thoughts sympathizing in these wishes, I hope that both Heaven and Earth have resolved not to cross, but shortly to consummate and finish our desires.

VALFONTAINE.

He having thus dispatched and sent away his Letter to his sweet and fair Mistress, he now resolves to have some conference with his unkind Brother, to see what a brazen face he either will or can put upon this ingratitude and treachery. But *Quatbrisson's* policy will anticipate and prevent him: for he having his heart and contemplations deeply fixed on *La Pratiere's* beauty, and having run over all the inventions of his art and affection, how to make her forsake her coyness, and so how to obtain her for his wife, he at last resolves to feign himself sick, and so then to reveal to his brother *Valfontain*, that it is his dear and fervent affection to *La Pratiere*, which is the cause thereof. To which purpose he keeps his bed, and in his perfect health is twice let blood, thereby to look ill; when sending for his Brother to his Chamber, and exempting all other company thence, he acquaints and informs him, That since he first saw *La Pratiere*, he still most tenderly loved her, and that he must now die, because she will not affect and love him. He prays and conjures him (by virtue of all the same blood which equally streams in both their bodies) for the saving and preserving of his life, that he will now abandon his affection from her, and so yield him up all the power and interest that he hath or pretends to have in her, and that in requital thereof (if occasion require) he shall still find him ready not only to expose all his Means, but his dearest Blood and Life at his command. A request so unjust, and a proposition so devoid of common sense and reason, as *Valfontain* observing it, and therein seeing his Brother's impudency, now grown to the height of baseness and folly; he exceedingly incensed thereat (with a disdainful look) returns him this sharp and bitter, yet deserved reply: Was it not enough that I understood your treachery by my fair and dear *La Pratiere*, in seeking and attempting to bereave me of her, but that thou art thy self become so sottish, to make thy tongue the Advocate as well to plead and apologize thy treachery to me, as to publish thy shame to thy self, and to the whole world, in seeking and desiring me to increase my affection to her, and to renounce my interest of her to thy self. No, no, base *Quatbrisson* (for henceforth I highly disdain to term or esteem you my Brother) I give thee to understand and know, that in heart and in honour, she is mine, and I hers; and therefore you shall die and damn, before I will permit thee to enrich thy self with my loss of her, whom I affect and prize a thousand times dearer than my self, or than all the lands and treasures of the World; when without any other farewell, he hastily and cholerickly flings forth out of his Chamber from him.

Quatbrisson seeing his Brother's furious departure, and remarking his peremptory and incivil answer to him, he (in his heart and thoughts) vows revenges, and in his resolution swears to make him repent it. To which effect, forsaking his Bed, and abandoning his counterfeit sickness, his choler hardly affording his patience three days to recover his blood and strength; but knowing his Brother to be now at *Nantes*, with their Uncle *De Massy*, he seeks out a dear and intimate friend of his, named Monsieur *La Roche*, whom engaging to be his Second in a Duel against his own Brother *Valfontain*, they ride over to *Nants*, when coming to a small Parish termed *St. Vallerge*, within a league of the City, he writes a Challenge, delivers it to *La Roche*, and so dispecks him away with it to his Brother. *La Roche* comes to *Nantes*, finds out *Valfontain* at the President his Uncle's house, being in the company of a very intimate friend of his, of that City, named Monsieur *de Pont Chansey*, and delivereth him his Brother's Challenge fast sealed, the which he hastily breaking open, and perusing, he finds that it speaks this language:

QUATBRISSON to VALFONTAIN.

IN regard it is impossible for both of us to enjoy the fair *La Pratiere's* Wife, therefore it is fit that one of us die, that the other may survive and live, to be enriched with so specious a treasure, and crowned with so inestimable a blessing and felicity; which considering, as also because my modest requests have (undeservedly) met with thy uncivil carriage, and been requited with thy malicious execrations, Therefore find it not strange to see Affection give a Law to Nature, and mine honour to con-

tempt;

scorn thy contempt and malice, in inviting thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine with your single Rapiers, to morrow 'twixt two or three after dinner, in a fair Meadow at the East-end of St. Vallery, within a little flight-shot thereof; where thou shalt find this Gentleman (whom I have prayed to be the Bearer hereof) who will safely conduct thee to me, where I will patiently attend thee: I expect no other Answer but thy self; neither do I any way doubt (much less despair) of thy meeting me, since by birth I know thou art Noble, and by inclination pretendest to be Generous.

QUATBRISSON.

Valfontain smiles at the reading of this Challenge; and in conceit laughing at his Brother *Quatbrisson's* error and folly, he cheerfully turns himself to *La Roche*, to whom he speaks thus: Monsieur *La Roche*, I make no doubt but you are *Quatbrisson's* Second: to whom he replies, My respect to your Brother hath engaged me thereunto, instead of a more worthy; and yet I ingenuously confess and protest, Sir, (quoth he) that I have promised no more to him, than (if occasion presented) I am ready to perform for your self; *Valfontain* thanks him, and prays him to return his Brother *Quatbrisson* this Answer, That to morrow at the appointed hour and place, he will not fail to meet him. When entreating *La Roche* to walk with him into the next chamber, he told him, he presumed he should shew him his Second; when *Valfontain* taking *Pont Chansey* to the window, he shews him his Brother's Challenge, and prays him to honour him in being his Second. *Pont Chansey* (not out of any fear in himself, but in love to these two Brothers) as a Christian Gentleman, proffereth to ride over to *Quatbrisson* to St. Vallery, and to use his best power and endeavours to take up and reconcile these differences between them: but *La Roche* tells him, he may save that journey and labour, for that (to his knowledge) *Quatbrisson* is both resolute and irreconcilable in that quarrel: whereupon *Pont Chansey* freely engageth himself to *Valfontain*; and so these two Seconds (though not as loving friends, yet as friendly and honourable enemies) very secretly that evening provide their Rapiers: which done, *La Roche* rides back to Saint Vallery, acquainting *Quatbrisson* with his Brother *Valfontain's* generous resolution, to meet and fight with him the next day; as also that *Pont Chansey* is his Second.

And although (by the instigation of Satan) that Choler and Revenge make minutes seem hours, and hours years, ere it hath wrought his wished effects, and effected his bloody designs: So these our four rash and inconsiderate Gentlemen (more full of Valour than Virtue, and of Courage than Christianity) the hour appointed for the Rendezvous approaching, and *Quatbrisson* with his Chirurgeon being first in the Field, hath difficultly made two turns, before *La Roche* ushereth in his Brother *Valfontain*, his Second *Pont Chansey*, and their Chirurgeon: when they all tying up their Horses to the Hedg, they (according to the custome of Duels) do all throw off their Doublets, and each unbooting his fellow, they appear in their silk Stockings, and white Pumps, as if they were fitter to dance *Coranto's* or *Pavens*, than to fight Duels.

So the two Brothers first draw and approach each other; and at the first coming up, *Valfontain* (without being touched himself) gives *Quatbrisson* a deep wound in his right thigh; and if his Rapier had not beaten down the thrust, it had undoubtedly nailed him to the ground: at their second encounter they are both hurt, *Quatbrisson* in the right arm, and *Valfontain* of a scar in the neck: and here they make a stand to take breath; *Quatbrisson* not as yet despairing, nor *Valfontain* triumphing or assuring himself of the Victory; and the sight and effusion of their blood, is far from rebating or quenching, as it rather revives their Courages with more spleen and animosity; so they will again try their fortunes: They now traverse their ground, and approach each other; and although they are not less valorous than before, yet (to the eyes of their Seconds and Chirurgeons) they are now more cautious in their play, and more advised in chusing and refusing their ground: when *Valfontain* breaking a thrust (which his Brother presented him) he than calling to mind the sweetness of his *La Pratiere's* beauty, and the foulness of his Brother's malice and treachery towards him drives home a thrust at him, which entereth betwixt his short ribs, and making the blood to gush and stream forth, doth soon quail his courage; so as he who right now thought himself Master of his Brother's life, now fears his own; so that he thinks he hath given enough, if not received too much in counter-exchange, as well to secure his reputation from the scandal of his friends, as to warrant his Generosity from the detraction of his Enemies; and therefore throwing away his Rapier, he (with more wisdom than honour) begs his life of his Brother, vowing henceforth wholly to forsake and leave him *La Pratiere*, and to love him as dearly, as formerly he hated him deadly: Which cowardise of his, is so far from being

being relished or approved of the Spectators, that it proves the wonder of *Valfontaine*, the laughter of *Pont Chaufey*, the disdain of his own Second, *La Roche*, and the contempt of both their Chirurgions : but *Valfontaine* was as benign, as *Quatbriffon* was base and envious ; and as noble as he was treacherous ; and so upon his submission, he sheaths up his Sword, gives him his life, and with his hat in his hand embraceth him ; and thus with many fraternal words and complements, these two Brothers (in all outward shew) are again reconciled, and become perfect friends. But the end proves all things.

But to follow the stream of our History, and the ceremonies of Duels, we must pass from *Quatbriffon* and *Valfontaine*, the Principals, to *La Roche* and *Pont Chaufey* their Seconds, to see in what shape they will come forth, and how they resolve to bear themselves in the conclusion and knitting up of this reconciliation : as for *Pont Chaufey*, he thinks it no disparagement or shame to him now to refuse to fight, sith his Principal hath given his Enemy the toyl, in giving him his life ; but contrarywise, *La Roche* being Second to the Challenger, not the Challenged, he therefore holds it no lawful Plea or excuse for him to exempt himself from fighting. *Pont Chaufey*'s modesty seems to over-veil his valour with silence and indifference ; which the insulting vanity of *La Roche* doth so far misconstrue, as he erroneously attributes it, rather to fear and cowardise, than to reason or judgement. The worst of *Pont Chaufey*'s malice, venteth no other speeches and language, but that he will follow and abide the censure of their Principals, whether they, being their Seconds, ought to fight or no ; and accordingly he is ready either to retire or advance : But *La Roche*'s intemperate passions flying a higher pitch, with much vehemency and choler protesteth, that he came into the field purposely to fight and not to keep sheep or to catch flies with his Rapier : the two Brothers interpose and consult hereon, and do joyntly affirm, that because they themselves are reconciled, and become good friends, they hold it repugnant to reason, and contradictory to the right and nature of Duels, that their Seconds should once draw their weapons, much less fight ; but this neither doth, nor can yet satisfy *La Roche*, whose choler is now become so boundless, as he in lofty terms elevateth *Valfontaine*'s valour to the Skies, and dejecteth *Quatbriffon*'s cowardise as low as Hell, begging permission of the one to fight with the Second, and peremptorily informing the other that he will fight ; but both *Quatbriffon* and *Valfontaine* condemn those fumes and this heat of *La Roche*, and are so far from applauding it in him, as they (in down-right terms) repute it to temerity and rashness, and not to magnanimity and valour ; yea, his impatience hath so provoked and moved their patience, as (not in jest, but in earnest) they bandy these words to him, That he glorieth so much in his generosity, as in now ambitiously seeking to add to his valour, he substracteth from his judgement. When *Pont Chaufey* (to retort and wipe off the least taunt or blemish, which either *La Roche* or the two brothers might conceive lay on his reputation,) thinks it now high time to speak, because as yet he had spoken so little, and says *La Roche* to find out some expedient, either that they might return as loving friends, or fight it out as honourable enemies ; and that for his part he is so far from the least shadow of fear, or conceit of cowardise, as he tells him plainly, he shall find his Rapier of an excellent temper, and his heart of a better. Whereupon vain and miserable *La Roche*, consulting with nature not with grace, he to give end to this difference, resolves on an expedient as wretched as execrable, the which he proposeth to *Pont Chaufey* and the two Brothers, in these terms, That the only way, and his last resolution is, that a fair pair of Dice must be the judge and umpire between them ; and that who throws most at one cast, it shall be in his choice either to fight or not to fight ; whereunto *Pont Chaufey* willingly consenteth ; although *Quatbriffon* and *Valfontaine* do in vain contradict and oppose it : but the decree is past, and *La Roche* (very officious in his wickedness, and forward in his impiety) spreads his cloak on the ground, draws a pair of Dice forth of his pocket, and because he was of the Challengers side, he will throw first which he doth, and the fortune of the Dice gives him seven ; *Pont Chaufey* follows him, and likewise taking the Dice, throws only five : whereat *La Roche* gracelessly insulting and triumphing, with an open throat, cries out, *Fight, fight, fight* ; and so presently draws his Rapier : *Pont Chaufey* seeing his enemy armed, thinks it no longer either safe or honourable for him to be unarmed, when (yet with a kind of religious reluctance, and unwilling willingness) he likewise unsheaths his Rapier, and so without any farther expostulation, they here approach each other : but because (for brevities sake) I resolve to pass over the circumstances, and only to mention the issue of their single combat, let me (before I proceed further) in the name and fear of God, conjure the Christian Reader here to admire with wonder and admiration, at his sacred Providence, and divine Justice, which in the issue of this Duel is made conspicuous and apparent to these two rash and inconsiderate Gentlemen, the Combatants, and in them to all others of the whole world : for lo, just as many picks as each of them threw on the Dice,

so many wounds they severally received each from other, as *Pont Chauſſey* five, and *La Roche* seven; and he, who ſo extreamly deſired to fight, and ſo inſatiably thirſted after *Pont Chauſſey's* blood, is now here by him nailed dead to the ground, and his breathleſs Corps all gored and waſhed in his own blood. A fearful example, and remarkable Preſident for all bloody minded Gentlemen of theſe our times, to contemplate and look on, becauſe wretched *La Roche* was ſo miferable, as he had no point of time to ſee his error, no ſpark of grace to repent it.

Quatbriffon and his Chirurgeon (as ſorrowful for his death, as his Brother *Valfontain* is glad thereof) take order for his decent tranſporting to the City, whiles *Valfontain* congratulates with *Pont Chauſſey* for his good fortune and victory; who for his ſafety flies to *Blavet*, until the Duke of *Razes* (to whom he was Homager) had procured and ſent him his pardon from the King; the which in few weeks after he effected. *Monsieur de Caerſtainge*, and *Madamoyſelle Ville-Blanche* his Wife, are advertiſed of their two Sons quarrel at *Saint Vallery*, and of the cauſe and iſſue thereof, who condemn *Quatbriffon* for his treachery and malice, and applaud *Valfontain* for ſo nobly giving of his Brother his life, when it lay in his power and pleaſure to have deprived him thereof; which news is likewiſe ſpeedily conveyed firſt to *Nantz*, and to *Saint Argnaw*; where *Pennelle* as much grieves at *Quatbriffon's* foyl and diſgrace, as his Daughter, our fair *La Pratiere*, triumphs at her *Valfontain's* victory, and becauſe ſhe will no longer be deprived of his preſence, whoſe abſence deprives her of all her earthly content and felicity; ſhe makes her prayers and tears become ſuch inceſſant Orators, and importunate Advocates to her Father, as ſhe now draws his free conſent to take *Valfontain* for her Husband; which at laſt to their own unſpeakable joy, and the approbation and content of all their Parents on either ſide, is at *Saint Argnaw* performed and conſummated with much pomp and bravery.

But albeit *Quatbriffon* (as we have formerly underſtood) have all the reaſons of the world to be fully and fairly reconciled to his Brother *Valfontain*, yea; and (according to his promiſe and oath) to affect him tenderly and dearly; yet where the heart is not ſanctified, and in peace, the tongue may pretend, though not intend it: for the more he gazeth on his Siſter-in-Law *La Pratiere's* beauty, the more the freſhneſs and delicacy thereof revives and inflames his laſcivious luſt towards her; when knowing her to be as chaſte as fair, and being confident that he was out of all hope to receive any immodeſt courteſie or familiarity from her, whiles her Husband, his Brother, *Valfontaine*, lives; the Devil hath already taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of his heart, as (with a helliſh ingratitude and impiety) he wretchedly reſolves to deprive him of his life, of whom, as it were, but right now he had the happineſs to receive his own.

As ſoon as we think of revenge, we meerly forget our ſelves; but when we conſent to murder, we abſolutely forget God: for that helliſh contemplation, and this inhumane and bloody action, do inſtantly work ſo wretchedly in us, that of Men we become Monſters, and (which is worſe) of Chriſtians, Devils; for thereby we make ourſelves his ſlaves and members. A miſery to which all others are not comparable, becauſe thoſe are finite, in regard they have only relation to the life of our bodies; but this infinite in regard it occaſioned the death of our ſouls. But notwithstanding, it is not in jeſt, but in earneſt, that *Quatbriffon* aſſumes the bloody reſolution to murder his Brother *Valfontain*; for ſeeing that it was neither in his power or fortune to kill him in the Duel, he therefore holds it more ſafe, leſs dangerous, to have him poiſoned, and ſo deals with his Brother's Apothecary, named *Moncallier*, to undertake and perform it; and in requital thereof, he aſſureth him of three hundred crowns, and gives him the one half in his hand; whereupon this Factor of the Devil, this Emperick of Hell, confidently promiſeth him ſpeedily to effect and perform it, the which he doth.

The Manner thus.

Valfontaine, within ſix weeks of his marriage, finds his body in an extream heat, ſome reporting it to an exceſs of wine, which he had the day before taken at *Pontivie* Fair; and others, for having been too amorous and uxorious to his ſweet young Wife *La Pratiere*; but it matters not which exceſs of theſe two gave him his ſickneſs; only let it ſatiſſie the Reader, that (as we have already heard) his body was very much enflamed and hot, the dangerous ſymptomes either of a Burning-Fever or a Pleuriſie; the which to allay and cool, he ſends for his Apothecary *Moncallier*, from *Vannes* to *Saint Argnaw*, and after their conſultation, he openeth him a vein very timely in the morning, and draws ten ounces of blood from him, and towards night gives him

a Glister, wherein he infused strong poyson, which spreading o're the vital parts of the body, doth so soon work its operation, and extinguish their radical moisture, that being the most part of the night tortured with many sharp throws, and heart-killing convulsions, he before the next morning dies in his bed. His Wife *La Pratiere* being desperately vanquished with sorrow, doth (as it were) dissolve and melt her self into tears, at this sudden and unexpected death of her Husband *Valfountain*; and indeed her griefs and sorrows are far the more infinite and violent, in that she sees her self a Widow, almost as soon as a Wife. Her Father is likewise penive and sorrowful for the death of his Son-in-law; and so also is his own Father and Mother at *Vannes*. But for his inhumane Brother, *Quatbriffon*, although he neither can or shall blear the eyes of God, yet he intends to do those of men, from the knowledge and detection of this foul and bloody fact; for he puts on a mournful and disconsolate countenance, on his rejoycing and triumphing heart for the death of his Brother, the which he endeavoureth to publish in his speeches and apparel; so he rides over to *Saint-Arnav*, to his Sister-in-law *Pratiere*, condoles with her for her Husband and his Brother's death, and with his best Oratory strives to dissipate and dispel her sorrows: but still her thoughts and conscience do notwithstanding prompt her, that (considering his former affection to her, and his fighting with his Brother, her Husband, for her) sure he had a hand in his death; but in what manner, or how, she knows not; and so as a most vertuous and sorrowful Lady, leaves the revealing thereof to the good pleasure and providence of God; and the curious heads both of *Nantz* and *Vannes*, concur with her in the same conceit and belief.

But three months are scarce past over, since *Valfountain* was laid in his Grave, but *Quatbriffon* is still so deeply besotted with his own lust, and the beauty of *La Pratiere*, as he sells his wit for folly, and again becomes a Suitor to marry her, having none but this poor Apology to colour out his incestuous desires, That he will procure a dispensation from *Rome* to approve it; and that he hath already spoken to *Tyon*, Bishop of *Reims*, to that effect, who was many years Penitentiary (or Almoner) to Pope *Paulus Quintus*. And what doth this indifcretion of his work with *La Pratiere*, but onely to encrease her jealousy, to confirm her suspicion, and to make her the more confident that her Husband had been still in this World if he had not been the means so soon to send him into another. Wherefore she rejecteth both his suit and himself; tells him, that if he can find in his heart and conscience to marry her, she cannot dispense with her soul to espouse him, and therefore that he shall do well to surcease his suit, either to the Pope or Bishop, sith if it lay in their power, yet it should never in her pleasure to grant, or resolution to affect it. But this peremptory resolution of hers, cannot yet cause *Quatbriffon* to forsake and leave her: for if this lust and concupiscence formerly made him peevish to seek her for his Wife, now it makes him meerly fortif and impudent to alter his suit, and so to attempt and desire to make her his Strumpet. But he hath no sooner delivered her this base and obscene motion, but all the blood of her body flushing into her face, she highly disdain'd both his speeches and himself, and vowing and scorning henceforth evermore to come into his company; so she informs her Father of his dishonorable intent, and unchast motion to her, who to rid himself of so uncivil and impudent a Guest, thereupon (in sharp terms) forbids him his House and his Daughter's company, as having hereby altogether made himself unworthy to enjoy the privilege of the one, or the honour of the other. When this sweet and chaste young Lady (to be no more haunted with so lascivious a ghost and spirit) being sought in marriage by divers noble and gallant Gentlemen, she among them all (after a whole year's mourning for the first) makes choice of Mounſieur *de Pont Chaussey*, for her second Husband, and marries him. *Quatbriffon* seeing himself so disdainfully slighted and rejected of *La Pratiere*, he (as a base Gentleman, and dishonourable Lover) metamorphosed his affection into hatred towards her, and vows that his revenge shall shortly match her disdain, and meet with her ingratitude, and so flies her sight and company, as much as he formerly desired it. But as the best revenge is, to make our enemies see that we prosper and do well; so he, quite contrary, makes it his practice and ambition to do evil: for from henceforth, among many other of his vices, he deileth his body with Whoredom, and gives himself over to Fornication and Adultery, which hath taken up so deep a habit in him, as it is now grown to a second nature: for he wholly abandoneth himself to Queens and Strumpets, that be she Maid, Wife, or Widow, his wanton eye scarce sees any, but his lustful heart desireth, and his lascivious tongue seeks.

Now *Quatbriffon* (among many other) hearing that a poor Peasant or Country-man, termed *Renne Malliot*, of the Parish of *Saint Andrews*, three miles from *Vannes*, had a sweet and fair young Daughter; he therefore very lewdly resolves to see her, and to tempt her to his obscene desires, when provoked and hauled on by his lust, as that was likewise by the Devil,

he rides over to her Father's house, and alighting from his Horse, calls there for some wine but with his Hawk on his fist, and his Lacquey and Dogs at his heels, thereby the better to over-veil and colour out his lascivious design and intent. And that the Reader may the better and apparently behold this Country-Virgin *Marietta*, she was aged of some sixteen years, and towards her seventeenth, tall and straight, and rather a little inclining to fatness than to lean-ness: her hair was of a bright flaxen colour and she of so fresh a beauty, and sweet delicate complexion, that her eyes were capable to inflame desire, and her cheeks to ingender and exact affection, so that as it was a wonder, among many, to find so delicate a Country-Lass, it was also many wonders in one, to see how sweetly her rich beauty graced her poor cloaths, whiles they (though in vain) endeavour to disgrace it. *Quatbriffon* no sooner sees *Marietta*, but she is so fair and amiable in his eyes, as they inform him, that report comes infinitely short of her beauty; when burning in the flames of his beastly concupiscence towards her, his lust so exceedingly out-braves his reason, that his eyes and heart do already do homage to hers, and he is so far caught and ensnared in the contemplation of her fresh youth and beauty, as he vows to leave no art unattempted to obtain his lustful desires in injoying of her Virginity: To which end he very often and secretly visiteth her, discovereth her his lewd desires and affection, gives her Gloves, Bone-lace, Lawn, worsted-Stockens, and the like trifles, thereby the sooner to prevail with her; when, God knows, this fair poor Maiden was so chaste, as yet she knew not what belong'd to unchastity; such was her obscure dwelling, and innocent education: and yet behold the Devil was so busie with her, and *Quatbriffon* with the Devil, to draw and prostitute her to sin, as she was so far in love with his gay cloaths, sugered speeches and fair promises, rich gifts, and especially because he was a Gentleman, that in a few weeks she had hardly the power or will to deny him any thing, no not her self.

But whiles thus *Quatbriffon* layes close siege to the Chastity of the Daughter, her Mother, *Jane Chaumet* (being of a quick wit and sharp apprehension, measuring his youth by her Daughters beauty) begins to mistrust and fear, that by his often visits he endeavoured to put a rape on her virtue, in seeking to enrich himself with the loss of her Maiden-head; the which to prevent, she forbids him her house, shewing him that she had rather die, than live to see her Daughter made a Strumpet; adding further, that if hereupon he did not forbear her house, and her Daughter's company, she would forthwith acquaint his Father, Mounſieur de *Caerſtaing*, therewith; alledging, how close soever he bore himself, she knew him to be his Son and Heir, and termed *Quatbriffon*. Which cross speeches of hers, do much afflict and perplex him, and the more, because he sees he cannot now approach *Marietta*; and, which is worst of all, in regard he knows not whom to employ towards her, to win her to his desires: but at length, remembering that he was well acquainted with an old Franciscan Frier of *Auroy*, named Father *Symplician*, who many years begged the Country for the repairing their Monastery, and with whom he had often caroused and been merry. He therefore holds him a fit Instrument and Agent for his purpose, and so rides over to *Auroy*, and sends for him to his lodging; where giving him good cheer and well heating his head with wine, he there from point to point discovereth this secret, and lays open himself to him: so this old Frier loving his Cups better than his Beads, and Mounſieur de *Quatbriffon* better than his Guardian (because he had twice formerly expelled him the Monastery for some of his dishonest and debauched pranks) he freely ingageth himself to him; affirming, that he well knew both Father, and Mother, and Daughter, having heretofore many times lain in their house, when he hath been overtaken either by night or rain.

Hypocrisie is the Devil's Mask or Vizard, and there is no way so subtle or sinful to deceive, as under the cloak and colour of Religion; and therefore it is a most pernicious and odious shame to Christians, that those who profess Piety, should prophane it. This good-fellow, Frier *Symplician*, (taking the tide of time, and the wind of opportunity) under the pretext of visiting some of his Kinstolks, leaves *Auroy*, repairs to *Vannes*, and so to *Malliot's* house in the Country; where purposely feigning himself sick, thereby to procure himself the better colour for his stay, and the better means for the dispatch of this love-busines for Mounſieur *Quatbriffon*: there *Malliot* and his Wife *Jane Chaumet* (out of their respect to Religion, and reverence to Church-men) entertain him lovingly, and attend him carefully and diligently, thinking no cost too much, nor any meat, care or labour enough, which they spent and bestowed on him. But we shall see him requite this Hospitality, and repay this courtesie of theirs with a base ingratitude.

For in the absence of the Father and Mother, this debauched Frier teacheth their fair Daughter *Marietta* a new Catechism; he tells her that Mounſieur *Quatbriffon* is deeply in love with her, that if she will hearken to his affection, and so become flexible to his desires, he

he will shortly steal her away from her Parents, and either maintain her Gentlewoman-like, in brave apparel, or else marry her to some rich Serving-man, or Farmer's Son, with whom she might live merrily, and at her heart's content, all the dayes of her life, adding withal, that it was pity her delicate fresh beauty should be so strictly and obscurely mew'd up in her Father's poor Cottage, and that it was a shame to her to prove an Enemy to Nature, who had been so bountiful and so true a Friend to her; with many more obscene reasons, and bebauched speeches, looking that way, the which (in modesty) I cannot remember without shame, nor relate without detestation. So this Pandarising old Frier (degenerating from his habit, profession and name) what with the honey (or rather indeed the poyson) of his speeches and promises, and the sugar of some gifts and tokens which he delivered her from *Quatbriffon*, he draws this harmless and innocent poor Country Maid, so far to forget her self, her Parents, and God, that in hopes of rich apparel, and a good Husband, she tells her Father *Symplician*, that she is wholly at *Quatbriffon*'s command; and that for his sake and love, she is absolutely resolv'd to forsake her Father and Mother, and to go with him any night or day, when he pleaseth to fetch her; the which he shortly doth, and she accomplisheth. And this was the odious ingratitude of this Frier *Symplician*, towards honest *Malliot* and his Wife, for his good cheer, lodging and entertainment, to betray and bereave them of their only Child and Daughter, whom they well hoped would have proved the joy of their life, and the staff and comfort of their age.

Quatbriffon (in the vanity of his voluptuous thoughts), having thus by himself and the Frier, play'd his prize in stealing away fair *Marietta*, he by night brings her to his own old Nurse her house, which is a little mile distant from that of his Father, where he secretly keeps her, takes his pleasure of her, and as often as he pleaseth lies with her whole nights together; but *Marietta*'s sorrowful Father and Mother seeing themselves thus robbed of their only Jewel their Daughter, they bitterly lament her loss, and their own misfortunes therein: They complain to all their Neighbours thereof, and leave few adjacent Parishes or Houses unsought for her; yea, her Mother *Jane Chaumer*'s grief and jealousy transport her so far, as vehemently suspecting, that Mounieur de *Quatbriffon* had stolen her away, she trips over to his Father's house, and there (with sorrow in her looks, and tears in her eyes) acquaints both him and the Lady his Wife thereof, who presently send for their Son *Quatbriffon* before them: They shew him what an infinite scandal this foul fact and crime of his will breed him, and likewise reflect upon themselves, and all their Kinsfolks and Family: How the Justice of God infallibly attends on Whoredome and Fornication, and that he hath no other true course or means left him to expatiate or deface it, but Confession, Contrition, and Repentance, and by returning the poor Country Girl again to her aged and sorrowful Parents. But *Quatbriffon* their Son (as a base debauched Gentleman) denies all, terms old *Malliot*'s Wife an old Hag and Devil, to charge him thus falsely with the stealing away of her Daughter; and so without any other redress or comfort, this poor Mother returns again home to her sorrowful Husband; and *Quatbriffon* secretly to his Nurse's to frolick and sport it out with his sweet and fair Country Mistress, *Marietta*.

But to observe the better order and decorum in the dilation and unfolding of this History, leave we (for a small time) this lascivious young couple, wallowing in the beastly pleasures of their sensuality and fornication, and come we a little to speak how suddenly and sharply (at unawares) the vengeance and justice of God surpriseth our execrable Apothecary *Moncallier*, who so wretchedly and lamentably (as we have formerly understood) had sent innocent *Valfontaine* from Earth to Heaven, by that damnable drug and ingredient of Poyson. The manner whercof briefly thus,

Quatbriffon (as we have already seen) having exchanged his former affection into future malice and envy towards his Sister-in-Law *La Pratiere*, doth still retain such bloody thoughts against her, as (striking hands with the Devil) he (in favour of three hundred Crowns more) hath again engaged this hellish Apothecary, *Moncallier*, likewise to poyson her at his first administering of Physick to her; which intended deplorable Tragedy of theirs, is no sooner projected and plotted of the one, than promised speedily to be acted and performed by the other, to the end (quoth these two miserable wretches) to make her equal, as in marriage, so in death, with her first Husband *Valfontaine*. Thus *Quatbriffon* longing, and *Moncallier* hearkning out for *La Pratiere*'s first sickness, two months are scarce blown over since her marriage with *Pont Chaufey*, but she is surpris'd with a Pestilent Fever; when he, as a loving and kind Husband (at the request of his sick Wife) rides over to *Vannes* for this Montier of his profession and time, *Moncallier*, to come with him and give her Physick: the which presently (with as much treacherous care, as feigned sorrow) he promiseth to effect; and so inwardly resolves

with the Devil and himself to poyson her: but we shall see here, that God's providence will favourably permit the first, and his goodness and mercy miraculously prevent the second.

Moncallier sees this his fair and sweet Patient, *La Pratiere*; but he is yet so far from shame or repentance, that he had poysoned her first Husband, as (with a graceless ratiocination) he confirms his former impious resolution likewise to dispatch her self: but for that time he contenteth himself only to draw six ounces of blood from her, and promiseth to return to her the next morning with Physick, and therein to insinuate and infuse the Poyson. But here (in the fear, and to the glory of God) let me request the Christian Reader to admire and wonder with me at the strangeness of this sudden and divine punishment of God, than and there shewn on this wretched Apothecary, *Moncallier*: for as he was ready to depart, and being on the top of the stairs (next to the Chamber-door where *La Pratiere* lay sick) complementing with her Husband, *Pont Chaussey*, at his farewell, he trips in his Spurs, and so falls down headlong at the foot thereof there breaks his neck; and, which is lamentable and fearful, he hath neither the power or grace left him to speak a word, much less to repent his cruel poysoning of *Valsfontaine*, or to pray unto God to forgive it him. And thus was the miserable end of this wretched *Moncallier*, who when he absolutely thought that that bloody fact of his was quite defaced and forgotten of God, then God (as we see) in his due time remembered to punish him for the same, to his utter confusion and destruction; that as his crime was bloody, so his punishment should be sudden and sharp.

Return we now again to *Quatbriffon*, who (amidst his carnal pleasures with his young and fair *Marietta*) is advertised of *Moncallier's* sudden and unnatural death at Saint *Argenau*, whereat (resembling himself) he is so far from any apprehension of grief, as he exceedingly triumpheth and rejoiceth thereat; yea, he is as glad that he hath thus broke his neck, because he can now tell no tales; as sorrowful, if now before his death he have not poysoned *La Pratiere*, as formerly he did her Husband, *Valsfontaine*, his Brother. Whiles thus *Quatbriffon's* joy in enjoying *Marietta*, proves the grief and disconsolation of her Parents; for it is now generally bruited in *Vannes*, that *Quatbriffon* hath stollen away *Malliot's* Daughter, *Marietta*, whereof her Father and Mother being sorrowfully acquainted (he being weak and sickly), she again repairs to Monsieur *de Caerstaign* and his Lady, and with tears in her eyes, throwing her self at their feet, acquaints them with this publick report, humbly beseeching them to be a means to the Gentleman, their Son, that he restore them their Daughter: but they are in a manner deaf to her requests, and so only return her this general answer, That they will again examine their Son, and cause all their Tenants houses near about, to be narrowly searched for her: and this is all the redress and consolation with this sorrowful Mother could get from them. Whereof *Quatbriffon* being advertised, he (with much secrecy and haste) about mid-night, causeth *Pierot* his Father's Miller to fetch *Marietta* away from his Nurse's house, to his Mill, which is some quarter of a League from his Father's house; the which accordingly *Pierot* effecteth. The very next morning *Quatbriffon* goes secretly to the Mill, and visits her; he informs her how her Parents have incensed him against him, and against her self likewise; he bids her be of good comfort, that she shall want nothing, that he will very shortly procure her a better lodging, and provide both for her safety and reputation, and so continually frolicks it out, and there takes his pleasure of her; yea, he lies so often with her, many whole nights, and some days, at this Mill, that at last her belly swells, and both of them apparently perceive that she is with child by him: when, poor soul, seeing her self as it were pend up in prison, that she had no new apparel, nor was towards any Husband; yea, looking back into the foulness of her fault, and seeing that she had made her self the grief of her Father and Mother, the laughter of the world, and almost the disdain of *Quatbriffon*, who (surfeiting in his pleasures with her) began now to look less familiar, and more strange to her, than accustomed; she with many sighs and tears, repents her self of her error; but how to remedy it, she knows not.

As for *Quatbriffon*, he supposing he had his Father's Miller, *Pierot*, at his command, proffereth him two hundred French Crowns to marry her: whereat this Meal-cap Miller (being a lusty young fellow of some five and twenty years old) could not at first refrain from blushing and laughing; when seeing *Marietta* to be young and fair, he is so far in love with her, as at first he wisheth her to be his wife; but than again considering, that she hath a great belly by his young Master, that he still lies with her, and that if he should marry her, he would undoubtedly be more Master and owner of her, than himself; he prays him therefore to excuse him, for that he is fully resolved not to marry her.

When

When *Quatbriffon* yet further desirous to draw him to take her to his Wife, proffereth *Pierot* a new Lease and Estate of his Mill from his Father, for seven years, at his own costs and charges. But this Miller (being a pleasant jovial Wag) tells his young Master, that he had rather never hear the clacking of his Mill, than to live to see himself cornuted; and so upon no terms will marry *Marietta*; but for any other service, he swears to him that he is, and ever will be, wholly at his command. Poor *Marietta* now seeing her hopes grow small and her belly great, and consequently her joys decline, and her sorrows encrease; finding that she is now rather *Quatbriffon*'s prisoner, than his prize, and the Miller rather her Gaoler than her Landlord: she with many far-fetch'd sighs, and brinish tears, very passionately beseecheth *Quatbriffon* on her knees, that he will speedily either provide her a Husband, or permit her with her shameful and sorrowful burthen to return home to her afflicted and angry Parents. Two requests, and both so reasonable (quoth she to him,) as if it be not in your power to grant me the first, yet I hope it will be your pleasure not to deny me the second. But *Quatbriffon*, notwithstanding all these tears and prayers of *Marietta*, he is still so vexed, as well with her importunity, as with the sharp complaints of his own Parents, and the bitter lamentations and outcries of hers, that (in the heat of fottish choler, and ingrateful disdain) he flies from her, absents himself longer than accustomed, and thenceforth (by degrees) begins as much to loath her, as he formerly loved her. *Marietta* perceiving this his unexpected and ingrateful unkindness towards her, it pierceth her very heart with grief, and her soul with despair. She requests the Miller to tell Mounseur de *Quatbriffon*, that she prays him to see her, or to permit her to see him; but he perceiving that his young Master slighted her, and that his hot affection was by this time waxed cold and frozen to her, he refuseth to go himself, and so sends his Boy. But what doth this importunity of hers procure or effect with *Quatbriffon*, but only the more inflame his choler? and therein the more encrease her own sorrows, and accelerate and hasten on her miseries; for he bids the Boy tell her, that he is gone to *Renner*, and will not return in a month; and withal, he wills him to bid his Master to come secretly to him in the morning at his Father's Orchard. So, if *Quatbriffon*'s unkindness to *Marietta* formerly made her seem to be the picture of sorrow; alas, now this his discourteous departure, and disdainful either to see her, or once bid her farewell, makes her really to be sorrow her self; for she tears her hair, and (with a mournful and sorrowful ambition) endeavoureth to drown her self in the Ocean of her tears; yea, her griefs are so infinite, and her discontent so insupportable (in that she hath so deeply disobeyed her Parents, and offended God with her Fornication) as the remembrance of these sins and crimes of hers make her not dare to look up to Heaven for assistance; a thousand times she repents her self of her folly, and as often saith and dictateth to her self, that she should be as happy as now she is miserable, if she again were a child and not with child; and that she were again as living in her Mother's belly, as now by this time she finds her own poor unfortunate innocent Babe is in hers. She as high as heaven exclaimeth on *Quatbriffon*'s ingratitude, and curseth the name and memory of *Frier Simplician*, as low as hell, for thus betraying and seducing her to sin, which hath now brought her to misery and disconsolation; yea, her unfortunacy is so great, as she cannot write for assistance from any where; or if she could, she knows not from whom once to expect, much less to receive it; but rather sees her self reduced to such extream affliction and misery, that she is every way far more capable to weep or sigh forth her sorrows to her self, than to speak or make them known to the world.

Whiles thus *Marietta* is pensively and pitifully echoing forth her complaints to the bare walls of her poor Chamber, *Pierot* the Miller finds out his young Master *Quatbriffon* in the Orchard behind his Father's house according to his appointment; where betwixt this wretched and execrable couple, the Reader must prepare to see them consult and conclude a most bloody and mournful business, which will both exact pity, and command lamentation from the most flinty and barbarous heart; yea, in a word, from any living mortal Man, whose prophane life and impiety hath not absolutely made him a meer Devil. For *Quatbriffon* having thus satiated and surfeited himself in reaping his beastly pleasures of poor *Marietta*, and (as before) exchanged his familiarity into malice, and his affection into envy towards her, knowing that she will be a perpetual eye-sore to his Parents, and a continual shame and scandal to himself as long as she lives in this world; he therefore most ungratefully and cruelly resolves speedily to send her into another; and no consideration whatsoever, either of her youth or beauty; of her great belly, or of his quick Child within her, or of his own soul, can prevail with him to the contrary. But the Devil is so strong with him, that he is miserably resolute not to retire but advance in this bloody business. To which effect, he breaks with *Pierot* the Miller to attempt and finish it, and again promiseth him the Fee-simple (or at least a Lease of seven years) of his Mill, to finish it; which this bloody Miscreant (out of his hellish covetous-

nies,

nels, and itching desire to please his young Master) promiseth to accomplish. They now consult of the manner how to murder *Marietta*. The Miller affirms it to be the surest way (under some pretext) to take her in the next Wood by night, and there to murder her; which *Quatbriffon* contradicteth, because (saith he) her dead body being found so near his Fathers house, this her murder will reflect on him; and therefore to make sure work, he bid the Miller to strangle her by night in her bed, and so to bury her in his outer yard, and there to clapa wood-vine over her; whereon they both agree: when swearing perpetual secrecie each to other, this execrable Miller here promiseth *Quatbriffon* to dispatch her within three dayes at farthest.

This bloody bargain and compact being thus concluded between them, *Pierot* the Miller returns to his Mill, where poor *Marietta* (little suspecting or dreaming what a dismal straitagem was plotted and resolved against her life) she (finding comfort from no where, and therefore seeking it every where) enquires of him if he came from Monsieur de *Caerstain*'s house and if his Son, Monsieur *Quatbriffon*, were departed from *Rennes*, as his Mill-boy had told her; who (here the better to lull her asleep, thereby with more facility to finish his bloody design on her) tells her that he was gone thither, but that before his departure, he had left secret word for him to use her courteously in his absence, the which he swore to her he would carefully perform; whereat *Marietta* thanks him: but yet, again prying more narrowly into this Miller's looks than his speeches, she found that he now looked more fullen and haggardly to her, than accustomed; or else that either her conceit, or his countenance and Physiognomy, deceived her therein. But here (before I proceed further) let us mark the strange effect and events hercof: for as Dreams prove seldom true, because they are as uncertain as their causes, which for the most part either proceed from the influence of the heart, or else flow from the operations of the brain, in their different passions of affection, envy, hope, fear, joy, sorrow, or the like: so it pleased God, that the very same night *Marietta* dreamt that *Pierot* the Miller killed her, and threw her dead body into the Pond; the which remembering the next morning, she likewise remembered to acquaint him there with, who (vile wretch, and dissembling Hypocrite) seemed to be in choler thereat, vowing and swearing to her with many oaths and deprecations, that she was, and should be as safe in his Mill, as if she were either in the Tower of *Bylin*, or in the Castle of *Blava*, which indeed are reputed to be two of the strongest and most important pieces of *Little-Brittany*, whereat poor *Marietta* again and again thanks him: But this notwithstanding, I now here tremble to report, that the very next ensuing night (*Marietta* proving too true a Herald and Prophetess to her own immediate mournful Tragedy), as the night had given truce to her tears, and sleep administered rest to her eyes, as she lay in her Poor Pallet-bed, then this bloody villain *Pierot* the Miller very secretly enters her Chamber, and softly conveys a small cord under her head, and fastning it to her further bed-post (his strength conspiring with his malice) he then and there strangles her dead, giving her neither the power or time to cry, much less to speak one word: and as soon as this Agent of Hell had bereaved her (and consequently the fruit of her womb) of life, he within less than an hour after (not to give the lye to her own dream) changeth his purpose in the manner of her burial, and so (in her cloaths as she was) carries her to his little Mill-boat in the Pond, where fastning a great piece of an old broken Mill-stone, to her middle (or waste) by a strong new Rope which he had purposely provided, he there throws her into the deepest place of his Pond, hoping, yea, assuring himself, that he should never see nor hear more of her.

The very next morning after the finishing of this deplorable fact, *Pierot* the Miller (not able to sleep for joy) at the very break of the day, dispeeds himself away with the news hercof to his young Master *Quatbriffon*, who hears and receives it with much content and joy, when (by his promise and oath again assuring the Miller of his Mill) he the better to bear and wipe off the suspicion, which this Murder might reflect or cast on him (if it should ever hereafter come to be detected or discovered) rides away to the City of *Rennes*, where the States General of that Province (which we in *England* term our Parliament) was then to assemble, where recoying that he had so hapily dispatch'd his clownish Strumpet, *Marietta*; and *Pierot* the Miller at home, likewise singing and triumphing at this his easie purchase of his Mill, they not so much as once look up to Heaven and God, or down to their own consciences and souls, what this foul and detestable Murder of theirs deserves. And, not to go far by this time the Lord thinks it high time to bring this their cruel Murder to light, by a strange, I may justly say by a miraculous accident, which at unawares, and when they least think thereof, will (amidst their mirth and security) befall them.

A Month is not full past over since this Murder of *Marietta*, but God (in his sacred mercy and justice) is now resolved to make Monsieur de *Pont Chaussey* (*La Pratiere*'s Second Husband)

to be the first means for the detection thereof (and in that likewise afterwards of the poysoning of *Valfontaine*), who being one day at *Vannes* with three other Gentlemen, his friends, he is desirous to hunt a Duck with two of his own Spaniels; and no Pond being so fit or near as that of *Monfieur de Caerftaing's*, he makes choice thereof; But the Duck is no sooner in the Pond, and the Dogs after her, but these two poor harmless Currs swimming eagerly for their Prey, as they come to the place where *Marietta's* dead body was sunk and tyed, they instantly forsok and abandon the Duck, and there paddling with their feet, and snuffling with their noses in the water, they most lamentably set up their tones, and aloud howl and bark each at other, without departing or stirring thence; the which *Pont Chaussey* and the other Gentlemen well observing, God instantly inspires their conceits with this apprehension, and their hearts with this jealousy, That peradventure there was some body either accidentally or purposely drowned there, and that it now pleased his Divine Majesty to make these two poor Dogs his Agents and Officers to discover it; whereupon they once resolve to draw up the slace, and to let out all the water of the Pond; but first they resolve to make another trial and experiment hereof, so for that time they take up their Duck, depart, and call away their Spaniels; but after dinner they return, and the Duck being again put in, the Spaniels in the very same place do the like as in the morning, still howling and barking most lamentably; the which indeed yields harsh and displeasing musick to the trembling heart and guilty conscience of this murderous Miller; but still the Devil his School-master makes him put a brazen face on his fear. Now this Second action and demeanor of the Spaniels, confirms the first jealousy and apprehension of *Pont Chaussey* and his Associates, who (to vindicate this truth) are now resolute in their former proposition, and desire of setting out the water of the Pond, the which they attempt to effect: but then this wretched Miller seeing himself now so narrowly put to his trumps and shifts, and therefore knowing it high time to prevent them, at least if he meant to provide for his own safety and life, he with many humble and sugred speeches (not seeming any way to take notice of their apprehension) tells them, that he is a poor young man, that this is the first year of setting up his Trade of a Miller for himself, that it being now in the midst of a hot and dry Summer, his Pond will not receive in water again for his Mill to go in a week or two after, which will infallibly begger him; and therefore (almost with tears) he beseecheth them to desist from their purpose, and not to turn out the water of his Pond; yea he speaks so passionately and pitifully to them, as his reasons prevail with the three other Gentlemen, but with *Pont Chaussey* they cannot, but rather the more confirm his former apprehension and belief, that sure there where some one or other drowned, and withal, God doth a fresh distil and infuse into his imaginations, that this very Miller himself might have some hand therein, notwithstanding all his humble prayers and smooth speeches to the contrary.

To which end *Pont Chaussey*, the better to effect his desire and resolution, he (as a wife and discreet Gentleman) grants the Miller his request, when purposely sending away his Servants, Duck, and Dogs, he enquires of the Miller if he have any Dice or Cards in his Mill; who answers him, that he hath Cards, but no Dice. So into the Mill they all four go, and play at *Lansknicht* for Cardescus; and the Miller (now ravished with joy to see how his fair tongue hath kept the water in his Pond) is wonderful diligent to wait, and officious to attend them and their commands.

But they having played an hour, *Pont Chaussey* now thinks it high time for him to effect his design and resolution; and then tells *Pierot* the Miller, that he is very dry and thirsty, demanding of him if there be any wine to sell near his Mill; who tells him there is none nearer than the Town, where he willingly proffereth to go and fetch some speedily; which indeed is that very part and point whereto *Pont Chaussey* only aimed: So he gives him money to fetch two grand Pots of Wine; when this inconsiderate and secure Miller (without either fear or wit) seems rather to fly than to run to the Town with joy for it; thinking and assuring, that the storm of his danger was now already quite past and blown over; but he is no sooner out of sight, but *Pont Chaussey* presently throws up the Cards, and prays the rest of the Gentlemen to assist him in drawing up the sluice, and emptying the Pond, for that his heart still prompts him there is some one drowned therein; whereunto they all give free consent: so by that time the water is half out, lo (with much adoration and pity) they behold a dead body floating therein, and yet fastened with a Rope to the bottom of the Pond. And prying more narrowly to discern it, they (by the Coats it wore) perceived it to be a woman, whom they cause to be taken up in the Mill-boat; but her flesh is so rivell'd and withered with the water and eaten and disfigured by the fish, as it was impossible to know what she was; and she stunk loodiously, as almost none durst approach her. *Pont Chaussey* (and his associates) seeing this woful and lamentable spectacle, and comparing therewith the Miller's earnest refusal, not to per-

mit them to empty his pond, he here confirms his former jealousy, and now confidently suspects him either to be the Author or Actor of this cruel Murder. To which end he and his Associates lay exact and curious wait for his return with the Wine; who coming therewith from the Town merrily singing, and not so much as once dreaming what had hapned at the Pond; he ascending the top of the Hill by the Wood's side, and espying his Pond emptied, then the foulness of his fact and conscience, and the imminency of his danger, doth so terrify and amaze him, that he sets down his pots of wine on the ground, and (committing his safety to the celerity and swiftness of his heels) he with all possible speed runs away towards the center of the Wood, the which *Pont Chaufey* and the rest of the Gentlemen espying, they need no other Evidence but this his flight, to proclaim himself guilty of this murder; and so they speedily send after him, and within one hour after, he is found out, apprehended, and brought back; they vehemently accusing, and he as resolutely excusing himself of this Murder; but notwithstanding, they thrust him up close in his own Mill, till it be found what this drowned murdered woman is.

The report of this mournful accident, being speedily divulged in *Vannes*, and bruted in the neighbour-Parishes, there are a world of people, who from all parts flock to the Pond to be spectators of this dead woman; and amongst the rest, *Tom Miller*, and his wife *Jane Chaufey*, no sooner understand hereof, but knowing it to be a woman, and drowned in *Monsieur de Confring's* Pond, they exceedingly fear it is their Daughter *Marietta*; and to see the issue and truth hereof, she runs before, and he limps after as fast as he can, as if they should not come time enough to make themselves miserable with the sight and object of their misery. Now they are no sooner arrived at the Pond, but they see all the people stand aloof from this murdered Corps, because of the stink thereof; but they (hardened by their fear, and encouraged by their affliction) do willingly rush towards it, but cannot as yet discern what she was, by reason the Fishes had almost eaten away all the flesh from her bones; which therefore no way satisfying their curiosity and enquiry, they then fall to wash away the mud and oze from her cloaths, hoping to draw some information and light from them, as alas they now instantly do: for they find the Wastecoat and two Pottycloths, that of Ash-colour Serge, and these of green and red Bayes, to be the very same which their Daughter *Marietta* wore when she either fled, or was stolen from them; whereat crossing their arms, and sending their sighs to Heaven, and their tears to Earth, this poor afflicted Father and Mother cry out that it was the dead body of their fair and unfortunate Daughter *Marietta*; and doubtless, that either *Monsieur Quatbriffon*, or *Pierot* the Miller, or both of them, were her Murderers: whereat all the people admire and wonder, every one speaking thereof as their several fancy led them, as they stood affected or disaffected to *Quatbriffon* and the Miller.

But *Pont Chaufey* rides presently to *Vannes* (leaving the other three Gentlemen his friends to guard the Miller in his Mill) and advertises the Senechal, and the other two Judges, of this deplorable fact; so they send for this Miller to *Vannes*, and the next day being brought before them, they examine and accuse him for this murdering of *Marietta*; but (having learnt his answer and resolution of the Devil) he with many bitter oaths and curses denies it, deposing and swearing, that he never knew her, nor saw her: but this false answer and counterfeit coin of his, will no way pass current with his Judges, but they forthwith ordain him to the Rack. Our wretched Miller *Pierot* is amazed and terrified at the sight hereof; yea, now his courage begins to fail him, as fearing it to be the true Prologue, and fatal Harbinger to his death; so he endures the single torment reasonable well; but feeling the pinches and tortures of the second, and well knowing, that his heart, joyes, and patience, can never endure it, he then and there confesseth to his Judges, that he was the only author and actor of this murder, and that he strangled her in his Mill, and then sunk her in his Pond, because she would never consent or yield to be his wife; but speaks not a word of *Quatbriffon*, or that he had any way seduced or hired him to commit it; but fed his exorbitant thoughts and erroneous hopes with the air of this vain belief. That when he was condemned to die here in *Vannes*, that he would then appeal thence to the Court of Parliament of *Reims*, where he knew his young Master *Quatbriffon* then was, and where he presumed he had so many great and noble friends, as he should not need to fear his life. But (contrary to these his weak and poor hopes) the very next morning when he expected to hear the sentence of death pronounced against him, his Judges again adjudge him to the torments of the Scarpines, to know if *Monsieur Quatbriffon*, or any other, were accessory with him in this murder; when they cause his left foot to be burnt so soundly, as he will not endure to have his right touched; and so confesseth that his young Master, *Quatbriffon*, seduced and hired him to strangle *Marietta* in her bed, in his Mill; and promised him the Fee-simple or lease thereof, to perform it; that he it was who likewise threw her into the Pond, and that he also believes she was quick with child by his said Master.

All *Vannes* wonder and talk of *Quatbriffon's* base ingratitude and cruelty towards this silly and harmless young Country-Maiden, *Marietta*, yea, this foul and lamentable Murther, admitteth likewise talk in all the adjoining Towns and Parishes. So this execrable Miller, *Pierot*, is by the Seneshal condemned to be broken alive on the Wheel; but yet (in regard of the necessity of his confrontation) they defer his execution till *Quatbriffon* be apprehended in *Rennes*, where the Seneshal and King's Attorney-General of *Vannes*, do by post send away his accusation to that famous Court of Parliament; where, while he is prauncing in the streets of that City on his great Horse, and ruffling in his Scarlets and Sattins, with three Lacquies (richly clad) at his heels, the height of this pomp and bravery makes his shame the more apparent, and his crimes the more foul and notorious: for then when he thought himself to be farthest from danger, lo the Justice and Providence of God brings him the nearest to it: for he is now here (by a band of Huyfieres, or Purservants) taken off from his horse, apprehended and imprisoned by the command of the Lieutenant-Criminal of that great Court, who yet vainly reposing on the fidelity and secrecie of *Pierot*, his Father's Miller, he seems to be no way dismayed or daunted thereat: but when he hears his Accusation and Indictment read, that *Marietta's* murdered body was found in the Pond, that *Pierot* the Miller was apprehended and imprisoned for the same, and that he had confessed him to be the Author, and himself the Actor of this her cruel murther; then, I say, he is so appalled and daunted, and so far from any hope of life, as he utterly dispaire thereof, and palpably sees the image of death before his eyes: When (with a few tears, and many sighs) he here to his Judges confesseth himself the Author of this foul fact, and so begs pardon thereof of God: for from these his grave and incorruptable Magistrates, he is assured and confident to find none. Whereupon, although four of the Council, and one of the Presidents, where resolved, in regard of this his inhumane and base crime, to have him hanged; yet the rest of that wise and honorable Senate, knowing him to be the Son and Heir to a very ancient Gentleman, nobly descended, they o're-sway and prevail with the others; and so they adjudge him the very next day to have his head cut off, although this his sorrowful aged Father, Monsieur *de Caerstaing*, offered the one half of his Lands to save his life; and likewise was a most importunate Suppliant to the Duke of *Tremouille* (who then and there presided at the Estates for the Nobility) to intercede with that Parliament for his reprieve, and with the King for his pardon, but in vain: for that Noble Duke (considering the baseness and enormity of this his inhumane fact) was too wise to attempt the one, and too honourable and generous to seek the other. So the very next morning *Quatbriffon* (apparelled in a Sute of black Sattin trimmed with gold Lace) is brought to the Scaffold (at the common place of Execution, which is in the midst of the City), where a very great concourse of people of all sorts, resort and flock to see him take his last farewell of this world, of whom the greatest part and number lamented and pittied, that so proper and noble a Gentleman should first deserve, and then receive so untimely a death: When after the Priests and Friars have here prepared and directed his soul, he, ascending the Scaffold, with somewhat a low voice, and dejected and sorrowful countenance, he delivereth this short speech:

That in regard he knows, that (now when he is to take his last leave of this life) to charge his conscience with the concealing of any capital crime, is the direct and true way to send his soul to Hell instead of Heaven, he will now therefore reveal that he is yet more execrable and bloody, than his Judges think or know, or his Spectators imagine; for that he not only hired *Pierot*, his Father's Miller, to murther *Marietta*; but also the Apothecary, *Moncellier*, to poison his own Brother, *Valfontaine*; of both which foul and bloody crimes of his, he now freely confesseth himself guilty, and now from his heart and soul sorrowfully lamenteth and repenteth them; that this filthy lust and inordinate affection to women, was the first cause, and his neglect of prayer to God, the second, which hath justly brought him to this shameful end and confusion; and therefore he beseecheth all who are present, to be seriously forewarned of the like, by his woful example, and that (in Christian charity) they will now joyn their devout prayers with his, to God for his soul. When on the Scaffold praying a little while silently to himself kneeling, and then putting off his Doublet, he commits himself to the Executioner, who with one blow severed his head from his shoulders. But this punishment and death of *Quatbriffon*, sufficeth not now to give full content and satisfaction to his Judges, who (by his own confession) considering his inhumane and deplorable poisoning of his own Brother *Valfontaine*, they as soon as he is dead, and before he be cold, adjudge his body to be taken down, and there burnt to ashes at the foot of the Gibbet, which accordingly is performed.

And here our thoughts and curiosity must now returne Post from *Rennes* to *Vannes*, and from wretched *Quatbriffon*, to the base and bloody Miller, *Pierot*, whom God and his Judges have now ordained shall likewise smart for this his lamentable murther on poor and harm-

less *Marietta*. He is brought to the Gallows in his old dusky mealy Suit of Canvas, where a Priest preparing him to die, he (either out of impiety, or ignorance, or both) delivereth this idle speech to the People, That because *Marietta* was young and fair, he is now heartily sorry that he had not married her; and that if he had been as wise as covetous, the two hundred Crowns, or the Lease of his Mill, which his young Master, Mounfieur *Quatbriffon*, proffered him, might have made him wink at her dishonesty; and that although she were not a true Maid to her self, yet that she might have proved a true and honest Wife to him; with many other frivolous words, and lewd speeches, tending that way; which I purposely omit, and resolve to pass over in silence, as holding them unworthy either of my relation, or the Reader's knowledge: when not having the grace once to name God, to speak of his Soul, to desire Heaven, or to seem to be any way repentant or sorrowful for this his bloody offence, he is stripped naked, having only his shirt fastened about his waste, and with an Iron Bar hath his legs, thighs, arms, and breast broken alive, and there his miserable body is left naked and bloody on the Wheel, for the space of two daies, thereby to terrifie and deter the beholders from attempting the like wretched Crime. And the Judges of *Vannes* being certified from the Court of Parliament at *Rennes*, that *Quatbriffon* at his death charged the Apothecary, *Mencallier* to have (at his hiring and instigation) poysoned his Brother *Valsontaine*, they hold the Church to be too holy a place for the body and burial of so prophane and bloody a Villain, when, after well near a whole years time that he was buried in Saint *Francis* Church in that Town, they cause his Coffin to be taken up, and both his body and it to be burnt by the Common-Hang-man, and his ashes to be thrown into the air; which to the joy of all the Spectators is accordingly performed.



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable SIN of MURDER.

A GERMAN HISTORY.

HISTORY. XXV.

Vastus first murdereth his Son George, and next poisoneth his own Wife Hester; and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the Fields, he revealeth these his two murders; for the which he is first hanged, and then burnt.

TO religious hearts there can nothing be so distasteful as Sin, nor any Sin so odious and execrable as murder: for it being contrary to Nature and Grace, the very thought, much more the act thereof, strikes horror to their hearts and consciences. Wherefore if this foul and bloody Sin be so displeasing to godly men, how infinitely more detestable is it then to God himself, who made all living creatures to serve man, and only created man purposely to serve himself? but as Choler and Malice proceeds from the passions of men, so doth Murder from the Devil: for else we should not so often and frequently see it perpetrated in most Countries and Cities in the World, as we do. A mournful Example whereof I here produce to your view and serious consideration.

The Place of this History is *Fribourg* (an ancient City of *Switzerland*), which gives name to one of the Divisions, (or Cantons) of that famous and warlike Country: wherein (of fresh memory) dwelt a rich Burger named *Peter Vastus*, who had to his Wife a modest, discreet and virtuous woman, named *Hester*, by whom he had one only Child, a Son, called *George Vastus*, whom God sent them the latter end of the first year of their marriage; and from the term of some tens years following, this married couple lived in most kind and loving sort each with

other; yea, their hearts and inclinations so sympathized in mutual and interchangeable affection, as they held and reputed none of their neighbours so rich in content as themselves; for she was careful of her Family, and he very diligent and industrious to maintain it; both of them being chaste and continent in themselves, very religious towards God, and exceeding charitable, affable, and courteous to all their Neighbours and Acquaintance; only they are so temperate in their drinking, as he would not, and she could not be tainted with that beastly vice of drunkenness, whereunto that Country, and the greatest part of that people are but too excessively addicted and subject. So that had *Vasti* still embraced and followed those Virtues in the course and conduction of his life, he had not then defiled this History with the profusion of so many sins, nor besprinkled it with the effusion of so much innocent blood, nor consequently have administered so much sorrow to the Reader, in perusing and knowing it; but, as contrary Causes produce contrary Effects; so he (by this time) polluted himself with filthy and pernicious company, it is no marvel if he leaves his temperancy, to follow drunkenness, his chastity to commit fornication and adultery, yea, it is no marvel, I say, if these foul sins (as Bawds to Rage and Revenge) exact such power in his heart, and predominancy in his soul, as in the end to draw him to murther: for, good men cannot receive a greater plague, nor the Devil afford or give them a worse pestilence, than bad company. It is the fatal Shelves, and dismal Rocks, whereon a world of people have, and do daily suffer shipwreck; yea, it is the grief of a Kingdom and Country, the bane of our Age, and the corruption and poyson of our Times: for it turns those who profess and pursue it, out of their Estates and Homes, which they are then enforced either to sell, or rather to give away to Usurers and Cormorants; and consequently, which makes themselves, and their poor Wives and Children, ready to starve and dye in our streets. So this is now the case of our *Vasti*, and therefore it will be his happiness, if it prove not his misery hereafter: for after twelve years time of a most peaceable cohabitation, and Godly conversation between him and his virtuous Wife *Hester*, it is a thousand griefs and pities that she must now be enforced to see so brutish and beastly a Metamorphosis in her Husband; for he is no more the man which he was, nor the Husband which she formerly found him to be. He loves neither his house nor his Wife, but staves abroad every day with his Whores, and then at night returns home to her stark drunk, in lamentable sort reviles and beats her, whereas heretofore he would rather have lost his life, than have stricken her; and whereas heretofore he affected and loved her so dearly, as he thought he could not be kind enough to her, now (in the extravagancy of these his debauched humours) he hates her so deadly, as he deems and supposeth he cannot be sufficiently cruel to her, although her affection be still so fervent to him, and her care so vigilant and respectful of him, as she gives him nothing but either sweet words, tears, sighs, silence, or prayers; yea, she proves her self so good a woman to so bad a man, and so courteous and vertuous a wife to so unkind and vicious a Husband, as to the eyes and judgements of all their Kinsfolks and Neighbours, they know it is now her praise and glory, and tear it will hereafter prove his shame and misery. She leaves no means un essayed, or invention unsought and unattempted, to divert and turn this foul inundation of his vice, into the sweet streams of virtue, and the pure rivers of Godliness, but alas good woman! her care proves vain, and her affection and zeal impossible herein, although her pale cheeks, mournful eyes, brinish tears, far-fetch'd sighs, religious prayers, and sweet persuasions, do still second and accompany her endeavours in this her desired hope of his reformation: for she is enforced to know that he keeps a young Strumpet named *Salyna*, at the Town of *Cleraux*, some six leagues from *Fribourg*, whither most mornings he goes to her; and to make himself the more treacherous a dissembler to his Wife, and the more execrable a traitor to his soul, he fortifieth and coloureth out this his accustomed journey to his Strumpet, with this false Apology, that he goes to *Cleraux* to here the Sermons of Mr. *Abraham Tifflin*, a very famous and religious Preacher there; when God, and his ulcerated soul and conscience, know the contrary, and that this pretended excuse of his, is but only a false cloak, to over-veil his true Adultery, and prophane Impiety: for he needed not to have formerly added whoredom to his drunkenness, and now ingratitude, cruelty, and impiety, to his whoredom, in regard the least of these enormous crimes and sins, assuredly have the power, and will infallibly find the means to make him futurely as miserable, as now he foolishly thinks himself happy; for these his journeyes to *Cleraux*, are only the Pilgrimage of his wanton Lust. *Salyna* is the Saint of his voluptuous devotion, her house the Temple of his obscene wishes, and Adultery the oblation and sacrifice of his lascivious desires.

We can difficultly make our selves guilty of a fouler sin on earth, than to seem sanctified in our devotions toward God, when we are prophane, or to endeavour to appear sound without, when we are rotten within, in our faith and religion: for as a man is the best and noblest of

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all God's creatures, so an hypocrite towards God, is the worst of men; yea, or rather a Devil and no man: for our hearts and actions, and our most retired thoughts, and secret darling-sins, are conspicuous and transparent to God's eyes, as his decrees and resolutions are visible to ours, sith he sees all things, and we see nothing when we do not see him. A miserable height of impiety, in unaking our selves foolishly sinners, and wilfully hypocrites, and yet it is a more fatal and fearful degree thereof, when we so delight in sin, and glory in hypocrisie, as to make Apologies for the same.

But *Vasti*, not thinking either of Religion or God, frolicks it out with *Salyna* his Strumpet, in *Cleraux*, whiles his own vertuous wife *Hester* weeps at home at *Fribourg*; and when he returns thence, he is still so hard-hearted and cruel to her, as he continually beats her. Now by this time *George* their Son is sixteen years of age, of a mans Courage and stature, and of a very pregnant wit; so that as young as he is, he hath been long enough a forrowful eye-witness of his Father's cruelty in beating of his Mother: he hath formerly seen the lamentable effects, and now he falls on his knees to her, and (with tears and prayers) beseecheth her to acquaint him with the true cause thereof, and from whence it proceeds: when his Mother (adding more confidence to his wisdom, than to his youth) from point to point fully relates it to him, accordingly as we have formerly understood. *George* burst forth into sorrowful passions at her repetition, and his knowledge hereof, as not able to refrain from sighing to see her sigh, nor from weeping to see her weep. He as much grieves to be the Son of so vicious a Father, as he rejoiceth and glorieth to be that of so vertuous a Mother: so he makes her sorrows his, and here weds himself to her quarrel, (with promise and oath) either to write it with his Father, or to revenge it on *Salyna*, whom he knows to be the original cause of all these storms and tempests, of all these afflictions and miseries which befall his Mother, and in her himself. He will no longer be a child, because God and Nature hath now made him a Man: so the very next time he sees his Father beat his Mother, he steps to her assistance, and defends her from the tyranny of his blows; and then advanceth so far, as he performs it with an unwilling willing assistance of him; the which his Father takes extremely ill and cholerickly from him, gives him sharp words, and menaceth him with bitter blows. *George* his Son, first returns him a brief rehearsal of the wrongs and indignities he still offereth to his Mother, when protesting of his obedience to him, he yet tells him, that he is willing to entertain his words, but no longer capable to digest and receive his blows; adding withal (as a passionate Corollary) that ere long he will visit his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*, and make her feel a part of her base carriage and undeservings both towards his Mother and himself. *Vasti* is much astonished at this audacity and boldness of his Son, but far more to hear him name and threaten *Salyna*, the very thought of which his speeches grates him to his heart, and grieves him to his soul: so he puts water in his wine, holds it for that time a vertue to be no longer stormy, but calm; and then (cholerickly threatening him with his finger) he departs to his Chamber, leaving his Wife and his Son consulting in the Parlour, how (with most assurance, and least scandal) they may provide for their affairs. The next morning, *Vasti* his Father keeps his bed, and gives order, that neither his Wife or Son have admittance to him, the which discourtesie of his, gives his Son a fresh and strong motive to revive his last nights discontent against his Father, and his choler against *Salyna*; when bidding his Mother the Good-morrow, and craving her blessing, he (purposely) takes an excuse to leave her till she be ready, and so very privately takes horse, and that morning acts a business every way worthy of himself and indeed far more worthy of laughter, than of our pity. For it is not so much his malice to *Salyna*, as his affection to his Mother *Hester*, which carries him and his resolution to *Cleraux*; where entering *Salyna*'s house, he (with fire in his looks, and thunder in his speeches) calls her whore and strumpet, chargeth her for abusing his Father, and in him his Mother and himself. His choler cannot retain her patience, to hear her false Answers and Apologies to the contrary; but disdainng as much to use his sweet ones woman, as so foul it on a strumpet, he takes his man's short cudgel, and gives her at least a dozen blows on her back, arms, and shoulders therewith, seriously vowing and swearing to her, That if she forsake not his Father's company, and use the means that henceforth he do utterly abandon her, he will shortly give her so bitter a payment and requital, as he will hardly leave her either the will or power to thank him for his courtesie; and so re-mounts his Horse, and presently gallops home to his Mother, whom he acquaints therewith, but yet conceals it from his Father; whereat she seems not to be a little joyful, and yet heartily prayeth to God, that this breed no bad blood in her Husband, or prove either an incitation to his choler against her self, or a propension of revenge against their Son.

But this joy of *Hester*, and her Son *George*, proves the sighs and tears of *Salyna*, who not accustomed to receive such sharp payment and usage from any man's hands who soever, it makes her

her extream cholerick and vindictive, so that her stomach is so great, and her heart so highly and imperiously lodged, that she will not suffer this cruel affront offered her by *George Vasti* to go unrequited: but yet she will be as advised and secret in her revenge towards him, as she was rash and publick in his toward her. To which end and purpose, seeing that *Vasti* his Father came not to her that day (whereby she judged he was wholly ignorant what had befallen her from his Son), she that night writes him a short Letter, and the next morning sends it home to *Fribourg* to him, by a confident Messenger of hers; who arriving there, and finding him pensively walking in his Garden, he respectfully delivered it to him; who breaking up the Seal thereof, found it to spake thus:

SALYNA to VASTI.

B*T all the inviolable love and tender affection which is betwixt us, I pray and conjure you to leave Fribourg, and come over to me with haste and expedition to Cleraux, because I have a great and important secret to reveal to you, which equally concerns us, and which I dare not commit to Pen and Paper, for that the relation and knowledge thereof, needs no other witnesses but our selves. If you any way neglect this my advice, or deny or defer this my request, the grief will be mine own, but the prejudice and repentance yours hereafter. I write you these few lines with infinite affliction and sorrow, which nothing can deface, but your sight; nor remedy, but your presence; and when you come to me, prepare your heart and resolution to receive it from me with far more tears than kisses.*

SALYNA.

This Letter of hers does so nettle *Vasti* with apprehension and fear, that his Son *George* hath offered her some violence and out-rage, as he is almost as soon in *Cleraux*, as he is out of *Fribourg*; where his Mistress, *Salyna*, very passionately and cholerickly informs him of his Son's cruelty towards her, and (to add the the more efficacy to her speeches, the more power to her complaints, and the more Oyl to the fire of his anger and revenge) she forgets not to paint out to him (in all their colours) the number of his Son's blows, and the nature and quality of his threats given her; when watering her words with her tears, she swears, that if he speedily do not right and revenge these her wrongs upon his said Son, she will never kiss or see him more. *Vasti* takes these speeches from *Salyna's* tongue, and placeth them in his own heart; yea, he hereat is so cholerickly intended toward his Son, and so sottishly affected to her, as consulting with rage, but not with reason; and with Satan, not with God; he (to exhale her tears, and so to give consolation to her sorrows) tells her, That he loves her so tenderly and constantly, as he will not fail to kill his Son for this uncivil and inhumane fact of his towards her. *Salyna* is amazed and astonished at this his unnatural resolution to his Son; the which (as vicious as she is) she abhors and condemns in him as soon as understands. So she tells him plainly, that albeit she have given him her heart and body; yet, that she is not so exempt of grace, nor so wretchedly instructed in Piety, as to take away her soul from God; and therefore, that although she be guilty of Adultery, yet she will never be of Murther: so in religious terms (worthy of an honest woman than her self) she powerfully seeks to dissuade him from this bloody and unnatural attempt, as well to prevent their future wrongs and fears, as to secure their dangers and reputations; and so prays him to seek out some other remedy and requital towards his Son; the which he promiseth her, and seals it with some oaths and many kisses; flays and dines with her, and immediately takes horse and rides homewards. His Son *George* finding his Father ridden forth, and being ascertained that he was gone to *Cleraux*, to his Strumpet *Salyna*, where she would acquaint him at full with his beating of her; he fearing his choler, holds it more discretion than obedience in him, to take his Sword with him for his defence; when chusing a good horse out of the stable, he deems it more secure, and less dangerous, to meet his Father half way betwixt *Cleraux* and *Fribourg*, and there in the open field to expect and attend what he had to say to him. *Vasti* seeing his Son *George* afar off, come riding towards him, with his Sword by his side, he much marvelleth thereat; when well knowing his courage and valour, and that (as young as he was) he had lately at *Safouse* acquitted himself of a Duel to his honour and reputation; he therefore resolves to make it a Tongue, and not a Sword-quarrel with him; and so they meet: *George* doing his duty to his Father with his Hat off, and the Father speaking not angerly, but mildly to him. Their Meadow-conference which they then and there had betwixt them, was thus:

Fa. What reason hadst thou so cruelly to beat poor *Salyna*?

So. A thousand times more than you have to beat my Mother Hester.

Fa. Tell me why?

So

So. The reason is just and pertinent, because that is your lascivious whore, and this your chaste and virtuous Wife.

Fa. What hast thou gotten by this thy rash choler in beating her?

So. Not by far so much as you have lost by your sottish lust in kissing her.

Fa. It is thy Mothers jealousy, which hath sown and scattered these untruths in thy belief.

So. I pray excuse me, for they are palpable and apparent truths, and such as it is wholly impossible either for your hypocrisie or policy to root thence.

Fa. Since when becamest thou so sawcy and peremptory?

So. From that very time I first understood you were become so vicious.

Fa. I have a mad Son in thee.

So. It were a great happiness both for my Mother and my self if you proved a tamer Husband to her, and an honest Father to me.

Fa. If you follow those courses, to love thy Mother better than my self, I vow, I will wholly disinherit thee.

So. If you follow these courses to love Strumpets better than my Mother, I swear you will shortly consume all your estate, and disinherit yourself first.

Fa. This word Strumpet is very ripe in thy mouth.

So. I wish to God the thing were not so frequent in your heart.

Fa. Wilt thou be friends with Salina and reconcile thy self to her?

So. Yes, when I see you become an enemy to her, and a friend to my Mother and your self, and not before.

Fa. Why, Charity is the true mark of a Christian.

So. But I assure you so is not Adultery and Cruelty.

Fa. Shall I make peace between thee and Salyna?

So. No; but I would make it the joy of my heart, and the glory of my life, if I might be so happy to knit and confirm a good peace betwixt your self and my Mother.

Fa. Wilt thou attempt it, if I request thee?

So. I will, if you please to command me.

Fa. I pray thee George do.

So. My best endeavours shall herein wait on your desires, and dutifully follow your commands.

Fa. But be careful to make my reconciliation with thy Mother Eternal.

So. It can never subsist or prosper, if you henceforth resolve to make it temporary, because affection and unity which once receive end, had never beginning.

Fa. Here I vow constantly a reformation of my life from all other women, and a perpetual renovation of my affection to my Wife thy Mother.

So. God and his Angels bless this your conversion, and confirm this resolution in you.

Fa. And God bless thee my Son for wishing and desiring it.

So. I thank you, Sir; but I humbly pray you likewise to forgive and forget this my boldness to you in my Mother's behalf.

Fa. George here in the presence of God, I freely and cheerfully do it from my heart.

So. Amen, Amen, Sir.

This Meadow conference thus ended between them, they ride home towards Fribourg, and by the way Vasti willeth and prayeth his Son to finish this peace between him and his Mother that very night, and to dispose her so effectually thereunto, as that they may make a merry supper of it, and all former differences between them to be then and there ended, and for ever trampled under foot; the which George his Son to the best of his possible power cheerfully and joyfully promiseth him. So home they come; Vasti walks in his Garden, and George finds out his Mother in her own Chamber, being newly risen from her prayers, wherein she was so zealous and religious, as she spent the greatest part of her time. Here George informs his Mother Hester at full, what conference had now past in the open fields, betwixt him and his Father; and (in a word) he here acts his part and duty so well and discreetly, as he leaves no part nor persuasions unattempted, to draw her to this atonement with his Father. When at first, considering the nature and quality of her Husband's unkind and cruel usage to her, she found an opposition hereof in her mind, and a resistance in her will, and a reluctancy in her nature and judgement. But at last giving now her former discontent to charity, her passions to peace, her sorrows to silence, her Resolutions to Religion, her anger to affection, her malice to oblivion, and her grief unto God, she (after a brief consultation, and a short expostulation hereof between them) with a cheerful countenance thanks her Son for his care of her, and his affection to her herein, and so informs him, That she (having never justly offended her Husband in thought, word, or deed) is as willing of peace and reconciliation with him, as he can possibly desire or wish; and here to testify it to her Son, as well in action as words, she would then have gone

down with him to her Husband, there privately to have concluded this Christian business betwixt them, had her Son not diverted her from it: for being exceeding careful to preserve his Mother's right and reputation, he prays her to stay, alledging, that he would presently fetch and conduct his Father to her Chamber to her, as holding it more requisite and just, that the Delinquent, should first see and seek the party wrong'd, before the party seek the Delinquent, whereat she cannot refrain from smiling, and then bids him go. So *George* descends to the Garden, and acquaints his Father with his Mother's free disposition and chearful resolution to a perpetual peace with him; whereat he seems infinitely glad and joyful; and so ascends her Chamber; and, having saluted her, tells her, that he is very sorrowful and repentant for his former ill carriage and unkindness towards her, whereof he prays her pardon, and constantly vows reformation: so this his virtuous and kind Wife, *Hester*, freely forgets and forgives *Vasti* her Husband; and then he gives her many kisses in requital, and bids his Son *George* to provide good cheer for Supper; and the better to seal and solemnize this their reconciliation and attonement, he bids them to invite some of their Kinsfolks and Neighbours to be present thereat, who were formerly acquainted with their debates and differences; where no good cheer, and choice wine is wanting. So they are wonderful frolick, pleasant, and merry, all rejoice at this good news, and highly applaud their Son *George* for his discreet carriage and care in the managing of this business. Thus all things seem to be fully reconciled, and here *Vasti* drinks many times to his Wife *Hester*, and the again to her Husband, with much affection and joy. When Supper being ended, their guests departed, and their Son *George* having received both of their blessings, they betake themselves to their Chamber and bed.

Now (in all humane sense and reason) who would once conceive or think, that after this Meadow-conference of *Vasti* to his Son *George*, but that this his now table reconciliation with his Wife *Hester*, were true, and pronounced with much integrity from himself, with deep affection to her, and infinite zeal and devotion to God; but alas, nothing less: for, here I am enforced to relate, that *Vasti* the same night had not lain in bed by his Wife, five or six hours, but she (good woman) sleeping in her innocency, he (as a Devil-incarnate) was waking in his malice and revenge, and laughing in his sleeve to see how cunning and subtilly he hath lull'd asleep the courage of his Son with a Meadow-conference, and the jealousy of his Wife with a Supper, and a few sweet words and kisses: when here again the Devil blowing the coals to his lust, and marshalling up his former obscene desires and resolutions, only his body is in bed with his Wife *Hester* here in *Fribourg*, but his affection and heart is still in the bosome of his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*; yea, the Devil, I say, is now both so busie and so strong with him, that (as a hellish Counsellor, and prodigious Pen-man) he writes down this definitive sentence in his thoughts, and fatal resolution in his heart, That *Salyna* he will love, and his Wife *Hester* he cannot: and that shortly he will give so sharp a revenge to his Son *George* for his disobedience towards him, and for beating of his *Salyna*, as he shall have no further cause to fear his cruelty, nor himself his courage; and because he prefers her love to his own life (as being dangerously intangled and captivated in the snares of her youth and beauty) he likewise resolves to write and send her a Letter the very next morning.

Now judge, Christian Reader, is not this like to prove a sweet reformation and reconciliation of *Vasti* to his Wife and Son, sith these are the sparks which diffuse and flye out from the fire of his lust, and the fatal lines which issue forth from the Center of his bloody heart, and sinful soul; for in the morning before his Wife is out of her bed, he stirring, and writes this Letter to *Salyna*, which he sends her by a trusty messenger.

VASTI to SALYNA.

I Am plotting of a business which will infinitely import both our contents: so if thou wilt resolve to brook my absence with as much patience, as I do mine with sorrow, I shall finish it the sooner, and consequently the sooner see thee. I have met with an Accident which I thought was wholly impossible for me to meet with; and though at first it brought me fear and affliction, yet at length I was enforced to interpose discretion instead of courage, thereby to draw security out of policy, which I could not hope for out of resistance: for I must inform thee of this truth, That if my zeal and affection to thee, had not been of greater power and consideration than that of mine own life, I should then with more facility and willingness rather have hazarded it for thy sake, than have reserved it for mine own. But the mists of those doubts are now dissipated, and the Clouds of these fears blown away: or if not, I will shortly take that order, that thou shalt have no cause to fear the one, or I to doubt the other. When I shall be so happy to see thee, I know not; but if fortune prove propitious to my desires and wishes, my return shall be acted with as much celerity, as it is eagerly longed for of me with affection and passion.

VASTI.

Salyna

Salyna receives this Letter of *Vasti's* with equal fear and joy; for as she was glad to hear of him and his news; so she was sorrowful, as fearing that for her sake he should embark himself in some bloody business, which might prove ruinous to them both. And although her apprehension do far exceed her knowledge herein, yet her suspicion will give her no truce, neither can her jealousy administer any peace either to her heart or mind, before she be resolved by *Vasti* of the doubtful and different truth thereof. She is so prophane and lascivious, as she can content her self to make him guilty of Fornication; but yet Religion hath left some sparks and impressions of Piety in her, that she would still have him innocent of Revenge and Murther: to which effect, by his own Messenger she returns him this Answer:

SALYNA to VASTI.

BEcause you deem me unworthy to know your Designs, therefore I have assumed the boldness to fear them; in which regard and consideration, find it not strange that I now entreat you to engrave in your heart, and imprint in your memory, That Malice is most commonly squint-ey'd, and Revenge still blind: therefore if you will not ruin our affections and fortunes, take heed that you embroil not your heart and hand in innocent blood: for Murther is a crying and a scarlet sin, which God may forgive and make white by his Mercy, but will not by his Justice; whereof this my Letter of Advice to you, shall be a witness betwixt God, your self, and me: and therefore; as you love me, hazard not your life for my sake, but preserve it for your own. As it is in your will to make your stay from me as long or as short as you please; so it shall be in my pleasure to judge thereof, and thereby likewise of your affection to me. I wish I could be more yours than I am, and your self as often in my sight and company, as I desire; God prosper you in your stay, and me in your absence

SALYNA.

Vasti having thus settled his affection and affairs with *Salyna*, he sees (with grief) that it is now almost impossible for him to see her in *Cleraux*, because of the vigilant and watchful eye of his Son *George* over himself and his actions here in *Fribourg*; wherefore, notwithstanding her wholesome and religious advice to him to beware of blood; yet his lustful affection to her, doth so outbrave and conquer his natural love to him, that to satisfy his inordinate concupiscence, and to give content to his obscene and beastly desires, he vows he will shortly send him to Heaven in a bloody Coffin. Now the sooner and better for him to compass and finish this his deplorable stratagem, and unnatural resolution against his Son, his counsellor, the Devil adviseth him, that he must for a short time make wonderful fair weather with him and guild over all his speeches and actions to his Wife *Hester*, with much respect and courtesie; the which *Vasti* doth speedily put in practice. So for a month or six weeks time, he sees not *Salyna*, but all things (to the eye of the world) go in great peace, affection, and tranquillity betwixt Father, Mother, and Son. But this false sun-shine will be to soon o'retaken with a dismal storm and tempest: for what Religious or Christian shew soever *Vasti* externally makes unto them, yet although he hath God in his tongue, he nevertheless internally carries the Devil about him in his heart: so again and again he definitively vows and swears to himself that his Son *George* shall not live, but dye. Thus being resolute in his bloody purpose, he likewise resolves to add policy to his malice against him, as thinking and hoping thereby, with more facility, to draw him to the lure and snare, which (in his Diabolical invention) he hath ordain'd for his destruction. He fills his head with the fumes and honour of military actions, inflames his courage with the generosity and dignity of a Souldier, whereunto as also to travel into other Countreys, he knew that this his Son of himself was already ambitiously inclined and affected. At other times he representeth to him, to how many damages and dangers idleness is expos'd and subject; and what a noble part and ornament it is in young men to learn virtues abroad, thereby to be the more capable to know how to practise them at home; and with what renown and glory their Ancestors have heretofore beaten and ruined the Dukes of *Burgundy*, their profess'd enemies, and now made themselves and their Country famous to the greatest Princes and Potentates of *Europe*, especially to the Kings of *France* and *Spain*, who these many years, and now likewise at present (quoth he) do equally court our affections and service, though not with the same or like integrity. And these, and such treacherous Lectures, doth *Vasti* still read unto his Son *George*, as often as he calls him into his company and presence until at last the fame and name of a Souldier, and the honour of travel, have so supprised his youthful affection, and seiz'd on his ambitious resolutions, that at last he beseecheth his Father to send him abroad in some Martial service, or generous employment. But the Father being as cunning as his Son is rash and inconsiderate, suffereth himself of purpose to be earnestly

and frequently importuned by him to that effect; the which he doth: When at last his Father promiseth to send him to *Rome*, to his Uncle *Andrew Vasti*, who (he saith) is a chief Captain of one of the Companies of this present Pope *Urban VIII* his Guard; who was an old man, very rich, and without Wife, child, or kinsman with him. *George* thanks his Father for this his courtesie and honour, and importuneth him again and again to hasten this his departure and journey to *Rome* to his Uncle; the which he then firmly promiseth him: but yet the greatest difficulty hereof is, how he may obtain his Wife's consent to this journey of her Son, who at first opposeth it very strongly and passionately, as knowing her Son to be her only child, her right arm, a great part of her self, the delight and joy of her life, and the prop and stay of her age. But the Father leaves his Son to draw and obtain his Mother's consent, as politickly knowing and foreseeing, that the less himself, and the more his Son importun'd her, the sooner she would grant it; the which indeed fell out as he expected: only, whereas the Son requested to stay four years abroad, his Father gave him but three, and his Mother would grant him but two; whereunto at last both Father and Son were enforced to condescend: and now this cruel-hearted Father provides his courteous-natur'd Son *George* a new Suit of Apparel, a Horse, and Money, and resolves to accompany and bring him as far as *Turin* in his journey; which courtesie of his his Wife and Son take most lovingly and thankfully. The morn of *George* his departure comes; and because his Mother the precedent night dreamt that her Son should die in this journey, she was now exceeding sorrowful to let him go and depart from her; but being again fortified and rectified by the Advice of her Husband, and likewise vanquished by the importunate request and prayers of her Son, she bedews his cheeks with her tears, gives him much good counsel, some gold, and her blessing; and so they take leave each of other; God putting apprehensions into her heart, and the Devil assurance into her Husband's resolutions, that she should never see her Son again: And indeed I write with grief, that we shall progress very little farther in this History, before we see her dream verified, and her apprehension confirmed. The manner thus:

For *Vasti* (being privately as resolute in his malice and revenge to his Son, as this his Son is innocent in not deserving it of his Father) is so far from bringing him to *Turin*, as he will not bring him as far as *Geneva*, but a mile before he comes to *Losanna* (where he tells his Son he would lye that night), the night approaching, and in a long narrow Lane, where he saw that no earthly eye could see him (being wholly deprived of the grace and fear of God, and absolutely abandoned to Satan and Hell) as his Son rides close before him, he shoots him through the back with his Pistol, charged with a brace of Bullets, who immediately falling dead to the ground, he there descends his horse, and (without any remorse or pity, as no Father, but rather as a Devil incarnate), cuts off his nose, most lamentably scarts and mangles his face, that he might not be known, and so takes him on his shoulders, and there throws him into a deep ditch or precipice, as also the Saddle and Bridle of his horse; and turning the horse to seek his fortune in the wide fields, he (to provide for his safety) rides swiftly to *Morges*, and there very secretly hushest himself up, pretending to be sick, and eight dayes being expired (which was the prefixed time and day he gave his wife for his return) he by a contrary Road-way of *Rolle* and *St. Claude*, arrives home to *Fribourg* to her, brings her word of the health of her Son, and of the remembrance of his duty to her, and that he left him well in *Turin*, expecting the benefit of good company to travel up to *Rome*; whereat this harmless loving Mother, she weeps for joy, and yet rejoiceth in weeping.

And now for some ten days after his return from acting this woful and deplorable Tragedy on his Son, he keeps a good correspondency and decorum with his Wife *Hester*; but at the end thereof (solely forgetting his heart and soul, his God and his conscience, his promises and oaths, and his atonement and reconciliation) he again falls into the dangerous relapse of his former old vices, whoredom, and drunkenness; and yet counselled by a better Angel than his own, he forbears to beat her, as well seeing, and now knowing, that thereby nothing redounded to him, but scandal and scorn from all his Neighbours, Friends, and Kinsfolks. But now his lust is again so great, and his desires so frequently lascivious towards *Salyna*, that in staying less than eight weeks, he thinks he hath stay'd more then seven years from her; when pretending to his Wife another journey, he rides over to *Cleraux* to her. *Salyna* gives him many kisses for his welcome, and a many more for relating to her that he hath sent away his Son *George* to *Rome*, and to reside and live there: for she being his Father's strumpet, her guilty and sinful conscience made her stand in extream fear of him; but yet amidst her kisses and pleasures with him (remembering the tenor and contents of his last Letter to her, and her answer thereof to him) her thoughts are something touched with doubt, and her mind assaulted and perplexed with fear, that the Father had play'd no fair play with his Son, but that in regard of his inveterate malice to him for beating her, he might have sent him to Heaven, and not to *Rome*.

To which purpose she feels and sounds him every way, but he is as constant to deny it, as the curious to enquire after it. So she believing that he had assumed no bloody thoughts against his Son, she is not yet so devoid of grace, or exempt of goodness, but she gives him this religious caveat for a *Memento*, which she delivers to him accentively and passionately, That if she knew he had made away his Son by any untimely end, or unnatural accident, or that he were any way accessary to any prodigious disaster which had befallen him, she vow'd to God, and swore to him, that she would spit in his face, disdain his company, and reject his affection and himself for ever; for that she was most assured and confident, that God (in his due time) would pour down vengeance and confusion on those whom the Devil had seduced and drawn to embroil their hearts and hands in innocent blood. But *Vasti* is past grace, and therefore slightly passeth over these virtuous speeches of his vicious *Salyna*, with a denial and a kiss, and then they fall to their Mirth and familiarity, and staves there all that day, and lies with her the whole night following; but still *Salyna* (resembling her self and her profession) is very raving of his Gold, and he as sottishly prodigal in giving it to her, as she is covetous to crave and desire it of him: so (after he had glutted himself with his beastly pleasure of *Salyna*) he the next day rides home to his Wife, who knowing where and with whom he had been, and considering it to be the first time of his new error, and the first relapse into his old one, since their reconciliation, she says nothing to him to discontent him, but yet thinks and fears the more. When retiring her self into her Garden (after many bitter sighs and tears for these her immerited crosses and calamities) she there grieves and repents her self for permitting her Son *George* to go to *Rome*, and a thousand thousand times willeth his return, to assist and comfort her. But her tears herein prove as vain, as her wishes are impossible to be effected, although at present very needful and necessary for her.

For now *Vasti* her Husband (to make her sorrows the more infinite, her hopes the more desperate, and her afflictions the more remediless) falls again to his old practice of beating her, notwithstanding all his late oaths and new promises to the contrary; but he the more especially plays the tyrant with her in this kind, when he comes home to her from his Cups and Whores: for she knows with grief, that he retains and entertains more than *Salyna*; only she is too sure, that *Salyna* hath his purse, his company, his affection, and his heart, at her command, far more than her self; she sends her sighs to Heaven, and her prayers to God, that (out of the profundity of his mercy and goodness, he would be pleased either to amend her Husband, or to end her self; for griefs, sorrows, and afflictions, are so heaped on her, and (like the waves of the Sea) fall so fast one upon the neck of the other to her, that she is weary of her life, and of her self. When on a time after he had cruelly beaten her, torn off her head-attire, given her a black eye, and swollen face, and dishevel'd and dispartled her hair about her ears and shoulders, making God her Protector, and Chamber her Sanctuary, exempting her servants who came to assist and comfort her, and fast bolting her door, she to her self very pensively and mournfully breaths forth these speeches.

O poor *Hester*! what sensible grief is it to thy heart to think, and matchless torments to thy mind, to see and remember, that whiles thou art true to thy Husband *Vasti*, he proves both ingrateful and false to thee, and that he continually makes it his delight and glory to hate thee, who art his dear wife, purposely to bestow his time and his affection, yea to cast away his estate and himself on his lewd young Strumpet *Salyna*. O, where he more happy and less guilty in that lascivious and beastly crime, I should then be less miserable, and more patient and joyful in the remembrance thereof. O how wretched is his estate and condition! and therefore how miserable is thine, in that he willfully forsakes God and his Church, to follow adultery and drunkenness; and abandoneth all piety and prayer, to shipwreck himself, and (which is worse) his soul, upon all carnal pleasures, and voluptuous sensualities. The which grieving to see, and almost drowning my self night and day in my tears to understand, I have none but God to assist me in these my bitter afflictions and miseries, and, under God, none but my hopeful Son *George*, left to comfort me in these my unparallel'd calamities and disconsolations. Therefore, O God, if ever thou heardest the prayers, or beheldest the tears of a poor miserable distressed woman, because I can neither now see, nor futurely hope for any reformation in the life and actions of my debauched and vicious Husband, be (I beseech thee) so indulgent and gracious to me, thy most unworthy Hand-maid, that either shortly thou return me my said Son from *Rome*, or speedily take me to thy self in Heaven. But yet, O my blessed Saviour and Redeemer, not my, but thy will be done in all things.

She having thus (privately to her self) vented her sorrows, but not as yet found the means either how to remedy or appease them, because her Husband is no Changeling, but is still resolute in his ingrateful unkindness and cruelty towards her, she is now resolved

(though with infinite grief and reluctance) to acquaint the Preacher of the Parish, and some two of her Husband's dearest and nearest Kinsfolks, to speak with him again, and to acquaint them with his pernicious relapse into all his old vices and Drunkenness, Whoredom, and Fighting; and to desire them to use all their possible power to divert him from it: wherein her resolution hath this just excuse, That if they cannot work it, none but God can. But all their care, affection, and zeal, cannot prevail with him: for he, with the filthy Dog, returns to his vomit; and, with the brutish Swine, again to wallow in the dirt, and welter in the mire of his former vices and voluptuousness. For now her Husband *Vasti* is oftener at *Cleraux* with his *Salyna*, than at home at *Fribourg* with his Wife, who (as formerly we have understood) still makes him pay dear for his pleasures; and, as a subtil rooking Strumpet, emptieth his Purse of his Gold, as fast as he foolishly filleth it; he being not contented to waste his body, to shipwrack his reputation, to cast away his time, but also to cast away his estate and himself for her: the which his vertuous Wife cannot but observe with sorrow, and remember with grief and vexation; but she sees it impossible for her how to redress it: for she is not capable to dissemble her discontent to him so privately, as he publickly makes known his cruelty to her: wherefore her thoughts suggests her, and her judgement prompts her, to prove another experiment and trial on him. To which end she tells him, that if he will not henceforth abandon beating of her, forsake his old vices, and become a new man, and a reformed Husband, that then (all delays set apart) she will speedily (by some one of her nearest kinsfolks) send Post to *Rome*, to his Brother Captain *Andrew Vasti*, that her Son *George* return home to her to *Fribourg*; the which she is more than confident, upon the receipt of her first Letter, he will speedily and joyfully perform.

Her Husband *Vasti* is extremely galled with this speech, and nettled with this resolution of his Wife *Hester*, because (wretched villain as he is) he (but too well) knows he hath already sent his Son to Heaven in a bloody Winding-sheet; and therefore both fears and knows, that by this his Wife's sending Post to *Rome*, his deplorable and damned fact will infallibly burst forth and come to light; the which therefore to prevent, he (as bad and cruel-hearted as the Devil himself) is execrably resolved to heap *Offs* upon *Pelion*, to add blood to blood, and murder to murder; and so now to poyson the Mother, his Wife, as he had lately pistoll'd his and her only Son to death. O *Hester*, it had been a singular happiness for thee, that thou hadst not thus threatned thy Husband *Vasti*, to send to *Rome* for thy Son *George*; but that thou hadst either been dumb when thou spok'st it, or he deaf when he heard it; for hereby thinking to preserve, thou hast extremely endanger'd thy self, and hoping to make thy Son thy refuge and Champion, I fear with grief, and grieve with fear, that thou hast made thy self the ruin of thy self.

For *Vasti* is so strong with the Devil, and so weak with God, in this his bloody design, to murder his Wife *Hester*, as neither Grace or Nature, Religion or God, the fear of his bodie's tortures in this life, or of his soul's torments in that to come, are able to divert him from it, he having no other reason for this his damnable rage, nor no other cause for this his infernal and hellish cruelty, but this trivial and yet pitiful poor one, that his Wife *Hester* is an eye-sore to him, because his *Salyna* is so to her. A wretched excuse, and execrable Apology, and no less execrable and wretched is he that makes it. So he (turning his back to God, and his face and heart to the Devil) provides himself of strong poyson, and cunningly insuting it into a Musk-mellon, which he knew she loved well, and resolved to eat that day at dinner, she greedily eating a great part of it, before night she dies thereof. When very subtilly he gives out to his Servants and Neighbours, that she dyed of a Surfeit in then and there eating too much of the Musk-mellon; and so all of them confidently believe and report.

Thus we have seen with sorrow, and understood with grief, that this execrable wretch *Vasti* hath played the part of a Devil, in poysoning his virtuous and harmless wife *Hester*, and now we shall likewise see him play the part of an Hypocrite to conceal it, as if it lay in his power to blindfold the eyes of God, as well, or as easily, as to hood-wink those of men, from the sight and knowledge thereof. He seems wonderful sorrowful for his Wife's death, digns himself and his Servants all in black, provides a greater dinner, and performs her Funerals with extraordinary solemnity. But notwithstanding, God looks on him with his eye of Justice, for both these his cruel inhumane barbarous murders of his Son and Wife, and therefore now he (in his Providence) resolves to punish him sharply and severely for the same; as, mark the sequel, and it will instantly inform us how.

Our debauched and bloody *Vasti*, immediately upon his Wife's death and burial, doth without intermission haunt the house and company of his lascivious strumpet *Salyna*, at *Cleraux* as if the enjoying of her sight, presence, and self, where his chiefest delight, and most sovereign earthly felicity. He spends a great part of his estate on her, and to satisfy her covetous and his

lustful

lustful desires, he is at last enforced to mortgage and sell away all his Lands: for as long as he had money, she was his; but when that failed him, then she (as a right Strumpet, acting a true part of her self) failed in her accustomed kindness and familiarity towards him, and casts him off.

The judgments of God, and the decrees of Heaven, are as secret as sacred, and as miraculous as just, which we shall see will now by degrees be apparently made good and verified in this Monster of men, and Devil of Fathers and Husbands, *Vasti*. For his Mansion-house, and all his utensils and Movables in *Fribourg*, are consumed with a sudden fire, proceeding from a flash of Lightning from Heaven; as also all his granges of Corn, and stacks of Hay, and yet those of all his Neighbours round about him, are untouched and safe. His Corn also which grows in the field, brings forth little or no increase, his Vines wither and die away, all his Horses are stolen from him, and most of his Cattel, Sheep, and Goats, ay of a new and strange disease: for being (as it were) mad they wilfully and outrageously run themselves to death one against the other. He is amazed at all these his (unexpected) wonderful losses, and crosses, and yet this vile miscreant and inhumane murderer, hath his conscience still so scared up, and his heart and soul so stupified and obdured by the Devil, that he hath neither the will, power, or grace, to look up to Heaven or God, and so to see and acknowledge from whom, and for what all these afflictions and calamities befall him. He grows into great poverty, and again to raise him and his fortunes, he now knows no other art or means left him, than to marry his strumpet *Salyna*, to whom he hath given great store of Gold, and on whom (as we have formerly heard) he hath spent the greatest part of his Lands and Estate. He seeks her in marriage; but (hearing of his great losses, and seeing of his extream poverty) she will not derogate from her self, but very ungratefully denies and disdains him, and will not henceforth permit him to enter into her house, much less to see or speak with him: he is wonderful bitten and galled with this her unkind repulse, and then is driven to such extream wants and necessity, as he is enforced to sell and pawn away all those small trifles and things which are left him, thereby to give himself a very poor maintenance. So (as a wretched Vagabond whom God had justly abandoned for the enormity of his delicts and crimes) he now roams and straggleth up and down the streets of *Fribourg*, and the Countrey-Parishes and Houses thereabouts, without meat, money or friends, and which is infinitely worse than all, without God. But all these his calamities and disasters, are but the Harbingers and Fore-runners of greater miseries and punishments, which are now suddenly and condignly prepared to surprise and befall him; whereof the Christian Reader is religiously prayed to take deep notice and full observation, because the glory of God, and the Triumphs of his Revenge, in these his judgments, do most divinely appear and shine forth to the whole world therein.

Vasti on a time returning from *Cleraux* towards *Fribourg* (where he had been to beg some money or meat of *Salyna* (either whereof she was so heart-hard to deny him), the providence and pleasure of God so ordained it, that in the very same Meadow and place, and near the same time and hour which formerly he and his Son *George* had their conference, there (being very faint and weary) he lay himself down to sleep at the foot of a wild Chestnut-tree; yea, he there slept so soundly, the Sun being very hot, that he could not hear the great noise and out-cry which many people there afar off made in the Meadow, for the taking of a furious mad Bull; this Bull, I say, no doubt but being sent from God, ran directly to our sleeping and snoring *Vasti*, tost him twice up in the air on his horns, tore his noise and so wonderfully mangled his face, that all who came to his assistance, held him dead: but at last, they knowing him to be *Vasti* of *Fribourg*, and finding him faintly to pant and breath for life against death, they take off his clothes and apparel, and then apparently discover and see, that this mad Bull with his horns hath made two little holes in his belly, whereof at one of them a small piece of his gut hangs out; they carry him to the next Cottage, and laying him down speechless, they and himself believe that he cannot live half an hour to an end; and as yet he still remains speechless; but at last breathing a little more, and well remembering himself, and seeing this his disastrous accident, it pleased the Lord (in the infiniteness of his goodness) to open the eyes of his faith to mollifie the infiniteness of his heart, to reform the deformity of his conscience, and to purge and cleanse the pollution of his soul: for now he layes hold of Christ Jesus and his promises, forsakes the Devil and his treacheries, and God now so ordaineth and disposeth of him, that for want of other witnesses (seeing himself on the brink and in the jaws of death) he now becometh a witness against himself, and confesseth before all the whole company, That he it was, near *Lofanna*, who murdered his own Son *George* with a Pistol, and who since poisoned his own Wife *Hester* with a Musk-mellon: for which two foul and inhumane facts of his, he said from his heart and soul he begged pardon and remission of God.

Here

Here, upon this confession, some of the Company ride away to *Fribourg*, and acquaint the Criminal Officers of Justice thereof; who speedily send two Chirurgions to dress his wounds, and four Sergeants to bring *Vasti* thither alive, if possibly they can. They search his wounds, and although they find them mortal, yet they believe he may live three or four dayes longer. So they bring him to *Fribourg* in a Cart, and there he likewise confesseth to the Magistrates, his two aforefaid bloody and cruel Murthers, drawn thereunto (as he saith) by the treacherous allurements and temptations of the Devil. So the same day, they (for satisfaction of these his unnatural crimes, to condemn him to be hanged, and then his body to be burnt to ashes; which is accordingly executed at *Fribourg*, in the presence of a great concourse of people, who came to see him take his last farewell of the World; but they thinking and expecting that he would have made some religious speech at his death, he therein deceived their hopes and desires; for he only prayed to himself privately, and then repeating the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, recommending his Soul to God, and his body to Christian burial, without once mentioning or naming his Son *George*, his Wife *Hester*, or his Strumpet *Salyna*, he (lifting up his eyes to Heaven) was turned over; and although (being a tall and corpulent man) he there brake the Rope and fell, yet he was found stark dead on the ground.

And this was the wretched life and diserved death of this bloody Monster of Nature, *Vasti*. May we therefore read this History to God's glory, and to our own reformation.

The End of the Fifth Book.

THE
T R I V M P H S
OF
GODS REVENGE
AGAINST THE
Crying and Execrable
S I N N E
OF
MUR T H E R.

EXPRESSED

In Thirty several Tragical Histories, (digested into Six Books) which contain great Variety of mournful and memorable Accidents, Historical, Moral, and Divine.

The Sixth Book.

Written by JOHN REYNOLDS.



L O N D O N,
Printed by S. and B. Griffin for Thomas Lee, 1679.

THE

T R I V I A L

GODS REVENGE

OR

CRUELTY AND EXERCISE

OF

THE

MURDER

OF

THE

WHICH WAS



L O N D O N

Printed by R. and B. Griffin for Thomas Lee, 1679

To the Right Honourable

Sir JAMES STANLY,

Knight of the Bath, Lord Strange, Son and Heir apparent to William Earl of Derby, and one of the most ancient Knights of the Illustrious Order of the
G A R T E R.

My LORD,

THE first time that I had the honour to see and know your Lordship, was in France, when you then began your Travels, accompanied with your Noble and Generous younger Brother, Sir Robert Stanly (likewise Knight of the Bath) who now lives with God. And (if my fancy deceive not my judgement) it is equally worthy both of my thoughts and your Lordships memory, to see how propitious God hath since proved to your content, and remains to your felicity, in so highly recompensing this your loss of a Noble Brother, with the rich gift of a Vertuous Wife, your right illustrious Lady, who is descended from no meaner House than the famous Dukes of Tremoville by her Father, and the Victorious Princes of Orange by her Mother; and who, being translated from France, and (in the sacred Bonds of Marriage) here matched and incorporated to your Lordship, hath (by the Mercy and Providence of God) in a few years brought you many sweet Olive-Plants and Branches to perpetuate your ancient Name, and most Honourable Family of the Stanleys.

And what are all these benefits of Nature, and blessings of Grace, which God hath so opportunely sent, and graciously given you, in and by them, but such, and so sublime and transcendent, that they are strong proofs of his Mercy and Goodness towards you, and I doubt not, but (in a pious resolution) your Lordship reciprocally makes them the cause of your eternal gratitude and thankfulness to his sacred Majesty for the same.

And indeed who can possibly have, or conceive a different thought, that observes how your Lordship conducts all your actions by Reason, and not by Passion? That as you esteem Virtue to be the chiefest Earthly Honour, so you likewise value Piety and Godliness to be the best and most Sovereign Virtue. That you are confident, that in Hearts and Souls, which are well and fairly endowed, Honour and Honesty should still be Twins, or inseparable Companions and Individuals, because the former without the latter, is but as Fire of Straw to the Sun-shine; and to shut up this point that your Honour gives the chiefest Functions and Faculties of your Soul to God, and the second to the prosperity and service of your Prince and Country, that being the true mark of a Religious Christian, and this of an excellent Subject, and Honourable Patriot.

And this (my Good Lord) was the Original Cause, and these are the prevailing Motives and Reasons, why I trench so far upon your Lordships Greatness and Goodness, in proffering up this my Sixth and Last Book of Gods Revenge against Murder, to your Noble Protection and Patronage; not that your Lordship is the last in my Affection and Zeal, much less in my Respects and Observance: But, that I could give no satisfaction to my self, before I had prefixed your Illustrious Name, to this my unpolished Work; and before I had given a publick testimony to the whole World in general, and more especially to our little World, England, in particular,

particular, what Place and Power your Honourable Birth and Virtues have deservedly taken up in my heart, and worthily purchased in my most reserved and entire affection.

The Histories which this Book relates, are memorable and mournful; and, to give your Honour my opinion of them, they are as lamentable for the bloody facts, as memorable for the sharp, yet just punishments inflicted for the same, wherein God's sacred Justice and Revenge (with equal Truth and Glory) triumphed o're their wretched Perpetrators. I have cast them in a low Region of Language; and therefore if they come short of your Lordship's accurate judgement, my Presumption in this my Dedication to you, hath no other hope of excuse or pardon, than to flye to your Lordships innate Goodness, and to appeal to your known and approved Generosity and Candor, as making it your Honourable Ambition to cherish Virtue in all men, and to defend it against unjust scandal, and malicious detraction.

Proceed, my Lord, as you have fairly and fortunately began, in the happy exercise and progress of Piety, Virtue, and Honour; and as the hopes are now ours, so may the happy fruits and effects thereof, infallibly still prove your Lordships hereafter, until it have perfected and compleated you to be a most Illustrious Pattern of Goodness in this World, and a glorious Saint in that to come; the which none shall pray to God for, with more true Zeal, nor desire with more unfeigned Affection, than

Your Honour's humblest

devoted Servant,

John Reynolds.

GOD'S



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable SIN of MURDER.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY. XXVI.

Imperia, for the love she bears to young Morosini, seduceth and causeth him (with his two Consorts, Altonicus and Donato) to stifle to death her old Husband Palmerius in his bed. Morosini mis- fortunately letting fall his Gloves in Palmerius his Chamber, that night which he did it; they are found by Richardo the Nephew of Palmerius, who knows them to be Morosini's; and doth there- upon accuse him, and his Aunt Imperia, for the murder of his Unkle: so they together with their Accessories, Altonicus and Donato, are all four of them apprehended and hanged for the same.

THose intemperate and lascivious affections which favour more of Earth than Heaven, are still attended on with shame and repentance, and many times followed by misery and confusion: for God being our Master by Creation, and our Saviour by Redemption, consequently should be of our loves and affections, and the true and sole object, in whom only they should begin and terminate. For nature must be a Handmaid, not a Mistress to Grace, because God (in his divine Decree and Creation of man) hath made our Bodies mortal, but our souls immortal. And the like Antithesis which there is between Lust and Charity, the same there is between sinful Adultery, and sanctified Marriage. But where our Youthful affections begin in whoredome, and end in Murder, what can be there expected for an issue, but ruin and desolation. Crimes no less than these, doth this ensuing History report and relate. A History, I confess so deplorable for the persons, their Facts and punishments, that I had little pleasure to pen it, and less joy to publish it, but that the truth and manner thereof gave a contrary Law to my resolutions, in giving it a place among the rest of my Histories, that the sight

sight and knowledge of others harms, may the more carefully and conscionably teach us to avoid and prevent our own.

The free Estates and Common-weals of *Italy*, more especially the famous Signiory of *Venice*, (which for wealth and power gives place to no other of Christendom) holds it no degree of disparagement, but rather an happy and honourable virtue in their Nobles and Gentlemen, to exercise the faculty and profession of Merchants, the which they generally perform in *Turkey*, and all other parts of the *Levant-Seas*, with as much profit as glory, to the admiration of the whole world, and the envy of their private and publick enemies: of which number of *Venetian* Gentlemen, Seignior *Angelo Morosini* is one; a young man, of some twenty and four years of age, descended of a Noble Name and Family, and (if reports be true) from whence ours here in *England* derive their Original. He is tall and slender of stature, of a lovely sanguine complexion, a bright Chestnut-coloured hair, but as yet adorned with a small apparition of a Beard: he is active of body, of a sweet carriage, and nimble wit, and a most pleasing and graceful speech; and he is not so young, but he hath already made two several voyages to *Constantinople* and *Alexandria*, in both which he resided some five or six years, and through his wisdom and industry won some wealth, but more reputation and fame, inso-much as his deportments and hopes, to the eye and judgement of the world, promiseth him a fortune equal, if not exceeding his blood and extraction. Holding it therefore rather a shame than a glory as yet to marry, or, which is a thousand times worse, to pass his time vainly and lasciviously at home among the Ladies and Curtizans of *Venice*, upon whom (by the way of a premonition and precaution) he saw so many debauched young Gallants to cast away their Estates and themselves, he assumes his former ambition to travel, and so undertakes a third Voyage to *Constantinople*: He embarks himself upon a good Ship, named the little *St. Mark of Venice*; and in company of Seignior *Astonicus*, and Seignior *Philippo Donato*, likewise two young Gentlemen, Merchants of *Venice*, of his dear and intimate acquaintance: with a pleasant gale and merry wind, they set sail from *Malanoca*, the port of that City, and so direct and shape away their course for the Islands of *Corfu* and *Zant*, where they are to stop, and take in some Commodities, and from thence thorow the *Archipelagus*, by *Candy* and *Cyprus*, to the Port of the Grand Seignior. But as men propose, and God disposeth of all terrestrial actions and accidents, so they are overtaken by a storm, and with contrary winds put into the Harbour and City of *Ancona*, a rich, populous, and strong City, which belongs to the Pope, and which is the Capital of that Province of the *Mores Anconitona*, from whence it assumes and takes its denomination, and wherein there are well near three thousand *Jews* still resident, who pay a great yearly Revenue to his Holiness. The wind being as yet contrary for our three *Venetian* Gallants; and they knowing that our Lady of *Loretto* (the greatest and most famous Pilgrimage of the Christian world) was but fifteen small miles off in the Country, whereas yet they had never either of them been, they in meer devotion ride thither, their Ship now being fast anchored and moored in the Peer of *Ancona*, which stands on the Christian side, upon the *Adriatick* Sea, vulgarly termed the Gulf of *Venice*.

And here it is neither my purpose or desire to write much, either of the (pretended) piety of this holy Chappel of *Loretto*, which the *Romanists* say was the very Chamber wherein the Virgin *Mary* brought up her Son, our Saviour *Jesus Christ*; or of her Picture, which they likewise alledge was drawn by the hand and pencil of the Apostle *Saint Luke*, and both the one and the other, as they affirm, miraculously brought over the seas from *Palestine* by Angels, and first placed by them on the Hills of *Recagnati* (three little miles thence) and long since by the said Angels translated and placed here in this small Town of *Loretto*. But as for my self this Legend is too weak to pass currant with my faith, much less to esteem it as an Article of my Creed: only this I will confess and say, That as it was Devotion, not Curiosity, which carried our *Morosini*, *Astonicus* and *Donato* thither; so it was my Curiosity, not my Devotion, which made me to take the sight thereof in my Travels: where, in the rich and sumptuous Quire of a stately Cathedral Church, I saw this little old Brick Chamber (now termed the Holy Chappel) very richly adorned with great variety of massie Gold and Silver Lamps, and this Picture of the blessed Virgin in a shrine of Silver, most richly decked with Chains and Robes, imbroidered with Gold and Silver, and set with precious Stones of inestimable value, which (to express the truth in one word) bred much admiration in my thoughts, but no veneration at all in my heart. So I leave *Loretto*, and return again to our History, which was the only Relique that I brought thence.

The two first days, our three *Venetian* Gallants visit this holy Chappel with much solemnity and devotion, where not to *Jesus* the Son, but to *Mary* the Mother, they offer up their prayers, and pay their vows of thankfulness for their deliverance from the late storm, which put them

and

and their Ship in safety at *Ancona*. But the third day there betides an unexpected accident, to *Morosini*, which will administer matter and life to this History. He leaves his two Friends and Companions in Bed, and steals away to the holy Chappel, where being on his knees at his Devotion, he near to him sees a sweet young Gentlewoman likewise on her knees at her Devotions and Orisons, very rich in Apparel, but incomparable fair and beautiful. He curiously marks her Rose and Lilly Cheeks, her piercing Eye, the Amber-tresses of her Hair, her Alabaster Neck and Paps, and her strait and slender Waste; all which made her to be the Pride and Glory of Nature. At whose sight and contemplation, his mind is so suddenly inflamed with affection to her, that he heretofore could not possibly be drawn to love any Gentlewoman or Maiden, now despite of himself (and of his contrary inclination and resolution) he at the first sight is enforced to love her, and only her. For the more he sees the more he affects her; which ingendereth such strange Motions, and sudden passions in his heart, that the sweetness of this sweet Object enforced his eyes incessantly to gaze on her both with affection and admiration. Our *Morosini* would fain have boarded and saluted her there, but he would not make Heaven so much stoop to earth, nor prophane the holiness of his affection, and of the place, with such impiety. But at last seeing her to rise from her prayers, and so to depart the Chappel, he could not, he would not leave her, nor forsake the benefit of this sweet opportunity, to make himself known to her: when, withdrawing his devotion from the old Lady of *Loretto*, to give it to this his young Lady (and pretended Mistress) in *Loretto*; he trips away after her into the body of the Church; where seeing her only attended by a well-clad Boy, and her young Waiting-Gentlewoman (after salutes on both sides performed) he there proffereth her his service in these general terms.

Morof. I know not sweet young Lady, whether I may term my self happy or unfortunate, in being this morning honoured with the sight of so beautiful a Nymph and Virgin as you self, because in thinking to gain my soul, I fear I have lost my heart in the amorous extasies of that delicious Object and Contemplation: therefore I beseech you think it not strange, that having received my wound from your Beauty, I flye to your Courtesie for my cure and remedy thereof; and that seeing you so weakly guarded, I presume to request the favour of you, that you will please to accept of my company to reconduct you to your home.

This young Lady seeing her self so much gazed on by this unknown Gentleman, in the holy Chappel, and now so courteously saluted by him in the Church, she could not refrain from dying her Lilly-Cheeks with a Vermilian-blush; when having too much beauty to be too unkind, and yet too much coyness and modesty at first to prove too courteous to him, she (brooking her name well) returns him this answer:

Imper. Sir, you being so happy to have given up your soul this Morning in your devotion to the blessed Lady of this place, I do not a little wonder that you so soon prophane it, by endeavouring to make me believe, that you have lost your heart in the contemplation of so poor and so unworthy a Beauty as mine: for herein, as you prophane your zeal to her, so your affection to me, sith that should be more Sacred, and this not so much feigned or hypocritical, But such wounds still carry their cures with them; and therefore as my beauty was not capable to occasion the one, so shall not my courtesie be guilty in granting the other: if my weak guard be not strong enough to conduct me to my home, my *Innocency* and *Chastity* are, as also to defend me from the snares and lures of those Gentlemen, whose best virtue consists more in their tongues, than in their souls; and more in their complements, than their actions; of which number, fearing and taking you to be one, and my Father's house being so nigh, I shall not want your company, because as I deserve, so I desire it not: and therefore I will leave you, and yet not without leaving my thanks to you for this your proffered favour and unexpected courtesie.

Although *Morosini* could not refrain from smiling at this her sharp and witty answer; yet he seeing his complements retorted, and his courtesie returned with a refusal, he could not yet refrain from biting his lip thereat. But again, considering her to be exceeding fair and virtuous, and hoping withal that her Father might likewise prove rich, he would not disgrace his breeding, nor make himself a Novice in Love, to be put off with this her first repulse, but again sounds her in these terms.

Morof. My devotion to the Mother of our Saviour, doth not prophane, but I hope bless and sanctifie my affections to you, and therefore if it be not the custom of the young Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto* to use strangers with this discourtesie, I cannot believe that you would purposely thus exercise your wit in my patience, by inflicting on me this your unjust refusal. As for your feigned shews of hypocrisie, I am as innocent of them, as you suspect and term me guilty; and have no more snares or lures, in proffering you my affection and service, than

than that which your pure Beauty and chaste Virtues give me. Neither am I of the number of those Gentlemen whom you please to traduce and disparage, because their Hearts and Tongues agree not, or for that their Actions prove not their Speeches and Complements real; because I as much disdain, as you condemn them. Therefore if you cannot give me the courtesie, I pray at least lend me the favour, that I may wait on you to your Father's house, whom I shall ever be ready to serve with as much humility for your sake, as to cherish and obey your self with affection for mine own.

This Answer of *MOROSINI*, makes this young Gentlewoman (whose name he and we shall anon know) as sweetly calm, as right now she was unkindly passionate; so that looking stedfastly on him, and composing her countenance rather to smiles than frowns, she rejoyns him thus:

IMPERIA. It is the custom of the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, to use Strangers rather with too much Respect, than too little Favour; especially those Gentlemen who favour more of Honour than Vanity. If therefore I have any way wronged my own judgement, in suspecting or not acknowledging your merit, I know I am as yet worthy of your excuse, as of your reprehension. And because I understand by you, that you are a stranger to this place, though not to this Country; as also that you seem to be so importunately desirous and willing to conduct me to my Father's house, I will therefore give a contrary Law to my own will, and now make civility dispense with my discretion, by accepting of this your kind proffer; and you shall not accompany me neither to him with so much Respect and Zeal, as I will you with Observance and Thanks.

Which kind speech she had no sooner delivered, and *MOROSINI* received, but he again closed with her thus:

MOROSINI. Sweet Lady, this courtesie of yours, seconding you Beauty, shall eternally oblige me to your service; and in requital thereof, I will ever esteem it my best happiness to receive your Father's commands, and my chiefest felicity and glory to execute yours; when, reciprocally exchanging salutes, he takes her by the hand and arm, and very gracefully conducts her to her Father's house, not far off from this sumptuous Church; and by the way thither, among other Speeches and Complements, he gathers from her, that her Father's name is Seignior *Hierome Bondino*, and hers Donna *Imperia*, his only Daughter. Wherein he, for the former fame of his wealth, and the present sight of her Beauty, doth both delight and glory, as dreaming of a future felicity which he shall enjoy in her sight and company, whereof for the time present he hath far more reason to flatter, than to assure himself.

Now we must here understand, that this Seignior *Bondino* her Father, is a Gentleman of an Ancient House, and Noble Descent, and of a very great Estate both in lands and Means; and withal he was exceeding covetous, as glorying more in his Wealth, than in his Generosity; and more in his Fair and Beautiful Daughter *Imperia*, than in any other of his Children. Here *Morosini* brings *Imperia* home, and she presents him and his courtesie to her Father, who receives him respectfully, and kindly thanks him for this his observance and honour to his Daughter; who led by the luster of her Eyes, and the delicacy of her Beauty, was so extremely enflam'd with affection towards her, as at the very instant he proclaimed himself her servant, and the Lady-Regent of his heart and desires; and then it was that he first acquainted her with his Name and Quality, with his intended Voyage to *Constantinople*, but chiefly with his constant desire and resolution to seek her in marriage both of her self and her Father. Wherefore, to contract this History into a narrow Volume, I will pass over his often courtings and visits of her, as also those sweet speeches, and amorous discourses and conferences which pass between them, during the space of three weeks; wherein the Wind proving contrary to his Voyage, proved therefore propitious to this his suit and affection. In which time he proved himself so expert a Scholer (or rather a Master) in the Art of Love, that he exchanged hearts with her, obtained her affection and consent to be his Wife, upon his first return from *Constantinople*; but yet it was wholly impossible either for him or her to draw her Father's consent hereunto, although many times he sought it of him with prayers, and she with tears; For he, making Wealth to be the very Image and Idol of his devotion, and gathering that *Morosini's* Birth far exceeded his State and Means; as also, that in his opinion, his Estate was yet far greater than his Capacity or Judgement, he would never hearken to him, much less give any way that he should be his Son-in-Law: but with much obstinacy and resolution, vowed that he would first rather see his Daughter married to her Grave, than to him; the which froward and harsh resolution of his, makes our two Lovers exceedingly to grieve and lament thereat. But how to remedy it, they know not. *Morosini* now acquaints his two Comforts, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, with his affection to *Imperia*, and brings

brings them the next morning to see her, who highly commend his choice, and extoll her beauty and vertues to the skies; They in *Morosini's* behalf deal effectually with *Bondino* to draw his consent to this match, mounts his praises and merits as high as Heaven, and in a word, they leave no friendly Office, or reasons unattempted to persuade and induce him hereunto: but they speak either to the wind or to a deaf man; for his will is his law, and therefore they find it a work, not only of extream difficulty, but of a meer impossibility to effect it: for neither they nor *Morosini*, can so much pray and exhort *Bondino* to this match, as he with sharp words and bitter threats seeks to divert his Daughter from it; which pierceth and galleth these two Lovers to their very souls. For by this time their affections and hearts are so strongly and firmly united, that *Imperia* loves *Morosini* a thousand times dearer than her own life, and he her no less. So when they think of their separation and departure each from other, the very conceit and thought thereof draws even drops of blood from their hearts, and an Ocean of tears from their eyes. But because they are more amorous than superstitious in their devotion and affection each to other, and that (in their thoughts and desires), they sacrifice more to the Altars of *Venus*, than to that of the Virgin *Mary*; Therefore Fortune more envying than pitying them, and therefore resolving to separate their bodies as far asunder, as their hearts are nearly linked and combined together; the wind comes fair, and the Master of their Ship sends speedily from *Ancona* to them to *Loretto* to come away, for that he is resolute to omit no time, but with all expedition to weigh Anchor, and set sail for *Corfu*.

Morosini receives this news with infinite sorrow, and *Imperia* with extream grief and amazement, so if grace had not prevailed with nature, and her obedience to her Father vanquished, and given a law to her affection towards *Morosini*; she could then and there have found in her heart to have left *Italy*, and accompanied him in his Voyage to *Turkie* and *Constantinople*, so sweet was his sight and presence, and so bitter was the very thought of his absence to her heart and mind. Here *Morosini* comes again with his Hat in his hand, and *Imperia* on her knees with tears to her Father, that he will grant they may contract themselves each to other before his departure, but he is deaf to his requests, and inexorable to her tears and prayers; for he vows he cannot, and swears he will not consent thereunto. And therefore here the Reader must conceive, for it is impossible for me to express the thousand part of the sighs which he, and the tears which she expends, at this their sorrowful departure, inasmuch as I cannot truly define, whether he then gave her more kisses, or she him tears. So here the vows to remain unmarried till his return, and he both promiseth and swears, that he will return within one year to her and marry her; the which the more authentically to seal and confirm, he gives her a rich Emerauld Ring from his finger, and she him a fair Carkmet of Orient Pearls from her neck, with which the great drops of her tears trickling down her vermilion cheeks, seemed to have some perfect sympathy and resemblance. Of which interchangeable and mutual contract *Astonicus* and *Donato* are joyful witnesses, who seek to add comfort and consolation to these her unspeakable sorrows, and unapparelled afflictions, for this their separation; whiles *Imperia* in the mean time at the very thought and consideration hereof, (she gazing on her *Morosini*) seems to burst her heart with sighing, and down the Roses and Lilles of her beauty, with the showrs and rivolets of her tears. So *Morosini* being again and again called away by *Astonicus* and *Donato*, he then takes leave of *Bondino*, and then of his dear and sweet Daughter *Imperia*, in whose heart and breast he imparacliseth all his most Religious Prayers, and treasureth up all his amorous desires and wishes; and from thence (with his two faithful friends and companions) takes horse for *Ancona* where as soon as they come, their long Boat is ashore and takes them in, when the wind continuing still exceeding fair, they are presently for *Corfu* and *Constantinople*, where we will leave them floating upon the Seas, exposed to the favour and mercy of the winds, and according to the order of our History, come we again to speak of *Bondino*, and of his sweet and fair daughter *Imperia*, to see what matter they will administer us, and what actions and accidents they will produce.

While our fair *Imperia* day and night weeps and sighs for the absence of her dearest and second self *Morosini*, and with her eyes and hands erected to Heaven, continually prays for his prosperity and return, her old Father *Bondino* assumes a direct contrary course and resolution; for within two or three Moneths of *Morosini's* departure, he makes it his greatest care and ambition to provide another Husband for his Daughter. He is not ignorant of her tears and pensiveness for his absence, and knows full well, that her solitary walks, and pale thin cheeks, look still constantly to him, and never from him. But he is resolute that his old covetousness shall prevent and deceive this her young affection, and that to work on the advantage of *Morosini's* absence, his best and shortest course is to have him out of her heart and mind,

and contrarywise to propound and place another husband in his stead. To which end his said daughters beauty and his own wealth having already procured her two or three Suitors, who earnestly seek her in marriage, he likes none of them so well as old Seignior *Palmerius* a rich Merchant of *Ancona*, aged of at least sixty years; whereas his fair Daughter *Imperia* was not above twenty four, who was of so deformed and decrepit a personage and constitution, that he seemed as a withered *January* to this fresh Lady *May*, and his age but a frozen *Winter* to the fragrant flourishing *Summer* of her youth and beauty. But this old dotard *Palmerius* (who is every way fitter for his own grave, than for *Imperia's* bed) is so taken with the daintiness of her personage, as he hopes that her youth and her father's age, will stoop and strike fail to his wealth; and therefore he tricks and prides himself up, both in his apparel and beard, as if love had taken away much of his age, now purposely to add it to his vanity and indiscretion, so he comes to *Bondino's* house at *Loretto*, and seeks this his fair daughter in marriage, where the consideration of his great estate and wealth, act such wonders with her Father's heart and resolution, that her Father and he have already swap a bargain, that he, and none but he shall marry his daughter, before as yet he have the happiness to see her. But at last her Father brings her to him, chargeth her with his commands, to dispose her self to affect and marry him, and speaks to her, not only in the language of a father, but of a King; for such is his pleasure. These speeches of her Father, and the sight of her old lover, yet new Suitor *Palmerius*, doth much amaze and terrifie his young Daughter *Imperia*: so she receives and hears those with infinite affliction and sorrow, and him with much contempt and disdain; for she rejects his suit and himself, and boldly tells both her Father and him, that *Morofini* is too deeply lodged in her heart; for any other of the world to have entrance or admittance, and therefore (with sighs and tears) calls her self at her Father's feet, and prays him that he will not force her to marry Seignior *Palmerius*, whom she affirms, she cannot possible affect, much less obey. But her Father is resolute to have it so, and therefore (passing over all other respects and considerations) he adds threats to his commands, and vehemently chargeth her again and again to consent thereto. But her absent *Morofini* is still so present in her heart and mind, and so fresh and pleasing to her eye and memory, that she cannot, she will not forget him. So that for this time her father can no more enforce her to speak with *Palmerius*, or draw her to see him: and thus she put him off for his first coming to *Loretto* to her. *Imperia* being now infinitely glad to have thus given her Father the foyle, and old *Palmerius* the repulse, she raiseth a thousand new Trophies of joy, and victories of delight in her heart for the same, as if that outrageous storm and tempest (so contrary and displeasing to her heart) had received end almost as soon as beginning. Thus now ruminating on nothing less than on *Palmerius*, nor on nothing more, than on her sweet and dear *Morofini*, (to whom in his absence she sacrificeth all the flames of her heart, and all the vows, desires and wishes of her soul) she passeth away her time in perpetual praying for his return, for the which she leaves not the Lady, nor any other Saint of *Loretto*, unadored, or unprayed to. But contrary to her hopes and desires herein, this her old Suitor *Palmerius*, (having wholly lost the solidity of his judgment in the excellency of her beauty), he still keeps good correspondence, and curious intelligence with her father, and continually his heart runs as much on her youth, as her Father's covetousness doth on his wealth and gold; so within two months he returns again to *Loretto*, where he is received with as much joy of *Bondino*, as with extreme discontent and sorrow of his daughter *Imperia*: who now poor soul can receive no peace nor truce from either of them, but they incessantly haunt her as her ghosts, and fail not day and night to importune her for the consummation of this contract and marriage; but her heart is so close united and wedded to *Morofini*, that it is as yet impossible for either, or both of them to divorce or withdraw her from him. *Palmerius* thinks to gain her by rich gifts and presents, but she refuseth them all for the sake of the giver: and her Father now tempts her with sweet speeches and persuasions, and then again terrifies her with bitter commands and threats, hoping thereby in the end, to make her flexible to his desires and wishes: But his daughter *Imperia* notwithstanding all this, (with a constancy worthy of her beauty, and every way equal to her self) resolves to frustrate the hopes of the first, to annihilate and make vain the expectation of the second, and so to deceive the desires and wishes of them both, and to keep her heart wholly for *Morofini*, as she hath formerly promised and obliged her self to do.

But although *Palmerius* were heretofore the first time so easily beaten off with *Imperia's* refusal, he will not be so the second; and therefore his heart and mind telling him, that the sweetness of her youth, and the delicacy of her beauty, deserve a stronger, and longer siege of his affection. He (by the free advice and consent of her father) resolves to stay and burn all that Summer in *Loretto*, hoping that time would change her resolution and make that feasible in his daughters affection, which now in a manner seemed to be impossible. Thus it

Palmerius

Palmerius use his best endeavours to beat and conquer *Imperia* one way, no lets doth her Father another way, for the first gives her a world of sugred words and promises, and the second of sharp and bitter threats to effect it; Poor *Imperia* seeing her felt thus fireightly and narrowly begirt on both sides, she hath again recourse to her sighs and tears, the only weapons left her in the absence of her *Morosini*, to defend her affection and constancy, against the lust of *Palmerius*, and the power and tyranny of her Father *Bondino*: A thousand times a day she wisheth that *Constantinople* where *Loretto*, or *Loretto Constantinople*, and as often prays, that either she were in *Morosini's* arms, or he here in hers. But *Palmerius* being as obstinate as her Father was resolute and furious in this suit and motion towards her, she shuts her self up in her Chamber, where seeming to drown her self in a matter of this weight and importance, and what invention she should find out and practice, to abandon *Palmerius*, and to call home her *Morosini* to marry her, than which under Heaven she desired nothing more, or to write truer, nothing else. So at last she resolves to send one purposely to *Constantinople*, to hasten his return, (which now wanted but little of his perfix'd time of a year) when making choice of a dear friend of his of *Ancona*, named *Seignior Mercario*, and furnishing him with gold for a long journey, as to sail from *Brundisium* to *Ragusa*, and so from thence, by Post to *Constantinople*; she takes Pen and paper, and thereon (as much with tears as ink) traceth her *Morosini* these lines, wherewith she dispatcheth him away.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Should betray my affection to thee, and consequently make my self unworthy of thine, if by this my Letter (which I purposely send thee by thy friend *Seignior Mercario*) I did not now acquaint thee, with how much impatience and sorrow my self, and wish how much joy my Father brooks thy long absence. Thou knowest in what a sweet and strict sympathy of Love, our hearts are united. So as measuring *Morosini* by *Imperia*, I am confident that all those Seas between *Ancona* and *Constantinople*, are not capable to wash away the remembrance thereof, either from thy heart or my soul. And yet holding it a part both of my duty and of my self, I am enforced to command my pen to relate to thee, that my Father *Bondino* begins to exercise a point, not only of his will, but of his power, yea, I may justly say, of his tyranny over me, to perswade me to leave my young *Morosini*, to make me marry his old *Palmerius*. In which regard and consideration, if my poor beauty or merit have left any impression in thy heart or memory, I now most heartily pray thee to leave *Turkey* for *Italy*, and *Constantinople* for *Loretto*, and to make me as happy in enjoying thy sight and presence, as I am miserable without it. And when our God, and my good fortune, shall permit this my innocent and sorrowful Letter to fall into thy hands, think, yea, judge with thy self, what an ingratitude, yea what a crime it will be, for thee not to bring me thy self, but to send me any excuse whatsoever to the contrary. Farewell my dear self, my sweet self, and my God and his Angels ever prove propitious to thy desires and my wishes.

IMPERIA.

Mercario (in three weeks time) arrives at *Constantinople*, and finds out his friend, *Morosini*, to whom he delivereth his Mistress *Imperia's* Letter; the which the first kissing, presently peruseth and very passionately both rejoiceth and grieves thereat: So *Morosini* very kindly feasts his friend *Mercario* there some eight days, and then returneth him home with an answer, which in less than a months time, he delivereth into *Imperia's* own hands in *Loretto*, who is extremely glad thereof, and then beautifying her snow white cheeks, with some crimson blushes, she hies her to her closet, and breaking up hastily the seals thereof, finds it traced and charged with this message.

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

Thy health and constancy makes me as joyful in the receipt of thy Letter, as thy Father *Bondino* his disrespect to me, and love to *Palmerius*, makes me sorrowful, for so dear and tender is the affection of my *Imperia* to her *Morosini*, and the sympathy of our hearts so sweetly and sacredly united, that for my part, not only those small Rivers of the *Mediterraneum* and *Adriatique* Seas between *Constantinople* and *Ancona*, but that of the vast Ocean is incapable to wash off the least sense or memory thereof. But as in the actions and accidents of humane life, reputation and profit, deserves sometimes to be intermixed with pleasure, because the sweetness thereof is still made sweeter by its substance and permanency. So by the Signiory of *Venice*, and by Landy their Ambassador president here in *Constantinople*, (contrary to my expectation or merit) I am now made Consul of *Aleppo*. I cannot

therefore so soon leave Turkey for Italy, which I infinitely desire, nor in that consideration so soon embrace and kiss my fair and dear Imperia, which above all the Crowns and Scepters of the world I chiefly love and long for; but what this year cannot perform, the next shall, and then (all delays and excuses set apart) I will bring thee thy Morosini with as much true joy, as he transported himself from thee with bitter tears and unfained sorrows; in the mean time, my hopes and heart tell me, that thy affection to me, shall surmount thy Father's tyranny to thy self, and that thy beauty and merits are so incomparably splendid, that though Palmerius be the foyle, yet Morosini shall live and die the Diamond of thy love, and the love of thy heart, as God is of thy soul. O then, my dear and sweet Imperia, repute it no ingratitude, much less a crime in me, to send thee this Letter of excuse, instead of bringing thee my self; for I speak it in the presence of God and his Angels, that as thou art my other half, so I am wholly thine, and that thou canst not be the thousand part so sorrowful, as I am miserable in this our short, yet too long sequestration: Farewell, farewell the only Saint of my heart, and goddess of my affections, and assure thy self, that no mortal man whatsoever, is or can be so much thy faithful Servant and Slave, as.

MOROSINI.

Our Imperia kisseth this letter a thousand times for her Morosini's sake, who wrote and sent it her, and again as often weeps to see, that he loved honour and profit better than her self, and Turkie better than Italy; so whereas she formerly hoped, now she begins to despair of his speedy return, and esteems her self as miserable without him, as she thought to have been happy with him. She reads over this Letter again and again, and then weeps as fast as she reads, at the very perusal and consideration thereof; she would fain draw comfort from any part or branch of it, but then his intended stay, affords her nothing but a disconsolation, and sorrow instead thereof. She blames her own misfortune, as much as his unkindness, and then again imputes this impatience of hers, more to her Father's cruelty, than to Morosini's discourtesie; she loves him as much as she hates Palmerius, and hates her self, because Morosini will not love her more, and Palmerius less. But Morosini is so firmly seated and enthronized in her heart, that she is constantly resolved to stay his return; and rather to die his Victim and Martyr than to live Palmerius his Wife. And here her affection acts a great part in passion, as this passion doth in Love, she cannot refrain from enquiring of Mercario, how Morosini lives, and how he looks; who performs the part of a friend, to his friend, and tells her that he lives in great pomp and reputation, and is the properest and bravest young Gallant, either of Venice or Italy which he saw in Constantinople; at the report whereof, she could not refrain from blushing and smiling, as if her delight and joy thereof were such, as she could not receive or hear it, without this publick expression and testimonies of her private zeal and interior affection to him. But all this notwithstanding, wheresoever she goes or turns her self, her Father as her shadow, and Palmerius as her spirit, are never from her, but still follow her in all times and places without intermission. It is a wonder to see and consider their obstinacy to make it a match, and her resolution and refusal against it, as if they were wholly composed and made of commands, and the of denials. In which interchangable comportment, and different carriage of theirs, we must allow six months time more past and slidden away, where, in despite of Palmerius his importunities, and her Father's power, she still remains inflexible to them, constant to her Morosini, and true to her promise. But at last this old lustful Lover Palmerius (who was fitter to kiss an Image in the Church, than so sweet and fair a young Lady as Imperia in her bed) seeing that he had consumed and spent so long time in vain by courting her, and that she slighted him and his suit as much, if not more now, than when he first meant and intended it to her; he bethinks himself of a new policy and proposition to gain her, which love cannot so much excuse, as discretion justly condemn in him: He goes to her Father Bondino, and proffers him, That if his Daughter will become his Wife, that he will enfeeble, and endow her with one half of his Lands, and give all the rest of his Estate and Wealth into his hands and custody, for him to purchase her more. Which great and unexpected proffer of his, doth solely and fully weigh down her covetous Father to Palmerius his will and desire, as he constantly tells him, that in lieu of this his great affection and bounty to his Daughter, he will speedily use all his power and authority with her, fully to dispose her to affect and content him; To which end, Bondino goes to his Daughter Imperia, acquaints her with this great gift and voluntary proffer of Palmerius to her if she will marry him; he lyes before her, how infinitely it will import his content, and her own good and reputation, and that few Gentlewomen of Loretto, or Ladies of the whole Morca of Anconitana, do enjoy such rich Fortunes; that his wisdom and wealth is far to be preferred to the

vanity and prodigality of *Morosini*, and that the first will assuredly bring her much content and prosperity, but the second nothing else but poverty, ruine, and misery, and therefore he most importunately conjures and commands her to cut and cast off all delays, and so forthwith to dispose her self to love and marry *Palmerius*, or else he vows for ever to renounce her for his Daughter, and no more to acknowledge himself for her Father. A cruelty which (in my opinion and judgment) ought to be admired with pity, and pityed with admiration, and not to serve for a president and example to other Parents, because this of *Bondino's* was grounded on far more passion than reason, and covetousness than virtue; and which Nature hath all the reasons of the world, rather to term tyranny than providence, or fatherly affection in him.

Our *Imperia* is, as it were, struck dead with grief and sorrow, at the thunderbolt of these her Father's cruel speeches towards her, so that she cannot speak, nor yet weep, for sighing and sobbing; but at last encouraged by her own virtue, as much as she was daunted and dismayed by her Father's severity and cruelty towards her, she (casting her self at his feet) with a trembling heart and faltering voice, returns her heart and mind to him in these terms,

Honoured Sir, although my afflictions and sorrows are such, and so infinite, that I am far more capable to weep and sigh, than to breath or speak them forth to you, yet I hold it my duty, not my disobedience, to acquaint you, that because Marriages are first made in Heaven, before contracted or consummated in Earth; therefore being so happy first to love *Morosini*, before I was so unfortunate as to see Signior *Palmerius*, I hope it is the pleasure of God, that he hath ordained the first to be my Husband, and consequently my self never to be Wife to the second: I am proud in nothing, but in my humility and obedience, and therein, I hope, I shall still both triumph and glory; and yet I far more under-value *Palmerius* wealth, than you do *Morosini's* virtues. If than you will not for my sake, I humbly beseech you for my Mother's sake, or which is more, for God's sake, to make me Wife to *Morosini*, and not to *Palmerius*, because my heart and mind tells me, that I shall be as happy in the company of the one, as miserable in that of the other. In granting me which just desired favour and courtesie, my soul shall become pledge and caution for my heart, and my heart for my tongue, that you shall have no true cause either to renounce me for your Daughter, or to deny your self for my Father. And to conclude this my sorrowful and humble speech, it is impossible for you to wrong me, but you must and will extremely wrong your self, by attempting and resolving to enforce me to the contray. But if yet you will not be sensible hereof, then I invoke God to be a just witness and judge between us, of your cruelty towards me, and of my candid innocence towards you, and my betrothed Spouse *Morosini*.

Imperia had no sooner (with sighs and tears) delivered this her speech to her Father on her knees, but (as if he had lightning in his eyes, and thunder in his tongue) he suddenly rusheth forth her company; when more to displease her, than to please himself, he looking back on her, gives her this sharp answer, and cruel farewell: Minion (quoth he) I will very shortly cool thy courage and thy tongue, and make thee know with repentance, what it is to disobey thy Father, in making so much esteem of *Morosini*, and so little of Signior *Palmerius*, contrary to my advice and request to thee; for, I say, consider well with thy self, and thou shalt then do well speedily to forsake this error and obstinacy of thine, except thou resolve to die as miserable, as I desire thou should live happy. Once more Girl, consider and remember what I have now said to thee, and beware least *Morosini* prove thy shame, as much as *Palmerius* will thy glory. *Imperia* weeps, because she can weep no more at these heart-killing speeches of her Father to her, against her absent *Morosini*: So being not well, she betakes her self to her bed, and there again consults with God and her self, what she shall do in this perturbation of mind, and affliction of heart, and then, and there, (with waking eyes); reads a whole nights Lecture to her self, of her obedience to her Father, and her affection and constancy to the other half of her self *Morosini*; when in the morning being prompted by her thoughts and desires, that she shall receive more delights and joys from the last, than discontents from the first; she at her up-rising resolves again to write away for her *Morosini*, as hoping that his presence would easily dispell and scatter all these her clouds and tempests, when dispatching a private messenger to *Ancona* for *Mercario*, she again earnestly prays him to undertake a second Voyage for her, either to *Aleppo* or *Constantinople*, to her *Morosini*; the which he then promisseth; so that night again perusing over his Letter, she then from point to point, punctually makes answer to it, and the next morning very secretly, gives it to *Mercario* in her Chamber, and therewith takes of a rich Bracelet of Sparks of Diamonds from her right arm, and prays him to deliver it to him, as a token of her true affection and constancy, the which she affirms to him shall ever live and die with her. *Mercario* having received his

commitment from *Imperia*, as also more Gold for the discharge and defraying of his journey, he hires a small Brigantine to transport him to *Corfu*, and from thence imbarques himself on a Ship of *Marseilles*, which accidentally stopped there, and sailed first to *Aleppo*; where being arrived in less then three weeks, and finding his dear friend *Morosini* to be Counsul there for the Seignior of *Venice*, he secretly delivereth this Bracelet and Letter of *Imperia* to him in his study, where he was then hastily writing a dispatch for *Constantinople*: But the arrival of *Mercario*, who he knew came from his dearest friend and Mistress *Imperia*, (for meer joy) made him presently to cast away his Hat and Pen, and so to kiss and receive this her Letter and Token from him, whereof with much haste and more affection breaking up the seals, he therein found couched these ensuing Lines.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Had little thought (because less deserved) that either profit or preferment had been dearer to thee than *Imperia*, or that the Seignior of *Venice*, or their Ambassador Landy, had had more power to stay thee in *Aleppo*, than she to have requested or conjured thy return to *Loretto*; for if my poor beauty or rich affection to thee be of so low and base an esteem, as thou perferrest thy wealth and reputation to it, then I am as miserable, as I thought my self happy in my choice, and the sweetness of my desires and wishes consequently have end, as soon as they received a beginning. And see what a palpable incongruity, yea, what an apparent contradiction there is between thy heart and thy pen, first faintly endeavouring to make me believe thou lovest my kisses and embraces, above all the Crowns and Scepters in the world; I yet am truly enforced to see, that thou lovest *Turkey* far better than *Italy*, and art well contented, that *Palmerius* should love me better than thy self, for else thou wouldst never permit, that my Father's tyranny to me, should (in thy absence) give a law to my affection to him, or consent that *Palmerius* should be the Diamond, and thy self prove only the foil of my heart and love: And if this ingratitude of thine be not a crime, I know not what a crime is, nor how, nor in what terms to define or determine thereof. Judge therefore with thy self, (at least, if thou art not as wholly exempt of Judgment as of love) what a poor half, yea, what a small part I am of thee, when by thy voluntary absence thou wilt wholly resign me up to another, and that *Palmerius* must be my Husband, when my heart and soul, yea, when God and his Angels well know, I desire nothing under Heaven so much as to live and die thy wife; or else thou wouldst not have been so unkind, to confine thy will, or to bound thy obstinacy to no less than a whole years sequestration and absence from me, which if thy heart were equal, or but the least shadow of mine, thou wouldst deem to contain as many months as hours, and as many ages as months. But God forbid this discourtesie of thine should prove so great a cruelty to me, or before I know what belong to fortune, I should be constrained to feel and suffer so much infelicity. Come away therefore, my dear *Morosini*, and my sighs, tears, and prayers shall implore the Winds and Seas to prove propitious to thy speedy return; and blame not me, but thy self, if thy absence, and my Father's obstinacy bereave me of my sweet *Morosini*, and thee of thy dear.

IMPERIA.

Morosini could not refrain from blushing, at the reading of this his Mistress *Imperia's* Letter, as ashamed to see what an exceeding advantage her courtesie had got of his unkindness. He oftentimes kisseth this her Letter and Bracelet, as the two sweet pledges of her sweetest love and affection to him, the which he vows to requite, and shortly to make his return, redeem and ransom from the ingratitude of his long stay from her. He shews this Letter of hers to his two old Comrades, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, (for their friendship and familiarity is still so great, as they cannot, they will not forsake each other) who infinitely tax his unkindness, and condemn his inconstancy, in sequestering himself so long from so sweet and fair a Mistress as *Imperia*. Now for the space of some ten days, *Morosini* feasted his friend *Mercario* in *Aleppo*, wherein he forgets not continually to solemnize his *Imperia's* health in the best and richest Greek Wines; at the end whereof (very bountifully rewarding his love and pains, for so often crossing those dangerous Seas in his behalf) he chargeth him with his Letter in answer of his, and in requital of her Bracelet of sparks of Diamonds; he returns and sends a fair Chain of Gold, and a rich Diamond Ring fastned to the end thereof, with a pair of *Turkish* silver Embroidered Bracelets, and so commits him to the mercy of the Winds and Seas; who in six weeks after, arrives safely to *Ancona*, and the next morning posts away to *Loretto*, where repairing secretly to *Bondino's* house, he finds out his Daughter *Imperia* alone, solitarily walking at the farther end of the Garden among a rank of Sycamore and Olive-trees: Who no sooner espies *Mercario*, but all her blood flashing in her face for joy, the speedily trips away towards him, who (after salutes) bidding him a thousand times welcome home, and he giving her *Morosini's* Letter and Token, she claps the last in her pocket, and hastily kissing and breaking up the seals of the first, steps aside a space or two, and there finds and reads these lines.

MORO-

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

Thy sweet beauty, and rich affection and constancy shall not only command my resolution but my self, and it is impossible either for my profit or reputation to give, but to receive a Law thereof; for thy requites being to me commands, and consequently thy felicity and misery equally mine, I will therefore shorten and hasten the time of my stay, and so convert a whole year into a few months: For if Imperia be Palmerius his Wife, Morosini can then neither be either himself or his own friend. And to write thee the life of my heart, as thou hast now the heart of thy soul, it is not the ambition of a Consular dignity, nor all the treasure of Turkey, or the Indies, which shall keep me from enjoying of my fair and sweet Imperia, in whose divine cheeks and eyes my heart hath imparadised all my most sovereign earthly felicity: So that I not only deny, but despise, that Palmerius or any other of the world, is capable to love her the thousandth part, or so tenderly or dearly as my self; to whose sake and service I will still be found ready to lay down my best blood, and to prostitute and sacrifice my dearest life. O then, my fair and sweet Imperia, livetherefore my dear Wife, and Morosini will assuredly die thy loving and constant Husband, and thou shalt briefly see, that I will hate ingratitude, as much as thy inconsiderate Father loves and intends cruelty towards thee, and make thee as joyful in my presence, as thou wishest me thou art afflicted and sorrowful in my absence. I come my sweet Imperia, and if I want Winds or Seas to bring me to thy blessed presence, my sighs shall increase the one, and my tears supply and augment the other to effect it. Prepare therefore thy heart and eyes to see and salute me, as I do mine arms and lips to embrace and kiss thee, and I both hope and rest confident, that my prayers and constancy seconded by thine, will make thy Father's obstinacy vain, and prove Palmerius his attempts and hopes ridiculous, in thinking to have thee to his Wife, who art already mine by choice and promise.

MOROSINI.

This Letter of Morosini affords no small musick to the heart, or melody to the mind of our Imperia, for she sweetly and carefully treasureth it up in her breast and memory, and now in hope of his short return, she leaves no Church or Chappel in or about Loretto unfrequented to pray for it; yea, she is so religious and virtuous, as she gives her self wholly to prayer, the sooner to obtain it: whiles (in the mean time) her cruel Father Bondino (contrary to her expectation and desires) cuts her out new work, in refusing his old resolution to marry her to her old Lover Palmerius, who still loves her so tenderly, that for her sake, he will not forsake Loretto to live in Ancona. So that here the Reader is prayed to understand and know, that Bondino finally, (and once for all) to cast his Daughter Imperia and her affection from Morosini to Palmerius, seeing that all other means will not prevail, he infinitely debars her of her liberty, takes away from her, her chiefest apparel and Jewels, (the delight and glory of young Ladies and Gentlewomen) as also her best viands and diet; and in a word, treateth her so rigorously, as (upon the matter) he makes her more his prisoner than his daughter. Imperia who was never heretofore acquainted with such sharp severity, and course entertainment, bites her lip, and hangs her head hereat. But the more she prays her Father to reserve her for Morosini, the more tyrannously he commands her speedily to marry Palmerius, so that all her sighs and tears to the contrary, do rather exasperate than appease his indignation against her, and now she finds the long stay of Morosini from her, not only to exceed her first expectation, but also his last promises to her in his Letter, and is enforced to see, that her Father is as cruel, as Palmerius is obstinate and resolute in his suit to her. She hath nothing to comfort her, but the memory and letters of Morosini, and yet nothing doth so much confound her hopes and patience, as her Fathers cruelty in crossing this her affection. But at last despairing of Morosini's return and vanquished by her Father's tyranny, she (with an unwilling willingness) is enforced to suffer her self to be overcome by him, as also to permit the walls of her affection, and the bulwarks and fortifications of her constancy to be battered and razed down, by the incessant solicitations, gifts, and prayers of Palmerius; So that forgetting her promise, and her self, and putting a rape on her former resolution, she is at last contracted and married to him, or rather to the calamities and miseries which we shall shortly see will ensue thereof.

Here now then this old dotard Palmerius is married to fair Imperia, who esteems himself as happy as she finds her self unfortunate in this match. His Age is too old for her Youth, and her Youth far too young for his Age; Disparity of years seldom (or never) breeds any true content or felicity in Marriage. He cannot sufficiently estimate, much less deserve or requite the dainties of her youth: so that truth must here needs implore this dispensation for me of modesty, to affirm that his chiefest power was desire; and his best performance but lust towards her; for whiles every night, as soon as he comes to bed to her, he falls to his

sleeps

sleep; so poor young Gentlewoman, she turns to her repentance, wishing (from her very heart and soul) that her Husbands bed were her grave, and that her Nuptials had been her Funerals. A thousand times every day and night she accuseth her Father's cruelty, and (with bitter sighs and tears) as often condemneth her own levity and inconstancy for consenting thereunto. She can neither honour or love her Husband, or rather not love him, because she so tenderly loves the person, and honoureth the memory of *Morofini*. Thus whiles *Palmerius* retaineth and enjoyeth our *Imperia* in his bed, no less doth she her *Morofini* in her heart; so that the first hath only her body, but the second wholly her mind and affection. The sorrowful consideration and remembrance whereof, both so torment her heart, and perplex her mind, that she protesteth publickly to her self, and privately to all the world, that there is no calamity equal to hers, nor no misery comparable to that of a discontented Bed. Thus being as much a maid as a Wife, and yet more a Nun than a Maid, she makes spiritual Books her exercise, solitariness her pastime, her Chamber her Chappel, and her Closet her Oratory, to pray God to forgive her Father's cruelty, and her Husbands indiscretion towards her; as also her own inconstancy and treachery towards *Morofini*, which foul ingratitude and crime of hers, she cannot remember but with extream grief, nor once think of, but with infinite shame, sorrow, and repentance. Although this her old Husband *Palmerius*, be so amorous and kind to her, and so tender of this his fair young Wife, that he leaves no cost unbestowed on her, as well in rich apparel, as Chains and Jewels, wherein the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Italy* chiefly pride themselves; yet this was not the content and felicity which our *Imperia* desired, because deserved. But her fresh youth, and her Husbands feeble and frozen age, cast her heart on other opposite conceits, and her mind on other different contemplations.

While thus *Bondino* and *Palmerius* as much rejoyce as *Imperia* mourns and grieves at this her unequal and discontented Match, and *Morofini* confidently relying on the firm affection and constancy of his *Imperia* made his stay in *Aleppo*, some ten months longer than his promise to her: He at last led by the star of her beauty, and his own affection to her, leaves *Turky*, and (in company of his constant old Friends *Astonicus* and *Donato*) sets sail for *Italy*, and purposefully puts in with their Ship into *Ancona*, where they and he are no sooner arrived, but *Mercario* finding him out, entertains him with the welcome of this sorrowful news, that his Mistress *Imperia* is now in this City of *Ancona*, and married to old Signior *Palmerius*, whereat *Morofini* infinitely grieve, and *Astonicus* and *Donato* much wonder. He is stricken at the heart, at this sorrowful news, and (too too soon for him) believes it with as much affliction as admiration. By this time likewise is *Imperia* advertised of his and their arrival, whereat she seems to drown her self in a whole deluge of tears; yet not for sorrow, but for joy of his arrival. He employs *Mercario* to her, to grant him a private visit, the which most joyfully the next night she doth in her own house, her old Husband being in bed, and snoring fast a sleep. At *Morofini's* first sight and entrance into her Chamber, (where she all alone privately stayes for him), she throws her self on her knees at his feet, and with sighs, tears, blushes, begs his pardon for her unconstancy in marrying *Palmerius*, the which she no way attributes to his long stay, but rather to her Father's cruelty and her own misfortune. *Morofini* is as joyful of her sight, as sorrowful of this her errour, and so will not permit her to kneel, because he sees and knows, and also assureth her, that she is still the goddess of his heart and affection. He takes her up in his arms, and there embraceth and freely pardons her; and so they reciprocally speak each to other in the sweet language of love, I mean, of kisses, sighs, and tears, with the last whereof, they again and again, bedew and wash each others cheeks, as if love had made them far more capable to sigh than speak, and to weep than sigh: Here their old affection revive, and flame forth a new, with more violence and impetuosity. She hath no power to deny him any thing, no not her self. For as he swears to live her servant, so she constantly vows to live and die his handmaid, and that his will shall ever be her Law, and his requests in all things her commands. Here his heart Beats for love, and her breasts pant for joy. For as he promiseth her, that she shall be his sole and only love, so she (willingly) forgets her self so far, as solemnly to protest to him, that he shall be more her husband than *Palmerius*, when with many embraces and kisses, they for that night part.

The next morning *Morofini* and his two Consorts, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, (by the feigned way of a rejoycing complement) do visit his young Mistress *Imperia*, and her old Husband *Palmerius*, who (more out of his own goodness than their deserts) bid them all most kindly and courteously welcome. They congratulate with him for this his happy match with *Imperia* for which, old *Palmerius* respectively thanks them; but he knows not what dangerous snakes lurk under the green leaves of this their pretended fair courtesie. As for his wife *Imperia*, she is so reserved in her comportment, and so coy in her carriage towards them, that (according

ding to the custom of *Italy*) or Husband can hardly persuade or cause her to see and salute them, the which at last she faintly and feignedly performs, rather with an eye of disdain, than of respect. They all see the young Wife with love and pity, but look on her old Husband with contempt and envy; yet *Morosini* then and there in stealth sees *Imperia's* heart in her eyes; when, in counterchange, she knows his heart by his enamour'd looks and countenance. So *Palmerius* (being as innocent as aged) having discoursed with them about their voyage, and about *Turkie* and *Constantinople*, and courteously prayed them to be no strangers to him and his house, whiles the contrary winds kept them here in *Ancona* (which they readily and thankfully promise him), they for this time take leave each of other; *Astonius* and *Donato* highly applauding the beauty of *Imperia*; and *Morosini* infinitely condemning and contemning the simplicity and age of her old Husband *Palmerius*.

But this is not all; for that very afternoon *Morosini* (out of the intemperate heat and passion of his love) by a confident Messenger, sends to pray *Imperia* to meet him at three of the clock in her Garden, which was a pritty way distance from her house: the which she joyfully grants him: and here it is where they meet, and where I am enforced to say, that in the Pavillion or Banqueting-house of this Garden, there these two youthful lovers (after a thousand sweet kisses and embraces) first received each of other those amorous delights and pleasures which modesty will not, and chastity and honesty cannot permit me to mention; as also, for that these Pills of Sugar are most commonly candied in bitter Worm-wood and Gall, and but too frequently prove Honey to the Palate, but Poyson to the Heart and Soul.

And here in this her Garden (I say again) was the very first time and place where our fair *Imperia*, who was so famous in *Loretto* and *Ancona*, for her Piety and Chastity, forgetting the first, made shipwrack of the last; and where, of a Gentlewoman of Honour, she lost her honour by committing this her beastly sin of sensuality and adultery. When the winds, which were contrary to *Morosini's* voyage, proved so favourable and propitious to his lustful desires, that he thinks not nothing less than of his return to *Venice*; nor of any thing so much as of his stay here in *Ancona* with his fair and sweet Love *Imperia*; who like wise finds less content and pleasure in the company of her Husband *Palmerius*, than she hoped for; and now far more in her dear Friend *Morosini*, than the either dreamt or expected. In which trivial regard, and sinful consideration, the (in a manner) abandons the first, and gives her self wholly over to the will and pleasure of the second; and so turning the custom of these their lascivious dalliances, into a habit, and that into a second nature, both in her garden, and her own house, she very often (both by day and night) commits this bitter-sweet sin of Adultery with *Morosini*; whereof a subtil young Nephew of *Palmerius*, of some eighteen years old, who was his Sister's Son, and termed *Richardo*, takes exact and curious notice; and once among the rest, he peeps in at the key-hole of his Aunt's Chamber-door, and there sees her and Seignior *Morosini* on the bed together, and in no less familiarity than was requisite or could be expected betwixt his Uncle her Husband *Palmerius*, and her self; whereupon secretly envying and hating her, because he was afraid she should bear away all, or at least the greatest part of his said Uncle's Estate and Wealth from him (who for want of Children, hoped that he therefore should be his adopted Heir;) he therefore maliciously bears the remembrance of this object and accident in his mind, with an intent, that when occasion should hereafter present the report and knowledge thereof to his said Uncle, he might justly cause him wholly to heave and raze her out of his good opinion and affection.

As for *Morosini* and *Imperia*, they (notwithstanding all this) do still strongly endeavour to bleach the eyes of her Husband *Palmerius*, who (thinking his Wife to be as chaste as fair, and rather a *Diana* than a *Lais*) out of his good nature doth sometimes in his house feast *Morosini* and his two Consorts, *Astonius* and *Donato*. But they will prove pernicious and fatal Guests to him: for ere long we shall see them require this hospitality and courtesie of his, with a prodigious and treacherous ingratitude. In which mean time, all *Ancona* resounds of the great expence and profuse prodigality of *Morosini* and his two Associates: for they here revell it out in the best Taverns and Companies of the City, and not only exceed others, but also themselves, in the richness and bravery of their Apparel; but most especially *Morosini*, whose Apparel is every way fitter for an *Italian* Noble-man, than a *Venetian* Merchant. Our Lustful and lascivious *Imperia*; never well contented or pleased, but in his presence, or her Husband's absence. And here, to relate the truth of her heart, *Morosini* is more her Husband than *Palmerius*; or rather, *Palmerius* is but the shadow, and *Morosini* the essential substance of her Husband: and therefore I desire the Reader to know and remember, that in that regard and consideration I have purposely entituled this History, not to be of *Palmerius* and *Imperia*, but of *Morosini* and *Imperia*.

Morofini, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*, (in their Lodging and Chambers) have many times many private speeches and conferences, what pity it is that so sweet and fair a young Gentlewoman as *Imperia*, should (by the constraint of her unkind and cruel Father) thus be clogged and chained in Marriage to so old a Dotard as *Palmerius*, (for a more favourable Epithete their Vanity and Folly could not afford to give him) and *Morofini* (in the dumb eloquence and Logick of *Imperia*'s sighs and tears) apparently believes, that (in her heart and soul) she infinitely desir-eth and wisheth, that *Palmerius* were in Heaven, and himself now her Husband here on Earth in his place. He reads as much in her looks and countenance; and is therefore confident, that her heart and ambition aspire to no sweeter earthly felicity. He hath not lost his Wit in his Affection, nor wholly drowned his Judgment either in the fresh Roses and Lillies of her Beauty, or in the resplendent luster of those sparkling Diamonds and Stars, her Eyes. He knows that his Estate is far inferior to his Birth and Extraction; and yet, that his prodigalities and expences (both in *Turkie* and *Italy*) are far superior and above his Estate; he would fain (therefore) find out the means to bear it up. Then, I say, what his demands could not obtain of her, his kisses do, when swearing him to support, and consequently to preserve his Reputation with the whole world, the which he esteems equal to his life, if not above it. He knows that *Imperia* is already more his Wife, than her Husband's; and it is very confident, that he can make her apt for any impression, and capable of any design, which may advance his own fortunes, and confirm both their contents; whereunto conjoining the sweetness of her beauty, and the excellency of her feature, and the exceeding great wealth of her old Husband, he adding all these considerations together, they here weigh him down to Hell and Satan, by terminating his thoughts, and fixing his heart upon this hellish resolution, To send him speedily to Heaven in a bloody Winding-sheet; and no other charitable thought, or Christian consideration, can divert him from this inhumane and bloody project; neither can he possibly reap any truce of his thoughts, or peace of his heart, before he have attempted and finished it.

To which end, the very next night that he lay and wontonized in bed with his *Imperia*, (for, God knows, her old Husband lay but seldom with her) finding her extraordinarily to sigh, he layes hold of this advantage and opportunity, and very earnestly demands of her what ays her; whereat her tongue then fled to her heart, because her heart was then flying from God to the Devil; so she continues her sighing, but is still mute, and returns him no answer. That at last *Morofini* suspecting that in her, which his hopes desired, and his desires hoped for; then I say, what his demands could not obtain of her, his kisses do; when swearing him to secrecy, she (after many far-fetch'd sighs) tells him, that she loves him so dearly and tenderly as for his sake she either wisheth her self in her Grave, or her Husband *Palmerius* in Heaven, which is the sweet Mulick and Melody that *Morofini* expects, and which to his unexpressable joy he now receives from her; when paying her the principal and interest of this her dearest love and affection toward him, with many kisses, he passionately intreats her, that she will employ him to finish this pleasing Tragedy; but she is again mute hereat; and therefore he again more earnestly entreats her to confer this favour on him; who then taking counsel of her Lust and of Hell, she grants his first request herein, with silence; but his second with a free and cheartful consent. When (as two wretched and bloody Miscreants) they reciprocally swear secrecy herein each to other, as also they will speedily dispatch him, and so in a very short time after marry each other; and no longer live in *ANCONA*, but in *VENICE*. But what a fatal, what a hellish Contract was this; which they equally confirm as well with Oaths as Kisses? And how at one time do I pity both their youth and folly, and hate their obscene affections each to other, and their foul crimes unto God herein! They cannot content themselves with lust, but with blood; for they are so resolutely inhumane and impious, as they will needs add murther to adultery; as if one of those two foul sins were not sufficient enough to make both of them wretched in this life, if not miserable in that to come. But the Devil is so strong with them, as they vow to advance, and disdain to retire in the perpetration of this deplorable business: so from the matter, they proceed to the manner hereof. *Morofini* proposeth payson; but *Imperia* rejects this his opinion, as being dangerous both in the procuring and administering. When she propounded to have him stifled by night in his bed: To the which, after two or three pauses and considerations, he well and freely consenteth. So hereon they both do finally agree and resolve. But because *Morofini* knowth *Imperia* to be a wise but weak woman, and therefore fitter for counsel than execution, and himself alone peradventure not strong enough (with safety) to perform it, without some other men's assistance; he therefore tells her, that he will likewise engage his faithful friends and companions, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, herein. But *Imperia* is extremely against

against it, as grounding her apprehension and fear upon this Maxim, That as one is more capable and proper to keep counsel, than two; so consequently are two, than four. But when (in answer hercof) he vows and swears to her, That they are no less his faithful friends and servants than he hers: then (with much alacrity and joy) she yields thereunto; so they confirming this their agreement with many oaths, and sealing it with a world of kisses, he leaves this his fair Sweet-heart in bed, and at break of day departs from her, and so hies him home to his old Lodging to his two Companions, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, who (the premises considered) do perfectly know at what Mid-night-Mass he hath been, what Shrine he hath visited, and what Saint he hath adored and prayed to.

Some three hours after, they all call for their Break-fasts, the which as soon as they have taken and ended, (for still as yet the wind is contrary for them to set sail for *Venice*) *Morosini* prays them forthwith to walk with him up to the *Domo* (or Cathedral Church) of that City, which stands over it, on a high rocky hill; and there proudly looks up towards the Mountains of *Loretto*, and *Reagnati*, and down to the azure plains and valleys of the *Adriatick* Sea (whereon *Boreas* rings his Northern Peals, and *Neptune* danceth his Southern Lavolta's) So here in this famous Church, (which was built for offering up religious Prayers to God, and not for making up bloody conferences and contracts to and with the Devil) *Morosini* first acquaints them with this business, and with his, and his *Imperia's* most earnest prayers, and affectionate requests for their assistance therein; sith the life of her old doating Husband was no less their affliction and misery, than this his death would infallibly prove their prosperity, triumph and glory, because she was formerly contracted to himself, long before he married her; which she was enforced and constrained to do, through the cruelty and tyranny of her Father. Now as there needs not many good words and persuasions to base hearts and polluted and prophane Souls, who of themselves are already disposed to wickedness and prepared to sinful actions: So (because of *Morosini's* old friendship and familiarity, of *Imperia's* beauty, and her old Husband *Palmerius* his exceeding great wealth and riches) these two graceless wretches, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, do cheerfully promise *Morosini* the very utmost of their possible powers for the accomplishment hereof, whereon they all three do there solemnly and interchangeably give their hands and oaths, as also for eternal secrecy. Which done, they return to their Lodging, and at dinner (when they had purposely sent away their Servants, as also those of the House) they in very great glasses of *Albania*-wine, do on their knees drink Healths to the prosperity of this their intended great business: the which after dinner *Morosini* (with much joy) fully relates to his *Imperia*, and she (for her part) understands and receives it from him with no less delight and exhilaration. When being (as strongly seduced and provoked by their lascivious desires, as they were merely propagated and engendered by the Devil, who was the first and sole Author thereof) impatient of all delays, they conclude to finish this business the second night after, which (as I have been credibly informed in *Ancona*) was the very Eve of the Purification of the blessed *Mary*, so famous and famoused in *Loretto*. And hereon these our two lustful and lewd Lovers, *Morosini* and *Imperia*, do give and take exact and curious direction each from other, both of the hour and the manner, thereby the better to dispatch it with less danger, and more assurance and facility: and they are so lascivious in their wishes, so vain and prophane in their hopes, so cruel and inhumane in their desires, and so fierce and bloody in their resolutions, as they think every hour an age before they see it affected. All this while our innocent and harmless old *Palmerius*, albeit he have the will, but not the power to please his young Wife *Imperia* by night, yet by day (yea, and almost every day) he hath both the power and will to bestow some rich gifts and presents on her, and to rain down showers of gold into her lap, as *Jove* did to his fair *Danae*; and as one way he held it felicity to gaze and contemplate on the excellency of her pure beauty; so again he made it his delight and glory to see her flant it out in rich and brave apparel, and also to provide her the most rarest Viands, and daintest Diet, that Gold or Silver could procure. But poor *Palmerius*! (all this cost and courtesie of thine to thy Wife notwithstanding) I am enforced to write with equal pity to thee, and shame to her; little dost thou conceive or think what a dangerous Cockatrice or pernicious Viper thou harbourest, in harbouring her in thy house, thy bed, thy bosome.

The dismal night being now come which these four execrable persons have designed and destined for the finishing of this deplorable business; it is no sooner twelve of the Clock by *Morosini's* Watch, but he with *Astonicus* and *Donato* (with their Rapiers and Pistols, without any light) issue forth their lodging, and presently trip to *Palmerius* house, where (according to promise) they find the Street-door a little open, and *Imperia* as a Fury of Hell) there ready to receive them, when although it were a time, and place far more fitter for them to tremble

than kiss; yet so fervent is the fire of *Morofini's* and *Imperia's* lascivious and furious affections, as they cannot yet refrain from giving each other one or two at least. When leaving *Donato* (with his Rapier drawn) close within the door, to guard and make it good against all opposing and intervening accidents, *Morofini* leads *Imperia* by the right arm, and *Astonicus* by the left, and so for the more security (purposely) leaving their shoes below with *Donato*, and drawing on woollen pumps, they all three ascend the stairs, when she (with wonderful likeness) first conducts them to her own Chamber, (which was some two distant from her Husbands) where the windows being close shut, and a small wax candle burning on her Table, and her Prayer-book by it, wherein (still expecting the hour of midnight) she silently reads, while the Devil held the candle to her; she there gives each of them a pillow to work this damnable fact, having silently given such order, that her Husbands Nephew, *Richardo*, and all the Servants of the house, were gone to bed above three hours before. Thus this treacherous she-devil *Imperia* (for I can no more term her a woman, much less a Wife, and least of all a Christian) is the fatal guide to bloody *Morofini* and *Astonicus*; who brings them first to the door of her old Husband *Palmerius* his Chamber, which she had purposely left a little open, and then to his bed, who is deeply and soundly sleeping in his innocency towards them, as they were but too too wide waking in their inveterate malice against him; she keeping the door, and *Morofini* standing by one side of the bed, and *Astonicus* by the other, they there (in regard of his impotency and weakness) do easily stifle him to death, not so much as suffering him either once to cry or screech; and then to make sure work, they speedily and violently thrust a small Orange into his mouth, thereby the better to cover and colour out this their villany to the world, in making all men believe, that it was *Palmerius* himself, who had put that Orange into his own mouth, thereby purposely to destroy himself: when leaving his breathless body in his bed, they licitly issue forth the Chamber, and she draws fast the door after her, and so descends with them down the stairs to the street-door, where with much triumph, joy, and thanks, between them all, *Morofini* giving his *Imperia* many kisses, and the desiring them all three immediately to repair to their lodgings, and not to stir thence till they hear from her, which she promises *Morofini* shall be as soon as conveniently and possibly she can, they depart home. When she first softly bolting the Street-door, and then her own Chamber-door, she presently (with much security, and no repentance) betakes her self to her bed, where (vile wretch that she is) she no more wakes for grief at the life, but now sleeps for joy at the death of her old doing Husband *Palmerius*. But we shall not go far before we see God convert these her triumphs into tears, and this her false joy into true misery and confusion for the same.

The manner thus.

Whiles *Morofini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*, do in their lodging, for joy of this their bloody fact, carouse the remainder of the night, and the next morning keep their beds till nine of the clock, without once thinking of God or Heaven, or of fearing either Hell or Satan. *Imperia* putting an Angel's face on her devilish heart, goes (according to her accustomed manner) about six of the Clock in the morning, away with her Waiting-maid, and her Prayer-Book and Beads in hand, to hear Mass at Saint *Francis* (which is the Grey Friars) Church, near to the Jews Street, with an intent to stay there in her Orisons till past eight. But let the Reader judge with what a prophane zeal, and prodigious and impious devotion, she doth it; as also farther know, that God, who is the great Judge of Heaven and Earth (in his sacred Justice) is now resolved to bring this lamentable murdering of *Palmerius* to detection and light, and so proclaim and publish it to the sight and knowledge of the world, by a way no less strange than remarkable.

Within less than half an hour, that *Imperia* went away to Mass at Saint *Francis* Church, an Inn-keeper of *Veretto*, who dwelt there at the sign of the Crown, named *Antonio Herbar*, arrives there in *Ancona* to *Palmerius* house, with a Letter for him from his Father *Bondino*; who speaking with his Nephew *Richardo*, he delivereth and sendeth up the Letter to his Uncle, who then opening the latch of his Chamber-door, he no sooner entereth, but with his foot he stumbles at a pair of rich gloves; which taking up, and knowing them to belong to *Saignie Morofini*, because some two or three dayes together he had seen him wear them; he with a smile claps them into his pocket; and so giving his Uncle the good morrow, he advanceth up to his bed to deliver him this Letter: When, withdrawing the Curtains, he (contrary to his expectation) finds him dead, and well near cold in his bed, with a whole small Orange in his mouth; whereat he makes so lamentable and sorrowful an out-cry, that the noise thereof brings up two servants of the house, to enquire and know what the cause thereof might be;

who

who being likewise sad spectators of this their Master's sudden and unfortunate death, they conceive and believe, that he had voluntarily stopped his own breath, and destroyed himself by putting this Orange in his mouth; and that his face being black and swollen, was only his own struggling for life against death: which opinion of theirs, in common sense and reason, was probable enough, if God had not here resolved to disprove it, in verrying and making apparent the contrary. For *Richardo* (who was of a pregnant wit, and of a sharp and quick apprehension) considering that these were *Morosini's* Gloves, which he found there in his Uncle's Chamber; and his memory now telling his heart what lascivious dalliances and obscene embraces and familiarity his eyes had lately seen and known between him and his Aunt *Imperia*; as also, that God heretofore prompted and informed his soul, that they both had an equal share and hand in this lamentable murder of his Uncle; and that it was far better for him justly to ruin her now, than the unjustly to begger him hereafter: He therefore (with tears in his eyes) prays the servants to stay a little while in the Chamber, with his dead Uncle, till his return; and then (with those Gloves in his pocket, and this Letter in his hand) he speeds away to the Podestato (or Criminal Judge) of this City named *Seignior Ludovico Ceranno*, and in a passionate and sorrowful speech, makes him know as much as himself knows of this lamentable Murder of his Uncle *Palmerius*; for the which, he strongly chargeth *Morosini*, and his said Aunt *Imperia*, to be the authors and actors, and so craves Justice on them both for the same. This grave Personage is very sorrowful at this lamentable accident, and likewise at this relation and accusation of *Richardo*, as well for the manner thereof, as for the quality of the persons, who he hears and fears are interested herein; when walking a turn or two, deeply contemplating hereon in his Chamber, he sits himself down in his Chair, and then (bidding *Richardo* approach nearer to him) he seriously demands of him these four Questions: First, If he were assured that these were *Morosini's* Gloves? To which *Richardo* answered, He perfectly knew them to be his, for that he had seen him wear them three or four several times. Secondly, Where *Morosini* was lodged in that City? Whereat he replied, That he and his two Associates, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, lay at the sign of the Ship upon the Key. Thirdly, Where he thought his Aunt *Imperia* now was? Whereat he tells him, She is now in *Saint Francis Church* at her devotions. And fourthly, what Letter that was which he held fast sealed in his hand? When he also informed him, That this was the very same Letter which he formerly told him of, the which *Signior Bondino* (the Father of his Aunt *Imperia*) sent to his Uncle this morning from *Loretto*, by an Inn-keeper of that Town, named *Antonio Herbas*, whom he said he had brought along with him to affirm so much: the which being called up before the Podestato, he upon his corporal Oath did so, when the Podestato taking that Letter from *Richardo*, and breaking up the Seals thereof, he finds it to speak this language.

BONDINO to PALMERIUS.

I was a sensible grief to me, when I first heard of *Morosini's* arrival from Turkey to Ancona; but far the greater, when I first understood of his long and lingering stay there: and to write thee the truth of my heart, my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night, do still prompt and assure me, that as it is likely he will attempt something against the Chastity of thy Wife, my Daughter; so it is not impossible for him to plot somewhat against thine own life; for by nature and inclination I hear he is very malicious and revengeful. If he depart speedily for Venice, then burn this Letter in Ancona, (which I now send thee here by my Neighbour *Antonio Herbas*) but if he farther protract his stay there, then speedily bring thy self and thy Wife away to me here in *Loretto*, where my House shall be a sanctuary for her, and a Castle and Citadel for thy Self: Slight not this my careful and tender advice to thee, but rather resolve with confidence, that as God gave it first to my heart, so from my heart I most affectionately now send it to thee.

BONDINO.

The Podestato being ascertained of all these Evidences, from the confession of *Richardo*, the Gloves of *Morosini*, the Letter of *Bondino*, and the acknowledgement of *Herbas*, although hereupon he verily believes that *Palmerius* was stifled in his bed by his Wife *Imperia*, and her Lover *Morosini*; yet (as a wise Judge and a prudent Magistrate) he will inform his knowledge of one important point more, for the better disquisition and vindication of the truth of this deplorable business: He will not send any subordinate Officer, but a private friend of his, to the Host of the Ship upon the Key, where *Morosini* lodged, whose name he now knows to be *Strophano Fundi*, and that (in favour of a Cup of Wine) he should courteously allure him home to

his house and presence, the which that Friend of his performs; where the Podestate then told him, that he had been informed by divers, that he is an honest man, and therefore in friendly sort he prays him to answer him the truth of three demands, which he shall make unto him: First, If *Morofini*, and his Friends *Astonicus* and *Donato*, lay in his house all the last night? or if not, When they went abroad, and at what hour returned. When *Fundi* (performing his duty and reverence to the Podestate) tells him, That they all three went forth of his house together the last night, with their Rapiers, without any lights, a little after twelve of the clock, and returned home again a little before two, as near as he could guess. Secondly, the Podestate shews him the Gloves, and asks of him if he thought these were *Morofini's*? to which he answered, He did assure him they were, for that he had many times seen him wear them. Thirdly, He enquires of him, If he knew where *Morofini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato* now were? Whereunto he made answer, That after they came home to his house the last night, they merrily caroused and drank in their Chamber till six of the Clock in the morning; that they then went to their beds, and there as yet they lay all soundly sleeping. The Podestate having thus happily cleared all these rubs, he makes no doubt but they were the Murderers of *Palmerius*, and therefore resolves speedily to lay sure hold of them all. But he is so solid and wise in his administration of Justice, as he will add subtilty to his power, and discretion to his authority. First therefore in friendly manner he confines *Fundi* to a Chamber here in his own house, to prevent that he should not return home to tell tales to *Morofini* and his Associates. Then he presently sends away two of his own Sons, who were gallant young Gentlemen, named Signior *Alexandro* and *Thomaso Ceranno* (who were ignorant of all this matter) with his Coach to St. Francis Church, and when they there see the fair Gentlewoman *Imperia* to issue forth, then in courteous manner, not to fail to bring her away in the Coach with them to his house, under pretext and colour, that the Lady *Honorio*, their Mother, doth desire to see and speak with her, and that she will please to pass one hour with her in her Garden, with whom and where she (by the way of visits) had formerly sometimes been. These two young Gentlemen (in obedience to their Father's commands) drive away to that Church, and presently espie *Imperia* on her knees, who now riseth and goes forth; they follow her, and in the Street, with their Hats in their hands, do present their Lady-Mother's request and errand to her, as we have formerly heard. *Imperia* knowing them to be the Podestate's two Sons, she at first is so infinitely perplexed, grieved and amazed hereat, yea, she is hereupon vexed and tormented in so strange a manner, that with much perturbation of mind she now (through her foul and guilty conscience) looks pale for sorrow, and presently red again for shame; so that in the turning of an hand, and twinkling of an eye, she exchangeth the Lillies of her Cheeks into Roses, and those Roses as soon again into Lillies: But then (fearing her danger least, when she had all the reasons in the world both to doubt and fear it most) considering that the Podestate and the Lady his Wife were her kind and honourable good friends, and had now sent their Coach for her; as also observing the fair carriage and courteous language of these two young Sons towards her; she then (being blinded by the Devil) doth so wholly forget both her crime and her danger, her judgement and her self, that rejecting her fear, and composing her countenance to a modest cheerfulness, she willingly obeys the Mother's commands, and accepts of the Sons courtesie, and so goes along home with them in their Coach: Where being arrived, these two young Gentlemen do usher and conduct her up the Gallery, where not the Lady their Mother, but the Podestate their Father (accompanied with two other grave Officers of Justice) attended her coming. Their very first sight is sufficiently capable to daunt her courage with fear, and to transpire her heart and soul with sorrow: When the Podestate calling her to him, he with a stern countenance gives her this thundring-peal for her good morrow and Break-fast: That he is sorry to see that so fair a Gentlewoman as her self, should harbour and enshrine so foul a heart. That her good old Husband Signior *Palmerius*, is this morning found stifled to death in his bed, with an Orange in his mouth; and that he both thinks and assures himself, it is done by her, and by her bloody Ruffian and Enamouratto, *Morofini*: for the which he saith, he is constrain'd (in honor to Justice) to make her Prisoner to the Pope his Holiness, his Sovereign Lord and Master: whereat this false Hypocrite *Imperia* (with a world of sighs and tears) cries out and tells him, That she left her old Husband, *Palmerius*, in perfect health in his bed this morning, that therefore she hoped and trusted in God he is not murdered; or if he be, that it must needs be done by his wretched Nephew *Richardo*, who impatiently gaped and hoped for his great Wealth and Riches; or else by some Devil in his shape, of his seducing and hiring him thereunto. That *Morofini* is not her Ruffian or Enamouratto, but a brave Merchant by his Profession, and an honourable Gentleman of *Venice* by Birth and Extraction; and that she dare pawn her life for his, that they are both of them as innocent

nocent of this foul crime, as the Infants who were born but the last night, and that she hath far more reason to weep for the death of her Husband, than any way to fear her own life, because she knows that God is the defender of innocents, and the protector of the righteous; with many other passionate and sorrowful speeches conducting and looking that way: but these her speeches and tears cannot prevail with the Podestate; for both he and his two Colleagues do yet firmly believe that she is guilty of this inhumane murder. So he imprisoneeth her in a Chamber of his own house for that day, and intends at night to send her to the Common-Gaol of that City. Now as she is led along between two Ushers (or Serjeants) through a lower room, where all the Podestate's Servants, and some few others of the City, where flocked thither to see her pass by: she infinitely more caring for her *Morosini's* life, and rather fearing his death than her own, it is her chance to espy *Mercario* (whom we have formerly understood she sent with her Letters to him to *Constantinople* and *Aleppo*), and knowing that the Serjeants would then difficulty permit her to speak with any of the company; she, admitteth her tears, bethinks her self of a pretty policy: for as she passeth close by *Mercario*, she purposely lets fall her Gloves and wet-Handkerchief for him to take up, the which he doth; and as he was stooping to effect it, she secretly and swiftly rounds him in his ear thus: I pray go instantly upon the Key to *Morosini's* lodging, and tell him that I am a Prisoner in the Podestate's house, for the business he knows of, and therefore that he (and *Astonicus* and *Donato*) do speedily provide for their safety; as also, that if I had a thousand lives, I would willingly lose and sacrifice them all for to preserve his, and that I will live and die his most loving friend and faithful handmaid, the which as soon as she had uttered, she is imprisoned in a dark Chamber, where she hath none but her guilty Conscience, the bear Walls, and the two Serjeants, for her miserable comforters. And yet here (thinking to breath and draw some hope among all her despair and sorrows, she prays one of the Serjeants to report her humble service to the Lady *Honorio*, the Podestate's Wife, and to pray her to oblige and honour her so much, as to see and speak a word with her. But she having been informed by the Judge her Husband, that he absolutely held and believed her to be the murderess of her own Husband, *Seignior Palmerius*, she was too honourable to grant *Imperia* this courtesie, and therefore (in detestation of her foul fact) highly disdained to afford her this charity and consolation, and so flatly denies either to see or speak with her. And now do the Podestate and his two Colleagues, sit and debate in Council with themselves, how and in what manner to surprize *Morosini*, *Astonicus* and *Donato*; for although they are not sure, yet by their absence the last night from their lodging with *Morosini*, they think that they two are accessaries with him, herein: first, they are of opinion to seize on their Ship, which is at anchor in the Road, termed the *Realto* of *Venice*, (a name I think derived and taken from the Merchants Exchange of that City, termed the *Realto*: or else from the *Realto* Bridge, which (for one Arch) is doubtless the rarest, fairest, and richest Bridge of the World) which Ship was of some three hundred Tuns, and bore some twenty pieces of ordnance, and then presently after to seize on themselves in their lodging. But upon more mature deliberation, they resolve to abandon this their opinion, and so to seize on their persons, but not to arrest or make stay of their Ship: and although their zeal to Justice, and haste for their apprehension, be very great; yet *Mercario*, out of his respects to *Imperia*, and affection to *Morosini*, tips down through the by-streets, and nearest way to the Key, so swiftly, as he had already secretly related to him and his two Consorts, the sorrowful news which *Imperia* sent them by him. Whereat with fear in their hearts and courages, and amazement in their looks and countenances, they all three leap from their beds to their swords, discharge their Inn, pack up their Trunks and Baggage, and resolve with all possible speed to fly to their ship; and then if not with, yet, against the wind, to put into sea, and for their safety to leave *Ancona*, and sail for *Venice*. But yet here *Morosini's* heart is perplexed with a thousand torments, to understand of his *Imperia's* imminent and apparent danger; and with many Hells, instead of one, to see that he must now thus suddenly leave her dear sight and company, which he every way esteems no less than either his earthly felicity, or his Heaven upon Earth.

But here again, violently called away by the importunate cries of *Astonicus* and *Donato*, and yet far more by the consideration of his own proper fear and danger, *Mercario* is no sooner shollen away from them, but they all three, with their Swords drawn, rush down the stairs with equal intents and resolutions to exchange their Inn for their Ship, and thereby to metamorphose their danger into security. But they shall see, that these weak and reeling hopes of theirs will now deceive them: for they find all the doors of their Inn lockt within-side, and surrounded and beleagur'd without, with many armed Serjeants, Soldiers, and Citizens, for their apprehension: and although *Morosini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*, were so inflamed with their youthful blood and courage, as they were once generously resolved to sell their lives dearly,

and

and with their Pistols and Swords, to prefer an honourable to an infamous death; yet being far over-mastered with numbers, are therefore enforced to take a Law of the stronger; whereunto they the sooner hearken and consent, in regard the Serjeants and Officers do politickly cry out to them, and pray them to yield; as affirming, that to their knowledge, their resolution and fear doth far exceed the danger of their offences. They make a virtue of necessity, and unlocking the doors of their Inn and Chambers, do cheerfully yield up their Persons, Pistols, and Swords, to the Pope's Officers of Justice, who soon convey them all three to the Common-Prison of that City, which was the same wherein our not so sorrowful as unfortunate *Imperia* was already entred; and where, to her unexpressible grief, and *Morofini's* unparalleled affliction and disconsolation, such exact charge was given of the Podestate, and such curious heed observed and taken of the Gaoler, that he could not possible be permitted either to see or speak with her, or she with him; the which indeed they conceived to be far more sharp than their crime, and infinitely the more bitter than the consideration either of their fear or danger.

Now the news of this lamentable accident, being speedily posted from *Ancona* to *Loreto*, our *Imperia's* cruel Father *Bondino* no sooner is asserted thereof, but seeing his Son-in-law *Palmerius* murdered in his bed, and his Wife, his own only Daughter, *Imperia* (with her Russian *Morofini*, and his two Consorts) to be imprisoned as the Authors and actors thereof, he for the love he bore to her life, and the tender pity and sorrow he felt of the infamy of her approaching death, suddenly falls sick and dies; whereof his imprisoned Daughter *Imperia* understanding, she (in regard of his former severity towards her) is so much passionate, and so little compassionate, as she rather rejoiceth than lamenteth at it; only she prays to God to forgive his soul of that cruelty of his in enforcing her to marry *Palmerius*, which she knows to be the original cause and fatal cloud, from whence have proceeded all these dismal storms of affliction, and tempests of untimely death, which she fears must very shortly befall both her self, and her second self, *Morofini*.

Whiles thus *Astonicus* and *Danato* grieve at their hard fortune and danger, and *Morofini* and *Imperia* do reciprocally more lament and sorrow for their separation, than for their imprisonment; and that the Podestate and other Officers of Justice of *Ancona*, are resolved first to inform the Pope, and then to expect his Holiness pleasure for the arraignment and punishment of these four Prisoners. It pleased God exceedingly to visit the Town of *Loreto*, and especially the City of *Ancona*, with the Plague, whereof many thousands in a few months were swept away: so, by special Commillion and Order from *Rome*, they (in company of divers other Prisoners) are conveyed to the City of *Polignio*, two small dayes journey from *Ancona*, and there to be arraigned and tried upon their lives and deaths: at which time, as they pass by the old little City of *Tolentino*, where I than (in my intended travels towards *Rome*) lay upon my recovery of a Burning-Fever; when, I say, the nature of their crimes, and the quality of their persons, made my curiosity so ambitious, as to see and observe them in their several Chambers of the Inn, where they that night lay, which was at the Sign of the Pope's Arms: as for *Astonicus* and *Donato*, I found them to be rather sad than merry; *Morofini* to be far more merry than wise; and *Imperia* to be infinitely more fair than fortunate; and all of them to be less sorrowful for their affliction and danger, than for the cause thereof.

Within three hours of their arrival to *Polignio*, they are all four convened before the two Criminal Judges, who are purposely sent from *Rome* thither, and are there then severally charged with this foul murdering or stifling to death the old Seignior *Palmerius* in his bed, which all and every one of them apart do stoutly deny, notwithstanding that *Fundi* the Host, and *Richardo* the Nephew, give in evidence of strong presumption against them, and also notwithstanding of *Morofini's* Gloves, and *Bondino's* Letter written to his Son-in-law *Palmerius*, and delivered by *Herbas*, as we have formerly understood. But these two grave and prudent Judges yet strongly suspecting the contrary, they will not be deluded with the airy words and sugered speeches and protestations of their pretended innocency, but consult between themselves what here to resolve on for the vindication of this truth: so at last they hold it expedient and requisite, first to expose *Astonicus* to the torment of the Rack; the which he (being a strong and robustous man) endureth with a firm resolution and constancy every way above himself, and almost beyond belief, and still confesseth nothing but his innocency and ignorance of this deplorable fact: whereof the Judges resting not yet satisfied, they within an hour after adjudge *Donato* to the tortures of the Scarpines, who being a little timbred man, of a pale complexion, and weak constitution of body, his right foot no sooner feels the unsufferable fury of the fire, and his torments then confidently promising him all desired favour from his Judges

Judges, if he will confess the truth; but after some sorrowful tears, and pitiful cries, he fully and amply doth, and in the same manner and form, as in all its circumstances we have formerly understood. The which, when the Judges hear of, they cannot refrain first from admiring and wondering thereat, and then from lamenting that Personages of their rank and quality should be the authors and actors of so foul and lamentable a Murder, especially of this fair Gentlewoman *Imperia*, to her own good old Husband *Palmerius*. Now by this time also are *Morosini*, *Imperia*, and *Astonicus*, acquainted with this fatal confession and accusation of *Donato*, against them for this murder; whereat they do infinitely lament and grieve, because they are thereby perfectly assured, that it hath infallibly made them all three liable and obnoxious to death; as also, for that their supposed firm friend *Donato* proved himself so false a man, and so true a coward, to be the cause thereof; wherein they so much forget themselves, as they do not once think, and they will not therefore remember, that the detection of this their foul Murder proceeded immediately from Heaven, and originally from the Providence and Justice of the Lord of Hosts.

The very same afternoon, the Judges sent for *Morosini*, *Imperia*, and *Astonicus*, to appear before them in their publick Tribunal of Justice, where they first acquaint and charge them with *Donato*'s confession and accusation against them for murdering of *Palmerius*; whereat they are so far from being any way dismayed or daunted, as they all do deny and refuse this accusation, and so in high terms do stand upon their innocency and justification. But when they see *Donato* brought into the Court in a Chair (for his fiery tortments of the Scarpines had so cruelly scorched, and pitifully burnt away the flesh of the sole of his right foot, almost to the bone, that he was wholly unable either to go or stand) and that they were to be confronted face to face with him; as also, they being hotly terrified and threatened by the Judges with the tortments of the Rack and Scarpines, then God was so gracious to their hearts and so merciful to their souls, that they looking mournfully each at other, (he weeping, and they sighing,) and all of them despairing of life, and too perfectly assured of death, they all confess the whole truth of this foul fact of theirs, and so confirm as much as *Donato* had formerly affirmed of this their bloody crime of murdering *Palmerius* in his bed: when one of these two reverend and grave Judges, immediately thereupon, do condemn them all four to be hanged the next morning at the common place of Execution of that City; although *Donato*, because of his confession thereof, in vain flattered himself, that he should receive a pardon for his life. So they are all sent back to their Prison from whence they came, where all the courtship, which the importunate requests of *Morosini*, and the incessant sighs and tears of *Imperia*, can obtain of their Judges, is, that they grant them an hour of time to see, converse, and speak one with the other, that night in prison, in presence of their Gaolers, and some other persons, before they die. When *Morosini* being guided towards her Chamber, such is the weakness of his Religion towards God, and the tergency (or rather the exorbitancy) of his affection towards her, that as he passeth from Chamber to Chamber, he is so far from once thinking, much less fearing of death, as he absolutely believes he is going to a victory and a triumph: here *Morosini*, with a world of sighs, throws himself upon his *Imperia*'s neck and breast; and here *Imperia*, with a whole deluge of tears, embraceth and encloistereth her *Morosini* in her arms; when after a thousand kisses, they beg pardon one of another for being the essential and actual cause each of other's death, and do interchangeably both kisse and speak, sometimes privately, and most times publicly, before the spectators; that, if those reports be true which I first heard thereof in *Tolentina*, next to *Polignio*, and lastly in *Rome*, I say, to depict and represent it at life, in all its circumstances, I should then begin a second History, when I am now on the very point and period to end the first; neither, in my conceit, is it a task either proper for me to undertake, or pertinent for my pen to perform, because (to speak freely and ingenuously) I hold the grant and permission of this their amorous visit and interview in prison, before they die, to be every way more worthy of the pity, than of the gravity or piety of their Judges!

If therefore I do not content and please the curiosity, I yet hope I shall endeavour my self to satisfy the judgement of my Christian Reader, here briefly to signify, this their limited hour is no sooner past, but to the sharp affliction of *Morosini*, the bitter anxiety of *Imperia*, they by their Gaolers are separated, and confined to their several Chambers, where (by the charity of their Judges) they find two Friars and two Nuns attending them, to prepare their souls for Heaven; and in a less vain, and the more serious and religious conference, to entertain both their time and themselves, from an earthly, to the speculation and contemplation of a divine and heavenly love; as also, from them to *Astonicus* and *Donato*. But before I proceed farther, we must understand, that the two Friars have not been with *Morosini*, and the two Nuns with

Imperia above an hour, but by the two Judges there is a chief subordinate Officer of theirs sent to prison, to tell *Imperia*, that her Uncle, Seignior *Alexandro Bondino*, a great Senator and famous Judge of *Rome*, hath obtained her pardon of this present Pope *Urban VIII.* But she is not so glad of his news, as she is then curious to enquire if her *Morofini* be likewise pardoned: so the Officer tells her, no; and that he absolutely must suffer death: then she weeps faster than she rejoiceth; and affirms, that she will not live, but die. The Judges send for her and perswade her to live; but she begs them as importunately to give *Morofini* his life, as they do her, to accept and receive her own. They tell her, they have not the power to grant her the first; and she replies, that she then hath not the will to embrace and entertain the second. They acquaint *Morofini* herewith, who by their order, and by their selves, do strongly perswade her hereunto: but her first answer and resolution is her last, that she will accept of no life if he must die; neither will he refuse any death conditionally, that she may live to survive him. The two Friars and two Nuns use their best art and oratory to perswade her hereunto: but they meet with impossibility to make her affection to *Morofini*, and her resolution to her self, flexible hereunto. Her life is not half so precious to her, as is his; for if she had many, as she hath but one, she is both ready and resolute to lose and sacrifice them all for his sake; and would esteem it her felicity, that her death might redeem and ransom his life: the Judges (out of their goodness and charity) afford a whole day to invite and perswade herunto: but she is still deaf to their requests, and still one and the same woman, desirous to live with him, or constant and resolute to die for him. Therefore, when nothing can prevail with her, because dishe must, so die she will; to the which she cheerfully prepares her self, with an equal affection and resolution, which I rather admire than commend in her.

So the next morning they are all four brought to the Place of common execution to suffer death. Where *Donato* is first lifted up to the Ladder, who, being fuller of pains than words, said little in effect, but that he wished he had either died in *Constantinople* or *Aleppo*, or else sunk in the Sea, before he came to *Ancona*, and not to have here ended his dayes in misery and infamy. The next was ordered to follow him, was *Astonicus*, who told the World boldly and plainly, that he cared less for his death, than for the cause thereof; and that he loved *Morofini* so perfectly and dearly, that he rather rejoiced than grieved to die for him; only he repented himself for assisting to murder *Palmerius*, and from his heart and soul beseeched God to forgive it him; and so he was turned over. Then *Morofini* ascends the Ladder clad in a hair-colour Satin-suit, and a pair of Crimfon silk Stockens, with Garter and Roses edged with silver lace, being so vain in his carriage, action, and speeches, as before he once thought of God, he (with a world of sighs) takes a solemn leave of his Sweet-heart *Imperia*, and with all the powers of his heart and soul, prays her to accept of her life, and so to survive him. He makes an exact and godly confession of his sins to God and the World; and yet nevertheless he is so vain in his affection towards *Imperia*, as he takes both to witness, that had he a thousand lives, he would cheerfully lose them all to save and preserve hers. As for *Imperia*, such was her dear and tender affection to him, as she would fain look on him as long as he lives; and yet she equally desires and resolves rather to die than to see him die: and because she hath not the power, therefore she turns her face and eyes from him, and will not have the will to see him die: when he having said his prayers, and so recommended his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, he is also turned over.

Now although our *Imperia* be here again and again solicited by the Judges, Fryers, and Nuns, to accept of her life; yet she seeing her other self, *Morofini*, dead, she therefore disdain to survive him: she hath so much love in her heart, as now she hath little life, and less joy in her looks and countenance. She ascends the Ladder in a plain black Taffata Gown, a plain thick-set Ruff, a white Lawn Quail, and a long black Cypress Vail over her head, with a white pair of Gloves, and her Prayer book in her hands. When being far more capable to weep than speak, she casting a wonderful sad and sorrowful look on her dead lover *Morofini*, after many volleys of far-fetch'd sighs, she delivers this short speech to that great concourse of people, who from City and Country flocked thither to see her and them die:

Good people, I had lived more happy, and not died so miserable, if my Father *Bondino* had not so cruelly enforced me to marry *Palmerius*, whom I could not love; and to leave *Morofini*, whom in heart and soul I ever affected a thousand times dearer than mine own life; and may all Fathers, who now see my death, or shall hereafter hear or read this my History, be more pitiful and less cruel to their Daughters, by his example. I do here now suffer many deaths in one, to see that my dear *Morofini* is dead for my sake: for had he not loved me dearly, and I him tenderly, he had never died for me, nor I for him, with such cheerfulness and alacrity

crity as now we do. And here to deal truly with God and the world, although I could never affect or fancy my old Husband *Palmerius*, yet now from my heart and soul I lament and repent that ever I was guilty of his innocent and untimely death: the which God forgive me, and I likewise request you all to pray unto God to forgive it me. And not to conceal or dissimble the truth of my heart, I grieve not to die, but rather because I have no more lives to lose for my *Morosini's* affection and sake. I have and do devoutly pray unto God for his Soul, and so I heartily request and conjure you all to do for mine. Thus I commend you all to happy and prosperous lives, my self to a pious and patient death in Earth, and a joyful and a glorious resurrection in Heaven; when signing her self often with the sign of the Cross, she put her vail down over her face, and so praying that she might be buried in one and the same Grave with *Morosini*, she bad the Executioner perform his Office; who immediately turns her over.

And if reports be true, Never three young men, and one fair young Gentlewoman, dyed more lamented and pitied than they: For *Morosini* died with more resolution than repentance; and *Imperia*, with more repentance than resolution: thus was their lives, and thus their deaths. May we extract wisdom out of their folly, and charity out of their cruelty; so shall we live as happy as they died miserably, and finish our dates and lives in as much content and tranquility, as they ended theirs in shame, infamy and confusion.



Fff 2

GODS



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable SIN of MURTHUR.

A GERMAN HISTORY.

HISTORY. XXVII.

Father Justinian a Priest, and Adrian an Inn-keeper, poyson De Laurier, who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where, a month after, a Wolf digs him up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father Justinian and Adrian understanding, they flie upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.

WHere our hearts are given to covetousness and cruelty, there is little sign of grace, and therefore less hope of our prosperity either in this life or the next: for those are sins which so eclipse our judgements, and obscure and darken our understandings, that we thereby run blindfolded and headlong to all misery and confusion; and makes our estates so desperate, that we shall not deserve to be pitied of others, because we would neither pity nor compassionate others, or (which is worse) our selves. A deplorable example whereof, this ensuing History will present to our knowledge and consideration, in the persons of two execrable wretches, which did wilfully cast away themselves and their lives, upon foul and enormous motives. May we religiously read it, to the information of our consciences, and reformation of our lives.

A rich Goldsmith of *Dijon* (the Capital City of *Burgundy*) named *Mounseur De Laurier*, aged of some threescore years or upwards, having been of *Frankford Mart*, and there sold many Jewels, Bracelets, and Chains of Pearl, for the which he had there receiv'd some 1700 Crowns; as he returned homewards with all that great sum of money, converted into double Pistol

pistols, which he carried behind him in his Cloak-bag; and some remaining Jewels in a private Leather Girdle next to his body. It chanced that he fell sick on the way, whereof finding himself ill and weak, and therefore both unwilling and unable to travel he got into a poor Country Tavern upon the High-way, some five leagues off from the Town of *Salynes*, where he took up his lodging for that night; and there three other Merchants who were in his company (whereof one was of *Auxone*, and the other two of *Troyes in Champaign*) very unkindly forsook him and left him alone to himself. His sickness that night increasing (which gave him much pain and little rest) he not liking his lodging, and fearing himself not safe there, the next morning takes horse, and very softly rides towards *Salynes*, where he arrived about some two of the Clock after dinner, and went into the very first Inn which he met, at the extreame end of the Town, at the Sign of *St. Denis*, whereof the Hoast of the House was named *Adrian* and his Wife *Isabella*; they were both of them about some forty years old, very short of stature, and weak of constitution of body: he of a cole-black countenance, but the fair and of a pale white colour. As for him he was of a desolute life and carriage, extremely given to Wine and Women; he was of poor parentage, and born to no means at all; but he was well descended, and brought him at least two thousand Crowns to her portion in marriage; the which he had prodigally wasted, and debauchedly spent and squandered away in following of his vicious riot, and obscene pleasures and prodigalities. As for her, she was of a modest carriage, and of a veracious disposition and inclination; so that by Antithesis, I may very well aver and affirm, That his base vices made her sweet virtues the more apparent and conspicuous, and her virtues his vices to all that knew them. She made Chastity and piety to be the two sweet ornaments and Jewel virtues of her life; yea, to be the Elixir of her life, and the life of her soul. It was therefore an extreame grief to her heart, and a matchless torment to her mind, to see the sordid actions and humours of her Husband, as being every way more capable to pity than to remedy them. She grieved to see how (because he would not serve God) he could not serve him; and therefore, that he had viciously spent so much, as now in a manner he had almost nothing more left to spend: the sight and knowledge whereof, drowns all the pleasures of her life, insomuch as she could sacrifice to nothing but to sorrow and repentance; and that which grieved her most and worst of all, was, to see that he disdain'd her advice and counsel; and that he was so far from Reformation, as his vices grew and increased with his years; and had now not only taken up a habit, but a second nature, in the perversity of his bad actions and affections. All the Lillies of her joyes, and the Roses of her content, were turned into Thorns of grief, and briars and thistles of her vexation; insomuch as she was far more able to sigh, than to speak forth her calamities and miseries. He loved not his house; and (which was worse) he hated her company; yea, his estate was so miserable, so deplorable, as he never conversed with God in prayer, and very seldom frequented his Church, the Service, or Sacraments; and, to shew himself the more prophane, he hated all Priests and Preachers of God's holy Word and Ordinances, and loved none so well as his riotous and roaring companions, the very bane of the heart, and the true poyson and contagion of the Soul.

And into this house, and to this vicious Hoast *Adrian*, is our sick *De Laurier* entred, for the end of his sickness, and the recovery of his health; and I write rather with tears than Ink, that it was impossible for him to have entered into a worse: but such was his fate, such his misfortune. He likes the carriage of *Isabella* his Hostess, far better than the countenance or condition of *Adrian* her Husband; but as his disease gives him no truce, so consequently he can give no peace to his patience. He grieves to be sick in an unknown place, and among Strangers; but far more to be so far off from his own house, and from his only Child and Son, *Leonardo*, whom he loves far dearer than himself. It is another affliction to him, that his money and some Jewels are here and not at home; and if his judgement fail him not, he suggesteth to himself, that the sight and knowledge thereof may engender in him far more danger than security: but he conceals and dissembles that, far better than he can his sickness; for he puts his little Casket wherein it is, under his head and bolster. He causeth *Adrian* his Hoast to bring him a Physician named *La Motte*; who seeing his water, and feeling his Pulse, tells him he is very dangerously sick of a Burning Fever; the which to prevent, he lets him blood two several days following, and then gives him far more hope than despair of his health; but all this notwithstanding, *De Laurier* finds himself very weak, and his sickness rather much to encrease, than any way to diminish. As for *Isabella*, according to the Laws of Hospitality (which ought to be inviolable to all the world) she tends him with much respect and diligence, and in a word, performs the part and duty both of a good Hostess, and of a good Woman. But for her Husband *Adrian*, his thoughts and resolutions run another contrary course and career: for he, imagining *De Laurier* to be rich, doth therefore verily hope and pray, that

he may speedily die in his house, or else he hath already swapt a bargain with the Devil to murder him, thereby to make up the breaches and ruins of his poor and tottering estate. He finds it not only a work of difficulty, but of impossibility, to know what rich stuff he hath in his Casket and Cloak-bag, because he still keeps it under his pillow; and yet gathering and wrestling from him that he is a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, and that he came now from *Frankford* Mart, he therefore believes, that he hath store of Gold and Jewels about Him. His poverty and his covetousness gives the switch to the Devil, and the Devil gives the spur to him, to raise his uncharitable contemplation into bloody actions, and his thoughts and resolutions as so many lines, run to terminate in this one only Center, which is that of *De Laurier's* death. He sets his wits and inventions on the Tenterhooks, to discover this imagined Indies; but he finds him to be as cautious and secret in concealing, as he himself is curious to bewray it. He purposely keeps all company from him, and will not so much as permit his Physitian or Apothecary to speak a word with him, but he will be still present to hear and understand it. He with only words and silken speeches, pryes into his deepest secrets, and purposely endeavoureth to insinuate and scrow himself into his familiarity. But *De Laurier* doth rather fear than love him, and so esteems the revealing of his Gold to be the accelerating of his banger; to the which end, with the many colourable excuses and evasions, he puts him off the knowledge thereof. But he is so miserable to see his miseries approach, because the violence and impetuosity of his Fever doth every way advance, no way retire: and now it is that his hopes of the recovery of his health, do fade, not flourish; and rather quail than prosper. He resolves to be as religious as he is sick, and therefore prays his Host, *Adrian*, to dring him a Priest, to give him the Sacrament: *Adrian* performs his request, but brings him a Priest named Father *Justinian*, of his own humour and complexion, and who loves Whores and Wine better than he doth either Wife or God: so this unspirital Father gives him the Extream Unction, and prepares him for his journey and transmigration from Earth to Heaven. His continual vanities and prodigalities, have likewise made him poor: so being equal with *Adrian*, both in vice and poverty, he is likewise equal, and sympathizeth with him in hope and desire to repair his indigence, and to enrich himself by the supposed treasure and death of *De Laurier*. But as this debauched Priest is malicious in this his policy, so he is also politick in this his malice, for imagining that *Adrian* levels and aims with him at the same But and Mark. He dares, but yet will not acquaint him with this his bloody purpose, to contract a hellish league and confederation with him, for the violent dispatch, and inhumane and unrimely dispeeding of him away from Earth to Heaven. Whiles thus *De Laurier's* sickness and weakness encreaseth, and his Priest's and *Adrian's* covetousness begins wholly to weigh down their souls and resolutions, to hasten his deplorable death: as the Priest is ready to break his mind to *Adrian*, how and in what manner they should finish and compass this bloody business, *Adrian* contrariwise, yea and directly contrary to the Rules of Nature, and Laws of Grace, breaks his mind hereof to his virtuous and religious Wife *Isabella*, whom he seeks to draw in as an Actor in this mournful, and as an agent in this cruel Tragedy. He is as graceless as impudent in this foul and fatal attempt of his: for he sets upon her with the sweetest speech and smoothest persuasions that either art could suggest, or the malice of the Devil inventor dictate to him, and therein ever and anon leaves not to convey and distil in her mind, yea, and to imprint in her memory their fore-past wealth, their present poverty and misery, and the undoubted great riches of Gold and Jewels, which *De Laurier* had with him, in that (as formerly we have observed) he very carefully day and night kept this Casket under his Pillow; and in a hellish eloquence represents unto her the facility of this fact, either by Poison, or Poyson; adding withal, that the danger thereof would infallibly die with him; with a thousand other damnable alluring speeches, conducting and looking that way, which I am far more inclinable to silence, than express; But wretched Villain, and execrable Mischance that he is, he speaks not a word, no not a syllable, of God or his Justice, of Heaven or Hell, or of the foulness of that fact, or the just revenge and punishment incident and due thereunto.

His virtuous Wife *Isabella* is amazed and astonished at this bloody and inhumane proposition of her Husband; and all trembling, with sighs and tears, receives it from him with no less true affliction and sorrow, than he delivered it her with cruelty and impiety. Her checks were as red for shame, as his were pale with envie thereat; when God infusing as much goodness into her heart and tongue, as Satan had cruelty into his Soul and resolutions, she fell on her knees to his feet, and with her eyes and hands erected towards heaven, delivered him this virtuous and religious speech: That it was with infinite grief and amazement that she understood this his bloody proposition to her, which she knew he could derive from none but Hell and Satan:

She

She represents to him (with much grief and passion) that as punishment is ever the reward of sin; so that of all sins Murder was the foulest, and the most pernicious and diabolical. She tells him farther, that covetousness is the root of all mischief; that for her part she is as thankful to God, as he is displeased with himself, for their poverty; and that she would ever chuse rather to live in want, than to die in misery and shame; and which is worst of all, either to live or die in the horrors and terrors of a guilty and ulcerated conscience: that it is prophane and prodigious impiety to violate the laws of Hospitality; but a fearful, yea, horrible crime, to kill any one under our own roof, and who (in the right of Humanity and Christianity) comes to us for shelter and protection. When rising again from her knees, she takes him about the neck, and (bedewing his cheeks with her tears) conjures and prays him, by the remembrance of her youth and beauty, which had formerly been so dear and precious to him, by the memory of her sixteen years sweet cohabitation and conversation together in the holy estate of Wedlock; yea, for his own sake, for his soul's sake, and for God's sake, that he would despise the Devil, which thus with his two bitter-sweet Pills of Covetousness and Murder, mocked and sought to betray him; and that therefore (in the name and fear of God) he would thenceforth refuse and put on a constant and religious resolution; no more to seduce her, or to suffer himself to be seduced by the Devil, in embreuing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of this honest and harmless Goldsmith *De Laurier*, whom God hath now made their guest and lodger; in doing whereof (quoth she) the same our sacred Lord and God (in his due time) will be graciously pleased to encrease our estate and means, and to bless our poverty with plenty. But her Husband *Adrian* (as a most wretched Villain) takes this godly refusal and denial of his Wife, in ill part; and in requital and consideration thereof, henceforth looks on her with a squint-eye, I mean with an eye rather of contempt and envy, than of affection; but at board and bed, yea, day and night, he haunts her as a ghost, and never leave pursuing of her with his prophane and importunate sollicitations, to draw her consent to the acting and perpetrating of this bloody business: but God so well assisted her mind and thoughts with the grace of his holy Spirit, and so divinely fortified her heart and soul with his sacred fear, that her Husband's sweet persuasions could not gain, nor his threats or menaces obtain any thing of her; but still she answered this murderous request of his sometimes with religious refusals, and then again with passionate and peremptory denials; and therefore the more she sees her Husband bent to malign and hate *De Laurier*, the more devoted and resolute she is to respect and tend him, still bearing a curious, a careful, and a vigilant eye over him, during all the time of his sickness, to see that no disaster whatsoever might befall him in her house.

Adrian mistaking of this his purpose and desire in his Wife, he is yet so hasty and violent in this his bloody malice towards *De Laurier*, that measuring of Father *Justinian*, the Priest, by himself, and finding a conformity in their debauched vices and inclinations, he the sooner hopes to find a sympathy in their affections and resolutions; and therefore although he be a Priest, yet knowing him to be extream poor, he therefore the more easily believes, that the hope of Gold and Silver will act wonders with him, and make him act wonders for the obtaining thereof.

Upon these hopes and this confidence, he delays no time, but on a Munday-morning repairs to his house; and after their morning-cups, telling him he hath a secret of great importance to reveal him, he takes him into a little Grove of Walnut-trees, behind his house, and there (swearing him to secrecy) reveals him this his bloody business, where this vicious Priest, *Justinian*, in hope of *De Laurier*'s wealth, needed no great labour or industry, to be drawn to make one in this deplorable Tragedy: for, had not *Adrian* now opened it to him, such was his insatiable thirst and desire of Gold, though with blood, that the next day he was fully resolved to do it to him; so he freely consents to him herein, and swears to assist and second him in murdering of *De Laurier*; and the tye and condition of this their hellish bargain is, That what Gold, Silver, or Jewels, they shall find him to have, they will instantly after his death equally divide and share between them: and hereunto (like two bloody Hell-hounds) they interchangeably give hands, and solemnly swear each to other. Now from the matter of this their bloody design and resolution, they proceed to the manner and time thereof, but they then are prevented therein: for Father *Justinian*'s little Boy, which was accustomed to answer him at Masse, comes thither hastily, and with his little Wine-Pot on his finger, tells him, that there were many persons who stayed for him before the Altar, non their knees, and earnestly enquired for him to say Masse: whereupon they both refer the conclusion hereof to the very next morning, and in the very same place and Grove, but at least an hour sooner. So away goes

Adrian

Adrian home to his house, and away likewise trips *Father Justinian* with his Surplice under his Arm, and his Breviary (or Martins-book) in his hand to the Church, where every one may imagine, what a prophane sacrifice his bloody hand and heart offereth up to the Lord.

They this night thinking of nothing but of Gold and Blood, in the morning they (impatient of all delays) come at the aforesaid time and place of their rendezvous, where they presently fall to their former consultation of the manner and time of murdering *De Laurier*; first they propose to stab him in his bed to death; but this they reject, because the blood will appear in the sheets, bed and chamber. So they resolve to poyson him; and to this end *Adrian* buys the poyson, and *Father Justinian* will give and administer it to him in a Wafer, or *Agnus Dei*, the which he sometimes accustomed to give him in his sickness. But here *Father Justinian* suggesteth another doubt, and proposeth another design; which is, that *Adrian* must likewise draw in his Wife *Isabella*, to make one in this bloody conspiracy and murder, or else he alledgeth that it can never be safe for them to attempt or effect it. *Adrian*, answereth him, that he hath heretofore with his best power and art thought to seduce his Wife hereto, but that he finds it wholly impossible to draw her to this consent. But *Father Justinian* will yet make another trial and experiment on her himself; so he, and her Husband *Adrian*, set afresh on her, to allure her to bring at least he consent, if not her hand, to the murdering of *De Laurier*. But our sweet and vertuous *Isabella* is still one and the same woman, for she hears these bloody speeches and persuasions of theirs, with infinite discontent and detestation. She is too much a Christian, to be so much a Devil, to consent to the murder of this honest man; and therefore (with a world of tears and prayers) she seeks to divert them from it, but especially her Husband, because (quoth she) the issue thereof will infallibly prove ruinous to them both. They are both much grieved at this her resolute repulse and denial; and yet, to make a virtue of necessity, and to cast the better gloss and varnish on their villany, they now falsely seem to be dissuaded from this Murder, by the sight of her tears, and the consideration of her requests and prayers: wherefore (with a prophane and hellish dissimulation) they tell her, that God by her religious speeches and dissuasions, hath now made them wholly to abandon that bloody attempt of theirs against *De Laurier*, as also the very thought thereof; and therefore they conjure her to keep and swear secrecie herein from all the World; the which she willingly doth. But yet her fear prompts her heart, that this humane conversion, and religious resolution of theirs is only false and feigned, as every way favouring more of dissimulation than truth. In which regard she fears with suspicion, and suspects with doubt, that no less than honest and innocent *De Laurier's* life, lies now at the stake of their bloody malice and envy.

Here *Father Justinian* and *Adrian* (to make smooth and clear work) do conclude and resolve, that *Isabella* must be speedily removed from *Salynes*, to some place in the Country, without once seeing and speaking with *De Laurier*; when a favourable occasion secunds their damnable intents and desires herein: for now there is unexpectedly brought them word, that her own old Father, who dwelt some four leagues off from *Salynes*, is very sick, and not like to live: whereupon *Adrian* presently dispatcheth away his wife *Isabella* to him, and with her their servant-maid *Graceta*. But before her departure, she is desirous to see *De Laurier*, and take her leave of him; But her Husband will by no means permit her: so she goes from her home, and from him, into the Countrey, with a sorrowful and a trembling heart; as far more fearing *De Laurier's* unnatural death, than doubting of her Father's natural cause: for her heart frames her so many apprehensions, fears, and terrors, that her Husband and *Father Justinian* are fully resolved to murder and make away *De Laurier*, as she absolutely sorrowfully believes that he shall never see her more, nor she him. Poor *De Laurier* takes his Hostess *Isabella's* sudden and unexpected departure from him, very pensively and heavily, and far the more, in that she could not be permitted to see him before she went; he holds it for a bad presage, and fatal Omen to him, in regard she was as diligent as her Husband distrustful to him; for that her care and carriage towards him, pleased him as much, as his harsh looks and frow countenance discontented him: and now it is that God first imprints in his heart and thoughts a fearful suspicion, and a suspicious fear, that his Host *Adrian*, and *Father Justinian* the Priest, have assuredly some dangerous and execrable plot both against his Gold and his Life. For he now sees himself reduced to this misery and despair, that he can be permitted to see no body, nor no body to see him, except only they two. He prays them both, that his Physician *La Motte*, may come to him to confer with him about the state of his sickness; but they maliciously and willfully deny it him, and tell him he is gone into *France*: this refusing answer of theirs doth now very much appale and daunt our sick and discontented *De Laurier*, so that his fear encreaseth with his sickness, and his sickness with his fear. Every day and night brings him more

cause

cause of despair, than hope of consolation, and almost every moment he wisheth his Gold and himself in *Dijon* with his Son *Du Pont*, or he here in *Salynes* with him, to comfort him with his sight and presence. He still conceals his Gold and Jewels from this Priest and his Host, with the greatest art and care he can, and yet he thinks and fears that their jealousy thereof is not only the foundation, but will also prove the acceleration of his danger: for he very often sees them privately whispering together, and still he observes some bad sign and fatal apparition in their looks and countenances, which infallibly tell him that all is not well. And although they yet give him some sweet words and sugred speeches, yet he notwithstanding the more believes that they are candid in wormwood and confectioned in Gall; and that they are no other but false and flattering Sun-shines, which portend some ensuing cruel storms and dismal tempests towards him. Once he was minded to write and send to *Dijon* for his Son, but then he as soon resolves the contrary, as finding it to relish more of danger than discretion, as well for the matter which his Letter might contain, as also for the party who should carry it thither to him. But leave we him a little to his weakness and sickness, to his doubts and fears, and to his sorrows, calamities and perplexities, and come we again to speak of wretched *Adrian* his Host, and of prophane Father *Justinian* the Priest, to see in what shapes they will come forth to act their bloody parts upon the stage of this History.

They are both of them so inhumane and cruel in their resolution to murder poor sick *De Laurier*, that neither the consideration of Heaven nor Hell is capable to reclaim or divert them from this their bloody attempt. As for his hellish Host *Adrian*, he is so wilful and hasty in his malice, as he tells Father *Justinian*, that they delay too long from murdering *De Laurier*, and that it is high time, yea more than time for them to dispatch him. But for Father *Justinian* who was no less malicious in his subtilty, but yet far more subtil in his malice towards *De Laurier*; He, I say, maturely considering that it were both a folly and a madness for them to murder him before they first knew he were rich, and that he had some store of Gold about him, he therefore in sweet terms and phrases pathetically adviseth him to write and send for his Son *Du Pont* to come over to visit and comfort him; when likewise, the better to guild over his speeches with the more pleasing and palpable shew of affection, he proffereth to ride to *Dijon* himself to deliver it him with his own hands, Our poor sick *De Laurier* taking this Priests kind advice to him in good part, thereupon first thanks him for this his courtesie, but then again deeming and fearing that it proceeded more from false treachery, than for any true or real affection to him, he begins to grow cold therein, and so rather to reject, than embrace and follow that resolution; but at last, weighing and considering his sickness by his danger, and his Gold and Jewels by both, as also if he should chance to die or miscarry there, that his Son were then consequently ruined in the loss thereof; he thereupon changeth his resolution, and presently resolves to write and send over to *Dijon* for his Son, and to that end requesteth Father *Justinian* to excuse him, and so prays his Host *Adrian* to undertake that journey and business, the which he willingly and cheerfully granteth. Now the rest of that day, and the greatest part of the next night *De Laurier* lies ruminating and musing in his bed what he should write to his Son, and no less doth Father *Justinian* and *Adrian* to think and know what he would write to him; the next morning, six of the clock having stricken, *De Laurier* takes his pen and paper, and with a weak and trembling hand writeth this Letter to his Son. An hour after, *Adrian* comes into his Chamber booted and spurred to receive his commands, whom he bad to take and ride his own horse, then gives him four double Pistols to defray his journey, and so seals and gives him this ensuing Letter, and prays him and his Son *Du Pont* to make all possible speed back from *Dijon* to him.

DE LAURIER to DUPONT.

Some seven weeks since, coming from Frankfort Mart, I fell sick at *Salynes*, where I still lie very weak in body, and much discontented in mind, in the house of mine Host *Adrian* (the bearer hereof) who I purposely send over to thee; to pray and command thee to come ride hither to me with all possible speed: I have here with me in Gold and Jewels to the value of one thousand seven hundred Crowns; and (for some private reasons) I fear that neither it nor my life is safe here; Come away with an intent to find me dead or dying. Conceal this Letter from all the world. Love this Messenger, but trust him not; God prosper my health, and ever bless thy prosperity.

DE LAURIER.

As soon as *De Laurier* had delivered his Host *Adrian* this Letter, and he taken leave of him, Father *Justinian* begs leave of *De Laurier* to see *Adrian* take horse. But alas these two

lewd Villain do deceive his honest hopes, to perform their own treacherous intents and purposes; for they fly to a low parlour, and then lock and bolt the door to them; where (as if the Devil had thrown them on covetousness, or covetousness on the Devil) they hastily break up the seals of *De Lauriers* Letter to his Son (which we have already seen and understood) wherein they glut and surfeit their hopes with joy of this new desired treasure, and discovered *Indies*, and so they presently sacrifice it to the fire, and wretchedly resolve to make that very same ensuing night to be the very last of *De Lauriers* time, and the first of his eternity. To which end *Adrian* husheth himself up privately in his house from the sight of all the world, and especially from *De Laurier's* knowledge, and so here he ends his pretended, but not his intended journey to *Dijon*, before he began it: And he, having procured exceeding strong poison, therewith that night to send *De Laurier* to Heaven, whereof giving a little to his great old Mastiff-dog in a piece of bread for a trial, he therewith presently fell dead to the ground; he likewise sends away *Thomas* his Ofler a dayes journey into the Country upon some feigned business, to the end he should be no witness of this foul and cruel fact of theirs; and then, all things being, first by the Devil, and then by these his two execrable agents, prepared in a readines, Father *Justinian* goes up to *De Laurier's* Chamber, and treacherously entertains him with the hope of his recovery of his health, the haste of *Adrian's* journey, and consequently with the speedy return of his Son *Du Pont* to him from *Dijon*. But I write it with truth and grief, that *De Laurier's* heart and mind is preoccupied with too many obnoxious apprehensions and fears, and taken up with too much doubt and despair to the contrary. For as most sicknesses and diseases are most commonly devanced and preceded by their symptoms, so all that day, and all the evening he found a swimming in his head, and his sight obscured and darkned, as if some black scurf, or fatal cloud had been drawn and extended before his eyes. His heart likewise pants, beats and trembles within him, as if it and his senses were in a factious mutiny each with other at this their direful departure and fatal sequestration. For still his fears and doubts inform him, and his apprehensions and despair prompt him, that either Father *Justinian* the Priest, or his Host *Adrian*, or both of them, had conspired to murder him: the which he once thought to have revealed to Father *Justinian*, but yet again he dares not, as holding it more folly than discretion, and that it might therefore produce him more danger than safety; he neither can, nor will eat any thing that day, and his heart and mind is so incessantly perplexed with fear, that he fears he shall not out-live the next ensuing night: And now indeed comes that sorrowful and dismal night, wherein these two bloody Villains have fully resolved to poison him, *Adrian* having in a lower room the poison ready, and Father *Justinian* above, almost ready to call for it: Whiles thus the Candle in *De Laurier's* Chamber burnt dim and obscure, as disdainingly to see, or be necessary to so cruel a murder; near about twelve of the clock of that night he awakes out of his sorrowful distracted slumbers, and prays Father *Justinian* to give him a little spoonful or two of warm wine, in a small earthen pot, wherein he was used to drink; when this monster of men, rejoicing for this fit opportunity, he steps forth to his bloody companion *Adrian*, takes the poisoned wafer from him, and pours the poison from it into the small black pot of wine, and so warms it a little by the fire in *De Laurier's* Chamber, and then gives it to him to drink; the which he as greedily as innocently doth, whereof, after many strong convulsions and strugglings, he within one hour after dieth, having neither the means to utter one word, or the power to scritch or cry, and yet for fear and doubt hereof, like two furies, or Devils incarnate of Hell, they with the Bed-staves ram in a great Holland-towel into his mouth, that he may tell no tales, when God knows that deadly strong Poison had wrought its operation before, made a full conquest of his life, and given up his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, of whom he had formerly received it.

As soon as these two wretched miscreants have dispatched this lamentable business, then they tear off his secret Leather-girdle full of Gold from his waste, and then break open his Casket which was under his pillow, wherein (before his breathless body was half-cold) they find this aforesaid great sum of Gold and Jewels, the which they presently divide, and equally share between them; when having curiously searched his Purse, Pockets, Doublet, Hose, they make a great fire, and immediately burn it all, as also his Riding-coat, Casket and Leather girdle, yea, and his Hat, Band and Cuffs, that no marks might remain either of it or him, and likewise turn his Horse into the open field and high-ways, to seek for the fortune of a new Master; so wise (as they thought) were they in their villany, and so industrious and cautious in this their devillish cruelty and inhumanity. By this time, as the murdered corps of *De Laurier* grew cold, these two Factors of Hell likewise begin to provide for his burial; so a little after two of the clock, they dig a pit in *Adrian's* Orchard, next adjoining to his house,

house, and so giving him no other winding-sheet or Coffin but his shirt, they secretly and silently carry down his body between them, and there bury him; and to make all things sure, they cover over the pit, or his grave with green turfs, that no mortal eye may take suspicion or notice thereof. This bloody business being thus acted and perpetrated by these two execrable wretches, Father *Justinian* and *Adrian*, who now surfeit in Gold and wallow in Jewels, they presently dight themselves into new apparel, and costly futes, and then day and night haunt and frequent the Taverns and Stews, as if they willfully meant to drown themselves in all sorts of ungodly riots, prodigalities and voluptuousness, whereof their Neighbors, yea, all *Salynes*, take exact observation and knowledge, as wondering at the manner, but far more at the cause hereof, or from whence it should proceed.

Somethree Weeks being past over, *Adrian* now holds it fit to send home for his Wife *Isabella* to *Salynes*, the which he doth; who much wondering at her Husbands unaccustomed bravery, she presently enquires of him for Moutieur *De Laurier*, as if she had far more cause to think and fear of his danger, than any way to assure her self of his safety and welfare. When, he putting on a brazen face, and steeling and tempering his tongue with equal fallhood and impiety, tells her, that he departed thence safe and well some ten days since, that he gave him fifty Crowns for the charges of his entertainment and lodging, and for a token of his love, had likewise left her and Father *Justinian*, to each of them twenty other Crowns in Gold: But his Wife *Isabella* (out of her goodness and piety) deeming these speeches of her Husband to be as false as fatal, and verily suspecting and fearing, that he (with the assistance of Father *Justinian*) had sent that harmless good old man to an untimely death and Grave; she bursts forth into immoderate sighs and tears; as suspecting all was not well, yea fearing nothing more, and believing nothing less, than that which he affirmed to her herein. He proffers her the twenty Crowns in Gold, but (good vertuous woman) she fearing it to be the hire and price of innocent blood, her tender conscience is too prevalent, and her harmless heart and soul too powerful with God to accept thereof, and therefore she refuseth it with as much disdain and discontent, as he endeavoureth to give it her with affection and desire. And that the Reader may the more fully be informed of her integrity and charity herein. I mean to the present memory and well-wishes of absent *De Laurier*, whom she silently fears is for ever absent, both from this life and this world; she never goes into the Chamber where he lay sick, but she sacrificeth some sighs to sorrow in his behalf, and her imaginary apprehension of his death, makes her mournfully conceive, that either she still sees his living picture, or his dead ghost, and representation, such was her charitable care of him, such her Christian fear for him.

We have seen this deplorable and cruel murder committed on the harmless person of old *De Laurier*, by these two members of Satan *Adrian* and Father *Justinian* the Priest, and if the truth deceive not my hopes, we shall not proceed much farther in this their History, but we shall see God's just judgments miraculously to resplend and shine forth in his punishments on them for the same: For I may properly term murder and punishment to be individuals and companions, in regard the one follows the other, as the shadow doth the body, as the first derives its original from Satan, so doth the second from God, to whom (in a language of blood) it still cries for restauration and satisfaction. But nevertheless God is secret and sacred in disposing of the manner and time thereof, and in ordaining by whom, when and how he will afflict and execute it: It is no false axiome in Philosophy, but a true Tenet and maxime in Divinity; That God who made all things, sees and governs all things, and that nothing can be concealed from the eyes of his sacred Power and divine Providence. All the four Elements are the Ministers of his Justice, yea, Men and Angels, the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the field prove many times the Agents of his revenge; of which last sort and nature, the Reader (to God's glory, and his own information and admiration) may here observe a lively example, and receive a most powerful president, but whether more strange for the truth, or rare for the strangeness thereof, I know not, and therefore will not define. For the same day month next after, that *Adrian* and *Justinian* had buried the dead body of *De Laurier*, behold a huge and a ravening Wolf (being lately aroused from the adjacent vast woods) seeking up and down for his prey, came into *Adrian's* Orchard next adjoining to his house (purposely sent thither by God as a Minister of his sacred justice and revenge) who sending some dead carrion (which indeed was the dead Corps of *De Laurier*, that was but shallowly buried there in the ground) he fiercely with his paws and nose tears up the Earth, and at last pulls and drags it up, and there till an hour after the break of day remains devouring and eating up of the flesh of his Arms, Legs, Thighs and Buttocks. But (as God would have it) he never touched any part of his face, but leaves it fully undi-

figured; When instantly some Gentlemen, hunters of *Salynes*, and the Neighbour-Parishes, being ascertained by some Peasants in the fields, that the Wolf was past that way, they closely follow him with their Dogs and Horns, and so at last find him in *Adrian's* Orchard, eating, as they think, of some living beast or dead carrion: But the Wolf, being terrified with the noise of the Hunters loud shouts and cries, as also of their Dogs fierce yawling and bawling, presently forsakes his prey, and saves his life by his flight, although the Dogs and many Peasants do eagerly pursue him; Whiles all the Gentlemen (as if led by the immediate finger of God) with their Javelins and Bore-spears in their hands, rush into the Orchard, to see and find out whereon the Wolf had preyed; when loe (contrary to their expectations) their amazed eyes are enforced to behold the pitiful spectacle, and lamentable object of a mangled dead man's body, miserably devoured and eaten by that savage Wolf, and the which they saw he had digged and torn up, as they fully believed from his untimely Grave: They therefore at first stand astonished with grief, and amazed for sorrow at this prodigious and deplorable sight, and yet such was their living compunction to this dead Corps, and consequently their zeal to God's glory and justice, as confidently believing that he was prodigiously murdered by some inhumane person or persons: that the odious stench of this long buried body, could not hinder them from approaching to survey and behold it; They find the greatest part of the flesh of his body devoured by the Wolf, but (as before) his face whole and untouched, when they see (and extremely grieve and sorrow to see) that it was a grave old man with a long white Beard, but so besmeared with earth and dust, as they could not refrain from sighs and tears to behold it. Here they cease to pursue the Wolf, and because neither of them knew this poor and miserable dead carcass, they therefore step to the other end of the Orchard, and there consult what is fit to be done in this lamentable business and accident. But their opinions, as so many lines, concur and terminate in this center, that absolutely this dead body was cruelly murdered, and there, by the murderers, privately and silently buried. They farther vehemently suspect and believe, that because it was buried in *Adrian's* Orchard, that therefore it was apparently probable, it was he, with his Wife and Servants, who had murdered and buried him there; wherefore to keep these suspected bloody Birds in their Cages, they (as wise and judicious Gentlemen) place a strong Guard of their Servants and Peasants to watch the doors and windows of *Adrian's* house, that none issue forth thence, and they themselves go presently to the Criminal Judges of the Town, and acquaint them with this lamentable object and accident.

In the mean while our harmless and vertuous *Isabella*, hearing these loud shouts and outcries her doors so soon in the morning, she in the absence of her Husband (who lay forth of his house that night debauching and revelling with his cups and queans) fearing that all was not well, and therefore her amazed and sorrowful heart, not willing to know that whereof she was infinitely desirous to be ignorant, she lay still bitterly sighing and weeping in her bed, because her thoughts and mind, her suspicions and fears told her, that this unreasonable alarm and noise might descend and reflect from some fatal news which had betided *De Laurier*, and if this storm and tempest fell not on her, yet alas, she extremely fears and doubts, it would fall on *Adrian* her Husband, whom she vehemently thought and feared had imbrued and imbedded his hands in the innocent blood of this honest man. As for *Thomas* her Ostler, and *Graceta* her Maid, although this unaccustomed noise made them suddenly forsake their Beds, and apparel themselves to receive their Mistress's commands, how they should bear themselves in this hurly-burly, yet because they were white with innocence, yea, so innocent as they knew no hurt or thought of danger, they only deemed, that it was either some unlawful assembly of Peasants, or else some cast and disbanded Soldiers from *Flanders*, who came to rob their Master's house or Poultry in his absence; wherefore, meer fear hereof kept them from either opening the doors, or looking out at the Window. By this time the Gentlemen hunters bring the Criminal Judges on the place to view this dead body, and with them come a great number of the Neighbours and Inhabitants of *Salynes* to do the like, and amongst the rest, the Physician *La Motte* (of whom this History hath already made mention) and he of all the rest knows the dead body; and therefore with much passion and sorrow cries out, that it was a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, named Mounseigneur *De Laurier*, who lay long sick in *Adrian's* house, and that he had formerly given him Physick there, and so he said and affirmed, that he perfectly knew him to be the same, and verily imagined that he was brought to some untimely end, and so buried there, but by whom he knew not.

The Judges therefore believing the report of this honest Physician *La Motte*, they cause the remainders of the flesh of this dead body to be searched and visited, the which they find without any wounds. And yet nevertheless deeming both *Adrian*, his Wife *Isabella*, and their

their Servants, to be the murderers of this honest man; they break open the doors, and missing *Adrian*, they seize on his Wife *Isabella*, as also on his Ostler *Thomas*, and her Maid *Graceta*, and then bring them to the sight of this dead body, with whose murder they flatly charge them, and enquire what is become of *Adrian* himself. At this unexpected sorrowful news and object, *Isabella* is all in tears, yea she is so extremely perplexed and afflicted, as wanting all other assistance and comfort, she implores that of God. She tells them that her Husband *Adrian* lay not at home with her the last night; and freely and plainly affirms to them, that that dead body was Mounſieur *De Laurier* a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, who lay long sick in her house as he came from *Franckford Mart*, but how he came to his end, or by whom, she takes Heaven and Earth to witness she knows not; and with this her deposition do her Ostler and Maid concur and agree in all proofs and circumstances. The Judges likewise causing a curious search to be made in *Salynes* for *Adrian*, it was found out that that night he lay in Father *Justinian's* house the Priest, and two whores in their company, drinking and revelling all night; and upon the very first report they heard of *De Laurier's* unburial by a Wolf, they both (galled with guilty consciences) betakes themselves to their heels, and left both their two Strumpets to their repentance. Their flight proclaims their guiltiness of this murder to all the world, (specially to the Judges. Who upon knowledge thereof, to find out the truth of this deplorable disaster, they adjudge *Isabella*, *Thomas* and *Graceta* to the Rack: as for *Thomas* and *Graceta*, their innocence makes them brook their torments with admirable patience and constancy, for they can never be drawn to reveal that of which they are ignorant, nor to accuse themselves of that whereof they are not guilty. But for *Isabella*, the incessant prayers and importunate requests and solicitations of many of her honest Neighbors, doth ingrave such deep impressions of her virtues and piety, and of her sweet inclination and disposition in the hearts of the Judges, as they change their resolutions against her, and so dispence with her for that torture: when sending every way abroad do pursue *Adrian* and Father *Justinian*, they content themselves to keep the Mistress, the Man and the Maid close Prisoners. They are so advised in their judgments, and so judicious in their advice, as they speedily send away Post to *Dijon* to acquaint *Du Pont* the Son, with this disastrous accident, which had betided his Father *De Laurier* here in *Salynes*, who, at the first alarm of this sad unexpected news, seems now to drown himself in his tears thereat, and so thereupon rather to flie than post away from *Dijon* to *Salynes*, where he confers with the Criminal Judges of that Town, who report to him the flight of Father *Justinian* and *Adrian*, as also of their imprisoning of his Wife *Isabella*, of her Maid *Graceta*, and her Ostler *Thomas*, in whose house his Father lay sick. So *Du Pont* visits the dead, stinking, mangled body, and finds it to be that of his Father, whereat nature and duty prescribe him so powerful a law, as at the sight thereof he bursts forth into many bitter tears and lamentable cries and passions. When giving him a decent and solemn burial in the next Church, he informs the Judges, that to his knowledge, his Father had good store of Gold and Jewels about him; so he intreats them, that *Adrian*, and Father *Justinian's* house may be curiously searched for the same, which is performed; but finding no part thereof, and both of them fled, he is confident in his heart, that their flight proclaims them guilty of his father's murder, and consequently that *Isabella*, her Ostler and Maid, infallibly were accessaries thereunto. Whereupon he repairs again to the Judges, and with many importunities prays them, that all three of them may be put to the Rack for the same, thereby to bolt and find out the truth of this lamentable accident; the Judges approve of *Du Pont's* living affection and zeal to his dead Father, but (as impartial Oracles and Officers of Justice) they tell him, that they have already caused *Thomas* and *Graceta* to be racked, and that they both have strongly justified their innocency of his Father's murder, by suffering their torments with incredible fortitude and patience. And as for their Mistress *Isabella*, they tell him, they are fully resolved and assured, that she was absolutely innocent as well for that she was many dayes absent with her Father in the Country, when by all likelihood and circumstance, his Father was murdered; as also because the general votes and voices of all her Neighbours reported her to be a very vertuous and religious woman, and that therefore in their hearts and consciences, they must needs exempt and free her from those torments.

But they told him farther, that in honour to Justice, and to see what God and time might produce, they would detain them all three in Prison for the space of three or four months, in which mean time concurring with him in opinion, that Father *Justinian*, and *Adrian* undoubtedly were the murderers of his Father *De Laurier*, they therefore perswade him with all possible speed and diligence, to pursue them up and down the Country, untill he had detected, apprehended, and brought them to justice; the which *Du Pont* doth, but with such extraordinary zeal and haste, that he forgot a singular circumstance, of no mean importance

tance, the omission whereof might very well have made his research of them vain. For he forgot at *Salynes* to take with him their Pictures and Effigies whereby to find them out in the Country, with far the more ease and facility, whereof he afterwards much repented himself.

As for our two execrable wretches, Father *Justinian* and *Adrian*, their guilty thoughts and consciences (like so many Ghosts and Blood-hounds,) so incessantly pursued them and stupified their Judgments, that resolving to flee and save themselves, from the free Country, into *Switzerland*, they hush themselves up in the day for shelter in some thick grove or Wood, and travelling all night from *Salynes*, they notwithstanding the next morning (to their unspeakable fear and vexation) saw themselves again within a little league thereof, and in this manner they for some eight nights following, travelled a foot through unknown wayes and Woods: and yet here let the Reader behold and observe the wonderful Justice of God towards them; for at the end thereof, they are not as yet fully gone seven leagues off from *Salynes*, and they could not ascend the least Hill or hillock, but they looking back behind them, the Towers and Turrets of *Salynes* were still apparent and conspicuous to them, as if they pursued and followed them: the which indeed struck extream fear to their guilty hearts, and infinite terror and amazement to their foul and trembling consciences. But the circumstance of God's wrath and revenge towards them, is forthwith seconded and followed by another; wherein his divine providence and justice miraculously appears and shines forth (with infinite lustre and glory) to all those who shall read, or hear this History. For the tenth evening after their flight from *Salynes*, they being extreamly wearied and tired with their foot travels (for horses they dared not buy any) and within a mile off entering into a great Wood, they in a fair plain, seeing no body present, at last espied an erring horse, without Rider, Saddle, or Bridle: which resolving to seize on, thereby to recreate their wearied limbs and bodies, they approach and surprize him. And then *Adrian* knowing him well to be *De Laurier's* horse; which (we have heard) they had formerly turned off in *Salynes* the same night wherein they murdered his Master, they extreamly joyful of this unlooked for good fortune, make a halter of their Girdle and Garters, and so casting their Cloaks under them, they both ride away on him, and night drawing on, they hope to recover the Town of *Pontarlin* before break of day: But God is here strongly bent against them, so that this horse which they took for the cause of their joy, will very shortly prove the matter of their misery, and that which they thought would be the matter of their safety, will fall out to produce their inevitable danger and confusion. For God (in his revenging justice) carrying their horse, and he them alstraying, and making that night through contrary wayes and lanes, they the next morning at break of day to their unspeakable grief, do see themselves three great Leagues off from *Pontarlin*, when their foul facts and consciences make them still so trembling fearful, that every bush they beheld, every bird they heard, and every leaf they found wagging, they think are so many Sergeants come to arrest them; as also every tree they saw, they confidently believe are so many Judges come to sentence and condemn them to death for this their cruel murthering of *De Laurier*; such was their prodigious despair, such was their ominous and fatal fear for the same.

But here their horse (overcharged with this foul and monstrous burden) begins to fail them so the more he lessneth his pace, the more it increaseth their apprehension and fear: And here they consult what to do, whether to retire with their horse into the next Wood till night, or else to advance toward *Pontarlin*. But their Bread and Meat failing them, and they seeing the coast clear, they therefore resolve to ride thither, and far the sooner do they assume and embrace this resolution; because as yet they knew it was timely in the morning, and consequently few or no people stirring. Now to dispatch their journey the sooner, *Adrian* is content to walk a foot, and Father *Justinian* to ride, and both of them are equally resolved to put chearful faces on their perplexed and trembling hearts. And here, as I will not say, it was their bad, but their just fortune, which conducted them within less than one League of *Pontarlin*, without being espied or seen of any: So it was likewise the providence and Justice of God, at that very hour and place, first to bring *Du Pont* in sight of them, who in two dayes was parted from *Salynes*, and in all that time had left no Hamlet, Village, or Town unsought, to find out and apprehend these murtherers of his Father; Now as he draws near them, his eyes tells him, that the horse whereon one of the two men rid, was of the very same hair and shape as was that of his Fathers; which struck some suspicion and apprehension, in his heart, that sure these were Father *Justinian* and *Adrian*, and far the more, because by his habit he knew that he who rid was a Priest. The better therefore to be fully assured hereof he resolves to out-ride them, thereby the more narrowly to observe both the horse and them, the which he doth. He passeth by them, and views them with his countenance purposely composed more of neglect than of observation towards them. When perfectly knowing the

the horse (by his two white feet, and white star in his fore-head) to be his Fathers, and therefore they by all consequence and appearance to be his murderers: then, I say, nature and grace infused a secret reluctance into his heart and soul, whether he should more grieve or rejoyce to see them; Now, as he is loath to leave them behind him, so he bethinks himself of a pretty policy. For riding some hundred spaces before them, he descends from his horse, ties him up to the branch of a tree, casts down his Sword and riding Coat in the high-way, untrusseth his points, and steps within the hedge, as if he purposely meant to ease himself; but indeed it was to have them pass before him, that so he might compass them, as two murdering Wolves in a Toyl; At his descent from his horse (as guilty consciences are still afraid of all things) Father *Justinian* and *Adrian* first begin to fear this Stranger, as being sent to apprehend them, and so resolve to trust to their heels, and the woods for their safety; but when they see his Sword and Coat in the way, and himself within the hedge with his horse down then they again take courage and heart at grass, and so proceed on the way towards the Town, but still they look back on him, as if the foulness of their fact continually made their fears and dangers the more eminent. This is carefully and curiously observed of *Du Pont*; who (now comes after them a soft trot) contenting himself to see them a flight shot before him; as well knowing that his horse was far nimbler and swifter than theirs, and that therefore he might fetch them up at his pleasure. By this time they two arrive at *Pontarlin*, which they enter; where (being hungry and fearful, and their horse weary and hungry) they take up one of the next Inns, which is at the sign of the *Tyger*, where, thinking themselves free of him who followed them, they recommended their horse to the Ostler and calling for some Mutton, Bread and Wine, they there privately hush themselves up in their Chamber. But the vigilant eye and care of *Du Pont* sees where they are entered, so he puts up his horse to another Inn close by, and presently with much silence and celerity, trips away to the *Tyger* Inn, where they are, and knowing them to be above the stairs in their Chamber at break fast, he calls for the Host thereof, takes him into a close low room next the door; tells him that the Priest and the other man which entered his house right now, had cruelly murdered his Father in *Salynes*, and therefore most courteously and earnestly prays him; to step presently and fetch the Criminal Officers of that Town to apprehend them for the same, and till his and their return that he will give him two of his servants to guard the doors that they escape not away: The Host of this house in detection of this foul fact of theirs, and to the honour and reputation of himself and his house, speeds away to the Officers, who presently arrive with him, to whom *Du Pont* sorrowfully and passionately relates, That this Priest named *Justinian*, and this *Adrian* who was an Inn-keeper of *Salynes*, and now above, had very lately in his own house murdered his Father *De Laurier*, who was a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, stript and robbed him of much Gold and Jewels, and then buried him in his Orchard; and therefore (with tears in his eyes) conjures them to do him justice by speedily apprehending them for the same, the which they as soon grant him. So they all ascend to their Chamber where they find them deeply tipling in their Cups, as much devoid and insensible of danger as of grace. Here *Du Pont* (which equal passion and sorrow) strongly chargeth them both with the murder of his Father *De Laurier*, as also for robbing him of his Gold and Jewels, and for burying of him in the Orchard. But these two bloody factors of Hell, with a world of stout looks, impious oaths, and fearful asseverations, vow and swear the contrary. So the Officers take them aside and examine them severally herein. But they can receive nothing from them but peremptory denials, and prophane execrations.

The which *Du Pont* hearing and understanding, he (with much affection to his Father and discretion to himself) to vindicate and know the truth hereof with the more facility and the less time, intreats the Officers to search them both narrowly for his Father's Gold and Jewels, which by God's direction they do, the one after the other; when they find quitted up in their doublet and hose, store of Gold, and some rich Jewels and Rings, yet these two bloody Villains deny this murder of theirs with much audacity and impudency, swearing that they found this treasure in a Casket in the high-way, a little League beyond *Salynes*. But this lie of theirs is as false, as their murder and robbery of honest old *De Laurier* was too true, which God (in his mercy and justice) will briefly bring to light and punishment far sooner than these bloody miscreants either think or fear of.

Du Pont (all this notwithstanding) constantly assures these Officers, that all this Gold and Jewels, much and many more; were his Fathers, and therefore are now his both by right and propriety, as being his only Son and child, and so demands possession thereof. But these Officers mildly deny this request of his, telling him they must take them by an Inventory, and together with the two Prisoners to send them to the Judges of *Salynes* under whose jurisdiction,

diction they affirmed they were. So for that night they commit Father *Justinian* and *Adrian* to two several Prisons, where they shall find leisure, though not enough, to repent this foul and lamentable fact of theirs. Which was no sooner done, but *Du Pont* (having thanked these Officers of *Pontarlin*) sends away a Post to *Salynes*, to acquaint the Judges thereof, of his apprehending of these the two murderers of his Father, whom he earnestly besought to hasten their executions; so according to his request at the end of two days these two Prisoners are sent for, and brought from *Pontarlin* to *Salynes*, and there imprisoned.

The very next morning the Criminal Judges send for them to one of their houses, and first severally private, and then publicly by confrontation, examine them on this cruelty, murder and robbery, but the Devil is still so strong with them, that with much courage and vehemency they continue and stand firm in their negative resolution and denial; but *De Laurier* being now found and known to have lain some seven weeks sick in *Adrian's* house, as well by the confession of *Isabella* his Wife, of *Graceta* her Maid, and of *Thomas* their Ofler, as also of the Apothecary *La Motte*, then his body found buried in the Orchard, and *Adrian* and Father *Justinian* their sudden flight upon the same, and now lastly, his Horse, Gold and Jewels found upon them in *Pontarlin* by the officers of that Town, and his Son *Du Pont*, were evidences as bright and apparent as the Sun: that (in honour to Justice, and in glory to God, from whom all true justice is derived) these wise and grave Judges of *Salynes*, do reject these denials of *Adrian* and Father *Justinian*, as false, prophane and impious, and therefore that very instant adjudge them both to the Rack, at the hearing of which sentence they seem to be appalled and daunted; but they being advertised that *Isabella* his Wife was likewise imprisoned for this fact, she for her part, by some friends of hers makes suit to the Judges, that she may be permitted to speak with her Husband, and so doth Father *Justinian*, that he likewise may speak with her. But the Judges hold both of these their requests to be vain and impertinent, and therefore flatly contradict and deny them.

So *Adrian* is first brought to the Rack, who, though he be weak of constitution, yet he is still so strong in his villany, as he will not be perswaded or drawn to confess it, but with much courage of body, and animosity of mind, suffers himself to be fastned thereto, whereof the Judges being advertised, they in their discretion hold it expedient to delay his torments for a time, and so first to make trial of Father *Justinian*, to see if these his torments will make him less stout, and more flexible in the confession thereof. Wherein (I write it with joy) their judgments nothing deceive them, for at the very first wrench of the Rack, God is so merciful to his soul, and so propitious to his new conversion and repentance, that he then and there confesseth this lamentable murder, in all its branches and circumstances (as we have formerly understood) affirms only himself and *Adrian* to be the Authors and Actors thereof; swears that *Isabella*, *Graceta* and *Thomas* were every way innocent thereof, and had no hand or knowledge therein whatsoever. Whereupon the Judges send again for *Adrian*, and cause him anew to be brought to the Rack, but first they hold it fit to confront him with his bloody companion, Father *Justinian*, who boldly affirming and constantly confirming all his former disposition to him in his face to be sincere and true, *Adrian* is amazed and daunted thereat, as also at the sight of the Rack, which was again prepared and brought for him, when the Devil flying from him, and he casting his heart and soul at the sacred feet of God's mercy, he there very sorrowfully confirmed all Father *Justinian's* confession to be true, and then falling on his knees, he (with many bitter sighs and tears) said again and again aloud; that his Wife, his Man, and his Maid were as truly innocent, as Father *Justinian* and himself were alone truly guilty of this foul and cruel murder and robbery of *De Laurier*.

When their Judges, as much rejoicing at the detection and confession of these their crimes, as they lamented and detested their perpetrations thereof; they condemn them both to be hanged the next morning; and because Father *Justinian* had violated his sacred Order, and *Adrian*, the humane and Christian Laws of Hospitality, their bodies after to be burnt to ashes.

So as soon as Father *Justinian* was degraded of his Sacerdotal Order and habit, and committed to the secular powers, he together with *Adrian* were for that night returned to their Prison and repentance, where two Priests, and one Frier, of the order of the *Jacobines*, prepare their souls for Heaven against the next morning. It was a grief to *Isabella's* heart to hear that he was guilty of this foul and lamentable murder, but a far greater torment and hell to her mind to understand that he must suffer death for the same, and that she should neither see nor speak with him any more either in this life, or in this world. Again, looking from him to her self, as she could not hope for his life, so she thought she had some small cause, or at least scruple to doubt and fear her own, in regard it lay at the courtesie or cruelty of her Husband and Father *Justinian*; for that (as we have formerly understood) they acquainted her with their intents and desires to murder *De Laurier*, and she revealed it not. But yet (nevertheless) in the

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purity of her heart, and the candid innocency of her soul, she commits the success both of her life and death to God; and not being able to sleep away any part of that night for sorrow, she (as a religious woman, and a most virtuous Wife) passeth out the whole obscurity thereof, in the brightness of heavenly maculations and prayers, which from the profundity of her heart, she pretergoeth up to Heaven both for her Husband and her self.

Very early the next morning, before *Justinian* and *Adrian* went to their execution, *Du Pont* and (at his request) the Judges, repair to the Prison to them; where he and they enquire of them, to what value of Gold and Jewels they had taken from his dead Father? who tell him that in a Letter, which his Father had written to him to *Dion*, and the which they had suppressed and burnt, he therein mentioned the value of one thousand seven hundred Crowns. And being again demanded by him, what and where was become of all that great sum in Gold and Jewels, they freely and ingenuously tell him, that one third part thereof was taken from them by him and the Officers of Justice in *Pontarlin*, and another third he should find hidden in such and such secret places of their houses, and for the other third part, they blushed not to confess and aver, that they had since paid some old debts, and bought some new apparel, and spent the rest thereof upon their Whores, and other of their voluptuousness and prodigalities. So the Judges and *Du Pont* sped away to *Adrian* and Father *Justinian*'s houses, where they find the Gold and Jewels according to their confessions, the which together with the other former part taken from them at *Pontarlin* (both which amounted to some 11, or 1200 Crowns) these wise and honest Judges deliver up unto *Du Pont*, who receives it from them with joy and thankfulness, but, as a good Son, rejoices far more at the now approaching deferred deaths, of these two bloody and execrable wretches, Father *Justinian* and *Adrian*, the murderers of his good old Father *De Laurier*, of whom some twenty and five years before he had the happiness to receive his life.

Some two hours after, which was about ten of the clock in the morning, these our two condemned Malefactors are brought to the place of Execution, where a great concourse of people of *Salynes*, and the Country thereabouts attend to see them finish the last Scene and Catastrophe of their lives. The first, who ascends the Ladder, is *Adrian*, who speaks but little; only he takes it to his death, that his dear Wife *Isabella*, his servant-Maid *Graceta*, and his Ofliter *Thomas*, are as absolutely innocent of this murder of *De Laurier*, as he himself here again confesseth he is guilty thereof. He prays God to forgive him this foul fact, and beseecheth all that are present to pray to God for him, and for his wretched and miserable Soul, the which he knoweth hath great need and want of their prayers, when casting his handkerchief over his face, and privately ending some few prayers to himself he is turn'd over. Instantly after him Father *Justinian* mounts the Ladder, who (in his looks and countenance) seems to be very repentant and penitent for this his foul and hainous fact, the which he prays God to absolve and forgive him; he here again clears *Isabella*, *Graceta*, and *Thomas* of this murder. He much lamenteth that he hath so highly scandalized the sacred order of Priesthood in his crime and Person, and therefore beseecheth all Priests and Church-men, either present or absent to forgive it him; when repeating some *Ave-Maries*, and often making the sign of the Cross, he was likewise turned over.

And thus was the miserable life and death of this impious Priest, and wicked and bloody Hoast, and in this sharp manner did God justly revenge himself, and punish them with shame and confusion for this cruel and lamentable murder. Immediately after which execution of theirs, the Judges set our virtuous and innocent *Isabella*, and her Maid, and Ofliter free from their undeserved indurance and troubles, whereat all the Spectators do as much praise God for the liberty of the three last, as they detest the foul crime, and rejoyce at the just punishments of the two first. If we make good use of the knowledge of this sorrowful History, the profit and consolation thereof will be ours, and the Glory Gods, which God of his best favour and mercy grant us, *Amen*.



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable SIN of MURDER.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY. XXVIII.

Hippolito murdereth Garcia in the Street by night, for the which he is hanged. Dominica and her Chamber-maid Denisa poysoneth her Husband Roderigo : Denisa afterwards strangletb her own new-born Babe, and throws it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged. On the Ladder she confessed that she was accessary, with her Lady Dominica, in the poysoning of her Husband Roderigo; for the which Dominica is apprehended, and likewise hanged.

HOW easily doth malice and revenge enter into our hearts, and how difficultly do we expel and banish it thence? and what doth this promise, or rather threaten unto us, but that it is a wretched sign and testimony, that the Devil hath more power with us than God; that we more dearly affect Nature than Grace, and Earth than Heaven? in many sins there is some pretence or shadow of pleasure; but in murder there is none, except we desire that it should bring grief and repentance to our hearts, horror and terror to our Consciences, and misery and confusion to our Souls: which indeed, despite of our earthly policy and prophane prevention, it will infallibly both shew and bring us. But (to shew our wickedness in our weakness) through the sly subtilty and treachery of Satan, we think, we act and perpetrate it so secretly, that it cannot be found out of men, nor detected or punished of God. Wherein, what sottish fools, and foolish mad men are we, thus to deceive and betray our selves with false hopes and croneous suggestions; for although men may be deluded, and not see it, yet can God be mocked, or will he be blinded or deceived? Oh no, his decrees and resolutions are secret and sacred

sacred, and though invisible to our eyes, yet our designs and actions are transparent to his: For he (in his all-seeing Providence) reserves to himself the manner and time, how and where to punish it. As read we this approaching History, and it will confirm as much, in the lives and deaths of some bloody and inhumane personages, who were born to honour, and consequently to have lived more happy, and yet died more ignominiously.

In the rich and populous City of *Granado* (which *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, King and Queen of *Spain*, Anno 1492. so famously and fortunately conquered from the *Moors*) there (within these few years) dwelt an ancient Lady, named *Dona Alicia Cervantella*: who was descended of noble parentage, and by her late Husband *Don Petro de Cardinas* (dying a chief Commander in the *West-Indies*) she had two children, a Son and a Daughter; he named *Don Garcia*, and she *Dona Dominica*; he of some twenty years of age, and she of some eighteen; he tall of stature, but somewhat hard-favoured, and she short, but exceeding fair and beautiful. Their Mother *Cervantella* being not left rich by her deceased Husband, did yet bring up these her two Children very honourably and virtuously, and maintained them exceeding gallant in their apparel; though she clad her self the worse for it, for their sakes. She observes her Son *Don Garcia* to be of a mild disposition, and very witty and judicious; but for her Daughter *Dominica*, she sees with fear, and fears with grief, that her wit will come short of her beauty, and her chastity of her wit: in which regard and consideration, she loves him better than her, and yet bears so vigilant an eye over her actions, that as yet she keeps her within the lists of Modesty, and the bounds of obedience, as holding it far truer discretion to make her more beloved than feared of her, or rather that fear and love by turns might act their several parts upon the Theater of her youthful heart and resolutions. There is an old rich Gentleman of that City nobly descended, termed *Don Hippolito Sevino*, commonly known and named *Don Hippolito*, aged of some threescore and ten years, and much subject to the Gout, a disease better known than cured, and which loves rich men as much as poor men hate it: And this old *Hippolito*, in the frost and winter of his age, falls in love with our fair young Lady *Dominica*, and so by the Lady the Mother seeks her Daughter in Marriage. As for the Mother she loves *Hippolito's* Gold better than her Daughter, doth his age, and affects his Lands as much as she hates his Personage. But *Don Garcia*, at the often requests of his Sister being at last vanquished by her importunity, soon changeth his Mother's opinion and good esteem of *Hippolito*, and so they all three give him the repulse and denial. But his affection to this delicate fresh young beauty makes him more perverse and obstinate than his age, so he will take no answer, for an answer; nor a refusal, for a refusal from them, but (will or nill) frequents their company daily and their house almost hourly; they are all three tired with his sortish incivility, and doting importunacy, especially *Dominica*, who measuring his age by her youth, and knowing him to be a sinner for his Grave than a Wife, she therefore scorns him as much as he loves her: but yet say she what she will, or do her Mother and Brother what they can, yet they cannot free their house, or shift their hands of him; although they many times make him look upon bare walls, content himself to converse with the meanest of their servants, and so to return without seeing either of Mother, Son or Daughter.

But *Dominica* holding her beauty and years now to be worthy of a Husband, she is so incivil and incontinent, as she prays her Mother to procure and provide her one: For (to use her own words) she saith, *She is weary to lie alone, and live single, and fully resolved no longer either to trifle away her time, or to cast away her youth and beauty.* Her Lady Mother (in most virtuous terms) checks her impudency, blames her impudicity, and concludes, that if she forsake those immodest humours and inclinations, and to serve and fear God religiously, then there is no doubt but in good time he (of his propitious favour and goodness towards her) will provide her one; When turning from her Daughter, the very tears of sorrow fall abundantly from her old eyes, to see her thus immodest, thus irregular and wanton, as doubting and fearing that in the end it will prove ominous and fatal to her.

But her lascivious Daughter *Dominica* is not contented with this general answer of her Mother; for she is yet so vainly imprudent, and so viciously impudent, as she importunately prays her Brother *Don Garcia*, effectually and speedily to sollicite her Mother to provide her a Husband; whereat he rather laughs, then gives ear. But when again he ruminates and considers with himself this her foolish levity and wantonness, fearing the worst; and to the end she might not hereafter prove a disgrace to her self, a scandal to their house, and a dishonour to their blood, he (taking time at advantage) breaks and treats with his Mother hereon: who concurring in opinion with him, returns him rather her consent than her denial; the which he reports to his immodest Sister *Dominica*, who is thereat as joyful, as before she was discontented.

Not long after it fell out, that *Dominica* with her Mother going on a great Holy-day in the morning to the Church of the *Benedictine* Monks, and being behind her on her knees at her Beads and Orisons, her devotion was so cold and her zeal so frozen towards God, as seeing a very proper young Gentleman (richly apparelled) likewise there on his knees at his prayers not far from her; she as a poor (I may say as a prophane) Christian, beckons her Mother's man to come to her, and whispers him in the ear, that he discreetly go and enquire what that young Cavalier is, whom she describes to him by his Apparel, and especially by a rich Diamond Ring which he wears on his finger: Her Mother's man demanding of the Gentleman's servants, returns speedily to his young Lady, and tels her in her ear, that it is *Don Roderigo*, Son and Heir to *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, whereat her lustful affection makes her heart leap and dance within her for joy; for so uncivilly unchast was she in her desires and wishes, that at this very first sight she desires him for her Husband, before any other man of the world, yea, before any other earthly felicity. Whereupon she vows, that her Mother shall have no truce, nor her Brother any peace of her, before they powerfully make this motion of Marriage for her to *Don Roderigo*; who being often solicited and provoked by her importunate requests, they consult hereon, and both of them approve and desire it, as holding it a match equally honourable to them both. The Son will have his Mother first to break the Ice of this motion to *Don Roderigo*, but the Mother will have her Son first to perform that office to him, and so to take a fair occasion to invite him home to her house to speak with her; the which *Don Garcia* performs, and deals herein so effectually with *Don Roderigo*, that home he comes with him. The Lady *Cervantella* (after many compliments and speeches) presents this motion to him. He sees the young Lady *Dominica*, her Daughter, and finding her to be exceeding fair and witty, he likes and loves her, and so takes time to advise hereon with his Father, for the Lady his Mother was formerly gone to Heaven. *Roderigo* breaks this motion to *Don Emanuel*, his Father; who not pleased therewith, seeks to divert his Son from it, in regard he knows that her Mother *Dona Cervantella* is very poor, and of a weak estate, as being much incumbred with the great debts of her deceased Husband. *Roderigo* alledgeth to his Father, his true affection to the true beauty and vertues of *Dominica*, and that her descent and blood is no way inferiour to his. But his Father being of an exceeding covetous disposition, will have wealth to overway beauty, and not beauty wealth, and so is resolute to hear no more of this motion, whereat his Son *Roderigo* bites his lip, and is much discontented. Yet nevertheless, he hath cast his affection so deeply and firmly on the fresh and delicate beauty of *Dominica*, that holding it to be the Gold of Nature, and she the Queen and Phoenix of Beauty, he cannot, he will not refrain, but very often frequents *Dona Cervantella's* house, and her Daughter's company: To whom (notwithstanding his Father's distaste of her) he yet gives her far more hope than despair, that he will be her Husband, which ravisheth her with delight, her Mother *Dona Cervantella* and her Brother *Don Garcia* with content.

But the order of our History invites us for a while to leave *Don Roderigo*, to feast his eyes and surfeit his thoughts and contemplation on the Roses and Lillies of his Mistress beauty, and again to return to speak of our old Dotard *Hippolito*, who now (led by his lust and voluptuous desires, as they are by the instigation of the Devil) comes to perform and act a bloody and deplorable part on the stage of this History. He sees with grief, and grieves to see, that he is refused of the Lady *Dominica*, whom he loves far dearer and tenderer than his life; and understanding that *Don Roderigo de Cortez* doth still frequent her company, hath gained her affection, and shall shortly marry her, he thereupon turns his reason into rage, converts his judgement into revenge, and so resolves to murder him by night, as soon as he finds him to issue forth of the Lady *Cervantella's* house; the Devil making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that he being once dead, undoubtedly the fair *Dominica* will fall for his share and Wife. So he is resolute in this his bloody and damnable design, and consults with himself, whether he should do it by himself, or by some second instrument; but finding it dangerous to effect it by another, because he must then commit his life to his courtisee, and seeing that his Gout had now forsaken him, he therefore resolves to do it by himself. But first he thinks it not improper, rather pertinent for him, to write *Roderigo* a Letter: the which he doth in these terms, and sends it him by one of his own confident servants.

HIPPO-

HIPPOLITO to RODERIGO.

VVert thou informed but of the hundredth part of my dear affection to the fair young Lady Dominica, and reciprocally of hers to me, thou wouldst (if not out of honour, yet out of judgment,) surcease thy suit to her, and not to make thy obstinacy ridiculous, by thinking to obtain her to thy Wife: and although she feed thee with Sugar of many sweet protestations and promises to the contrary, yet if I have any eyes in my head, or thou judgement in thine, to discern the truth hereof, thou hast far more reason to rely upon the integrity of my age, than the vanity and inconstancy of her youth: And wert thou not a Gentleman whom I love for thine own, and honour for thy Father's sake, I had not so long permitted thee to frequent her company, nor so often to converse with her to the prejudice of my content and thy discretion: and if this friendly Ambassador of my heart, my Letter, will not yet induce thee to leave her to me, whom Heaven and Earth, God and her Mother have given me; I will then, either by thy Father, or by the usual course of Justice, take that order with thee therein, as shall redound as much to my honour and fame, as to thy infamy and disreputation.

HIPPOLITO.

Roderigo having received and read this Letter of Hippolito, he cannot refrain from smiling and laughing, to see his sottish error and ridiculous ignorance herein; for he perfectly knows that both Dominica and the Lady Cervantella her Mother, are long since resolved to hear no more either of him or of his suite, and therefore he holds it more worthy of his laughter than of his observation; likewise to see, that this old Dotard, when Nature is ready to wed him to his Grave, that his lust should yet be so forward, to desire to marry so young and beautiful a Lady as Dominica: The which considering, once he thought to return him no other answer but silence; but at last respecting his age and quality more than his indiscretion or power, after he had shewn his Letter to Cervantella, to Dominica, and her Brother Don Garcia, who all concur in opinion with him, to make it the publick object, as both it and himself were the private cause of their general laughter; he calls for a Pen and Paper, and (rather with contempt then choller) by Hippolito's own servant returns him this answer.

RODERIGO to HIPPOLITO.

IHave as small reason to doubt of thy affection to the young Lady Dominica, as to believe that hers is reciprocally so to thee, and therefore I see no just cause in honour, or solid ground in judgment to surcease my suite towards her, much less to deem my obstinacy ridiculous in hoping to obtain her for my wife. And although it be in thy pleasure, yet it is not in thy power to make me doubtful of her fair words, or call in question or suspicion her sweet promises and protestations to me, sith that were to prove the purity of my Zeal to her, and of her true and sincere affection to me, the which yet to do to thee a courtesy, I will rather excuse than condemn in thee, because I am confident it exceeds thy knowledge, though not thy fear, and in this behalf and assurance, thine eyes cannot so much prevail with my Judgment, but that I will more rely upon the integrity of her youth, than the vanity of thy age. As for thy love to me, or honour to my Father, when I find it so, I will acknowledg it to be as true, as now I conceive it feigned: but for thy threats to me in thinking thereby to make me forsake the conversation and company of that fair and virtuous young Lady, I do rather pity than esteem them, and every way more condemn than care for them. Assuring thee that I cannot possibly refrain from laughter, to see thee so devoid of common sense, as to think to be able either to scare me with thy power of the Law, or to daunt me with the prerogative and authority of my Father in making me to forsake her, whom in life and death, I neither can nor will forsake; resolve therefore henceforth to prevent thy infamy and disreputation; for I will be left to my self to establish mine own content and honour, as I please.

RODERIGO.

Hippolito upon the receipt and consideration of this peremptory Letter of Don Roderigo, is so inflamed and incensed against him; to see that (perforce) he will make him wear a Willow Garland, as (without any more delays or expostulations) understanding him to be that very same night which he received his Letter, with his Lady Dominica at her mother's house; the Devil causeth him to gather all his malice, wits and strength together about him that night to murder him as he issueth forth to go home, which bloody stratagem of his to effect and finish, he chargeth a Pistol with three Bullets and he waits his coming thence; But Don Garcia accidentally

cidentally issuing forth all alone privately to go visit a friend of his not far off, this wretched old Villain, *Hippolito*, taking him to be *Roderigo*, lets fly at him, and all three Bullets pierce his body, so he falls down dead to the ground. The blow is heard, and the breathless body of *Don Garcia* is found reeking in his blood, whose Mother, Sister, and *Don Roderigo* are amazed and astonished at this deplorable disaster, and ready to drown themselves in their tears for sorrow thereof. So *Roderigo* leaving some Neighbours to comfort them, he takes order to find out the murderers, and goes himself speedily throughout the street to that effect; When the good pleasure and providence of God directs his course to find out this old execrable wretch *Hippolito* going limping and limping in the streets, having thrown away his Pistol, and only holding his dark Lanthorn in his hand, which then (the better to colour out this damnable fact of his) he opened to light him. *Roderigo* measuring things past by the present, and finding *Hippolito* there in the streets all alone, at this undue and unseasonable hour of the night; God prompts his heart with this suspicion, that he in likelihood was the murderer of *Don Garcia*, and so lays hold of him, and causeth him to be committed to the Prison, notwithstanding all the entreaties, means and friends, which he could then possibly make to the contrary. The next day all *Granado* rings and resounds of this Murder, and of the suspicion and imprisonment of *Don Hippolito* for the same, when the Lady *Cervantella* goes to the Criminal Judges of the City and accuseth him for the same, and with grief, sorrow and passion, follows it close against him; and although *Hippolito* at the first examination denies it, yet being by his clear-sighted Judge adjudged to the Rack for the same, he at the very first sight thereof confesseth it, for the which bloody and lamentable crime of his, he is sentenced the next day to be hanged, although he proffered all his estate and means to save his life; But the zeal and integrity of his Judges was such to the sacred name of Justice, as they disclaimed to be corrupted herewith.

So the next Morning this old bloody wretch *Hippolito* is brought to the common place of execution, where a very great concourse of people repair from all parts of the City to see him take his last farewell of the world, most of them pitying his age, but all condemning the enormity of this his foul and bloody crime. He was dealt with by some Priests and Friars in Prison, whose Charity and Piety endeavoured to fortifie his heart against the fear of death, and to prepare his soul for the life and joyes of that to come. But the Devil was yet so strong with him, that he could not be drawn to contrition, nor would not be either perswaded or enforced to repentance, or to ask God, or the world forgiveness of this his bloody fact, but as he lived prophane, so he would die wretchedly and desperately, for on the Ladder he made a foolish speech, the which because it favoured more of beastly concupiscence and lust, than of Piety or Religion, I will therefore bury it in oblivion, and silence, and so he was turned over.

Come we now to speak of *Don Emanuel de Cortez* the Father, who understanding of his Son *Roderigo* his continual frequenting of *Dona Cervantella*'s house, and her Daughter *Dominica*'s company, and now hearing of this murder of her Son at her door, his own Son being then therein present; he is much discontented therewith: and because he will sequester him from her sight, and provide him another Wife, he sends him to *Asnallos*, a Mannor-house of his, some ten leagues off in the Country, with a strong injunction and charge, there to reside till his farther order to return: *Roderigo* is wonderful sorrowful thus to leave the sight of his fair and dear Mistress *Dominica*, and (to the view of the world) no less is she, so he transporteth only his body to *Asnallos*, but his heart he leaves with her in *Granado*. But a month is scarce expired after his departure, But the Lady *Cervantella* (by the death of her Son *Don Garcia*) wanting a man to conduct and govern her affairs, especially her Law-suits, wherewith (as we have formerly heard) she is much incumbered, she thereupon (as also at the instant request of her Daughter) writes *Roderigo* this Letter for his return.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

AS thou tenderest the prosperity of my affairs, and the content and joy of my Daughter, I request thee speedily to leave *Asnallos*, and to return to reside here in *Granado*, for I wanting my Son *Garcia*, who was the joy of my life, and she her *Roderigo*, who art the life of her joy, thou mayst not find it strange, if my age, and her youth, and if my Law-suits, and her love affections and desires assume this resolution: Thy Father is a noble man of reason, and his Son shall find this to be a request both honourable and reasonable, except thou wilt so far publish thy weakness to the world, that thou dost more fear thy Father than love my Daughter, for if thou shouldst once permit thy obedience to him so far to give a Law to thy affection to her, thou wilt then make thy self as unworthy to be her Husband,

Husband, as I desire it with zeal, and she with passion. She is resolved to second this my Letter, with one of her one to thee; to which I refer thee: God bless thy stay, and hasten thy return.

CERVANTELLA.

Dominica resolving to make good her promise to her Mother, and that of her Mother to Rodrigo, she withdraws her self to her Chamber to write; and knowing her Mother's Messenger ready to depart, chargeth him with the delivery of her Letter to her Lover Rodrigo, and to cast the better lustre and varnish over her affection, she takes a Diamond-Ring from her finger, and likewise sends it him for a token of her love.

DOMINICA to RODERIGO.

AS the death of my Brother Don Garcia, made me extream sorrowful; so this of thy absence made me infinitely miserable: for as that nipt my joys and hopes in their blossoms, so this kills them in their riper age and maturity. When I first received thy love, and gave and returned thee mine in exchange, I had well thought thou hadst affected me too dearly, so soon to leave my sight, and to banish thy self from my company: but now I see with grief, and feel with sorrow, that thou lovest thy Father far better than me; and delightest to prefer his Content before mine: for else thou hadst not made me thus wretched by thy absence, who am (as it were) but entering into the happiness of thy presence. If thou canst find in thy heart to obey his commands, before thou grant my requests, then come not to Granado, but stay still in Asnallos; but if the contrary, then leave Asnallos, and come to me in Granado, where I will chide thee for thy long stay, and yet give thee a world of thanks and kisses for thy so soon return; and as my heart and soul doth desire it, so the prosperity of my Mother's affairs doth likewise want, and therefore crave it. Judge of the fervency of my affection to thee, by thine to my self, and then thou wilt speedily resolve to see thy Dominica, who desires nothing so much under Heaven, as to have the happiness of thy sight, and the felicity and honour of thy Company.

DOMINICA.

Rodrigo receives these their two Letters; imputes that of the Mother, to much respect; and this of her Daughter, to infinite affection; so as the very knowledge and consideration thereof, makes him rejoyce in the first, and triumph in the second; and therefore knowing himself to be a man, and past a child, and that as he is bound by nature and reason to obey his Father, so he is not tyed to be commanded by him beyond it; wherefore he resolves to give content to the Mother for the Daughter's sake; and to the Daughter for his own sake; and so by their own Messenger returns them these Answers: That to the Lady Cervantella, spake thus:

RODERIGO to CERVANTELLA.

ISo much tender the prosperity of thy affairs, and thy Daughter's content and joy, that my resolutions shall so dispose of my self towards my Father, as very shortly I will see thee with respect and observance, and visit her with affection and zeal: for this desire of hers, and request of thine, is so honourable, so reasonable, as my Father should be guilty of unkindness to deny the one, and my self of ingratitude not to grant the other: Or if he will yet continue to cross our affections, I will then make it apparent to the world, that I will not fear him the thousand part so much as I will love her; and that I cannot receive a greater felicity and honour, than to see her my Wife, and my self her Husband. I have given an answer to her Letter, and very shortly I will give her my self every way answerable to her merits, to thy expectation and my promise.

RODERIGO.

His Letter to Dominica was charged and fraughted with these lines.

RODERIGO to DOMINICA.

TO deface thy sorrows for thy Brother's death, and thy miseries for my absence, and likewise to preserve thy joys in their blossoms, and thy hopes in their riper age and maturity, I am fully resolved very shortly to grant thy request in leaving Asnallos, to live and die with thee in Granado; and thou dost offer a palpable wrong to be true, and an unmerited disparagement to the purity and candor of my affection, to think that I any way prefer my obedience to my Father, before my affection to thee, or consequently his content to thine. Therefore prepare thyself to kiss; not to chide me,
for

for else I will resolve to chide, and not to kiss thee at my return. My best endeavours shall wait on the prosperity of thy Mothers affairs, and my best love and service shall eternally attend on her Daughters pleasure and commands, and judge thou if my zeal to thee, do not exceed thine to my self, sith Earth is not so dear to me, as the Honour of thy sight, nor Heaven, as the felicity of thy company.

RODERIGO.

He hath no sooner dispatched these two Letters to his Mistress and her Mother, but the very next day after he enters into a resolution with himself; that he shall not do well so soon to disoblige and disobey his Father, by so speedily precipitating his return from *Asnallos* to *Granado*, as urging this reason to his consideration, and proposing this consideration to his judgment, that *Dominica's* affection and beauty can difficulty make him rich, but that his Father's discontent and displeasure towards him may easily make him poor: Whereupon resolving to cherish his constancy to her, and yet to retain his obedience to him, he holds it no sin, if a little longer he dispence with his content, and presume to temporize for his discretion and profit, as grounding his hope upon this confidence, and this confidence upon this presuming infallibility, that his Lady and Mistress *Dominica* is as chaste as fair, and will prove as constant to him as she is beautiful in her self. But she is a woman, and therefore she may deceive his hopes, and he is a man and therefore it is possible that her beauty may betray his judgment, the which prediction and prophesie (to his grief and sorrow, and to her shame and misery) we shall shortly see made true and verified: the manner thus.

Dominica (as we have formerly understood) being of a wanton disposition and carriage, and very unchastely and lasciviously inclined, she finding *Roderigo's* stay in *Asnallos* to exceed his promise and her expectation; she cannot live chaste, she will not remain constant in his absence, but hath a friend or two, I mean two proper young Gentlemen of *Granado*, to whom she many times privately imparteth her amorous favours and affection, the which she acteth not so closely, but the Lady her Mother (being a Lincy-eyed, and curious observer of her actions) hath notice thereof, and thinking to reclaim her from this foul sin of fornication and whoredom, which threats no less than the ruins of her fortunes, and the Shipwrack of her reputation; she first attempteth to perswade her by fair means with tears and prayers; but seeing she could not thereby prevail with her, then she gives her many sharp speeches and bitter threats, and menaces, as wholly to deprive her of her Father's portion, and either to make her spend her dayes in a Nunnery, or end them in a Prison. That she is not worthy to tread upon the face of the earth, or look up to Heaven, because this her foul crime of fornication makes her odious to God, and an infinite shame and scandal to all her Parents and friends in general, and to every one in particular, with many other reasons looking and conducing that way, the which for brevities sake, I resolve to omit and bury in silence.

But this lecture of the Mother prevails not with the Daughter, but rather inflames than quencheth the fire of her inordinate and lascivious lust; the which she perceiving, and to prevent her own scandal in that of her Daughters, she (as a careful Mother and a wise Matron) meweth her up in her Chamber, where *Dominica* (for meer grief and choler) to see her self thus debar'd of her pleasures in the restraint of her liberty, she grows very sick, looks exceeding wan, pale and thin, and so keeps her Bed, the which the Lady *Cervantella* takes for a fit occasion and opportunity again effectually to write to *Roderigo* to hasten his return to *Granado*, as doubting least her Daughters Belly should chance to swell and grow big in his absence. This her Letter to *Roderigo*, reported her mind, and represented her desires to him in these terms.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

THou dost thy self no right, but me and my Daughter infinite wrong, in staying so long from *Granado*, in regard it is contrary to thy promise, to my expectation, and to her deserts and merits: for her affections is so intire and fervent to thee, because she conceives and hopes that thine (in requital) is so to her, that she hath these many months languished in expectation of thy return; whereof beginning to despair, that despair hath struck her into so dangerous a Consumption, that I fear it will shortly prove fatal to her: for already the Lillies have banished the Roses of her cheeks, yea, her cheeks are grown thin; and those sparkling stars, her eyes, have lost a great part of their wonted lustre and glory; so if thy affection will not, yet pity should move thee to hasten thy return, to see and comfort her, especially sith thou wilt scarce know her when thou seest her; in regard I may (almost) justly affirm, that she is no longer *Dominica*, but rather the living Anatomy of dead *Dominica*. How thou canst answer for this her sickness to thine honour (which is occasioned by thy unkindness) I know not; but

but sure I am, if she go to her Grave before thou come to her, thou canst never sufficiently answer it to thy conscience, nor thy conscience to God. In her sick-bed thou art the only Saint to whom she offereth up her devotions; and therefore it will be a miserable ingratitude in thee to permit her to dy thy Martyr.

CERVANTELLA.

At the receipt and perusal of this Letter, *Roderigo* is infinitely sorrowful, especially when he considereth, that it is only *Dominica's* dear affection to him, and his long stay from her, which hath occasioned her sickness: whereupon his love consulting with his honour, his honour with his conscience, and his conscience with God; he conjureth the Messenger to return speedily to *Granado*, to the Lady *Cervantella*, and her Daughter *Dominica*, from him, and to assure them, that all business of the World set apart, he will be there with them the next day, and bring them the answers of their Letters himself; whereat, at the Messenger's return, they both of them exceedingly rejoice. *Roderigo* now (according to his promise) comes to *Granado*, viliteth *Cervantella*, and his sick Mistress *Dominica*; salutes the one with compliments, the other with kisses. *Dominica* intended to give him her body, but nor her heart, dissembleth her affection to him, and frowns on him exceedingly, as if her love to him, and his to her were dearer to her than all the world, and far more precious than her life. But contrariwise, *Roderigo* intends as he speaks, and speaks as he intends; yea, he is so sincere and real in his affection to her, as she is counterfeit and treacherous to him. So, glorying in her beauty, and triumphing in her youth, he with much difficulty obtains his Father's consent, and marries her, their Nuptials being solemnized in *Granado* with state and bravery, answerable to their descents and qualities: but he will find a wanton *Lair*, for a constant *Lucrece*; and a lascivious *Phryne*, for a chaste *Penelope*. Never Husband bore himself more respectfully, loving and courteously to his Wife, than doth *Roderigo* to his *Dominica*; for he thinks that her fare cannot be too curious, nor her Apparel costly enough for her; yea such was his tender respect of her, and affection to her, that he willingly permitted her to go where she would, and to come when she pleased; contrary to the custom of *Spain*, and generally of most *Spaniards*, who hold it far more folly than affection, to give this licentious freedom and liberty to their Wives; which we do in *England* and *France*; the which we shall see verified in our young Bride *Dominica*; for the more her Husband *Roderigo* loves her, the more she slights him; and the more he respects her, the more she neglects and contemns him: whereat he grieves, his Mother-in-law *Cervantella* storms, and his own Father, *Don Emmanuel de Cortez*, repines and murmurs. But as it is labour in vain to think to make an *Ethiopian* white; so all of them cannot reclaim *Dominica* to love her Husband, nor scarce to lye with him. He conceives infinite grief hereat, which breeds him a lingering Consumption in earnest, as his Wife *Dominica* was formerly possessed of one in jest: whereat she the more hates him, in regard the extremity of his sickness and weakness, will not permit him to perform the rites and duties of a Husband towards her; but she need not care, much less grieve thereat, for she takes her obscene and lascivious pleasures abroad, whiles her dear sick Husband (for grief of body and mind) is ready to dy at home. He bewails his hard fortune in marrying her; but yet loves her so tenderly and dearly, as he will not speak ill of her himself, nor suffer any other to do it, either in his presence, or her absence. Yea, her love is so frozen to him, though his be still constantly and fervently inflamed to her, as she difficultly sees him once in three dayes; nor yet speaks two words with him when she sees him; and yet when he is so happy to obtain her sight and company, he so exceedingly rejoiceth thereat, that it seems to him his pain for that time gives him peace; his sorrows truce, his sickness ease, his heart comfort, and thoughts consolation. But *Dominica* hath not deserved the least part of all this true affection and courtesie from him heretofore, much less will she requite it to him hereafter, except in a most ingrateful and bloody manner, which is thus:

The Devil resolves to trouble the harmony or serenity of their marriage, or rather our *Dominica* hath hellishly derived and drawn this resolution from the Devil, to poison her Husband; and the sooner she fixeth her mind upon this infernal ingredient, and setteth her barbarous cruelty upon this devillish Drug, because the violence of this Consumption having already made almost an Anatomy of his body, she therefore flattereth her self with this opinion, that no suspicion at all can seize upon the belief of any, that he is poisoned, much less of his Father, or her Mother. She cannot procure poison her self, and therefore albeit she be unwilling to acquaint or employ any other herein, yet she is forced therunto. Of all her acquaintance, she thinks she may more safely intrust and repose this great secret with her Chamber-maid *Denisa*; for having formerly made her accessory to her sins of Fornication

and Adultery, she thinks she may with less difficulty, and more ease, now draw her to conceal and participate in this Murther with her; the which the better and sooner to effect, she gives her fifty Duckats, and adding thereunto many sweet perswasions, and sugred promises, of her continual care and affection for her preferment, this wretched miserable Wench yields her consent thereto. So they give their hands, and swear secrecie each to other, the Devil laughing at this their bloody compact and capitulation.

So (without either the grace or fear of God) they are resolute in their rage, and outrageous in this their barbarous cruelty, thinking every minute a month, and every day a year, before they have finished and perpetrated this lamentable business. So this Fury, this She-devil *Dominica*, being as impatient in her lascivious lust to her self, as in her deadly malice to her kind and honest Husband *Roderigo*, she makes *Donisa* secretly to procure some strong poison from some remote unknown Apothecary, and not only causeth, but sees her to put it into some white-broath for him; which the Chamber-maid brings, and the Wife and Mistress gives to her Husband in the morning, before he was out of his bed, under pretence and colour of some comfortable Broath, and hot Meat; whereof (O grief to think it! O pity to report it!) before night he died thereof. And Don *Emanuel de Cortez*, his Father, being at that time ridden to the City of *Sevil*, in the Province of *Andoulesia*, about some important business of his, she (taking the opportunity and advantage of his absence, thereby the better to overveil this her foul and bloody fact) doth speedily cause this his breathless body to be encoffined, and so buried somewhat privately, but not in that solemn manner as was requisite, either for his quality, or her reputation; yea, contrary to the opinion of the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, who much grieved and feared at this sudden death of her Son-in-law *Roderigo*, in doubting least her Daughter, his Wife, had too hastily and untimely sent him to Heaven in a bloody Winding-sheet. This mournful Tragedy thus acted, our wretched *Dominica*, of a discontented Wife, is now become a joyful and frolick Widow: and now her exorbitant lust, and lascivious desires break pail, and range both beyond the bounds of chastity, and the limits of discretion: for she will hearken to no advice, nor follow any counsel from the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, but forsakes her house and her sight the greatest part of the day; and, which is worse, many whole nights, to keep company with those vicious Gallants, and debauched young Gentlemen, of her former acquaintance and familiarity, with whom she delighteth to lose her honour, to cast away her chastity, and to shipwrack her reputation, if not her soul; when neither thinking of God or her Conscience, of Heaven or Hell, of her murdering Self, or murdered Husband, she so incessantly (without any intermission or repentance) abandons her self to her prophane and beastly Whoredoms, that in a very short time she makes her self the laughter of the worst, and the pity of the better and most vertuous sort of people of *Granado*; yea, her actions are so devoid of Grace; and repleat of Impiety, that her own Mother is ashamed to speak with her, and Don *Emanuel de Cortez*, her Father-in-law, to see her.

And here, Christian Reader, let me request thy curiosity to observe, and thy piety to remark, how (by degrees) the Indignation and Justice of God falls upon this debauched young Lady, for the foulness of these her Crimes, the very cry and sent whereof hath pierced the Windows of Heaven, and are now ascended to the ears and nostrils of the Lord of Hosts, to draw down condign vengeance on her for the same; yea, and at those times when she least dreams or thinks thereof, and when she is in the very prime of her prophane-ness, and the chiefest ruff of her lascivious jollity, and voluptuous sensuality. The manner whereof is thus:

Two months are scarce expired since she sent this her Husband *Roderigo* thus untimely and cruelly to his Grave, but having as it were drowned her Wits and Senses, her Reason and Judgment, yea, her Heart and Soul, in the Ocean of her beastly lusts, and lustful desires and pleasures, (but to her own shame, to the grief of her Mother, and the contempt and anger of her Father-in-law *De Cortez*) she marrieth Don *Lewis de Andrada*, one of her former Favourites and Paramours; for her Lover I cannot, and therefore I will not term him; a very proper Gentleman of his personage, but every way as debauched and vicious as her self; and therefore a fit Husband for such a Wife. That she was honest he knew the contrary; but hoping that her wealth should supply his wants, and repair the ruins of his decayed fortunes, was that which solely induced him to become her Husband. But at last, when he saw her wealth to come short of his expectation, and her lustful desires to exceed it, then he thinks it high time to be wise, in not imitating the example of his Predecessor *Roderigo* in his carriage and conduction towards this his lascivious Wife *Dominica*; so he holds a strict hand over her, and in a manner makes her no better than a Prisoner to her Chamber, and a Scholar to her

Book and Needle, in such sort, that her ranging unchast thoughts are now bounded in her new Husbands jealousy, and pent and immured up in her own grief and discontent : For thus he reasoneth with himself, that although formerly he made her his Curtizan, yet now he will not permit that she make him a Cuckold ; then he was her Friend, now her Husband ; and then she was answerable for her own life and actions to God ; but now he is, both for his own, and for hers. But this her present affliction and misery, is but the shadow and least part of her future : for *Andrada* her husband being as resolute in reforming her, as she was neither to digest or endure it ; he the better to curb her incontinency, and to debar her from any more returning to her former lewd pranks, and debauched life and conversation, he keeps her very short of money, takes from her most of her best Apparel, and all her Rings, Chains, and Jewels, which the Ladies of *Spain*, (more than any others of the world) hold to be a great part of their Earthly felicity.

Dominica is amazed, yea all in tears, to see this strange alteration of her fortune, and difference of her two Husbands ; and now (though too late) she sees *Roderigo's* love, in *Andrada's* hardness towards her, she speaks to her Mother to reconcile her to her husband ; but having shut up this her second match without her knowledge or consent, she rejects and abandoneth her from her favour, to seek her own fortune, as holding her unworthy of the blood which Nature, and the Education which God and her self had given her. She was cruel to her first Husband, and therefore no marvel if the second prove unkind to her ; yet he doubting of her secret malice towards him, he apprehends her revenge, as much as he condemns her lubricity. He will not add faith to her dissembling promises, nor hazard belief to her treacherous tears and kisses ; but keeps her still rather as a prisoner than a Wife, and more like a Criminal than a Companion : and yet as close and retired as he kept her in his house, his vigilancy and jealousy was enforced to meet with this unknown misfortune, that he was no sooner abroad, but she had another Friend or Ruffian at home, with whom she very often and very dishonestly familiarized ; insomuch, that she had infallibly murdered her second Husband, as she had formerly done her first, if God (out of the inestimable treasure of his mercy and goodness) had not prevented her rage, and disappointed and dissipated her bloody design and revenge, by another accident as mournful as miraculous, and wherein the Justice and Providence of God doth equally resplend and shine forth unto us for our instruction, with a most divine power and heavenly influence.

For we must here know and understand, that the fifty Duckets which *Denisa* had given her of her Lady *Dominica*, for consenting to poison her Master *Roderigo*, gave her new apparel, and they likewise procured her a new Suitor or Sweet-heart, named *Hugo* (who made her to marry her, but intended it not), with whom she wantonized so often, as in a short time she became guilty of a great belly, the which she conceal'd from all the world, except from *Hugo*, the Father of her unborn Child ; who upon notice thereof, either for fear of present punishment, or of future danger, or that he should be constrain'd to marry her, and so to maintain her and her Child, when he had not means to maintain himself ; he fled from *Granado* to *Murcia*, without taking his leave of *Denisa*, or any way acquainting her therewith ; and now, when it is too late, this wretched Wench exceedingly grieves thereat, when knowing his return uncertain, his affection to her doubtful, her self poor, and her Lady and Mistress *Dominica*, as then not able to maintain her or her Child, she assumes another bloody resolution, which is, that as she was formerly accessory to the poisoning of her Master, so she now will be principal actor in murdering and making away of her own Child as soon as it shall be born, and neither conscience nor her fear are able to divert her from this her bloody and damnable purpose. For being provoked thereunto, first by her shame, then by her necessity, but chiefly and especially by her fatal Counsellor and Instigator the Devil, she being delivered (almost a month before her time) of a fair young Son, as soon as he had cryed once (to bewail his own misery, and his inhumane Mother's cruelty) she as an execrable Fury of Hell, strangles it, giving him his mournful and untimely death in that very same hour and instant, which God and her self gave it life ; and the very same evening wrapt it in a clean white linnen cloth, and with a pack-thred ties a great stone thereunto, and (the Devil giving her strength) the very same night carries it half a mile off to a Pond, without the East-gate of the City, where seeing no body present to see her, she (not as a Mother, no not as a Woman, but rather as a Fury of Hell) there throws it in, which before her departure thence, presently sunk to the bottom.

And here let us behold and contemplate on the wonderful mercy and judgement of God, in so speedily revealing this deplorable and cruel Murder of this harmless and innocent little new-born Babe, whom being so newly brought from the adulterate womb of his pi-

titious Mother she maliciously casts into that Pond, giving it death for life, the Pond for its Cradle, a Bank of Mud and Oze for its Bed and Pillow. For upon the instant of *Denisa's* delivery, and her murdering and throwing of this her Infant-babe into the Pond, God (to revenge this foul and bloody fact of hers) deprived her of discretion and judgement to return for that night to her Master's house: for she thinking to make sure and sound work for her own reputation and safety, she that very night takes up her Lodging in the next poor Inn, which was at the Sign of St. *John's* Head, where to the Host and Hostess she pretends lameness by the Receipt of a Fall. But God will give her small time to rest and repose her self in the guiltiness of this her cruel sin of murdering her own innocent new-born Babe; for within one hour after, a Groom riding to water his horse in the same Pond, his horse snuffeth and starts exceedingly, pawing in the water with his farther fore-feet, and many times thrusts down his head therein.

The Groom gives him the spur and switch to bring him off, but in vain: for the horse the more paweth with his foot, and snuffeth with his nose; yea, so long, till at last (it seems) the Packthread being broken, the white cloath appears and floats upon the water; which the Groom, upon the strange behaviour of his horse (but indeed the immediate Providence and Pleasure of God, who then and there was well-pleased to make this reasonless Beast an instrument of his glory, in the detection of this cruel murder) causeth to be fetched a shore; where opening the cloath in the presence of some others, who flock thither to the Pond side to see what this may be, they find a sweet young Infant-boy, whose body was as white as the snow, with a flaxen-coloured hair, a chearful look, a cherry lip, and some blackness about his throat and neck, whereby they guessed it to be newly born, and strangled of some Strumpet, his Mother, whom to detect and find out, they search all the adjacent houses, and at last find out *Denisa* in her Inn: when the Officers of Justice, setting a Midwife and some three or four elderly Women, to search her; they (despight of her resistance or prayers to the contrary) give in evidence against her, that she was that day delivered of a Child: so she is imprisoned, and the next day brought to her arraignment, where (threatned with the Rack) she confesseth the strangling of her child, and the throwing of it into this Pond; for the which foul and inhumane fact of hers, she is the next condemned to be hanged; when desirous to save her soul, though (through the instigation of Satan) she hath miserably cast away her body, she entreateth that Father *Exstace*, a Priest of her acquaintance, may be sent to her in prison, to prepare her soul for her spiritual journey to Heaven, who is accordingly sent her; who after a long and religious exhortation to her, falling on this point, That she should do well to disburthen her Conscience of any other capital crime, which in all the whole course of her life she might have committed; as affirming, that the revealing thereof exceedingly tended to God's glory, and the felicity of her own soul: she (with tears and sighs) deeply thinks thereof that night in prison.

Now the next morning she is brought to the place of execution, where a great number of people flock together to see her end, and there on the Ladder, after she had again confessed the strangling of her Infant, and the throwing of it into the Pond: she likewise then and there confesseth, that she was accessary, and consented with her Lady *Dominica*, to poyson her Master *Roderigo*, which she affirmed they both effected in the same manner as we have formerly understood. The confession of this her other foul murder, as also of her Lady *Dominica*, doth much amaze her Auditors, and astonish her Judges; who to clear and vindicate the truth hereof, they cause her to descend the Ladder, and to be confronted with her said Lady *Dominica*, who by this time in the midst of her security, is likewise apprehended and brought before the Criminal Judges; where, contrary to her expectation, being enforced to understand the effect and tenor of her Chamber-Maid *Denisa's* confession and accusation against her for the poysoning of her Husband *Roderigo*, she with much passion and choler terms her Witch and Devil, and curseth the hour, that ever she fostered up so pestilent a Viper in her house, to eat out her own heart and life: when with more confidence and boldness, than contrition and repentance (being first by her Judges threatned with the torments of the Rack) she confesseth her self likewise to be guilty of murdering her first Husband *Roderigo*. So *Denisa's* sentence is altered; for she is condemned to be hanged for her first murder, and her dead body after to be burnt to ashes for her second; and the Lady *Dominica* to be hanged for poysoning her Husband; which news forebodings and rattles through all the Streets and corners of *Granado*, that almost all the people of that City flock the next morning to the place of Execution, to see this cruel Mistress, and her bloody Chamber-Maid, take their last farewell of this world: for the Lady *Dominica* must likewise die, notwithstanding her Mother *Cervanella's* tears, and her Husband *Andrada's* importunate requests, and passionate prayers to her Judges to the contrary,

And

And first *Denisa* is caused to ascend the Ladder (who was a tall and comely young woman), to whom God was so merciful to her soul, that there with many bitter sighs and tears she was wonderful sorrowful for these her two foul Murthers, especially for that of her poor Infant-babe, whom she had almost as soon dispatched out, as she brought into the world. She earnestly besought all her auditors and spectators, to pray unto God to forgive her, and to be merciful unto her soul: she affirmed, that her Lady *Dominica's* enticements and gold, first drew her to be accessory to the poysoning of her Master *Roderigo*, the which again and again from her heart and soul she prayeth God to pardon her; when intreating all young people, especially all young Women, to be more wife and religious, and less prophane and bloody-minded, by her example; and now recommending her soul into the hands of our Saviour and Redeemer, she is turned over. When immediately after this, our wretched Lady *Dominica* is likewise brought to her execution, whom the vanity of her heart, and the impurity and profaneness of her soul, had purposely dighted in her best dress, and richest apparel, which was a purple wrought Velvet Gown, and a curious great laced Ruff, with all things else suitable to it; but, which is lamentable to see, and fearful to consider, she was as careless of her soul, as curious of her body; for the Priests and Friars in her Prison, could not abate or beat down her impiety; but as there, so here on the Ladder, she enters into many deep execrations and curses, as well against her second Husband *Andrada*: as against her Chamber-Maid *Denisa*, who she said was now rather gone to the Devil, than to God: but no spark of grace, nor shew of sorrow, nor sign of repentance, could appear in her looks, or be heard in her speeches, for poysoning of her Husband *Roderigo*, but with much choler and vehemency she there uttered many other lewd and lascivious speeches, the which grieved her Christian Auditors to hear, and therefore I will not defile my Pen, or offend the Reader's religious and chaste heart, with the knowledge thereof: so this miserable and wretched Lady was turned over the Ladder, who made her death answerable to the foulness and enormity of her life, being not so happy in her death, as her bloody Chamber-Maid *Denisa*; and I fear me, as exempt of grace and goodness as the Devil could wish her. But God is the Lord of Justice, and Father of Mercy, to whom I leave her.

The youth and beauty of this cruel and inhumane Lady *Dominica*, was pitied of many, but her foul fact abhorred and detested of all who were present at her death: May we who read her History cherish her virtues by the sight and knowledge of her vices; and fortifie our souls with Religion and Piety, as she ruined hers by the neglect and want thereof. *Amen.*



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable SIN of MURDER.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY. XXIX.

Sanctiflore (upon promise of marriage) gets Ursina with child, and then afterwards very ingratly and treacherously rejecteth her, and marrieth Bertranna. Ursina being sensible of this her disgrace, disguiseth her self in a Frier's habit, and with a Case of Pistols kills Sanctiflore as he is walking in the fields; for the which she is hanged.

IT is a poor profit, a wretched pleasure, for the satisfaction of choler and revenge, to embue our hands in the innocent blood of our near Kindred, sith in seeking to wound him, we more properly kill our selves in soul and body; striking him (who is the figurative Image of God) we presumptuously stab at the Majesty of God himself, by whom our souls must, without whom they can never be saved. Therefore if we will not know as we are men, yet we ought firmly both to know and believe as we are Christians, that Revenge and Murder are the two prodigious Twins of Satan, the last being ingendered and propagated of the first, and both from Hell: for Revenge is not half so sweet in the beginning, as bitter in the end; nor Murder by many degrees so pleasing, as it proves pernicious to its Authors; as this ensuing History will verifie and make apparent unto us:

Let your thoughts be carried over those high hills of *Europe*, the *Alps*, and *Apennines*, to the noble and famous City of *Naples*, the head and Capital of that flourishing Kingdom (and from whence it receives and derives its denomination); a City exceeding rich, populous, and fair, and graced and adorned with more Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes, than any other of *Italy* whatsoever. Wherein of very late years (when the Duke of *Osuna* was Viceroy thereof) there dwelt two rich and beautiful young Gentlewomen, the one named *Donna Ursina Placedo*, the

the only Daughter and Child of Seignior *Augustino Placido*, and the other, *Donna Bertranna de Troes*, likewise the only child and daughter of Seignior *Thomaso de Troes*, the first native of *Ferenzolo* in *Pulia*, and the second of *Materana* in *Calabria*, both of them being exceeding rich and well-descended Gentlemen, who with their Wives and Daughters, for the most part, built up their residence in *Naples*, but especially all the winter-time. Now because these two young Gentlewomen (whom henceforth we will term by their Christian, and not by their Surnames) are two of the chiefest Personages which give life to this History, therefore I hold it not impertinent for me, superficially to give the Reader their different characters and delineations. *Ursina* was past the twentieth year of her age, and *Bertranna* entering into her eighteenth. *Ursina* was tall and slender, *Bertranna* short and somewhat crook-backed. *Ursina* was the fairer of the two; but *Bertranna* by far the subtilter and wiser. *Ursina* was of a deep Amber hair, but *Bertranna* of a coal-black: and, to conclude this point, *Ursina* was affable and courteous, but *Bertranna* coy, proud, and malicious.

The truth and order of this History must here inform us, That although these two rich young Gentlewomen had divers brave Gallants who were suitors to them for marriage, yet none of them so dearly and passionately loved *Ursina*, as the Baron of *Sanctifiore* of *Capua*, a very rich young Noble man, but far more proper than wife; and withal, far more lascivious than rich; nor did or could *Bertranna* in her heart and mind affect any other but the said Baron; neither was it possible for her Father *De Troes* to perswade or draw her to desire any other Nobleman or Gentleman for her Husband, than him. Thus we see *Sanctifiore* deeply to love *Ursina*, and *Bertranna* him, but not he her; and we shall not go far till we likewise see what effects these their different affections will produce.

Whiles *Ursina* is assured of *Sanctifiore's* love to her, *Bertranna* contrariwise, by her self and her friends, makes it her chiefest care and ambition to perswade and draw him to forsake *Ursina*, and to love and marry her self; but she will find more opposition and difficulty therein, than she expects. True it is, that although the Baron of *Sanctifiore* do continually frequent *Placido's* house, and his Daughter *Ursina's* company; yet understanding and considering with himself, that *Bertranna* honoured him with her constant love and affection, he therefore held himself in a manner bound sometimes to see and visit her, although indeed it was every way more to content and please her, than himself; where, albeit that her policy to her self, and her affection to him, gives him many quips and jerks of his Mistress *Ursina*; yet his reputation and discretion makes him comport his actions and speeches so equally towards *Bertranna*, that although he give her little cause to hope, yet he gives her none to despair of his love and affection to her, in requital of hers to him; and upon these and no other terms stand *Sanctifiore* and *Bertranna*. But as for *Ursina*, her hopes and heart of *Sanctifiore's* affection to her, fails on with a more pleasing and joyful gale of wind: for she loving him as deeply as he doth her dearly, she accounts her self his, and he hers; as we may the more particularly and perfectly perceive, by four Love-letters of theirs, which secretly and interchangeably pass between them; the which, for the Reader's better satisfaction, I thought good here to insert and publish; whereof his first to her spake thus:

SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

THE sweetness of thy Beauty, and the excellency of thy Virtues, have so fully taken up my thoughts and so firmly surprised and vanquished my heart, that I am so much thine both by conquest and duty, as I know not whether I do more affect or honour, or more admire or adore thee. Wherefore if thou art as courteous as fair, and as loving to me, as I am faithful to thy self, then return me thy love, as I now give and send thee mine; and assure thy self, that my affection is so infinite and intimate, that I love and desire thee a thousand times more than mine own life, and will esteem my death both sweet and happy, if thou wilt henceforth live mine by purchase, as I am now thine by promise. Thy will shall be my Law; and as there is a God in Heaven, so *Ursina* hath not so fervent a Lover or vnder a Servant on Earth as her.

SANCTIFIORE.

Ursina's Answer hereunto was couched in these terms:

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

If thy heart be as full of affection, as thy Letter is of flattery to me, I should then have a just cause to thank fully to believe that, as now I have to suspect and fear this: For the iniquity of our times, and the misery of many former examples, do prompt and tell me, that most men love more with their tongues,

tongues, than with their hearts; and that they all know far better how to profess than preserve their affections and fidelity to their Mistress. As for me, judge with thyself how courteous and loving I am to thee: for if I perfectly knew that thy Letter were the true Ambassador and unfeigned Echoes of thy heart, I would both say and promise thee, that I would love thee, and none but thee: Make my self thy Wife, when and as soon as thou wilt please to be my Husband: for in life and death I here now promise thee to be more thine, than mine own. Resolve me of this doubt and free me of this fear, and then manage this affection and favour of mine with discretion, and requite it with fidelity to thy

URSINA.

The Baron of Sanctifiore's second Letter to her, contained this Language.
SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

AS I am not guilty, so I am not answerable for other mens crimes of infidelity, but do as justly detect and scorn, as you unjustly fear them in me. That my affection is pure and sacred, and shall be inviolable to thee, be God my Judge, and my heart and conscience my witness. Therefore to remove thy doubt, and to free thy fear thereof, I vow by the pureness of thy beauty, and the dignity of thy virtues, that both my former Letter, and also this, are the true Ambassadors and Echoes of my heart, and, which is more, of my soul. I will shortly kiss thee for thy love to me, then love thee for thy kiss, and after embrace and thank thee for both; and when I fail of my affection and fidelity to thee, may God then fail of his grace and mercy to my self: I will make my self thy dear Husband, and thee my sweet Wife, when thou pleasest to crown and honour me with that sweet joy, and to ravish my heart with this desired felicity

SANCTIFIORE.

Ursina's Answer hereunto, was traced in these terms:

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

RElying on the purity of thy affection, and the preservation and performance of thy constancy in me, for the which thou hast invoked God for Judge, and thy heart and conscience as witnesses thereof, I now freely acknowledge my self to be thy Wife by Purchase, and thou to be my Husband by Promise, and do therefore wholly take me from my self, eternally to give my self to thee. I desire the enjoyment of thy company and presence, with as much impatience as thou longest for mine; and thou shalt find, that I will make it my chiefest care and ambition to love thee, and my greatest glory to honour and obey thee: and let both of us beware of infidelity each to other; for God will assuredly punish it with justice, require it with revenge, and revenge it with misery, on the Delinquents and Offenders.

URSINA.

By the perusal and consideration of these four precedent Letters, we may plainly perceive, what a firm promise, and secret contract there was past between the Baron of Sanctifiore, and the Lady Ursina, and how fervently and sweetly they had given themselves each to other in the promise and assurance of marriage, so not contenting to have gotting the Daughter's good will, he in very honourable fashion and terms likewise seeks her Father Seignior Placedo's consent thereto, whom though for some few months he found to be averse and opposite to his desires therein; yet upon Sanctifiore's importunate entreaties, and his Daughter Ursina's frequent tears, he at last consenteth to this their marriage, only he delay'd the consummation thereof for some secret reasons and considerations best known to himself, the which I cannot publish, because I could never gather or understand them. Whiles thus the Baron of Sanctifiore remains in Naples, his long stay, great train, prodigal expences there, and his absence from Capua, where his lands and means lay, made him be in some distress and want of money; and not knowing how to procure it there, thereby to support his fame and reputation with his pretended Father-in-law, and also with his intended Wife, his Daughter; it greatly perplexed and troubled him: but at last he saw himself reduced to this extremity, that he was enforced to borrow of one Nobleman and Gentleman of his friends, to pay another; a course which he well saw could not long endure and subsist, without clamorously calling his reputation in question? The which to prevent, knowing Seignior Placedo to be a hide-bound and close-fisted old Gentleman, who loved his Gold far better than his God, and that if he offered to borrow any of him, he would absolutely refuse and deny to lend it him; and that it was not impossible, but rather very probable, that hereby the prodigality of the one, and the covetousness of the other, might prove a great blot and hindrance to this his marriage; he therefore, as a debauched and vicious young Nobleman, despairing of his Father's love, resolves to make sure work with the Daughter's affection, who with a thousand amorous speeches, and lascivious lures, dalliances, and temptations, seeks to draw her to his lustful desires; and so by usurping on her chastity (which is the honour

honour of Ladies and the glory of Gentlewomen) to have carnal knowledge of her before he were married to her. *Ursina* (who loved her Sweet-heart *Santifiore* far dearer than the whole world, and yet her honour and chastity a thousand times more dear and precious than her own life) infinitely grieves and wonders at this his intemperancy and obscenity; when (as a chaste and vertuous Gentlewoman) she with sighs and tears lays before his eyes and consideration, and represents to his heart and soul, the lewdness of his desire, the impiety of his request, the foulness and odiousness of this fact, both to God and man, the loss of her reputation and honour, both with her Father and with all the World; and that in the end, it would assuredly prove the break-neck of their marriage, and consequently the ruin of both their contents and fortunes; as also that she is ready to be his Wife, but disdaineth to prove his Strumpet, with many other wise and godly reasons tending that way, and therefore utterly refuseth to blemish or shipwrack her chastity, by participating with him in the share of this lascivious and impious sin of fornication, and indeed it had been a happiness and glory, very worthy both of her self, and of her honourable old Father, if she had lived in the purity, and continued in the piety of this chaste and virtuous resolution.

But this lascivious Baron *Santifiore*, seeing his lust so strongly opposed by her chastity, he is so far from grace and from God, as he redoubleth his violence and impetuosity thereof, as also of his lures and prayers, of his art and policy, to enrich himself with her loss of that inestimable and irrecoverable Jewel her Virginity, so that day and night she cannot be in quiet for him, nor he without her; but still he follows her as her ghost and shadow, and with many false oaths and feigned sighs and tears, doth bewitch or rather misfertilize into her ears and heart, that his desire of this sweet pleasure which he requesteth from her, proceeds wholly from his tender affection to her; and so with a thousand lascivious words he makes so large and so impious an Apology to her for this his obscene request, that because modesty cannot and discretion will not permit me to relate it, as well knowing, that the expression and publishing thereof, will every way prove unprofitable to the Reader, and no way pleasing but displeasing to God: when this weak and inconsiderate Gentlewoman, loving him far dearer than her own life, and confidently relying on his sworn affection and fidelity to her, which he so passionately and so often had reiterated to her; she so rashly and foolishly permitted her self to be weighed down, overcome and vanquished with the importunancy of his requests and oaths, that it was neither in her power or will to deny him any thing, no not her self; but as she formerly had given him the full command of her heart, now she likewise gives him the free use and possession of her body.

Thus *Santifiore* bereaves and unparadise his Mistress *Ursina* of the most precious Jewel which ever Lady-Nature gave her; I mean, her chastity and honour: but both of them shall shortly pay dear for these their bitter-sweet pleasures, (or rather sins) of sensuality and fornication, and shall redeem and ransom them with no less than shame and repentance: The manner whereof is thus.

After he had thus deflowered and taken his obscene pleasure of his young and beautiful Mistress, and stayed an hour or two Complementing with her, he then takes his leave of her; when triumphing more in the conquest of her shame, and his folly, than in his own repentance for occasioning the one and committing the other: he within a week or two after, again makes her so flexible and tractable to his desires, as he three or four times more familiarly wantonizeth with her in this lascivious manner, and she with him; as not contented to stain and blemish, but wholly to defile and pollute themselves in this their beauly sin of concupiscence and fornication. But here now begins his infamy, and her grief and misery: For, (as a base Nobleman) he forgetting his oaths and promises to her, and her extraordinary love and affection to him, and which is more, his honour, and himself, and his soul, and his God, he (by degrees) now begins to freeze in his affection to her, visiteth her seldom, and then but faintly and coldly; and when (with equal blushes and tears) she mentioneth him to Marry her he is either deaf to her requests, or else answereth her so impertinently and ambiguously, as (with much perturbation of mind and affliction of heart) she begins to suspect and doubt with her self, that she hath more reason to fear, than cause to hope of his future affection and fidelity towards her: Neither is her fear vain, or her judgment and apprehension deceived of him herein: for as men love Nose-gays in the morn, and throw them away ere night, so this ignoble Nobleman *Santifiore*, after he had surfeited and satiated his desire of this his intended and contracted Wife *Ursina*, he in less then three months after, is so ingrateful and treacherous towards her as in a manner he abandoneth her Father's house, and forsakes her sight and company, leaving her nothing to comfort her, but her sighs, tears, and repentance; and which is worse, a growing great Belly, as the true seal of her present grief and sorrow, and the undoubted pledge

and preface of her future shame and misery, which torments and terrifies her heart and soul, but how to remedy it she knows not. And now (with as much speed as vanity and infidelity) away goes *Sancliflore* to his other second Sweet-heart *Bertranna*, who not for her beauty, but for her Father's great wealth, and his own pressing wants, he now seems to effect and court a thousand times more familiarly and tenderly than before, whereof she is infinitely glad and joyful. For having a long time loved him in her heart and mind, and therefore desiring nothing so much under Heaven, as to see him her Husband here on earth, and having to that end her secret eyes and spies every where abroad upon his life and actions, she is at last advertised, that there is some great distaste and difference fallen out between him, and the Lady *Ursina*, as also that being far from home, he wanteth Monies to defray his Port and Expences in *Naples*; she being of a sharp wit and deep judgment, thinks that the last of his defects was the cause of the first, and that peradventure *Sancliflore* having attempted to borrow some Money of her Father Signior *Placedo*, and received the repulse, he therefore was fallen out and become displeased and discontented with his Daughter: And although her conceit and judgment missed of the truth herein, yet the better to estrange *Sancliflore* from *Ursina*, and consequently the more powerfully and strongly to unite and tye him to her self, she well knowing that her own Father *de Torres* exceedingly loved him, and desired him for his Son in Law, as much as she did for her Husband: she therefore, as much in love to him, as in disdain and malice to *Ursina*, doth under hand deal so politickly and yet so secretly with her Father to lend *Sancliflore* some Monies, that he meeting him the very next day in his house, he takes him aside in his study, and told him that in regard of his absence from *Capua*, and his long stay and great Expences here in *Naples*, it was rather likely than impossible that he might want some Monies, and therefore he freely lent, and then and there laid him down 500 double Pistols: adding withal, that if he needed more, he should have what he pleased, and repay it him again when he pleased, and that if he would honour him so much as to Marry his Daughter, he would give him all the Lands and Wealth he had.

This great courtesie of *De Torres* to the Baron of *Sancliflore* he held was redoubled to him in the value, in that he lent it him so freely and undemanded, as also for that it came so opportunely and fitly to pay his Debts, and satisfy his wants, as after a long and respective Complement between them, *Sancliflore's* necessity so easily prevails with his modesty, that he most thankfully takes this Gold of *De Torres*, and likewise gives him more hope than despair to his motion of Marrying his Daughter the Lady *Bertranna*; wherewith the one rests well satisfied, and the other exceeding well contented. This point of courtesie being thus performed between them, *Sancliflore's* joy thereof was so great, I may say so boundless, as he presently finds out his new Mistress *Bertranna*, and with a frolick countenance and chearful voice, relates her, how much her Father had obliged him, and from point to point, what had past between them, and immediately after no less doth her Father; the Musick of which news was so pleasing to her mind, and so sweet to her heart and thoughts, that she hereupon flatters her self with a confident hope, that he will shortly Marry her: and in this hope doth he still speed and entertain her, being seldom or never from her, but ever and anon both together billing and kissing, drowning his judgment so wholly in her company, and his heart ranging and dreaming so fully on her youth and beauty, and on her Father's great wealth and estate, that he hath not the grace, no nor which is less, the will or good nature once to think of his poor desolate and forsaken *Ursina*, of whom in her turn I come now to speak.

We have formerly understood with sorrow, and our sorrowful and unfortunate *Ursina* hath to her grief too too soon seen, how unkindly *Sancliflore* hath used, and how basely and treacherously abused her in the points of her honour, and his infidelity; and yet all this notwithstanding, her love and affection is still so dear and constant to him, and her hopes so confident of him, that all this discourtesie of his to her, is only but to try her patience, and that considering what familiarity hath past between them, it is impossible for him to be so cruel-hearted towards her, as in the end not to marry her. She hath likewise acquainted him, that she is with Child by him, and when all other reasons and persuasions fail, she hopes this will prevail to reclaim his affection to her, and to induce him to take pity of her, and compassion of his unborn Babe within her. But to refell and dissipate all these her flattering and deceitful hopes, and which is worse, to make her lose all hopes of this her desired happiness and good fortune from him, his new contracted and incessant familiarity between him and the Lady *Bertranna*, is not so privately carried and hushed up in silence between them, but she hath secret and sorrowful notice thereof; which so inflames her mind with hot jealousy, and likewise afflicts her heart with cold fear and apprehension, that she hath seduced and drawn his affection from her to her self, as also that he will utterly forsake her to Marry *Bertranna*, that she
fully

fully believes that the wind of his discourteous absence from her proceeds from this point of the compass. Wherefore fearing that which she already knows, but far more that which she knows not of, this their familiarity between them, all her hopes of *Sanctiflore* are almost vanished and banished, and her heart is as it were wholly depressed and weighed down with bitter grief and sorrow thereof. She dares acquaint no body with her disgrace, much less her Father, and her looking on her great belly, doth both infinitely augment her sorrows, and increase her afflictions, in regard that that which should have been the cause of her joy and glory, she now knows will shortly prove the argument of her shame and misery. A thousand times a day, yea, I may truly say as many times in a hour, she wisheth she had been more chaste and less fair, and not so easily to have hearkened to *Sanctiflores* sugred oaths and temptations, as to have lost her honour and fortunes, in seeking to preserve them in her affection to him; she would fain draw comfort from all these her calamities, or from any one of them, and yet she knows not from whom, except from her *Sanctiflore*; when presently she checks her folly, and reproves her ambition for terming him hers, when she believes she hath far more cause to fear than reason to doubt, that he already is, or shortly will be *Bertranna's* Husband. And yet again, because excess of her sorrows hath more eclipsed her joys than her judgment, and more dulled and obscured her heart than her understanding, therefore judging it a Master-piece of her policy, if she can sequester and reclaim her *Sanctiflore* from *Bertranna*, and so retain him to her self in marriage; she to that end, that very morning sends for *Sebastiano* her Father's Coachman (whom she knew to be faithful to her) and taking off a rich Diamond-Ring from her finger, which *Sanctiflore* well knew, she bad him find out the Baron of *Sanctiflore* at his lodging, or elsewhere, to deliver that Ring as a token of her love to him, and to tell him, that she infinitely desires him to honour her with his presence at her Father's house sometime in the forenoon. *Sebastiano* accordingly finds out the Baron, and delivers him his young Mistress's Ring and message, by whom he returns this answer: Commend me to the Lady *Ursina*, and tell her I will be with her immediately after dinner. Whiles thus our sorrowful *Ursina* (betwixt hope and fear, grief and consolation) prepares to receive him, he arrives to her in his own Coach, and her Father's servants attending for him, conduct him up to her Chamber, where composing her countenance to affection, and yet to sorrow, she meets him at the door, and conducts him to the Window which answereth and looks into the Garden, where he giving her only one slight kiss, and the absenting her Father's servants, she bursts forth into tears and sighs.

She complains of the coldness of his affection, of his long absence from her, of the violation of his oaths and vows to her, and of her great belly by him, which she tells him he may better see than she conceal, but especially of his deep promise to marry her, praying him to set down the time and place when he will perform and consummate it, and that he would infallibly prove his shame and infamy, if he forgot himself, his honour and conscience, to forsake her and marry the Lady *Bertranna*, whom she affirms to him with tears, that she understands is the Mistress of his thoughts and heart, and the Queen Regent of his desires and affections. When this base Baron is so cruel hearted to her, as (preferring his fury to his affection, and his passion to his compassion) he replies not a word to all the former parts and branches of her speeches and complaints, but only to the two last he gives her this thundering and heart-killing answer: Know *Ursina* that I have used all lawful and possible means with my Parents to draw their consents that I might marry thee, but it is out of my power ever to obtain it of them, and without it I will never marry: as for *Bertranna*, she is not so much thy inferiour in beauty, as she is thy superior in virtue, therefore provide thou for thy fortunes, and so will I for mine; when with a look (which favoured no way of love, but wholly of contempt and indignation) he hastily throws her her Diamond Ring, and without once kissing her, or bidding her farewell, suddenly rusheth forth her Chamber, wherein he leaves her to her self, and her mazes; and so takes Coach and away, vowing to himself as he went forth the doors, that he will not be Father to a Bastard, nor Husband to a Whore.

Here let all virtuous Ladies and Gentlewoman, and all true-hearted and generous Noblemen and Gentlemen judge, if this *Sanctiflore* did not shew himself a most base Nobleman, and a cruel-hearted Tyrant towards this sweet and unfortunate Gentlewoman, sith the consideration of her youth and beauty in her self, of her tender love and affection to him, of his oaths and promises to be her Husband, of the loss of her honour and fortunes; yea, sith the sight of her lean and thin cheeks, wherein the Roses and Lillies of her former beauty were withered with her sorrows and his infidelities, and the sight and consideration of her great belly which he had given her, together with her birth and quality, and the infiniteness of her sighs, prayers, sobs and tears, could draw no more reason or compassion from him towards her.

And now it is, that at the sight and consideration of this his barbarous cruelty towards her,

her very heart and soul is wounded and pierced thorow with sorrow; and now it is that she looks back on her former folly and error, and on her present affliction and grief, and on her future shame and misery, and now it is, that deeming him lost to her for ever, and on her self consequently ruined without him; that her sorrows and miseries are so great, so infinite, that she is ready to drown her self in her tears, and most willingly desires to forsake this life and this world to fly up to Heaven, and to God, upon the wings of her sighs and prayers. But alas poor soul, thou art too unfortunate to be yet so happy, because these thy afflictions and sorrows do as it were but now begin; therefore thou must prepare and arm thy self to suffer them with patience, and to end them in less passion, and more repentance and piety.

Although this ignoble Baron triumph in this his cruelty towards his former love *Ursina*; and so speedily posse away and acquaint his new one *Bertranna* therewith, who as much rejoiceth, as the other bitterly weeps and laments thereat; yet (according to order) I must again speak of our sorrowful *Ursina*, who hath other more mournful parts, and lamentable passions to act upon the stage of this our History. Who having thus received the repulse and refusal from her treacherous lover *Sanctiflore*, she (within a month after) with a sorrowful heart and courage, resolves (as well as she may) to dispencc for a time with her tears, and to provide for her reputation, she hath as yet acquainted none but *Sanctiflore* with the disgrace of her great belly, for neither her Kinsfolks, Friends, Neighbours, Father, or his Servants, do as yet know it; she is of a weak body and feeble constitution, and therefore to conceal this scandal from her Father, as also from all the world, and to provide for the lying down of her great belly, she holds it requisite to discover this great and important secret but only to one, and so to crave the aid and assistance of this confident bosome friend. To which end, she thinks none so fit for her purpose, and therefore makes choice of no other, but of an old Aunt of hers, who was her Mothers Sister, named *Dona Mellefanta*, who being a wise and rich widow woman, dwelt at *Putzeole* some ten small miles distant from *Naples*: a place so famous for its subterranean Grotes, Vaults and Water-works; when inventing an excuse to her Father, which was as worthy of her heart and policy, as she was every way unworthy of these her crosses and afflictions; she tels him, that it is not unknown to him, how she hath a long time been weak and sickly, that the air of *Naples* is neither wholesome for her, nor pleasing to her; and because she hath often dreamt she shall in a little time recover her former health in *Putzeole*, she humbly beseecheth him, that he would speedily send her thither, to live some small time there with her Aunt *Mellefanta*. Her Father Seignior *Placido* whose age, contentment, and joy, lived chiefly in the youth, prosperity and health of this his only child and Daughter, makes her will and desire herein to be his, when not knowing any thing of the distaste that had past between his Daughter and the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, or of his affection to the Lady *Bertranna*; he demanded of her, when you are at *Putzeole*, what shall become of the Baron of *Sanctiflore*? to whom (rather from her apronstrings than her heart) she returns this wity and speedy answer; if *Sanctiflore* love me, he will then leave *Naples* and visit me, or if he do not, I will not love him; which reply of hers pleased her Father so well, that he causeth her to fit up her Apparel and Baggage, and within three days after, (attended on by a Chamber-maid, and a man of his) sends her away to *Putzeole* in his Coach to his Sister *Mellefanta*; where being arrived, she speedily and privately acquaints her Aunt with this great secret of her great belly, which so much imports her reputation, or disgrace, and also with all the circumstances thereof, and so prays her best love and assistance to her herein, the which she faithfully promiseth her, adding withal, that because she is of her own blood, she will regard and love her as her own Child, telling her, that she highly commended her policy, for thus blinding the eyes of her Father, and for leaving *Naples*, to come lay down her great belly with her in *Putzeole*; yet she could not chuse but blame her for the cause thereof, in suffering her self to be thus abused and betrayed, by so base a Nobleman as the Baron of *Sanctiflore*; but then again she excuseth that error of this her Neece upon the freshness of her youth and beauty; and bids her fear nothing, but to resolve to be here chearful, courageous, and merry with her.

Here we see our beautiful *Ursina* safe at *Putzeole*, under the wings and protection of her Aunt *Mellefanta*, and far off from the eyes of the known or suspected rejoicing enemies of her disgrace; lodged in a dainty house, a delicate air, having variety of curious sweet garments, and dainty ranks and groves of Orange and Lemmon-trees to walk in, well attended on, and fairs most deliciously; and who therefore would believe, that she would not now quite abandon her former sorrows and tears, and wholly reject and cast off that base Baron of *Sanctiflore*, who so ungratefully had ruined, and so treacherously had first forsaken and rejected her; but here in *Putzeole* we shall see her perform nothing less; for although she yet hold him to be intangled

in the lures of *Beatranna's* beauty, and the temptations of her Father *de Torres* wealth, yet judging his heart and affections by her own, and measuring him by her self, she still loves him so dearly that she nevertheless believes he cannot hate her so deadly, as to reject and repudiate her to marry the said *Beatranna*; when the more to fortifie her belief and resolution thereof, she very often again reads over his two former Letters which we have heard and seen, and therein finding, that by his conscience and soul, and by Heaven, and by God, he had bound himself to marry her, and to live and die her faithful Husband; she then believes that no man, much less a Nobleman, and least of all a Christian, will be so prophane and impious (without any cause or reason) to violate all these his great Oaths and promises so deeply made, and so religiously attested unto God; wherefore although this Baron of *Sanctiflore* were absent from her, yet seeing him still present in her eyes and heart, she therefore (in consideration of the premises) doth yet continually so plead for him against her self, and for his affection and fidelity to her against her suspicion and diffidence of him, that she yet flatters herself with a conceit, that in the end his conscience will so call home his thoughts, and God his conscience, that he will marry herself, and none but her self. Again, considering him to be the Father of her unborn Babe, she thinks her self a very unkind and unnatural mother, if she should not love him for her Child's sake as well as for his own, and that God would neither bless her nor her burthen, if she should any way neglect or omit him; upon the foundations of which reasons, (truly and courtcously laid by her, but so falsely and treacherously by him) she thinks it a good way, and an excellent expedient, for her to seek to reclaim him to her by a Letter, the proof whereof since his defection from her, she had not as yet practiced or experienced; but as she began to fall on this resolution, her hope and despair of *Sanctiflore*, and yet her love and affection to him make her meet and fall on a doubtful scruple, whether she should write kindly or cholerickly to him; but at last her affection to him, declined and excusing his infidelity to her, and her love and courtesie giving a favourable construction to his cruelty towards her, she holds it more behoveful for her desire, and his return, to write to him passionately and effectually, but not harshly or severely, and so to take the sweet and fair way which she desired, but not the sharp and bitter which he deserved: when flying to her Closet, she (full of grief and tears) writes him this ensuing Letter, the which, without the knowledg of her Aunt *Mellefanta*, she sends him to *Naples*, by her trusty messenger *Sebastiano* her Father's Coachman.

URSINA to SANCTIFILORE.

TO preserve thine own honour, and prevent mine own disgrace and shame, I have left *Naples* to sojourn here for a time in *Putzeole* with the Lady *Mellefanta* mine Aunt, where thy presence will make me as truly joyful and happy, as I feel and know my self infinitely miserable without it; For although of late (but for what cause, or reason, God knows, I know not) it hath pleased thee to exercise my affection and patience in thy discontent; yet in regard I am thy Wife by purchase, sith thou art my husband by promise, whereof the copies of thy former Letter will inform and remember thee, that thou madest God the judge, and thy soul and conscience the witnesses, I cannot believe that thou art so religious, or that thou bearest me so little love, or so much malice, to make thy self guilty of such foul infidelity to me, and impiety towards God, and I appeal to them all, if my tender and untainted affection to thee, have not every way deserved the contrary at thy hands. Again, as in hoping to marry me, I gave thee my heart, so in assurance and confidence thereof, thou didst likewise bereave me of my honour; and therefore if the counterpaine of that contract do any way fade or dy in thy memory, yet not confident, that the Original lives still in Heaven, as the pledge and seal thereof doth now in my unhappy Womb here on earth. Mistake me not, my dear *Sanctiflore*, for I write not this out of any malice, but out of true affection to thee, to the end, that thou mayest thereby seriously consider, and religiously remember with thy self, what I am to thee, thou to my self, and what that unfortunate innocent unborn Babe in my belly is to us both. And although I am thy Wife before God, yet I will now in all humility make my self thy hand-maid, and with a world of sighs and tears, throw my self at thy feet (and lower if I could) to conjure and beg thee; By my poor beauty which once thou didst so much admire and adore; by the memory of my lost Virginity, which thou wrestedst from me with so many amorous sighs and tears; by all thy deep oaths, vows, and promises which thou so religiously gavest me to remain still loving to me; by thy honour which should be dearer to thee than thy life; by thy conscience and soul, which ought to be far more precious to thee, than all the lives and honour of the world, yea for thy poor Infants sake; and lastly for Gods sake, abandon thy unjust displeasure and immerited discontent conceived against me; and, my dear *Sanctiflore*, come away to me to *Putzeole*, and there make with thy Wife in the sight of his Church and People, as I am already in that of Heaven and his Angels, I

say again, come away to me my sweet Sanctiflore, for thy sight will delight my heart, and thy presence and company ravish my soul with joy. It is impossible for Bertramna, either to love or honour thee the thousand parts so dearly as thy Ursina doth, and till death resolve to do; I will freely forget all thy former escapes and discourtesies towards me, and to attribute them more to her foolish vanity, than any way to thy unkind disposition or inclination; yea, I will not knit my brows when thou comest to me, but will cheerfully and joyfully prepare myself to fast thee with smiles, and to surfeit thee with kisses: But if contrariwise thou wilt not hearken unto me, or this my Letter, or regard these my requests and sorrows, nor obey and follow God and thy conscience herein, in speedily repairing to me, to make me thy joyful Wife: then what shall I do or say, but according as I am bound in affection and duty to thee, I will notwithstanding still resolve to love thee dearly, though thou hate me deadly, and to pray for thee though thou curse me; yea, I will then leave thee to God, and religiously beseech his divine Majesty, to be a just Judge between both of us, of my firm affection and constancy to thee, and of thy cruel ingratitude and treachery to me. Live thou as happy, as thy constant Ursina knows that without thee, she shall assuredly live sorrowfully and dymiserably.

URSINA.

Her Messenger *Sebastiano* arrives privately at Naples, and finds out the Baron of *Sanctiflore* in his Chamber by the fire, to whom he gives and delivers this Letter, who at first (knowing from whom it came) stood a pretty while musing and consulting with himself, whether he should read or burn it; but at last he breaks up the seals thereof, and with much ado affords himself the time and patience to peruse it, which having done, although he no way merited to receive so sweet and loving a Letter from *Ursina*; yet not blushing for shame, but looking pale with envy and malice thereat, he darting forth a disdainful frown, and tearing the Letter in pieces, throws it into the fire; when turning himself hastily towards *Sebastiano*, who stood near him, and saw all that he had done, he in great choller spake to him thus; Tell that proud and foolish giggle Ursina, that I disdain her as much as she writes she loves me, and that as now, for ever hereafter I will return no other answer to her and her Letters, but contempt and silence; when to express his greater fury, *Sebastiano* was no sooner forth his Chamber, but he very hastily throws fast the door after him; and in this furious and chollerick manner doth this bale *Sanctiflore* receive the love, and entertain the Letter of our sweet and sorrowful *Ursina*.

Sebastiano as much grieving as admiring at the uncivil choler and rage of *Sanctiflore*, presently leaves Naples, and carries home this poor news and cold comfort to his young Mistress the Lady *Ursina* at *Putzele*, the which he faithfully and punctually delivers to her, who expected nothing less but directly the contrary thereof. She is amazed to understand this his disdainful, barbarous, and cruel answer, and infinitely perplexed in mind, that he should first tear, then burn her Letter; and for converting his pen into *Sebastiano's* tongue for his answer thereof; But above all, that word of his, Giggle, kill'd her very heart with sorrow, to think, that for all her former courtesies shewed him, he should now at last repay her with this foul ingratitude and scandalous aspersions; at the sorrowful thought and consideration whereof, resolving to make her piety exceed his cruelty, she could not refrain from bedewing her roset cheeks with many pearled tears, nor from evaporating this heavenly ejaculation from the profundity of her heart, and the center of her soul: God forgive the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, and be merciful to me *Ursina*, a great and wretched sinner; had she continued in this godly mind and resolution, she had done well, but alas (notwithstanding the wholesome comfort and counsel of her Aunt *Mellefanta*) we shall shortly see her run a contrary course and career.

It is a common phrase and Proverb, that misfortune seldom comes alone, which we shall now see our sorrowful *Ursina* will verifie by her deep sighs, and confirm by her bitter tears for this discourtesie of *Sanctiflore* towards her, for she hath so deeply nailed it in her mind, and rivited it in her heart, that it begins to impair her health and strength, and consequently to pervert and alter the constitution of her body; so that whereas her poor unborn babe had lived but one full month within her, she now finds so many sudden throws, and unaccustomed convulsions, that she is speedily constrained to betake her self to bed, when calling upon her Aunt *Mellefanta*, and with all possible haste sending away for the Midwife, the after many sharp torments, and bitter crys and groans (to the great peril and eminent danger of her life) is delivered of a very pretty little son, which God sends into the world dead born: now although she want no curious care, comfort and attendance from her Aunt, in this her sickness and extremity, yet she weeps bitterly and pitifully, for the abortive birth and untimely death of her poor

poor innocent Babe and Infant; and because her Aunt sees, that this last affliction and sorrow of her Niece, doth infinitely encrease and revive her former, and that she also conceives a wonderful fear in her heart and scruple in her conscience, that it is only her immoderate grief and sorrow which hath killed her Child; therefore as a discreet Matron and wife Lady, (to remove this Article out of her Nieces belief and memory) tells her plainly and freely, that she is extremely deceived in that point and doubt of fear, and that it is not her sorrow, but the base ingratitude and treachery of her false Lover *Sanctiflore* to her self, which kill'd her Child within. A tart, and yet a true speech, which *Ursina* neither will so soon, nor can so easily forget, as her Aunt *Mellefanta* hath spoken it. But shall I here term this to be affection in *Ursina* towards *Sanctiflore*, or a needless vanity, or superfluous ceremony in her self, for she desires to kiss her breathless innocent Babe for his sake, which she doth; when giving it a thousand kisses, than washing his face with her tears, and lamenting and grieving that she could not breath life into it with her sighs, she recommends it again to her Aunt, and she the same night to its secret and decent burial.

Whiles thus *Ursina* remains very weak and sick in her bed, yet still her heart and affection looks constantly on *Sanctiflore*, as the needle of the compass doth to the North, notwithstanding all his base ingratitude, and cruelty from time to time shewed towards her; and because it is a thousand griefs and pities that ever he set his eyes on her, or she on him, and as many flames for him, first to seduce, and then to betray her; therefore who would any way commend her for continuing of her love to him, or rather, especially who would not infinitely blame her of folly, and condemn her for want of wit and judgment, ever any more either to hope or hearken after him. And yet this silly young Lady is so bewitched to him, as in the very midst of her sickness and sorrows, and contrary to all sense and reason, here breaks forth a sparkle and flash of her policy in her self, and of her affection towards him. She neither can, nor dare trust any other but *Sebastiano* her Coachman, with this great secret, (which so much imports her honour or disgrace,) or with this her message with *Sanctiflore*, from whom (though in vain) she expects some hope and content; when exempting all from her Chamber, she calls him to her Bed-side, and swearing him to secrecy, for want of strength to write, chargeth him presently to ride post to *Naples* again, to find out the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, and to tell him from her. That she her self is extrem sick, and not like to live, that she is delivered of his and her Son, who is dead born, and therefore she begs him, that for Gods sake he will speedily come over to her, because for his good, and her content, she infinitely desireth to discharge her mind and conscience to him before she go to Heaven. So *Sebastiano* (in discharge of his duty, and his Ladies command) seems rather to fly than post to *Naples*, where arriving at *Sanctiflore's* house, and finding him within, he sends him his name by one of his men, as also, that he most earnestly desires to speak a word with his Lordship: but *Sanctiflore*, knowing who it was, and therefore imagining from whom he came, bids his man carry *Sebastiano* back this answer, that he will neither speak with him, nor see him. *Sebastiano* is perplexed with this his short and sharp reply, but because his Message is of a great importance, as also for that he exceedingly respecteth and honoureth his young Lady and Mistress, he resolves not to return to her as a fool, to which end, at the foot of the stairs, he enquires of another of his servants, when he thinks his Lord will go forth, who tells him, he will take Coach within half an hour, whereof *Sebastiano*, being exceedingly glad, he thinks it best to stay for him in the streets, where (with much vigilancy and impatency) he attends his coming; so at last he sees him issue forth his gate, when presently *Sebastiano* placeth himself betwixt him and his Coach, and with his Hat in his hand, very resolutely and orderly delivereth him his Mistress her Message at full, the which *Sanctiflore* understanding he at first smiles thereat, but then presently again entering into choler, he rounds *Sebastiano* this answer in his ear. Tell that Strumpet thy Mistress *Ursina* from me, that I wish she were buried with her Bastard, and that they were both with the Devil; and so without speaking any one word more, in a mighty fume of anger and disdain, he throws himself away from *Sebastiano* into his Coach, and speedily hurries away to his Sweet-heart *Bertranna*, from whom he is seldom or never absent, to whom he revealed all that had past in this passage, endeavouring as much as in him lies, to make it to be her laughter, at his own contempt and scorn.

Now here ere I proceed farther, I know there is no Christian whatsoever, but that his very heart and soul will yearn within him, at the reading of these cruel, barbarous and hellish speeches of this base-hearted Nobleman, against our sorrowful and unfortunate *Ursina*, and her poor harmless deceased Babe, and no less doth *Sebastiano* in hearing, and my self in penning and relating them. Do I term him Nobleman? O let me (with respect and repentance) revoke that noble title from *Sanctiflore*, and to give him his due, let me term him, as he is, a monster

monster of men, or if he will a noble debauched villain, or whether he will or no, a meer Tyrant, or else a Devil in the shape of a man, to use such ingrateful cruelties, and hellish actions and speeches against these two innocent persons, who contrariwise, in the highest degree, deserved from him all manner of affection, respect, charity, pity and compassion; but let him look to himself, as well as he can, yet (God being as just as merciful) it is not impossible for him in the end, to pay dear for these his foul infidelities and cruelties.

Return we now to *Sebastiano*, who (by this time) is returned to *Putzeole*, whereof he presently sends up notice to his young Lady and Mistress *Ursina*, who still keeps her bed through discontent and sickness; but at the news of his arrival, or rather hoping that he had brought her some good news from her *Sanctiflore*; she (without any regard to her weakness and sickness) riseth from her bed by the fire, and calls her Chamber-maid for her night-Gown, which having drawn on, she bids her for a while to absent her self, and to send up her Coach-man *Sebastiano* to her; and although in his sorrowful looks and countenance she may already tacitely read a large lecture of the bad news he brings her from *Sanctiflore*, yet she calls him to her, and bids him speak on; but alas he speaketh too soon for her, for (with a faltering and trembling voice) he tells her the harsh entertainment which *Sanctiflore* gave to him; and his message in *Naples*, and the inhumane and cruel answer which he bids him return to her in *Putzeole* without any way adding or diminishing a word thereof: the which as soon as she understood she for the extremity of her grief and sorrow hangs down her head, and crossing her arms uttereth this passionate speech: Good God, is it possible that *Sanctiflore* will thus abuse me? or is this the favour which I must expect of him, in requital of those extraordinary courtesies he hath received from me? when walking up and down her Chamber, she thanks *Sebastiano*, and giving him some Gold for his pains, bids him to leave her, and to send up her Aunt *Mallefanta*, and her Chamber-maid to bring her to bed; who thereupon running up hastily to her, her Aunt chides her for that little care she had of her own health, but more for her foolish tears and indiscreet sorrows: Now after they had laid her in her bed, and that *Ursina* had purposely sent away her Maid, she prays her Aunt to shut her Chamber-door, and then to sit down by her beds side, for that she had some secrets of importance to reveal unto her; when with a thousand sighs and tears, bedewing the Roses and Lillies of her fresh and lovely Cheeks, she acquaints her from point to point, what had now again past between *Sanctiflore* and her self, in this second journey of *Sebastiano* to him at *Naples*. Her Aunt *Mallefanta* laughs as much at this folly of her Niece *Ursina*, as she her self weeps at her own sorrows and affliction; and having as much wit as the other had weakness, she makes bold to call her sot and fool, to care for him, who contemned and scorned her, and for setting that to her heart, which he did at his heel, yea, the advanceth further in this her passionate choler to her, and said, he, he Niece, sell your sorrows to buy more courage and wit, and so because that base Baron *Sanctiflore* detests and despises you, pay him in his own coyn, and do the like with him: a sharp and bitter speech, which *Ursina* (amidst her sorrows) now conveys to her heart, and it may be we shall hereafter see her to remember it, when her Aunt *Mallefanta* hath forgotten it: for poor Soul, she being as it were depressed and weighed down, with the multitude of *Sanctiflore*'s affronts and disgraces, and of his treacheries and cruelties to her, she hath wept so much, as she yet weeps because she can weep no more thereat; as if the difference of their constellations and horoscopes were such, that as *Sanctiflore* was born to hate her, so was she notwithstanding, (as yet) to effect and love him.

Alas *Ursina*; It is true indeed, that the least of these treacheries and cruelties of *Sanctiflore* to thee, are causes enough of all thy tears and sorrows; but yet the consideration and comparing of those with these, conducts and leads me to this dilemma; That I know not whether he be more to be blamed for committing the first, or thou for permitting the second, in regard they are every way more worthy of thy scorn than of thy care, and of thy contempt than of thy affliction. His ingratitude and crimes to thee, I know, are many in quantity, and very base and odious in quality, yea, the number is so great, and their nature so foul, that their recapitulation cannot be drawn within a smaller, nor their repetition contracted in a lesser or narrower volume than this; he hath betray'd his love, violated his faith, and falsified his oaths and promises to thee, he hath bereaved thee of thy Virginity, torn and burnt thy Letters, disdained to see thee, called thee giggler and whore; thy innocent Babe bastard, and which is worst of all, he hath willfully and cholerickly wished both of you to the Devil; so judge with thy self *Ursina*, if all these be not fair motives for thee still to love *Sanctiflore*, or rather if they be not just reasons and provocations for thee now at last to hate him, or if thou think they be not enough to work and establish this metamorphosis in thee. Have but a little patience, and it is not impossible for thee to find more to effect and finish it, for now whiles her Aunt

Mallefanta

Mellefanta is rating and rattling her for not casting off her heart and hopes from *Sanctiflore*, and *Ursina* (in counter-exchange) chiding her Aunt because she cannot indure that she should eternally love him, here falls out an unexpected accident (within a month after she had prettily recovered her health and strength) which we shall presently see will work and produce strange effects both in her heart and mind, as also in her affections and resolutions toward her *Sanctiflore*, for as yet (privately to her self) she many times so terms and styles him.

On a fair afternoon, when the Sun (that glorious lamp of Heaven) had in his fiery glistening Chariot taken leave of the South, and was posting towards the West, to view the *Atlantic* Seas, as the Lady *Mellefanta* carried her Niece *Ursina* forth in her Coach to take the air, and to recreate her sorrowful spirits, in a great walk of Orange-trees, orderly and pleasantly growing upon the banks of a fine Crystal Brook, about a mile from *Putzeole*, they afar off (in the Boot of the Coach) espied two Horsemen galloping directly towards them, when *Ursina* flattering her self with hope, and therefore blushing for joy, that it was her *Sanctiflore*, who was purposely come from *Naples* towards *Putzeole* to see her, she therefore cries out to her Coachman *Sebastiano* to stay the Coach, and to attend and expect them; when presently she sees her hopes deceived, and her joys ended as soon as began, for the one was a servant of *Mellefanta's*, who from *Putzeole* conducted thither to *Ursina* a servant of her Father *Placedo's*, who came from *Naples* with a Letter from him to her, whereupon the Aunt much wondering, and the Niece far more, what this sudden business might be, they both descend the Coach, and *Ursina* taking her Father's Letter from his man, she steps a little aside from her Aunt *Mellefanta*, and breaking up the seal thereof, (directly contrary to her expectation and desires) finds these lines therein:

PLACEDO to URSINA.

Hoping that by this time the sweet air of *Putzeole* hath recovered thy health, my will and order therefore to thee now is, that thou speedily return home to me to *Naples*, (in thy Coach) by the bearer hereof, whom I have purposely sent to conduct thee thither. I believe that thy Country absence hath lost thee a good fortune here in the City, for yesterday morning the Baron of *Sanctiflore* was (in the *Augustines Church*) married to *Dona Bertranna*, Daughter to *Seignior de Tores*, with great state and solemnity, whom I had well hoped should have been thy Husband. I remember my best respects to my Sister, thy Aunt *Mellefanta*, and my best prayers to God for thy virtues and prosperity, as being thy loving Father.

PLACEDO.

Ursina hath no sooner read this Letter, but every member of her body trembles for grief and vexation thereat, yea her sorrows are so great, as she cannot speak a word, when being ready to fall to the ground, her Aunt *Mellefanta* steps to her assistance, and so do the two men but they have all of them much ado to support her up, when at last wringing her hands, and looking up steadfastly to Heaven, she throwing her Letter to her Aunt to read, utters forth this bitter exclamation against *Sanctiflore*; And hath this base Nobleman at last requited all my love with this monstrous ingratitude and treachery! O why do I live to suffer it; and O wherefore should he live for offering it to me? Her Aunt reads her Letter, and in detestation of *Sanctiflore's* baseness, she adds fuel to the flame of her Nieces choler against him, but she needs not for this very last act of his Marriage with *Bertranna*, sets her all in fire and revenge against him, yea her heart is absolutely diverted, and taken away from him, as heretofore she never loved him so much as now she hates him; she swears to her self, that she will make him pay dear for this his ingratitude and treachery towards her, and limits her revenge with no less than his death for so basely abusing and deceiving her, she but now threw away his Letter for sorrow; but now she again takes it up for joy, because it calls her home to *Naples*, where as soon as she arrives, she again and again resolves and vows with her self, that she will murder him her self, or cause him to be murdered by some others: her Aunt *Mellefanta* by all sweet means and persuasions seeks to pacifie her discontent and fury, and so to appease and cool the raging tempests of her heart; but she speaks to a deaf woman, who is not capable either of counsel, consolation or reason, for her malice and revenge against *Sanctiflore*, have so fully taken up her heart and soul, and so absolutely surprized her thoughts, and possessed her resolutions, that she neither resolves nor thinks of any thing else, but how and in what manner she may murder him; to which end she takes Coach for *Putzeole*, there packs up her baggage, conceals her blood

dy intents and resolutions towards *Sanctiflore* from her Aunt *Mellefanta*, thanks her most lovingly and courteously for all her care of her, and affection to hers, the remembrance whereof she affirms, she will bear to her grave, and from thence to Heaven, and so within three days takes leave of her; and returns to *Naples* to her Father, who receives her with much content and joy, and is very glad of the recovery of her health, and yet perceives some secret discontent lurking in the furrows of her brows; but she dissembleth it both to him and the world, and so bears her self fairly, modestly, and temperately towards him in her speeches and actions, who all this while is every way Ignorant of her disgraceful great belly, as also of the birth and burial of her Infant-Child. She is no sooner come to *Naples*, but her deadly malice and revenge to *Sanctiflore* will give no truce to her thoughts, nor peace to her resolutions, for her heart having conspired with the Devil, and both of them against God, to dispatch him to Heaven; so now from the matter she falls to the manner, and from her consultation to the practice thereof. She first thinks it best to get him poisoned, to which end within ten days after her arrival to *Naples*, she sends for her own Apothecary named *Antonio Romancy*, and having sworn him to secrecy, proffers him two hundred Duckatoons to poison her mortal enemy the Baron of *Sanctiflore*; but *Romancy* is too honest a man, and too religious a Christian to undertake it; and so utterly refuseth her, and rejecteth her proffer; and then and there with many godly reasons and pious speeches, endeavoureth to dissuade her from this foul and bloody fact, but he speaks either to the wind, or to a deaf woman, for she is resolute not to retire, but to advance in this her cruel and inhumane design, only she here again strongly conjures this honest Apothecary to secrecy, the which he solemnly promiseth.

Ursina is still implacable in her malice and revenge against *Sanctiflore*, the which revives with more violence, and flames forth with the greater impetuosity, when she (by her secret spies) is given to understand, that he triumphed in her affliction and scandal, and reputes it his chiefest content and felicity, to have erected the Trophees of his joy upon the ruins of her Honour, and the demolitions of her reputation and fame, as also that she and this her disgrace is now become the publick laughter and private scorn and glory of his proud and ambitious Wife *Bertranna*: so she cannot endure the thought, much less digest the remembrance and consideration hereof, and therefore she speedily resolves to reduce her malicious contemplation into bloody action towards him, and to try another experiment and conclusion thereof. She in a pleasant morning; somewhat sooner than accustom'd, walks alone with her Waiting-Maid in her Father's curious and dainty Garden, but not to please her eyes with the delicious sight and fragrant smell of the great variety, of rare and fair Flowers, wherewith it was richly adorned and diaped; or to recreate and delight her ears with the mellifluous Ditties and Madrigals, of those sweet Quirriters of the Air, the Nightingals, Thrushes, and Lennots, who fate Chanting of some sweet Division in some Trees of this Garden, and on some branches of these Trees; or to preserve her self from the intemperate heat of the scorching Sun-beams; and therefore to pass her time either in some shadowed Walks and Arbors, or to sit her self down by some curious Crystal Fountain, with all which Delights and Rarities, this her Father's Garden was deliciously enriched and embellished; O no, nothing less, for she was resolute to make her self more miserable, and not so happy, because her thoughts were wholly bent on blood, and her resolution on the murder of *Sanctiflore*, at what price or rate soever. Having therefore formerly mist of her Apothecary *Romancy* to poison him, she else knows not any so fit or proper to dispatch him, as her trusty Coachman *Sebastiano*, who (as we have formerly understood) was both an eye and an ear witness, of this his base and ignoble cruelty towards her; wherefore she by her Waiting-Maid, sends for him into the Garden to her, and with many rueful looks, and sorrowful sighs, having first commended and applauded his fidelity to her, and then sworn him to secrecy to what he should now relate and deliver unto him; she tells him, that she cannot live except that base Lord *Sanctiflore* die, and therefore she proffereth him an hundred Spanish double Pistols of Gold, if he will either murder him by night in the Streets with his Rapier, or Pistol him to death abroad in the Fields, at his first seeing and meeting of him, to the which she very earnestly prays and requests him. *Sebastiano* was amazed at this bloody proposition and entreaty of his young Lady *Ursina*, whom he ever held to be more charitable and not so cruel-hearted to any one of the world; and although he be poor, yet he is so honest, virtuous and religious, as he highly refuseth to stain his heart, or dip his hands in innocent blood, for any Silver or Gold whatsoever. So in humble (and yet in absolute) terms, he gives her the denial, and (with tears in his eyes) prays her to desist from this her cruel purpose, because he affirms to her, that the end of murder proves most commonly but the

the beginning of shame, repentance, misery, and confusion to their authors; so she bites her lip, and hangs her head for sorrow at this his repulse and refusal; and yet so cautious and wary in her actions, as she makes him again swear secrecy to her in all things, which now doth, or hereafter may concern this business; the which he faithfully promiseth her, provided, that her command and his service, be every way exempt of the effusion of innocent blood, and the perpetration of murder, to the which he constantly vows to her; it is impossible for him ever to be seduced or drawn, and so he takes leave of her, and leaves her solitary alone in the Garden to her mazes; but yet as he was issuing forth, she again calls him to her, and strictly chargeth him, first carefully and curiously to inform himself, and then he her, of Sanctiflore's most frequent haunts and walks without the City, the which he likewise promiseth her to perform.

Our malicious and revengeful *Ursina* is not contented to receive the denial from her Apothecary *Romancey*, and the repulse from her Coachman *Sebastiano*, about the finishing of this deplorable business, but without making any good use of their honest and religious dissuasion of her from it, or without once looking up to God, or thinking of Heaven or Hell, she, as a fatal member and prodigious agent of Satan, is still resolute to proceed therein; for he is still so strong with her heart, because her faith and soul are so weak with God, that she sees not her self so often in her Looking-glasses with delight, as she both sees, and finds *Sanctiflore* in her heart and mind with detestation; for her malice to him hath quite expelled all reason, and banished all charity and piety in her self, and consequently now made her memoritive and capable of nothing but of revenge and blood towards him; which takes up every part, and usurps every point, both of her time, and of her self, and works so strange (I may rather truly say so miserable) a metamorphosis in her, as if she were now wholly composed of one or both of these two impious and diabolical vices; so that every moment seems a year, and every day an age to her, before she hath dispatcht him for Heaven: she now sees that she cannot (with safety) employ any other herein but her self, and therefore day by day, calling upon *Sebastiano* to know of him, where *Sanctiflore*'s usual haunt and walks were out of the City, he at last tells her, that he is fully assured, that most mornings and evenings, he takes his Coach, and sometimes his Page, but many times alone, and so goes a mile out of the City, beyond the Gate which looks towards *St. Germain*, and there in a dainty Grove of Olives and Orange Trees (near a small River side) he with his Book in his hand, and his Spaniel Dog at his heels, passeth an hour or two alone in his private contemplation, his Coach being sometimes out of his sight from him, and sometimes returns to the City, and so comes and fetcheth him back again; which report is no sooner heard and understood of *Ursina* from her Coachman, but she receiveth it with much joy, and entertains it with infinite content and delectation; she is therefore so cruel in her thoughts, and so determinate and bloody in her resolutions, as she will protract no time, but she speedily bethinks her self of a hellish stratagem and policy (no less strange than cruel) which the Devil himself suggested, and found out for her, to wreak her inveterate malice and infernal revenge in murdering of *Sanctiflore*; the manner whereof is thus.

She very secretly provides her self of a Frier's compleat Weed, as a sad Russet-Gown and Gown, with a Girdle of a knotty Rope, and Wooden Sandals, proper to the order of the *Bonnes homes* (which is the reformed one of that of *Saint Francis*) with a false negligent old Beard, and hair for his head suteable to the same, and in one of the Pockets of the Frock, she put a small Begging-Box, such as those Frier's use to carry in City and Country, when they crave the Charitable Alms and devotion of well disposed People; as also a new Breviary (or small Mass-Book) of the last Edition and form of *Rome*, bound up in Blew Turkey-Leather richly Gilt: but in the other Pocket thereof she puts a couple of small short Pistols, which she had secretly purloined out of her Father *Place-dé's* Armoury, and had charged each of them with a brace of Bullets, fast rammed down, with Priming-Powder in the Pans, and all these fatal Trinkets, she (with equal silence and treachery) packs and tyes up close in the Gown, expecting the time and hour to work this her cruel and lamentable feat on innocent *Sanctiflore*, who little thinks or dreams what a bloody Banquet his old Love, and now his new Enemy *Ursina* is preparing for him.

And here I writ with grief, that it was the Tuesday after Palm-sunday, (a time and weak which the blessed Passion of our Saviour *Jesus Christ*, makes sacred and famous, and which all true Christians in his commemoration ought to keep holy, and not to pollute or defile it with barbarous and bloody sacrifices) when our masculine Monster, rather our fernal fury *Ursina*, being assured by *Sebastiano* that the Baron of *Sanctiflore* was that day about three of the Clock

after Dinner gone out alone in his Coach to his aforefaid ufual place of Walking a Mile off the City in the Fields; the infinite glad of this defired occafion and longed for opportunity, bids *Sebastiano* make ready his Coach, and silently to leave it without the Poftern-Gate of her Fathers Garden, and fo prefently to come up to her Chamber to her, the which he asfoon performs; to whom the now (prophanely and treacheroufly) fays, *Sebastiano* (by the favour and mercy of God) I have exchanged my cruelty into courtelie, towards the Baron of *Sanclifiore*, and do therefore prefently refolve to give him a merry meeting in the Fields, whereat before our departure and return, I know thou wilt rejoyce, and laugh heartily at the fight hereof; the which indeed was very welcome and pleasing news to *Sebastiano*, to whom she then gives this little Fardel, and fo purpofely leaving her Waiting-Maid behind her, the cheerfully and fpeedily follows him to the Coach; wherein being feated, and the little Fardel likewife within by her, the bids him drive away with all fpeed to find out *Sanclifiore*, the which (armed with his innocency) he joyfully doth. Now as they are come within two flight fhots of him *Urfina*, bids *Sebastiano* not to proceed farther, but to drive in the Coach into fome clofe shadowed place out of the high way, where they might fee *Sanclifiore*, but not (as yet) to be either feen or fpiied of him; which accordingly he doth, where the defcends her Coach, draws off her own Apparel, and fo puts on her falfe Frier's Apparel, as alfo the Hair and Beard, having made and prepared all things fit and ready before; and here likewife the foldeth up the Trefles and Tramel of her own Hair under it and have purpofely flaved away, the Hair off a little part of the Crown of her Head; and all this while her Coachman *Sebastiano* turns her Chamber-Maid here in the Fields to make her ready, where he cannot refrain from exceedingly fmiling and laughing to fee what a ftrange metamorphofis this now is, that his young Lady *Urfina* is here become an old Frier, but ftill he hides and conceals her two Piftols carefully in her Pocket, from him, as alfo her bloody defignes and intents towards *Sanclifiore*, and whereof he was every way as innocent, as the her felf, and only her felf, is guilty thereof. Now being all in readinefs, he out of her other Pocket, takes her Alms Box, and holds it in one of her hands, and her Hours (or Breviary) in her other, and fo taking leave of her Coachman, and (with difsembling chearful countenance) charging him to pray for her good fortune, and fpeedily to bring up her Coach to her, as foon as he fees her wave her white Handkerchief towards him; fo, as a jolly old Frier, away this the-Devil foftly trips towards *Sanclifiore*, having piety in her looks, but prophanefs and barbarous cruelty in her heart and intention, and all the way as he goes, *Sebastiano* cannot refrain from laughing to fee this great change, and alteration in his young Lady and Miftrefs, but directly believing, that the in merriment went a Maying or Masking; fuch was his ignorance, that he leaft thought or dreamt, that she went to commit Murther, or what a Devil was here veiled and fhrouded under this Frier's Weed.

So (with more affurance than fear, and with far more impiety than grace) she goes on towards *Sanclifiore*, who was there alone walking and reading, to whom approaching, and giving him a duck or two, the holding up her begging-Box, and counterfeiting and old Frier's voice, prays him for the blefled Virgin *Mary's* fake, and alfo for holy St. *Francis's* fake, to beftow fomething on him for their Society and Order; which *Sanclifiore* (being alone, as having fent back his Coach to the City), refolving to do; he feeing that fair new Breviary in the Frier's hands, fairly takes it from him, and carefullh vieweth and perufeth it, which being that which *Urfina* aimed and looked for; she for manners-fake (but indeed purpofely and maliciously) fteps behind him, and very foftly drawing out one of her Piftols out of her Pocket, which was already bent, the levels it at the very Reins of his Back, and fo lets fly at him, whereof he prefently was falling to the ground; when (the Devil making her nimble and dexterous in her malice) in the the turning of a hand, she whips out the other Piftol out of her Pocket, and to make fure work with him, likewife difchargeth it in his breaft, and to make her inveterate malice and revenge to him the more conspicuous and apparent to all the world, as near as she could guefs to his very heart; of which mortal wounds made by her four Bullets, *Sanclifiore* fell immediately dead to the ground, having neither the power, grace, or happinefs to fpeak a word; and the, pulling off her falfe Beard, difcovered her felf to him, as he was dying, and fturning him moft difdainfully and maliciously with her foot, gave him this cruel farewel; Such death fuch Villains deferve, who triumph and glory to betray harmlefs and innocent Ladies: which having acted and faid, the waving her Handkerchief to her Coachman, he comes up to her with her Coach as fswift as the Wind, who is all amazed and in tears to behold the woful accident and fpectacle; for defcending fpeedily from his Coach, he finds the Baron of *Sanclifiore* dead, and his foul already fled and afcend-

ded from Earth to Heaven; to whom his Lady *Ursina* (in a graceless insulting bravery) says, Rejoyce with me *Sebastiano*, that I have now so bravely and fortunately revenged myself on this base and treacherous Baron *Sanctiflore*; but honest *Sebastiano*, (being as full of true grief, as she was of false joy) replies and tells her, Oh Madam! what have you done; for this is no cause, and therefore no time to rejoyce, but rather to lament and mourn for this lamentable fact and crime of yours, and not to dissemble you the truth, as much as you (in this fatal Frier's frock) did me your bloody intentions, I have far more reason to fear than cause to doubt, that your murdering of the Baron of *Sanctiflore* will prove the ruine and confusion of your self, except God be graciously pleased to be more merciful to you, than you have been to him; therefore look from his danger and misfortune speedily to provide for your safety; which as soon as he had said, he (in the Frier's weeds) speedily takes her up in the Coach, and then drives away a full gallop to the shadowed thicket from whence she came, where she casts off her Frier's Apparel, Beard, Hair, Box and Book, as also the two Pistols, the which they two wrap up all in the Gown, and throw it into a deep Ditch, or Precipice, and so he helps her to put on all her own Apparel and Attire, and then with more haste than Good speed drives home again toward *Naples*; and it was a disputable Question, whether our bloody and execrable wretch *Ursina* more rejoyced, or her honest Coachman *Sebastiano* lamented and grieved at this unfortunate and deplorable fact.

We have seen with what a malicious courage, and a desperate and prophane resolution, this cruel hearted Gentlewoman *Ursina* hath (in the habit of a Frier) murdered this unfortunate Baron *Sanctiflore*, and the Reader shall not go much further in this History before (if not in the same moment, yet in the same hour) he see the sacred Justice of God will surprize and bring her to condign punishment for the same, as if the last (as indeed it is) were co-incident and hereditary to the first, or as if it were wholly impossible for her to rejoyce so much here on earth for that, as God and his Angels do both triumph and glory in Heaven for this.

God's Judgments are as just as sacred; and as miraculous as just: so that all people should rather admire it with awful reverence, then any way neglect it with a prophane presumption. But our wretched *Ursina* will not make her self so happy to be of the first, but rather so miserable to be of this second rank; for she wholly despiseth God's Justice, and so absolutely forgets God himself, as she neither thinks of what she hath now done, what she now is, or which is worst of all, what hereafter she may be; but rather (as an inconsiderate and wretched Gipsie) laughs in her sleeve for joy, to have thus happily bereaved *Sanctiflore* of his life, who so lately and so treacherously had bereaved her of her honour and chastity. Whiles thus sorrowful *Sebastiano* is hurrying away his joyful murderer's young Mistress the Lady *Ursina* in her Coach towards her Father Seignior *Placido's* house in *Naples* (as thinking to make his way the shorter and securer) he drave his Coach on a narrow path by the side of a hill; it so pleased God (in his sacred Providence) as of his two Coach-horses, that on the out-side fell sheer over the path, and drew his fellow-horse, the Coach, the Lady *Ursina*, and her Coachman *Sebastiano* down the hill after him; with which sudden terrible fall the Coach was shattered and torn in pieces, she brake her right arm (wherewith she had discharged these two Pistols) and he his left leg, so that she had the power, but not the will, and he the will, but not the power to step to her assistance, only he leaps from the Coach-box to the ground on his right leg, and with his knife cuts off the stays and trappings of his horses; that they in their amazed fury might not draw the Coach and themselves after them; and yet such is her impenitency and his affliction, as she here was not half so much terrified, as he perplexed and astonished at this their misfortunate disaster, the which though she slighted, as only looking down to her self, yet he deemed and conceived it to be no less than a blow from Heaven, as looking up to God, and therefore that it was a fatal Omen, portending some dismal calamities and afflictions which were immediately to surprize and be-tide them.

As thus distressed *Ursina*, and her lame and sorrowful Coach-man *Sebastiano*, sit down on the bare ground, rather able to behold, than to know how to help one the other; and they both grieving to see their Coach lie torn on the Sea-side and shore of the Hill, and their two Coach-horses (without hurt or fear) licentious playing their frisks and figaries below in the valleys, neither he nor she knew what course to take for their present consolation and safety, and so to prevent the eminency of their danger; but at last she takes some ten double Pistols of *Spanish* Gold out of her pocket, and giving it him, she again makes him swear secrecy, never to reveal what he had seen her perform to *Sanctiflore*, the which (with more

reluctancy

reluctancy than willingness) he doth. Then as it was agreed between them, the by some loud cry and holla's should call in some contadines (or Country-labourers) to their assistance, whom they saw a good distance off very busily working in the Vines: the which as he was about to do, lo God (in his sacred Providence) so ordained, that the Baron of *Sanctisfore's* Coach came rattling above them, where they two late comfortless and sorrowful upon the ground: and in the Coach was his Page *Hieronymo*; who therewith was going to fetch home the Baron his Master, who perfectly seeing and knowing the Lady *Ursina* and her Coachman *Sebastiano*; and seeing her Coach lie by her all reversed, and shattered, and torn to pieces, grieving at this her disaster, he for the respect he bore her for the Baron his Master's sake, (whom he knew formerly loved her) takes his Coachman with him, and so descends down to her assistance, where being more fully acquainted, with the breaking of her arm, and her Coachman *Sebastiano's* legs he very humanely and courteously proffers her his Lord's Coach, and his best service to conduct and carry them both home to her Father Seignior *Placido's* house in the City, little thinking or dreaming, that she came from so cruelly murdering his kind Lord and Master *Sanctisfore*, or that his breathless body lay now exposed as a prey to the Fowls of the air in the field.

Sebastiano is much perplexed and grieved, but his Lady *Ursina* infinitely more at this unexpected encounter, and ominous meeting, of *Sanctisfore's* Page, Coach and Coachman, which threatned her no less than fear, and this fear no less than eminent danger and confusion, especially to her self, if not to him; when looking wistly and sorrowfully each on other, they know not how to bear themselves in the unfortunacy of this accident, neither dares she accept, or well knows how to refuse this proffered courtesie of the Page *Hieronymo*. But at last (despight of her self) she is enforced to embrace this opportunity, when making a virtue of necessity, she (though much against her will) is constrained very thankfully to accept, and make use of this kindness of *Hieronymo*, who leading the Lady *Ursina* by her left arm, and his Coachman, his by his right, they softly bring them up the hill to the Baron their Master's Coach, and so convey her home to her Father Seignior *Placido's* house in the City, who was then gone forth to sup with the Prince of *Salerno* (who by the Mother's side was his Cousin German) where *Ursina* (setting a good face upon her bad heart) gives the Page many hearty thanks, and the Coachman three Duckatoons for this their courtesie; so they take leave of her, and speedily return with their Coach into the fields to fetch home the Baron their Master, to whom they resolve at full to relate this accident; when *Ursina's* fears far exceeding her hopes, and knowing upon what ticklish terms and dangerous points both her self and her life now stood, she (in the absence of her Father) speedily resolves to provide her a swift Coach and so to fly from *Naples* to her Aunt *Mellefanta's* house in *Putzeole*, where she promiseth her self far more safety and less danger than here at home with her Father; but contrariwise we shall see that God is now resolved to deceive both her hopes, and her self herein, to her utter shame and confusion.

The Page *Hieronymo* being sorrowful for this Lady *Ursina's* misfortune, and yet exceeding glad that he had the happiness and good fortune to perform this fair office, and friendly courtesie to her, he now bid's his Coachman drive away or e the fields to that pleasant Grove to find their Lord and Master *Sanctisfore*, where being arrived he descends his Coach, and with his vigilant eye looks about every where for him, when alas he hath scarce gone forty paces off, but (directly contrary to his expectation) he finds him there dead on the ground, and most lamentably all gored, and ingraned in his own blood; at the sight whereof he bursts forth into many bitter tears and out-crys; yea, he throws away his hat, and tears his hair for grief and sorrow hereof, and no less doth his Coachman. They are here both of them so amazed with grief and astonishment, and with sorrow at this lamentable spectacle and accident, as they (for a quarter of an hours time) know not what to think or say hereof, as whether this their Lord and Master had here killed himself, or were murdered and robbed by Thieves; but at last this sorrowful Page *Hieronymo*, will stay alone weeping by the breathless body of his Lord and Master, and so lend away the Coachman in his Coach speedily to *Naples*, to acquaint their Lady *Dona Bertranna*, and her Father Seignior *De Torres*, with this sad and sorrowful news, whereat she almost drowns her self in tears, and very bitterly laments and sorroweth for it; so (being incapable of any hope, comfort or consolation) they do both of them take Coach and drive away into the field, where she almost murdered her eyes with her tears, to see her dear Lord and Husband lie thus murdered in his blood. They here see none in sight of him, neither do they know any body but themselves that hath seen him so by whom

whom, or how he is killed they cannot as yet either conceive or imagine, when the Father leaving his Daughter to wash and bedew her dead Husbands cheeks with her tears, he himself gallops away in his Coach to *Naples*, and brings thence along with him the Criminal Officers of Justice, first to know, and then to be eye-witnesses of this sad and deplorable accident; at the hearing and sight whereof (in nature and justice) they cannot refrain from equally wondering and grieving at it, when (to act the part in duty of themselves) they cause the Coachman to spread his Cloak on the ground, then to remove the dead corps from his blood, and to lay him thereon, and so they make a Chyrurgion (whom they had purposely brought with them) to unapparel and search his body for wounds, who finds and shews them, that he was shot with two Pistol-bullets in his back, and other two in his breast; when missing likewise of his purse, they all of them do confidently believe, that undoubtedly he was murdered and robbed by Thieves. The which the better to discover, the Judges sent their Serjeants and Servants, and *De Torres* likewise sends the Page and his Coachman searching and scouring all over the adjacent fields, to apprehend and bring before them all those whom they find there; who are so far from meeting of many persons, as they all of them bring in but one poor ragged boy (of some twelve or fourteen years old) who some two hundred paces off, kept a few Cows (which yielded milk to the City) and him they find sitting within a hedge in a ditch, whom they bring along with them to the Judges, where he sees this dead body lying on the ground before them, whereat, poor silly boy, he shakes and trembles for fear.

The Judges demand his name of him, who tells them he is called *Bartholomeo Spondy*: they further enquire of him what his Father is, and where he dwells: who replies, that his Father is a poor Butcher, named *Pedro Spondy*, and dwells at *Naples* in *St. John's Suburbs* (which the Judges afterwards find true) then these grave Judges, perceiving the poor boy to be bashful and timorous, they therefore bid him be of good cheer, and to fear nothing, for the which he thanks them both with cap and knee. Then they enquire of him, if he saw any one to come near and kill the Gentleman, to whom in plain and rustick terms he answered them, that from the hedge, within which he kept his Father's Cows, he saw this Gentleman walk alone by him self at least an hour, with a Book in his hand reading, and that then he saw an old Frier come to him, who as he thought begged some alms of him, whom he saw did shoot off two Pistols at him, and therewith killed him, for he then and thereupon presently saw the Gentleman fall to the ground: They again demand of him, what afterwards became of this Frier; who tells the Judges, that a Coach came up instantly to him and carried him away, but where, he knows not. They ask of him, why he had not cried out against the Frier, when he saw he had killed this Gentleman? to whom he makes answer, That he durst not do it, for fear least he would then likewise have killed him with his Pistols. The Judges farther demanded of him, whether this were a white, a black, or a gray Frier; to whom he answers, that he was neither of them, but that he wore a minime, or a sad russet gown and hood. Thereupon they thought it fit again to demand of him, how many horses this Coach had, and of what colour they were? to whom he affirms, that they were two black Coach-horses. When the Judges to conclude this query, and his examination, they demand of him what coloured cloak this Coachman wore, who tells them he wore a red cloak, and as he thought some white laces upon it: The which the pregnant poor little boy *Bartholomeo* had no sooner pronounced and spoken, but *Sanctiflore's* Page, *Hieronymo*, crys out and relates to the Judges, to his Lady *Bertranna*, and her Father *Seignior de Torres*, where, and in what manner and accident he some two hours since found the Lady *Ursina*, and her Coachman *Sebastiano*, whom he seriously affirmed wore a red Cloak with white laces, and that her two Coach horses, which they saw straying below in the valley were coal black, right as *Bartholomeo* had described them; adding further, that her Coach was broken with a fall, as also her right arm, and his left leg, and that out of respect and pity to her, he had carried both her, and him home to her father *Seignior Placido's* house, but he affirmed he saw no Frier either in their sight or company: all which relation of his, was likewise there confirmed to the Judges by the Baron of *Sanctiflore's* own Coachman, who was also there present; the which evidence of theirs as soon as the Lady *Bertranna* over-heard, she with a world of sighs and tears (as if she were suddenly inspired and prompted from Heaven) passionately crys out first to her Father, and then to the Judges, that God and her conscience told her, that doubtless *Ursina* was this devilish Frier, and her Coachman *Sebastiano* the very same damnable fellow who had here thus cruelly murdered her Lord and Husband, when throwing her self on her knees to their feet, she very earnestly begs justice of them, against them for the same, who partly concurring in the opinion and belief with them, they do here most seriously and solemnly promise it her.

To which effect, these Reverend Judges, leaving her Father, her self, and her Page and Coachman decently to convey her Husband's dead body home to their house in *Naples*, they themselves make great haste thither before, and presently send their Officer and Serjants to Seignior *Placedo's* house, there to apprehend the Lady *Ursina* his Daughter, and their Coachman *Sebastiano*, whom they both opportunely find issuing forth his Gate in a fresh Hackney-Coach, speedily flying to *Putzeole* to her Aunt *Mellefanta*, for protection and Sanctuary, so these fierce and merciless Serjants do presently divert and alter their course, yea, they furiously and suddenly rush upon them, apprehend and constitute them close Prisoners in the Common Goal of that City, placing them in two several Chambers; to the end they should not prattle or tell tales each to other; where they shall find more leisure than time, both to remember what they have done, and likewise to know what hereafter they must do.

Whiles thus all *Naples* generally resound and talk of this mournfull fact, and deplorable accident, and Seignior *Placedo* particularly grieves at these his Daughter's unexpected crosses and calamities, as also of those of his Coachman *Sebastiano*, the which he fears, he can far sooner lament than remedy; our sorrowful Widdow *Bertranna* (with the assistance of her Father *De Torres*) gives her Husband the Baron of *Sanctisfore* a solemn and stately burial in the *Fucillantes* Church of *Naples*, correspondent to his Noble Degree and Quality. And then within two days after, at her earnest and passionate solicitation to the Judge, *Ursina* and her Coachman *Sebastiano*, are severally convened before them, in their chief Forum (or Tribunal) of Justice, and there strongly accused by her, and charged to be the authors and actors of this cruel murder, committed on the person of *Sanctisfore* her Husband, the which both of them do stoutly deny with much vehemency and confidence, and when the little Boy *Bartholomeo*, is face to face called into the Court, to give in Evidence against them, he there maintains to the Judges, what he had formerly deposed to them in the fields, but says he thinks not that this Lady was that Frier; nor can he truly say, that this was the Coachman who carried him, although when his Cloak was shewed him, he could not deny but it was very like it; but *Bertranna* having now secretly intimated and made known to the Judges, all the passages that had formerly past between *Ursina* and her Husband *Sanctisfore*, as his getting of her with Child, and then (contrary to his promise) refusing to marry her, they do therefore more than half believe, that it was her discontent which drew her to this choler, her choler to this revenge, and her revenge to this murdering of him, as also (that in favour of some Gold) she had likewise seduced and drawn her Coachman *Sebastiano* to be consenting and accessory herein with her: Whereupon the next day they will begin with him; and so they charge him to the Rack; the torments whereof he endures with a wonderful fortitude and patience, so that (remembering his oath of secrecy to his Lady *Ursina*) he cannot thereby be drawn to confess any thing, but denies all, whereof she having secret notice, doth not a little rejoyce and insult thereat; now the very next ensuing morning, *Ursina* her self, is likewise adjudged and exposed to the Rack, the wrenches and torments whereof, as soon as she sensibly feels, God proves then so propitious and merciful to her soul, that her dainty body, and tender limbs cannot possible endure or suffer it, but then and there she to her Judges and Tormentors, confesseth her self to be the sole author and actor of pistoling to death, the Baron of *Sanctisfore*, in the same manner and form, as we have already understood in all its circumstances, but in her heart and soul she strongly affirms to them, that her Coachman *Sebastiano* was not accessory with her herein; upon which apparent and palpable confession of hers, her Judges (in honour to sacred Justice, and for expiation of this her foul crime) do pronounce sentence of death against her, that she shall the next morning be hanged at the place of Common Execution, notwithstanding all the power and tears of her Father and Kinsfolks to the contrary.

So she is returned to her Prison, where her Father (not being permitted to see her that night) sends her two Nuns, and two Friars, to prepare and direct her soul for Heaven, whom in a little time, through God's great mercy, and their own pious persuasions, they found to be wonderful humble, repentant and sorrowful. She privately sends word to her Coachman *Sebastiano*, that she is thankful to him for his respect and fidelity to her on the Rack, and wils him to be assured and confident, that she being to dy to morrow, her Speech at her death, shall no way prejudice, but strongly confirm the safety and preservation of his life. Thus grieving far more at the foulness of her crime, than at the infamy and severity of her punishment, she spends most part of the night, and the first part of the morning in Godly Prayers and

and religious Meditations, and ejaculations, when, although her sorrowful old Father Seignior *Placido*, by his noble Kinsman the Prince of *Salerno*, made offer to the Viceroy, the Duke of *Ossuna*, the free gift of all his Lands to save this his Daughters life, yet the strong solicitation of the first, and the great proffer of the last proved vain, and fruitless, for they found it wholly impossible to obtain it.

So about ten of the Clock in the morning, our sorrowful *Ursina*, is (between two Nuns) brought to her Execution-place; clad in a black wrought Velvet-Gown, a green Sattin-Petticoat, a great laced Ruff, her head dressed up with Tuffs and Roses of green Ribbon, with some artificial Flowers, all covered over with a white Cypress-Veil, and a pair of plain white Gloves on her hands: when ascending the Ladder, she, in the great confluence of people, who came thither to see her take her last farewell of this life, and this world (with a mournful countenance, and low voice) delivered them this sorrowful and religious speech.

Good People, I want words to express the grief of my heart, and the anxiety and sorrow of my soul, for imbruing my hands in the innocent blood and death of the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, although not to dissemble, but to confess the pure truth, he betrayed his promise to me of Marriage, and me of my honour and chastity without it, whereof I beseech Almighty God, that all men, (of what degree or quality soever) may hereafter be warned by his example; and all Ladies and Gentlewomen deterred and terrified by mine. I do likewise here confess to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to you all, who are here present, that I alone was both the Author and Actor of this foul Murder, and that my Coachman *Sebastiano* is no way consenting or accessary with me herein; and that albeit I once promised and proffered him a hundred double Pistols of *Spanish* Gold to perform it, yet he honestly and religiously refused both me and it, and strongly and pathetically dissuaded me from it, whose good and wholesome Counsel, I now wish to God (from the depth and center of my soul) I had then followed, for then I had lived as happy, as now I die miserable. And because it is now no time, but bootless for me, either to palliate the truth, or to flatter with God or man, the worst of his crime, I being his Mistress, which (after with my hands I had committed that deplorable fact) was to bring me home from the fields to my Father's house, and for assisting me to cast the Frier's Frock, the false Beard and Hair, the Alm-box, Breviary, and two Pistols, into the next deep Pit, or Precipice thereunto adjoining, where (as yet) they still lie; for this my hainous offence, (the very remembrance whereof is now grievous and odious unto me), I ask pardon first of God, then of my own dear Father, and next of the Lady *Bertranna*: and if the words and prayers of a poor dying Gentlewoman have any power with the living, then I beseech you all in general, and every one of you in particular, to pray unto God, that he will now forgive my sins in his favour, and hereafter save my soul in his mercy; the which as soon as she had said, and uttered some few short prayers to her self, she (often making the sign of the Cross) takes leave of all the World; when pulling down her Veil, in comely sort over her eyes and face, and erecting her hands towards Heaven, she was turned over. Now as some of her Spectators rejoiced at the death of so cruel and bloody a Female Monster, so the greatest part of them, in favour of her Birth, Youth and Beauty, did with a world of tears, exceedingly lament and pity her, but all of them do highly detest and execrate the base ingratitude, infidelity and treachery of this ignoble Baron of *Sanctiflore* towards her, which no doubt was the prime cause and chiefest motive which drew her to these deplorable and bloody resolutions.

As for her honest Coachman *Sebastiano*, although his own torments on the Rack, and now this solemn Confession of his Lady *Ursina* at her death had sufficiently proclaimed and vindicated his innocency in this murder of *Sanctiflore*; yet such was this Widdow *Bertranna*'s living affection to her dead Husband, and her deadly malice to living *Sebastiano*, for thinking him to be guilty, and accessary hereunto with his Lady *Ursina*, that her power and malice so far prevailed with the integrity of the Judges, for the further disquisition of this truth, as they now again sentence him to the double torment of the Rack, the which he again likewise endureth with a most unparalleld patience and constancy, without confessing any thing, the which his Judges wondring to see, and admiring to understand, and having no substantial proofs, or real and valuable Evidences against him, they now fully absolve and acquit him of this his suspected crime, when being moved in Charity, Justice, and Conscience to yield

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him some reward and satisfaction, for thus enfeebling his body, and impairing of his health by these his sharp and bitter torments, they therefore adjudge the Plaintiff Widdow *Bertranna* to give him three hundred Duckatoons, whereof she cannot possibly exempt or excuse herself.

And thus lived and died our unkind Baron *Santiisfore*, and our cruel-hearted young Lady *Ursina*, and in this manner did the sacred Justice of God requite the one, and condignly revenge and punish the other. Now by reading this their History, may God (of his best favour and mercy) teach us all, from our hearts, to hate this Baron's levity, and from our souls to abhor and detest this Ladies cruelty and impiety, *Amen*.

GODS



GOD'S Revenge against the Crying and Execrable SIN of MURTHUR.

A PORTUGAL HISTORY.

HISTORY. XXX.

De Mora treacherously killeth Palura in a Duel with two Pistols. His Lady Bellinda with the aid of her Gentleman-Usher Ferallo, poysoneth her Husband De Mora, and afterwards she marrieth, and then murthereth her said Husband Ferallo in his bed: so she is burnt alive for this her last murder, and her ashes thrown into the air for the first.

IN the general depravation of this Age, it is no wonder that many sinful souls are so transported by Satan, and their own outrageous passions, to imbrue their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their Christian brethren; and it were a great happiness and felicity to most Countries and Kingdomes of Europe, if they were not sometimes infected with the contagion of this bloody and crying Sin, which with a presumptuous hand seems to strike at the Majesty of God himself, in killing man his Creature; but because wishes avail little, and for that examples are more powerful and prevalent, and prove the best precepts to the living; therefore I here produce a lamentable one; of so inhumane a condition, that by the knowledge and consideration thereof, we may know how to detest the like, and to avoid the temptations in our selves.

In the famous Kingdom of Portugal; and within a very little League of Stremos, one of the sweetest and fairest Cities thereof, there (within these few years) dwelt a noble Gentleman of some fifty six years old, named *Don Alonzo De Mora*, issued and descended from one of the best

and famous houses of that Kingdom, as being Nephew to that great and wife Don *Christopher De Mora*, of whom the Histories of *Spain* and *Portugal* make so often, and so honourable mention: and although he were by his Ancestors and Parents left very rich in Lands and Possessions, yet his ambition and generosity carried him to serve his King, *Philip third of Spain*, in his wars of *Africa* and *Flambeck*, wherein he spent the greatest part of his time and of himself, won many renowned Laurels and Marshal Trophies of honour, and as an excellent Cavalier left behind him many approved marks and testimonies of his true valour and magnanimity. But (as all men are naturally constant in uncertainty, and subject and co-incident to mutations, and that the world full delights to please us with changes, and to feed our fancies and affections with different enterprises and resolutions) so our *De Mora* at last, calls home his thoughts and himself from war to peace, and now resolves to spend the remainder of his age in as much ease and pleasure as formerly he had done, the heat and strength of his youth in tumults and combustions; he now sees that there is no life nor pleasure comparable to that of the Country, for here the sweetness of the imbalm'd air, the delicacy of the perfumed and enamell'd fields, the unparallel'd pastime of hawking and hunting, and the free and uninterrupted access which we have to Arts in our study, and to God in religious prayers and meditations, makes it to be no less, than either an earthly Paradise, or a Heaven on Earth. For the Camp (despite of Commanders) abounds with all kinds of insolence and impieties, the City (despite of Magistrates) with all sorts of Vice, Deceit, Covetousness and pride, and the Court (despite of good Kings and Princes) too often with variety of hypocrisy, perfidiousness and vanity. To his own great Mannor-house near *Stremor*, therefore is our *De Mora* retired, with a resolution for ever, there to erect and build up his residence, making it his greatest delight to have his hounds and Grey-hounds at his heels, and see his hawk on his fist. Now the Arms of War no longer take up his thoughts and time, neither do the Drums and Trumpets, and the rattling peals and thunder of Muskets and Cannons, distract his days pleasures, or cut his nights sweet sleeps and slumbers in pieces. He is not addicted to women, but hates them as much as they love men; he spurns at love, and (in a disdainful contempt thereof) renews *Venus*'s Whore, and her son *Cupid* a boy, and which is worse a Bastard: in a word he professeth himself to be as great, and as mortal an enemy to beauty, as beauty is many times to chastity, and never thinks himself happy, but when either he is out of women's Company, or they not in his. He is so far from effecting any marriage, as he pitieth it in others, and for ever abjures and detests it in himself; he compares single life to Roses and Lillies, and wedlock to briars and thistles, and therefore in the highest and sublimest degree, scorns to have any Wife or Mistress in his house, to overmaster him.

But it is not for men to presume to point out their own destinies: sith we are but the slaves of time, as the servants of God, and therefore (in this regard) our actions are subject to Heaven, not to earth, and to God's appointment, rather than to our purposes: and to presuppose and think the contrary, is a presumption, every way unworthy of a man, but far more of a Christian, sith nature is subject to grace, and our earthly passions and resolutions must still stoop to a sacred power, and ever submit and prostrate themselves to a Divine Providence and supernatural Predominancy: It is therefore folly, not wisdom, and simplicity, not discretion in *De Mora* generally to proclaim hate to women, for that he is the Son of a woman, or to malign and disdain marriage, in regard he is the fruit and off-spring of marriage: for thus to violate and pull down the Temples and altars of Love, is obstinately to oppose nature, and prophanely to subvert the institution of God himself in Paradise, but he shall not continue long in the clouds of this error.

In a clear and sweet morning (as soon as *Aurora* leapt from the watery bed of *Thetis*, and purposely retired her self to give way to approaching *Phœbus*, who in his fiery Chariot, with his glistering beams began to salute and gild the tops of the highest Woods and Mountains) *De Mora*, attended by half a dozen of his domestick servants, goes into the fields to hawk and hunt, where having killed one Hare, and set up another, all his servants left him alone, and with the Hounds pursue the Hare, who tripping through the lanes and thickets, the Hills and Valleys, at last leads them such a dance, that in less then a hour, his Servants and his Dogs were a little league out of his sight; whereat being exceedingly offended and angry, and far the more, for that he was left all alone, he, not knowing how to pass or delude away the tediousness of the time, fate himself down upon the side of a fair Hill, or the foot of a pleasant Grove of Beech and Chestnut-trees, whose curled tops sheltered him from the scorching rays of the Sun, and there takes delight to behold how many frequent windings, and turning Meanders, the Neighbouring Crystal River made in that pleasant Valley, as also to see how sweetly the Troops of Snow-white feathered Swans, proudly

ruffled

ruffled their plumes, and disported themselves therein, in their Majestical and stately bravery; and how many malicious Fowlers, both in Boats and on the Bank of that sweet River, were curiously watching with their fiery pieces to murder those innocent watry-guests, who frequented there; and also how the patient Anglers (with their treacherous hooks and baits) betrayed many harmless Fishes, to their undeserved deaths. When *De Mora*, (impatient of his solitariness) listening with his ear, if he might either hear the loud cry and voices of his Hounds, or else the shrill rebounding Echoes of his Servants hunting Horns, He looking up towards the Sky, beheld a *Heron*, softly loaring, and proudly hovering over his head, as if she came purposely to bid defiance to *De Mora*, and his Goshawk which he held on his fist, and consequently to dare and challenge it to an airy combat; whereat *De Mora* being exceeding glad, and disdaining that his Hawk and himself should be thus out-braved by so ill-shaped and unmannerly a Sea-foul; he speedily riseth up, and (betwixt choler and pleasure) lets fly his hawk at her: But the *Heron* stretcheth her pinnions, and packs on her feathered sails so nimbly and proudly, that sometimes soaring aloft in the Air, sometimes descending, and still looking back with scorn on the Goshawk, as if she purposely took delight and sport, to see what infinite toyl and pain this malicious and ravenous Hawk took to surprize and devour her; so the swifter the *Heron* flew from the Hawk, the swifter the Hawk, redoubled her flight, and tugged away after her, when it being impossible for *De Mora* to reclaim his Hawk, either with his Bola's or Lure, at last both Hawk and *Heron* flew quite out of his sight, and which is worse, he was so unfortunate, as never after he could see either of them again.

De Mora being first highly displeased and offended for the absence of his Servants and Hounds, he is now doubly enraged with grief and choler for the loss of his Goshawk, and therefore curseth the *Heron* for thus seducing and betraying her away from him; when wearying himself to run from Hill to vale to have news of her; and in the end seeing both his labour and Hawk lost, he betakes himself to the afore said Grove, and (which much discontent and choler) first casting his Hat and lure to the ground, he then likewise casts himself thereon to repose him, still attending and expecting his Hunters.

He had not remained there above half an hour, but close by him passed an aged Country Gentleman, and indifferently well apparalled, with a very beautiful young Gentlewoman following him, clad in a Crimson Taffeta Petticoat and Walse-coat, trimmed with silver lace, with a large cut-work plain band, her flaxen hair adorned with many knots of white and crimson Ribbon, covered with a black Cypress-vail, having a rolling amorous eye, (the true Index of desire and lust); a Snow-white painted breasts open, but only a little hidden and over-vailed with curious Tiffeny, whose white purity, her pure white paps (intervened with azure) infinitely out-braved and excelled. She had her waiting-Maid attending on her, and her serving-man bearing his Cloak and Rapier after him, who that morning went some three Leagues from his own house to take the fresh Air, in that pleasant and delicious Grove, without the hedge whereof he had left his Coach; this Country-Gentleman, I say, passing by *De Mora*, and well and perfectly knowing him, he according to his duty, and the others merits, respectfully saluted him by his name, and the young Gentlewoman who followed him, likewise gave him a low and graceful courtesie. *De Mora* surprized with the suddenness of their arrival, and the sweetness of these their salutations, riseth up, and having first saluted him, and kissed her, he prays his name, who tells him he is a Gentleman that dwelt some three Leagues off, termed *Emanuel de Cusforo*: *De Mora* demands of him if this young Gentlewoman be his Kinswoman or his Daughter? who tells him she is his Daughter: when *De Mora* again enquires of him, if she be married or no, and what name and age she is of; *Cusforo* replies that she is unmarried, of some twenty years of age, and her name *Bellinda*. *De Mora* again tells him, that he is very happy in having so sweet and fair a young Gentlewoman to his Daughter, whereat the Father smileth for joy, and the Daughter blusheth for bashfulness and modesty. *De Mora* again questioneth *Cusforo*, if any business brought him thither that morning; who tells him he had no business, but only came thither with his Daughter to take the Air, and that he had left his Coach without the hedge; so they walk together some turns in this pleasant Grove, and from thence *De Mora* could not possibly refrain from gadding and gazing his enamoured eyes, on the Roses and Lillies of *Bellinda*'s sweet and delicate beauty; when *De Mora* acquaints *Cusforo* with his misfortunes, how that morning he came forth a hunting, that he had lost his Men, his Hounds, and his Hawk, and that this three hours he was there

left alone, and had no news of them, they together make many walks, turns and returns. When *De Mora* led by the lustre of *Bellinda's* lovely attracture, and rolling eye, he ever and anon proffereth to lead and conduct her by the Arm, the which *Cursoro* modestly and respectfully excuseth, as holding it too great an honour for *De Mora* to give, and his Daughter to receive: Here *Cursoro* proffereth *De Mora* to lend him his Coach to carry him home to his House, but *De Mora* freely and thankfully refuseth it, and in counter-exchange of this courtesie, proffereth *Cursoro* and his Daughter to accompany and conduct them to their Coach, the which undeserved kindness, *Cursoro* modestly refuseth of him. Thus (in point of honour and courtesie) they a long time stand striving and complementing, till at last *De Mora* hearing the cry of his Hounds, his importunity vanquisheth *Cursoro's* modesty, and so will or nill, he conducts him to his Coach, and likewise leads his Daughter *Bellinda* by the Arm and Hand, and by the way doth at least usurp, and steal many amorous kisses from the Cherries of her sweet lips, and damask Roses of her pure and delicate Cheeks, whereat she is more admired than pleased. As they are thus going towards *Cursoro's* Coach, *De Mora's* Hounds and Servants arrive all sweating and blowing, who (in redemption and requital of their long stay) do present their Lord and Master with a brace of Hares, and a wild white Fawn which they had kill'd, whereof he being exceeding glad, he very joyfully bestows the Hares on *Cursoro*, and the white Fawn on his fair Daughter *Bellinda*, who from thenceforth, he swears shall be his Mistress and his Love; *Cursoro* is too modest, and his Daughter too bashful to accept hereof, so they along time refuse these his presents, with many dilatory and complemental excuses.

But at last *De Mora* finds out a means and medium to reconcile this difference, according to his own will and desire; for he peremptorily swears to *Cursoro*, and his Daughter *Bellinda*, that they shall receive these poor presents from him, and that in requital hereof, he will to morrow come over to his house, and eat his part of them to dinner with them; upon which condition and terms *Cursoro* thankfully receives the Hares, and likewise causeth his Daughter *Bellinda* to do the same by the Fawn, the which (with a very low and observant courtesie) she doth: so he conducts them on to their Coach, and by the way wrings her by the Lilly-white hand, plays with the loose tresses of her sweet hair, her blushing Cheeks, dimpled chin, downy paps, and Alabaster neck, when taking leave of *Cursoro*, and a solemn concee of his Daughter *Bellinda*, which he again seals and confirms with many new kisses, they take Coach and away, and *De Mora* with his Servants and his Hounds returns home to his house.

Thus in a little time we see an extraordinary alteration, yea a wonderful change and metamorphosis in *De Mora*, but whether more strange or sudden I know not, for in the morning he went forth a free-man, and now before night comes home a slave and a captive. Heretofore he spurned at love and disdain'd beauty, and now the very first sight of our fair *Bellinda*, sets fire to his blood, and flames to his heart, so that his old blood is passionately and amorously inflamed with this new beauty; formerly he (in derision) termed *Cupid* a little Boy, now he holds him to be a great God; then he called *Venus* a Whore, but now he recants, that Atheism, and repents himself of that blasphemy, vomited forth against her Deity, and terms her a celestial and sacred Goddess; yea now in his heart and thoughts, he erects Altars to the first, and consecrates all his vows to the second. The small and strait waste of his honoured *Bellinda*, together with her sparkling eyes, and sweet cheeks and blushes, do amaze his mind, act wonders in his heart, and cast his thoughts into a confusion of many amorous raptures and extasies, yea the consideration of her sweet youth, and the remembrance of her fresh and delicate beauty, do (in his conceit) seem to make his age young, and to give the lie to those infinite number of white hairs, which time had snowed on his head, and showred on his beard. He a thousand times repents himself of his former error and crime in living so long single, and is now assured and confident, that there is no earthly pleasure, or heavenly delight, comparable to the heart-ravishing kisses and imbraces of his sweet *Bellinda*: he is ready to lay down all his Lands and Life at the feet of her commands and service, and esteems both of them too poor, for the purchasing so inestimable a Jewel; whom (in his determinations and Resolutions) he hath already adopted the Queen of his heart, and confirmed and crowned the Soverain Empress of his Soul, and the sacred Goddess of his desires and affections. He thinks not of the great disparity and Antithesis betwixt his declining age, and her fragrant and flourishing youth; nor what an unequal difference,

ference and disproportion there is betwixt his fifty and six, and her twenty years. He will not consider what a poor Sympathy and palpable Antipathy there is between such a *Janus* and such a *May*, but disdains to enter into consideration with himself, that he is every way fitter for his grave, than for her bed, and for death than marriage; yea, he flatters himself so far in his affection to her, as he hopes he shall be the joyful Father of many pretty Children by her, so that he is so deeply enamoured with the sweet youth of our *Bellinda*, and his heart so fast chained and entangled in the tresses of her hair, and the lures of her alluring beauty, that he, upon his first sight of her, incessantly thinks of her by day, dreams of her by night, and neither thinks nor dreams of any thing but of her, and of his love to her: so now he advanceth and raiseth the standards of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as high as ever he formerly dejected them, and delights in nothing more, yea I may truly say, in nothing else but in feasting his eyes and surfeiting his heart upon the heavenly *Idea* of her Angelical face and feature, he thinks so much of love, as if he were now wholly composed of love, and therefore purposely made to love *Bellinda*, and none but her. His Hawks and Hounds are now as far out of his mind, as he is out of himself, and no other delight or recreation whatsoever can take up any place in his heart or thoughts, because love hath already taken up all. He revokes to mind how *Macarius* was transformed into a Bird, for speaking against *Venus*, and that it is not his Case alone to be so deeply plunged and tormented in love, but that the greatest Captains, Philosophers and Kings of the World; and as Poets affirm, the gods themselves have been subjected, and vanquished with this passion, and so constrained them to make it their chiefest delight and glory to adorn the Temples and Altars of *Cupid*, with the oblations of their sighs, and the sacrifices of their tears.

Thus our *De Mora*, being at the first wholly inflamed with love towards his fair and beautiful intended Mistress *Bellinda*, he to seem far younger than he is, he is so vain in his affection, as (contrary to his custom) he shaves his beard, delights himself in an ash colour satin suit and cloak, with a white beaver hat, and a hat-band of Diamonds, a rich plain cut-work band, and a pair of green silk stockings, with garters and roses laced with silver, suitable thereunto, and so to perform his promise to *Curforo*, takes Coach the next morning, and rides over to him, but not so much to taste of his good cheer, as to feast his enamoured eyes on the delicious rarities and dainties of his Daughter *Bellinda*'s beauty; where he finds his entertainment and good cheer, at least to equalize, if not to exceed his birth, rank and expectation; but this is not the end and object of his visit, nor the sum and period of his desires; Dinner being ended, he acquaints *Curforo* with his affection to his Daughter *Bellinda*, and his suit to seek and obtain her for his Wife. *Curforo* wonders that so great a Lord should descend so low from himself to seek so mean a young Gentlewoman as his Daughter in marriage. But finding *De Mora* to be in earnest and not in jest, and understanding that his age was deeply and passionately enamoured of her youth and beauty; he therefore thanks him for that undeserved honour of his, promiseth him his best assistance towards his Daughter, and gives him no despair, but all hope and assurance, that he shall shortly obtain and enjoy her for his Wife. *De Mora* having thus won the affection and consent of the Father, he now seeks that of the Daughter, he takes her apart in the Parlour, where, of an old man, he plays the young Orator and Lover, and in sweet terms and sugred phrases and speeches seeks to gain her for his Wife; but *Bellinda* more considering *De Mora* his age, than the greatness of his Nobility or estate, she bites the lip and hangs the head at this his motion, yea, and seems to be as averse, as he was forward in this his research and pursuit. Her Father lays his commands on her to embrace this match and no other; he conjures her now to confirm, and not to cast away her good fortunes in marrying this great Nobleman, and vows that he will for ever renounce her for his Daughter, if she disobey him herein: so he conducts her into the Arbour of his Garden, and there freely and courteously again gives *De Mora* the opportunity and benefit to speak with her, and the desired happiness to kiss her; but *Bellinda* is as much perplexed in mind, as they are oblate in their motion towards her, when (composing her countenance rather to sorrow than joy, and to mourning than to mirth) she makes a modest excuse to her Father, gives no absolute or peremptory denial to *De Mora*, but fairly and discreetly craves of both of them a months time of respite to resolve on this great business, which (she saith) so much imports her happiness or her misery, her content or her affliction; which answer and request of hers, both her Father and *De Mora*, finding so full of discretion and reason, they severally grant, and joyntly consent to give her; but in all this interim, such was *De Mora*'s dear and tender affection to *Bellinda*, that he visits her many times in person, and very often with his rich gifts and presents, as holding it no irregular way, but a pertinent and prevalent course, first to make a breach in

in a young Ladies mind and affection, and then to enter and take possession, both of her body and of her self.

But before I proceed further in the Narration and Progress of this History, I must here unlock and reveal a secret mystery to the Reader of no small consequence and importance; for he must understand, that our *Bellinda* is not so chaste as fair, nor so honest as her education, youth and beauty presuppose and promise her to be; for her Mother being dead, and her Father giving her too much liberty, and too little virtuous counsel and exhortation, she for two whole years, hath been in love with a poor, yet with a very proper and resolute young Gentleman, of some twenty-five years of age, being a neighbour of her Father's, named *Don Fernando Palura*, who being deeply enamoured of her, had lain so close, so constant, and so strong a siege to her chastity, as (not to conceal the truth) first unknown to her Father, then to *De Mora*, and next to all the world, he had unparadised her of her Maiden-head, and under colour and hope of Marriage, had very often taken his lustful use and pleasure of her body, but his means being very small, and her belly not growing great, she was not yet fully resolved, but therefore still delayed to marry him: True it is, that her Father *Cursaro* was formerly acquainted with *Palura's* affection and desire to marry his Daughter, but as heretofore his poverty made him reject him for his son-in-law, so now the consideration of *De Mora's* great wealth and nobility, makes him fully to disdain him, and commands his Daughter likewise to do the same. But then considering the premises, and loving *Palura's* youth, as much as she hated *De Mora's* age; she was nevertheless so inconstant by nature, and so proud and ambitious by sex, as she could find in her heart and resolution, rather to be a rich Lady than a poor Gentlewoman, and so to leave *Palura*, to espouse and marry *De Mora*: but first her crime and her conscience make her send for *Palura*, and seriously to consider and debate hereon with him, which they do; so *Palura* perceiving by *Bellinda's* looks, and observing by her speeches that *De Mora's* wealth was far more powerful with her, than his poverty; and that she notwithstanding still aimed to keep him for her Husband, and himself for her friend; he at last tells her, That he will consent and content himself, that she shall marry *Don Alonso De Mora*, conditionally that she will first faithfully promise him, to grant and perform him three Requests and Articles. So she bids him propose them to her, the which he doth to this effect: First, That he shall still have the use and pleasure of her body, as heretofore, and as often as she pleaseth: Secondly, That from time to time she shall bestow some competency of *De Mora's* wealth on him, to support his weak estate and poverty: And thirdly, that if *De Mora* die before him, that within three months after his death, she shall then marry him.

Which three unjust demands, and ungodly conditions of *Palura's*, his sweet heart *Bellinda* (betwixt sighs and smiles) immediately grants him; yea, she seals them with many Oaths, and confirms with a world of kisses, and to add the more piety (I may truly say, the more prophaneity) to this their contract and attestation, they fall to the ground on their knees, and invoking God and his Angels for witnesses hereof; they with their hands and kisses, again ratify and confirm it: But poor sinful souls, how doth Satan abuse you, and your intemperate and lascivious lusts betray you? for God will not be mocked, and his holy Angels cannot be deluded by these your blasphemies and impieties, for you shall in the end see with grief, and feel with repentance, that this vicious league, and obscene contract of yours, will produce you nothing but shame, misery and confusion of all sides.

By this time is *Bellinda's* moneth expired, which she gave her Father and *De Mora* for her resolution of Marriage; and now do they both of them repair to her, to understand and receive it: when her pride and ambition, having far more prepared, and disposed her tongue, than her affection, she (as if she were a pure Virgin, yea a *Diana* for chastity) making a low reverence to her Father, and a great respectful courtesie to *De Mora*, delivers her resolution to them in these terms; That in humble obedience to her Father, and true affection and zeal to *Don Alonso De Mora*, God hath now so disposed her heart and mind, that she is resolved to wait on his commands, and to be his hand-maid and Wife, whensoever he shall please to make himself her Lord and Husband. This answer of *Bellinda* is so pleasing to her Father, and so sweet and delicious to *De Mora*, that in acceptance of her love, and requital of her consent, he gives her many kisses, and then claps a great chain of Pearl, interlaced with sparks of Diamonds about her neck, and an exceeding rich Diamond-Ring on her finger, and so most solemnly contracts himself to her, and within eight days after, in great pomp, state and bravery marries her, whereat her Kinsfolks and Friends, and all the Nobility and

and Gentry of these parts do very much admire and wonder; some condemning his folly, in marrying so poor and young a Gentlewoman, others praising and applauding her good fortune, in matching with so great and rich a Nobleman.

Here we see the marriage of *De Mora* and *Bellinda*, but we shall not go far before we see what sharp and bitter sweet fruits it produced; for here truth gives a law to my will, and so commands me to relate and discover, that he is too bold for her youth, and the too young for his age, yea, here I must crave excuse of modesty to affirm, that she is so immodest, as she finds him not to be so bold and brave a Cavalier as she expected, in regard the best performance to her, consists only in desire. Thus being in bed together, whiles he turns to his rest, so doth she to her repentance, but she knows how to repair and remedy this her misfortune, for whiles her Husband *De Mora* only kisseth her, she in her heart and mind, kisseth and embraceth her young and sweet *Palura*, who many times comes over in shew to visit her Husband, but in effect to see her; and as formerly, so now he lasciviously disports and wantonizeth with her, and (in a word) very often performs, and acts that part of love to her, which her old Husband cannot. Now within less then two months of their marriage, *De Mora* seeing that he is not capable to deserve, much less to requite the Dainties of his Wifes youth and Beauty; and observing also, that by degrees she begins to disrespect and slight him, and yet she is very pleasing and pleasant to all Gentlemen who abroad and frequent his house; as first he doted on her, now he grows jealous of her, and so far forgets his discretion and himself, that he curseth all those, who (in right of the Laws of Hospitality, Civility, and Honour) comes to kiss her, but more especially *Palura*, who he sees is so often at his house, and so frequently conversing with his young Lady, as at last his suspicion makes him jealous, and his jealousy confident, that, with too much liberty and dishonesty, he usurps upon his free-hold, and dishonoureth him in dishonoring his bed, and desiling his Wife; the which to discover, he begins to restrain her of her liberty, so that she sees, and grieves to see her self to be in a manner as much her Husbands Prisoner, as his wife, yea he sets many eyes over her, as so many Sentinels to watch her and her actions, and for himself, his jealousy gives him more eyes than ever *Argus* had, to espy out what familiarity past between her and her Sweet-heart *Palura*, *Bellinda*, takes this discourtesie and hard measure of her Husband in very ill part at his hands, yea, she bites the lip thereat, and though outwardly she seem to grieve and sorrow, yet inwardly she vows to requite and revenge it; he is so jealous of her, and so fearful that she plays false play with him, that as soon as ever *Palura* comes to his house, he carries his eye and ear every where, to see if he can espy and hearken out, his and his Wifes Love-tricks together, yea, he is so curious in this quest, and so vigilant and turbulent in this his research and disputation, as if he delighted to know that, whereof, it were his happiness to be ignorant, or as if he had an itching desire to make his glory prove his shame, and his content his affliction and misery. But as a mild and sweet persuasion is ever more capable and powerful to prevail with women than constraint, so our fair *Bellinda* is so disaffected with the Lunacy, and the phrenzy, and madness of this her Husbands jealousy, that she no sooner sees her *Palura* arrive in her sight and presence, but (despight of his suspicion and fear) she is so obscene in her lust, and so lascivious in her affection towards him, that she takes pleasure to seek pleasure, and extreemly delighteth to seek and find delight with him, which (according to her former lewd promise, and ungodly contract) she often doth. Now this foolish young couple (being the obliged scholars of *Cupid*, and the devoted votaries of *Venus*) think to be as wise as they are lascivious in these their amorous pleasures, for knowing that discretion makes lovers happy, and that secrecie is the true touchstone, yea, the very life and soul of love, they therefore esteem and keep the secrets thereof, as if they were sacred, and that no mortal eyes but their own can see or know it; But yet notwithstanding all this, *De Mora's* jealous fears in the detection, are still as great as their care in the prevention thereof; for the very next night after *Palura's* departure from his house, he purposely absenteth and excludeth his Wife from his bed, and the next morning calling her into the Garden, after him, and causing the door to be shut, he then and there, (with lightning in his looks, and thunder in his speeches) chargeth her of adultery with *Palura*. But this young Strumpet his Wife *Bellinda*, at the very first hearing of this sad and unexpected news, dissembles so artificially with her Husband, and so prophanely with God, as seeming to dissolve and melt into tears, she purgeth her self hereof, with many strong vows, and cleareth *Palura* with many deep asseverations. But this fanatick Tyrant, and frantick Monster jealousy, (which for the most part, we can seldom or never kill, before it kill us) had wrought such strange impressions in the brains, and ingraven such extravagant Chimera's in the heart and belief of old *De Mora*, that (notwithstanding his Wifes oaths and tears to the contrary) yet he still vows to himself, and her,

that she is guilty of adultery with *Palura*, and therefore chargeth her, that henceforth she dare not see him, or to receive him into her house or company. *Bellinda* hereat (to give her Husband some content in her own discontent) makes a great shew of sorrow, and an extream apparition and exterior appearance of grief: she sends for her Father *Curfuro*, acquaints him with the unjust wrong and indignity which her Lord and Husband hath offered her, and prays him to interpose his Authority and judgment with him for their reconciliation; who seeing himself solicited and sought to by his own blood, and by his Daughters hypocrisie, believes her to be innocent as her Husband *De Mora* thinks her guilty of this foul crime of adultery with *Palura*, and so undertakes to solicit and deal with his Son-in-law *De Mora* to that effect; which he doth, but with no desired success; so that finding it to be a knotty and difficult business, and upon the whole no less than a *Hecean* labour, because of *De Mora*'s wilful obstinacy and perverse credulity: he therefore prays for both of them, and thus leaves them and their difference to time and to God: and upon these unfortunate terms doth old *Mora*, his young wife *Bellinda*, and their marriage now stand.

In the mean time *Bellinda*, (who suffers doubly both in her pleasure and her reputation) is not yet so devoid of sense, or exempt of judgment, but she will speedily provide for the one, and secure the other. To which effect (seeming sorrowfully obedient to her Husband) she thinks it not fit that her *Palura* should for a season approach her house or her self; wherefore by a confident messenger she sends him this Letter.

BELLINDA to PALURA.

MY Husband hath discovered our affections, & is confident that I love thee far better than himself: wherein as he is nothing deceived, so I conjure thee by the preservation of thy fidelity and honour, to forbear my house and fight for some two months; in which interim I will use my chiefest art, and the utmost of my possible power to calm the storms and tempests that jealousy hath raised in him. So, be thou but as patient as I will be constant, and I hope a little time shall end our languishing, and again work our contents and desires; for though thou art absent from me, yet I am still present with thee, and albeit my Husband *De Mora* have my body yet *Palura* and none but *Palura* hath my heart, as knoweth God, to whose best favour and mercy, I affectionately and zealously recommend thee.

BELLINDA.

Palura receives this Letter, and although he fetch many deep sighs at the reading thereof, yet he gives it many sweet kisses for her sweet sake who writ and sent it him, he knows not whether he hath more reason to condemn *De Mora*'s jealousy, or to commend his Lady *Bellinda*'s affection and constancy to himself; and because he resolves to prefer her content and honour equally with his own life, therefore he will dispence with his lustful and lascivious pleasures for a time, purposely to give her beauty and merits their due for ever; so in requital of her affectionate Letter, he (by her own messenger) returns her this kind and courteous answer.

PALURA to BELLINDA.

I Am as sorrowful that thy Husband *De Mora* hath discovered our affections, as truly joyful that thou lovest me far better than himself; wherefore to prevent his jealousy and equally to preserve my fidelity with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know, sweet and dear *Bellinda*, that thy requests are my commands, and thy will shall eternally be my law, in which regard I will refrain thy house all thy long prefixed time, and so forbear to see thee, but never to love thee, because thy sweet and divine beauty, is so deeply engraven in my thoughts, and imprinted in my soul, that the farther I transport my body from thee, the nearer my affection brings my heart to thee. I will add my chiefest wishes to thy best art, and my best prayers to thy chiefest power, that a little time may work our content and desires: but because there is no torment nor death so languishing, nor no languishing to that of love, therefore I shall think every moment a month, and every hour a year, before we again kiss and embrace; conceal this Letter of mine from all the world, with as much care and secrecy, as I send it thee with fervent zeal and tender affection.

PALURA.

The perusal of this Letter, and the affection of *Palura* demonstrated in this his resolution, makes *Bellinda* asglad, as the jealousy of her Lord and Husband *De Mora* sorrowful, and now seeing his rage so reasonless, and his malice and obstinacy so implacable towards her,

he

he abandoneth her sighs and tears, resolves to make trial of a contrary experiment, and so under a female face, assuming a masculine courage and resolution, she slights him and his jealousy, as much as he doth her and her levity, and bears her self more highly and imperiously towards him then ever she did heretofore; but this animosity of *Bellinda* produceth not that good effect which she expects from her Husband *De Mora*, for he attributing this pride of hers to proceed from some bad counsel given her by her minion *Palura*, it doth the more enflame his jealousy, and exasperate and set fire to his indignation, both towards her and him.

Whiles *Bellinda* stands upon these terms with her Husband *De Mora*, his brains (as so many wheels and spears) are incessantly rolling and wheeling about the Orb of jealousy, to find out the marrow and mystery of this lascivious league between his Wife and *Palura*, in the agitation and conduction whereof, he is as secret, as the simple and inconsiderate, his Policy is to find out any Letter or Letters of *Palura* to her, and her Closet and Casket are the only places, as he supposeth, for her to hide and conceal them in. So on a Munday morning, as his Lady *Bellinda* is gone to the Parish Church to hear Mass, he purposely stays at home to effect this his secret intent and purpose, and then very privately enters her Chamber, and his jealousy makes him so industrious of Lock-smith's-hooks, and instruments to open any lock: So he first resolves to try and open that of her Closet, which when he was one the very point to do, casting aside his eye, he sees the Tawny Damask Gown which his Wife wore the day before, wherefore he flies to it to search and rifle the Pockets thereof, for her keys. Now *Bellinda*'s haste and devotion to the Church was so great, as both she and her Waiting-Gentlewoman, had forgotten the keys of her Closet and Cabinet, and left them in one of the Pockets of her said Gown, where her Husband *De Mora* finds them; whereat being exceeding joyful, he claps up his hooks and instruments, and (with equal jealousy and haste) opens first her Closet, then her Cabinet, wherein leaving nothing unsearched, he at last finds the very same Letter of *Palura* to his Wife *Bellinda*, which we have formerly seen and understood, the which (as the richest relique of her heart, and the most precious jewel of her content and affections) she had secretly enshrined and treasured up in a small Crimson Satin Purse Embroidered with Gold. He reads it over again and again, but for that which slid, I shall think every moment a month, and every day a year, before we again kiss and embrace; this line, I say, his extream jealousy makes him to read over, at least as often as it hath syllables, for this Letter and this branch of this Letter confirms his jealousy, and now makes him fully assured and confident, that his Wife and *Palura* have defiled his honour, and his bed, by committing adultery together; when vowing a sharp and speedy revenge hereof, he (with a panting heart, and trembling hand, lays the Velvet Purse again in the Cabinet, then locks it, as also her Closet and Chamber door, having first left the keys again in the Pocket of his Ladies Gown, and so comes down into the Hall among his Servants, as if he were happy to know that, which it is his misery, because he cannot be ignorant thereof.

By this time his Wife the Lady *Bellinda* is returned from Church; he dines with her, and yet he cannot dissemble his discontent and malice against her so artificially, but that she observes some disemper in his looks, and extravagancy in his speeches, but such is her pride, as she is no way either curious or careful thereof, nor as much as once surmisseth of what he had now performed and acted. Dinner being ended, as soon as she betakes her self to walk in the Allies and Arbours of her delicate Garden, her Husband *De Mora*, and his jealous and bloody resolutions are walking a contrary way; he is so nettled with jealousy, and stung to the heart with malice and revenge, as he ascends to his Armory, takes down an excellent Sword and Belt, a Case of Pocket-Pistols, each whereof he chargeth with two Bullets, calls for *Emanuel de Ferallo*, his Ladies Gentleman-Usher, who was a very proper young man, both of his person and hands, bids him to cause two of his best great Saddle Horses speedily to be made ready, and wills him to accompany him to the Town of *Arrajala*. *Ferallo* performs this order of his Lord, and then tells him that he will go into the Garden, and acquaint his Lady and Mistress with his absence, and to receive her commands before his departure; but his Lord commands him to the contrary, and neither to see or speak with her, so they take horse and away. Now within half an hour after, the Lady *Bellinda* returns from the Garden, and understanding of their departure, (in regard of the suddenness and unexpectation thereof) knows not what to say or think thereof, or whither, or about what business they are gone; but she neither once dreams nor conceives so much as a thought, that her Husband *De Mora* had found her Sweet-heart *Palura*'s Letter, much less, that he had any malicious or desperate attempt, so suddenly to put in execution against

him for her regard and cause, as to ride to *Arraiellos* to him, to fight with him.

The youth and beauty of his young Wife and Lady *Bellinda*, arming him with jealousy, and this jealousy with irreconcilable malice and revenge against *Palura*, he cruelly resolving to make his Body and Life pay dear for it, rides away towards his house near *Arraiellos*, and staying some half a quarter of a League from it in a fair green Meadow, sends his man *Ferallo* to him, and prays him speedily to take his horse, and come speak with him there, about a business which much imports his good; *Ferallo*, (knowing least of this quarrel, whereof his Lord and Master *De Mora* thought most) finds out Don *Palura* at his house, and in respectful terms, delivereth him his message; which *Palura* understanding, his guilty conscience makes him exceedingly to doubt, and wonder of *De Mora's* intention and resolution herein; but his lustful heart and affections, looking more on the young Lady *Bellinda* his Wife, then the old Lord *De Mora* her Husband, he speedily (without any servant of his) takes horse and rides away with *Ferallo* to him in the Meadow, where *De Mora* (on horse-back) impatiently attended his coming. Salutations being here ended between them, which *Palura* observes in *De Mora*, to be more short than ceremonious, and more abrupt than respectful. *De Mora* calls his Man *Ferallo* to him, and privately commands him to ride a Meadow, or two off, and not to dare to offer, either to stir or draw, whatsoever he see pass betwixt him and *Palura*, the which his Man *Ferallo* obeys, but with much wonder and admiration, what this business might mean or produce between them. Here *De Mora* very passionately and cholerickly chargeth *Palura* for abusing and dishonouring of him, by committing adultery with his Wife *Bellinda*; the which *Palura* retorts to him as a foul scandal, and false aspersion, and (as an honourable Gentleman) in his speeches and answer to *De Mora*, makes his own innocence, and his Wife the Lady *Bellinda's* chastity very apparent and probable: but these feigned excuses and false oaths and speeches of *Palura* do no way satisfy, but rather the more incense the jealousy, and in time the malice and revenge of *De Mora* against him; whereupon he shews him his own Letter, and with much bitterness and vehemency, demands him if that his own handwriting do not palpable convince him of adultery with his Lady. *Palura* is amazed at the sight of this his Letter, so that blushing for shame, he cannot here yet refrain from looking pale with grief and anger thereat; nevertheless, he will not be so ingrateful to the beauty and affection of *Bellinda*, to think that she hath betrayed him, by delivering up this his Letter to her Husband, but rather (giving a good interpretation and construction to the purity of her intents and affections towards him,) he believes with confidence, that he had sinisterly and surreptitiously betrayed her thereof; whereupon to fortify her reputation, and to vindicate and clear his own innocency, he (with high words and loud cracks) professeth his Letter to be false, suborned, none of his; and that it was written by some Witch or Devil, and sent by some treacherous enemy of his, purposely to affront him, and to disgrace his virtuous, chaste, and innocent Lady *Bellinda*; but these feigned palliating excuses of his, cannot pass current with the jealousy and revenge of *De Mora*, who now (to reduce contemplation into action) tells *Palura*, that nothing but his death can expiate and satisfy this his crime, and therefore (on horse-back as he was) draws his Sword, and bids *Palura* do the like. The which *Palura* hearing and seeing, he equally for the preservation of *Bellinda's* honour, and his own life, (as a brave and generous Gentleman) likewise draws, as highly disdainful to have his youth and courage outbraved by this old Cavalier; but here before they began to fight. *Palura* with many strong reasons, and pathetical persuasions, again and again prays *De Mora* to desist from the combat, and to rest satisfied with the truth of his Lady *Bellinda's* honour, and his own innocency in this their supposed and pretended crime of adultery: but he speaks to the Wind, for *De Mora* returns him blows for words.

The event and fortune of this their Combat on horse-back is, that in two several meetings and encounters, *Palura* hath received no wound, but given *De Mora* two, the one in his neck, and the other in his left arm, whereof he bleeds so exceedingly, as he begins to despair of the victory, and with his Pistols to provide for his own safety and life; they by a mutual consent divide themselves a little distance off to breathe. When *Palura* reining his Horse a little too strait, and his Horse being hot and furious, and by meer strength and force turning round, *De Mora* with his watchful and vigilant eye, taking the advantage of this favourable accident, (when *Palura* never once dreams or thinks of Pistols) speedily pulls his two Pistols forth his pocket, and most basely and treacherously, with the first shoots him through the head, and with the second into the reins of his back, of which mortal wounds he presently, fell off from his Horse dead to the ground, having neither the power to repent his

his sins, nor the grace or happiness to pray unto God for the salvation of his own soul; and thus was the untimely end, and lamentable death of this valiant young Cavalier *Palura*.

De Mora seeing *Palura* dead, and having more reason outwardly to rejoyce in this his Victory, than inwardly in the cause and manner thereof, he waves his Handkerchief to his man *Ferallo* to come to him, (who was an eye-witness, and spectator, and co-mate) which he presently doth; to whom he speaks thus; First, Acquaint *Palura's* Servants in his house, that I have slain their Master in a Duel; then ride home, and tell my Wife the Lady *Bellinda*, that I have sent her Ruffian and Adulterer *Palura* to Heaven, and within six dayes after come away to me at *Lisbon*, whether I am now posting; when throwing him some Gold for his journey, he takes leave of him and away, and at the very next Town dresseth his wounds, which prove hopeful and not dangerous.

Now doth *Ferallo* (according to his Lords commission and order) inform *Palura's* Servants of his death, and of his said Lord and Masters victory, but (for his honour and reputations sake) conceals that he basely and treacherously kill'd him with his Pistols; they are extremely sorrowful for this his misfortunate end: so while they fetch home his breathless body, and prepare for his decent Burial; *Ferallo* returns home, and trustly and punctually relates to his Lady *Bellinda* the issue of this combat; as also of his Lord *De Mora's* speeches which he commanded him to tell her, whom, poor Lady, is all in tears for the death of her Lover *Palura*; and well she might, in regard she loved him a thousand times dearer than her own life. Soupon the receipt of this sorrowful news, she shuts her self up in her Chamber, and for many days together, her grief and lamentations for his death are so infinite, as she will admit of no company, counsel, or consolation whatsoever; she considereth how deeply the misfortune of this disaster will scandalously reflect on her honour, and fall on her reputation, and therefore vows to requite *Palura's* death severely, and to revenge it sharply on the life of her Husband *De Mora*, who was his murderer, at least when she shall be so happy, or rather so miserable, to see him return to her from *Lisbon*. She exceedingly wondreth at his secret malice, and sudden indignation and resolution towards *Palura*, but more at the cause thereof, and from what point of the Compass, or part of Hell this furious Wind should proceed; when at last, having nothing else capable to comfort her, or to give truce to her tears, but the sight of *Palura's* aforesaid Letter sent to her, the which in tender affection to him, she for his sake had so often perused and kissed; she therefore passionately and pensively flies to her Closet, and with affection and sorrow to her Cabinet; to feast her eyes with the sight, and to delight and comfort her heart with the perusal thereof; when (contrary to her expectation) she finds the Letter taken away, her other Papers displaced, and her Jewels reversed in her Cabinet, and then she knows for certain, that it is her Husband *De Mora*, who had thus rifled her Cabinet, and who had bereaved and robbed her of this sweet Letter, which (next to *Palura's* sight and presence) was the chiefest joy of her heart, and the sweetest felicity and content of her mind; the which considering, she therefore absolutely believes, that the detection and perusal of this Letter, was the sole cause of her Lord and Husbands jealousy, as that of her sweet *Palura's* death; wherein indeed she is nothing deceived, for some six weeks after, he returns home to her from *Lisbon*, where (in favour of his Noble Birth and Descent, of his many great Friends, and of a huge Sum of Money) he (in absence of the Viceroy) had obtained his pardon, from the Chamber of that City, and the very first salutations that he gave his Lady *Bellinda*, (the which, I know not whether he delivered to her with more contempt or choller) was thus:

Minion (quoth he) how many Prayers and Oraysons hast thou said for the soul of thy Ruffian and Adulterer *Palura*? when she being exceedingly galled to the heart with these his scandalous speeches, she yet to justify her own honour and innocency, dissembles her grief for *Palura's* death, as much as her jealous Husband triumphs and insults thereat, and so frames him this short reply; That *Palura* was not her Adulterer, but a Gentleman of honour and therefore she besought God to forgive him his own heynous sin and execrable crime for so foully and basely murdering of him. *De Mora* nettled with this his Ladies Apology and justification, which he knew to be as false as her, and *Palura's* crime of adultery was true; he produceth this Letter to her, then reads it her, and in a great rage and fury, immediately tears and burns it before her face, now although the sight and knowledge of this Letter, as also her Husbands burning thereof, doth exceedingly vex and perplex our Lady *Bellinda*, yet she was herewith no way daunted, but again very boldly tells him; that she cannot prevent any Gentleman to write and send her a Letter; and although in the

conclusion of this his Letter to her had simply and sinistery mentioned kisses and embraces, yet she peremptorily vowed and swore to him, the first had not exceeded the bounds of civility, nor the last violated the laws and rules of honour; so wise and politick was she in her answers, and so false and hypocritical in her justification towards her Husband.

The which he well observing, and understanding, as also with what a pleasing grace she spake it, his own lustful age, yet still doting on the freshness of the youth and beauty of this his young Wife, seeing that *Palma* (who was the cause and object of his jealousy) was now removed and dead, he therefore for the preservation of his own honour and reputation of that of his Ladies, doth content himself so far, as to bury the greatest part of his discontent and jealousy against her, in the dust of oblivion, or in that of *Palma's* Grave; and to that end he affords her his Table still, and his Bed sometimes, as if that obligation of courtesie, would reclaim her lascivious thoughts, and again call home her wanton desires to chastity and honour, nevertheless, the better to effect and compass it, he much restrains her of her former liberty, and debars her the company and sight of all Gentlemen whatsoever, that come to his house. A peevish Custom, which the Husbands of *Spain*, *Portugal*, and *Italy*, tyrannically use towards their Ladies; whereas contrariwise the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *England* and *France*, are far more happy, because more chaste and honourable towards their Husbands, in using, and not abusing this their liberty and freedom.

Bellinda with a watchful eye, and a wanton heart, observes these passages and comportments of her Husband *De Mora* towards her, and in observing laughs at them; but because her lascivious mind incessantly tells her, that there is no Hell to that of a discontented Bed, therefore hating his age as much as he loves her youth, her *Palma* being dead, she forthwith resolves to make choice of another Lover, and at what rate soever, not to trifle away her time, and her youth idly, but to pass it way in the amorous delights of carnal voluptuousness and sensuality. To which effect missing of other Gentlemen, (and therefore enforced to make a virtue of necessity) she forgetting her self and her honour, makes choice of *Ferallo*, her own Gentleman-Usher, a man every way as proper as she is fair, and as well timbered as she is beautiful, and near of her own years, which as yet had not exceeded one and twenty; to *Ferallo* therefore she freely imparts her affections and favours, who as freely receives, and as joyfully and amorously entertains both her and them; so that to write the best of truth and modesty, I must here affirm, that as he was formerly his Ladies Usher, now he makes himself his Lords follower; and (unknown to him) very often ties her shoestrings, and takes up her Mask and Gloves for her; and many times when the old Nobleman is asleep, then this ignoble couple of unchaste Lovers are waking to their obscene pleasures, and secretly sacrificing up their lascivious desires to wanton *Cupid* the Son, and to lustful *Venus* the Mother, but they shall find Wormwood intermixed in this Honey, and Gall in this Sugar.

For three months together our *Bellinda* the Mistress, and *Ferallo* the Man, drown themselves in the impiety of these their carnal delights and pleasures, as if they made it the felicity and glory to continue the practice and profession thereof; but at the end and expiration of this time, as close as they bear this their adulterous familiarity from *De Mora*, it comes to his knowledge by an unexpected accident and means; for the Reader must understand, that *Ferallo* was heretofore dishonestly familiar, with his *Bellinda's* waiting-Gentlewoman named *Herodia*, who (under pretext and colour of Marriage) he had many times used, at his lascivious pleasure; so that *Herodia* seeing that *Ferallo's* affections were now wholly transported from her self to her Lady *Bellinda*, and that he slighteth and disdaineth her, to embrace and adore the other; she is so enraged with jealousy at the knowledge and consideration thereof, as she calls a counsel in her heart and thoughts, what to do herein, how to prevent it, and again how to reclaim, and regain *Ferallo* and his affection, from her Lady to her self; and she is so inflamed with jealousy towards them, as she can reap no peace by day of her mind, nor rest by night of her heart, before she have effected it; to which end, having ran over a whole world of remedies and expedients, she at last resolves on this, to acquaint her Lord and Master *De Mora* with this unchaste and obscene familiarity, between his Lady *Bellinda* and her Lover *Ferallo*, and her rage is so outrageous, as with infinite malice and celerity she performs it. At which unexpected and unwelcome news, our old Lord *De Mora*, hath now his heart anew set on fire with jealousy and malice, both towards his Lady, and her Usher *Ferallo*, so that he as soon believes as understands this their adultery, without ever making a stand, either to consider the truth, or to examine the circumstances thereof; whereupon, to make short work, and

to provide a speedy remedy for this unfortunate disaster and disease; he without speaking a word of it, either to his Lady *Bellinda*, or to *Ferallo*, suddenly calthreth him from his house and service, and in such disgraceful manner, as he will not so much as permit him to know the reason hereof, or to see or take leave of his Lady and Mistress; and from thence forth *De Mora* looks on her with infinite contempt and jealousy. For it galls him to the heart, first to remember her dishonour and dishonesty with *Palura*, and now far more to know that she is doubly guilty thereof with her own domestick Servant and Gentleman-Usher *Ferallo*; whereof he again restrains her of her liberty, and his jealousy so far exceeds the bounds of judgment, and the limits of reason, as he will difficultly permit her to see any man, or any man to see her; but as *Rivers* stopped do still degorge with more violence, and overflow with more impetuosity, so *Bellinda* takes this new jealousy of her old Husband, and this sudden exile and banishment of *Ferallo* her Lover and Gentleman-Usher in extrem ill part; and (after she hath wept and sighed her fill thereat) she then believes the prime and original cause thereof, to proceed from the malice and jealousy of her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Herodia*: wherefore being infinitely despighted and incensed against her; she (in her dear love and affection to *Ferallo*) to requite her Husbands courtesie, very discourteously turns her away, and for ever banished her, her house and service; and to write the truth, *Ferallo* likewise in hatred and malice to *Herodia*, will from thenceforth neither see nor speak with her more. But to verifie the English Proverb, that love will creep where it cannot go; although *De Mora* banished *Ferallo* from his house, and restraineth his Lady *Bellinda* of her liberty in his house, yet sometimes, by day, and many times by night, they (by the assistance of some secret Agents or Ambassadors of love) do in the Arbours of the Gardens, and in some other out-Rooms of the house very amorously meet, and most lasciviously kiss and embrace together. They hold many private conferences on their unlawful affections; and many secret consultations upon their unjust discontents: so at last both of them joyning in one wicked heart and mind, and (as matters are still best distinguished by their contraries) finding each others company sweet, and their sequestration and separation bitter; they so much forget their selves and their souls, and so much flye from Heaven and God, to follow Satan and Hell, as both of them believe and resolve, they can have no true or perfect content on Earth, before *De Mora* be first sent to Heaven, now upon this bloody design they agree, and upon this hellish plot they fully resolve, only the gordian knot which must combine and link fast this foul business is, that *De Mora* being dead, *Bellinda* must shortly offer Marry her Gentleman-Usher *Ferallo*, whereunto with as much joy as vanity she chearfully consenteth; when they are so prophane, as they Seal this their ungodly contract with many oaths, and ratifie and confirm it with a world of kisses: and then of all violent Deaths, they resolve on that Drug of the Devil, Poyson; so without either the fear or grace of God, they of Christians metamorphose and make themselves Devils, and *Ferallo* buying the Poyson, *Bellinda* very secretly and subtilly in Diet-Drink and Broath, administreth it unto her Lord and Husband *De Mora*; which being of a languishing virtue and operation, he within less than four months dies thereof; when with much cost, and a wonderful exterior shew of grief and sorrow, she gives him a stately Funeral; very answerable to the lustre of his name, and the quality of his dignity and honour, but God in his due time will pull off the Mask of this her monstrous hypocrisie, and infernal prophaneness. Our jealous old Lord *De Mora* being thus layed and raked up in the dust of his untimely Grave; his joyful sorrowful Widdow the Lady *Bellinda*, according to the promise, to the grief of her Father *Cursaro*, to the wonder of *Stremos*, and the admiration of all *Portugal*, Marries with this her Gentleman-Usher *Ferallo*; but such lustful and bloody Marriages, most commonly meet with miserable ends.

For six months together, *Ferallo* day and night keeps good correspondency in the performance of his affection to his old Lady and Mistress, and now his new Wife *Bellinda*, and although they are unequal in birth and rank, yet marriage having now made them equal, they mutually kiss and imbrace with as much content as desire; but at the end of this small parcel of time; satiety of his uxorious delights and pleasures makes him neglectful, and which is worse contemptable thereof, (a base ingratitude, but too often subject to men of his inferior rank and quality, and which the indiscretion of Ladies of honour, very often pays dear for, as buying it many times with infamy, but still with repentance) so that for ten nights, and sometimes for fifteen together, he never kissed or imbraced her; which unkind ingratitude of his, and respectless unvaluation of her youth and beauty, as also of her rank and means, makes the Lady *Bellinda* his Wife, to be as hot in choler towards him, as he is cold in affection and love

love towards her. But to ascend to the head-spring of this his discourteie towards her, and so to fetch it and derive it from its own proper original, we must know, that *Ferallo* was so vitious, inconstant, and base, as now he is deeply in love with a new Waiting-Gentlewoman of his Ladies named *Christalina*, a sweet young Maiden, of some eighteen years of age, tall of stature and slender of body, and whose beauty was every way as clear and pure as her name; and yet whose Maiden-head (with a few rich presents, and many poor flattering oaths and false promises) he had secretly purchased and gotten from her; yea his affection was so fervent to her, that part of the day could not content his lustful desires, but he forgets himself so far, as before his Ladies nose; and almost in her sight, he must lye with her whole nights, and which is worse, almost every night, without so much as once thinking of his own Wife the Lady *Bellinda*, or either loving what she cared for, or caring for what she loved.

But *Bellinda* esteems her self too good a Gentlewoman, and too great a Lady to be thus out-braved and disgraced by a Taylors Son (for so was *Ferallo*) and therefore consequently her heart is too well lodged, and too high fixed and seated in the degree of her high Descent, thus to receive and suffer an affront; by a man of so low a beginning, and so ignoble a quality and extraction as he was, and whom she had raised from nothing, and conferred and honoured him with her affection and bed, and of her Servant made him her Husband; when for the space of six months together, having continually used the best of her art, and the chiefest of her power, her sweetest persuasions, and her most sugred prayers and solicitations to make him abandon her Maid *Christalina*, and so again to reclaim him and his affection from her to her self; but seeing all her care vain, and her prayers and intreaties towards him to prove frivolous, she at last (consulting with Satan, and not with God) begins to assume bad thoughts and revengeful malice against him, for this his foul disloyalty, and base ingratitude and infidelity towards her; but first before she attempts it, her turbulent and restless jealousy, makes her resolve to try another conclusion, which is to put off this her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Christalina* from her service and attendance, in hope that *Ferallo* her Husband would then thereby likewise put off himself and his affections from her, but this project and resolution of hers reaps no successful issue according to her desires, but receives end, as soon as beginning. For he is still so deeply enamoured, and so constantly affected to *Christalina*, as he will neither permit nor suffer it; but in despite of his Lady *Bellinda*, and of all her sighs, and tears, and prayers to the contrary, he kisseth her in her sight, and (custome now making him licentious bold and impudent) he in this his sottish familiarity with her, sets her at Table with himself and Wife, and in her presence, and before her face, terms her his dear, his love, and his sweet-heart: a disgrace of so unkind a nature, and discourteous a quality, as she highly disdaineth long to suffer or digest it at his hands. So that seeing no hope of amendment, and therefore despairing of any reformation thereof in him, she resumes her former bad and bloody thoughts against him, and so peremptorily and definitively resolves to murder him. Her jealousy makes her thus malicious, her malice thus revengeful, and her revenge thus bloody-hearted and handed towards him. She cannot be content to pace, but she will ride post to her confusion, by heaping crime upon crime, and murder to murder; she hath formerly poisoned her first Husband *De Mora*, and now she resolves to Ponyard to death *Ferallo* her second, as if one of these two bloody sins and crimes were not enough capable, to make her as truly miserable, as she falsely thinks her self happy, in the performance and execution thereof. But these are the bitter fruits of jealousy, and the sharps effects of choler, malice and revenge, which most commonly stream and proceed from it.

Whiles thus her *quondam* Gentlewoman Ulher, and now her unkind and disloyal Husband *Ferallo*, (without fear or care) is wallowing in his beastly pleasures and sensuality with his Strumpet *Christalina*, this his ungodly Wife, and revengeful Lady *Bellinda* (with as much secrecy as treachery) is in requital thereof preparing for him a bloody Banquet; yea so hasty is she, in her rage, and so outrageous in this her revenge towards him, as she will no longer be abused or defrauded by him, but thinks every hour an age, before she have dispatched him for Heaven. She will no more be controled and over-mastered by him who was formerly her servant, and who first reputed it his greatest happiness to kiss her hand, before she vouchsafed him the honour to kiss her lips, or which is more, the felicity to embrace her in her bed. She now sees with grief, that he hath betraying her, in betrayed, and conveying his affection from her to her Maid *Christalina*, and therefore although she hath cast away her favours on him, yet of the two, she vows rather to cast away him than her self. No grace, no religion, not her conscience

conscience, nor her soul, nor the consideration of Heaven or Hell, can dissuade or keep her from this her bloody purpose; or divert her from the perpetration of this inhumane and cruel murder: but the very first night that he leaves her Maid *Cristalina*, and lies with her self, she (being purposely provided of a very sharp and keen Razor, which she put in one of her gloves, and clapt it under her Pillow) at break of day, as he lay in bed soundly sleeping and snoring by her. She, as a Devil incarnate, cuts his throat, and leaves him struggling in the Bed, and weltering in his blood, without once having the power to think, or speak to God.

Thus we have seen the bloody malice, and infernal fury and revenge of this execrable young Lady *Bellinda*, in so lamentably and cruelly murdering her first and old Husband *De Mora*, and now her young *Ferallo*, and because the perpetration of these her inhumane crimes and facts are so odious to God, that their knowledge hath already pierced the clouds, and their sight ascended to the sacred presence and tribunal of God; therefore his all-seeing, and all-potent glorious Majesty, being as impartial in his judgements, as divine in his decrees; hath already sharpened his sword of Justice, and made ready his arrows of revenge, speedily to inflict, and give her condign punishment for the same, yea, and far sooner than either she thinks or dreams thereof.

She having thus dispatched this bloody business, and seeing her Husband *Ferallo* lie breathless in the bed by her, she riseth up, and the better to colour out, and overvail this her inhumane and monstrous villany, she takes this her dead Husbands Knife out of his Pocket, and goring it all in his blood, she leaves it on his Pillow by him, thereby (with as much hypocrisy as treachery) to insinuate a belief and confidence in the opinion of all men, that he had there murdered himself, and that infallibly he was the author and actor of this his deplorable death; which having performed, she takes on a fine clean Holland-Smock, and puts off her Cambrick one that she wore; which, as a fatal mark of her cruelty, and a prodigious Banner of her inhumanity, was all stained and engrained over with her Husbands blood, and wrapping it up very close together, she therein likewise envelops and enwraps her bloody Razor, and also a two pound brass Weight, thereby the better to make it sink, for she resolves that very morning to throw it into a Pond: so secret is she in contriving, and so politick in the concealing of this her cruel fact. The morn advancing to six of the Clock, which was dark, cloudy and obscure, as if (by the secret appointment, and sacred providence of God) the Sun (with his glistening beams) abhorred to behold so pittifull and lamentable a Spectacle. *Bellinda* hath no sooner apparalled her self, but triumphing in this her false victory and bloody conquest, and giving the murdered body of her Husband a farewell composed of many curses and execrations, she softly issueth forth, clapping her bloody Smock and Razor in her Pocket, the which (to make sure work) she had tied fast with one of her blew Silk Quarters, then locks the Chamber-door, and very secretly and surely conveys and throws in the Key within-side, and then descends to the Garden, where calling *Hellena* (another of her Waiting-Gentlewomen to her) she bids her fetch her Prayer-Book; and thus away she goes towards their Parish-Church of St. *Julian's* on foot, which by computation was some half a small League off their house, and forbids any Man-servant to wait or attend on her thither. She is not a Furlong off, but the more closely to finish her design, she there purposely sends away her Maid *Hellena* to the Parish-Church before her, with this invented and coloured errand: to seek out her own Priest, Father *Sebastian*, and to prepare him then to say Mass to her, the which *Hellena* doth. Now in the midway between her house and the Church, is a great deep Pond, by the which she is to pass; but a little before she draws near it, a poor old maimed Soldier, being cashiered from the Garrison of the Castle of *Casteyes*, (named *Roderigo*) travelling towards his home, and seeing this Lady all alone, and observing the sweetness of her beauty, and the richness of her Apparel and Attire, his poverty inforeeth and encourageth him to request and beg an Alms of her, the which with much humility he doth. But the Lady *Bellinda's* heart and thoughts, were so much surprized and taken up with cruelty, as she knew not what belonged to charity; and therefore having other business and Windmills in her head, she is offended with *Roderigo's* begging importunity, as flatly refusing to give him any Alms, she forgets her self so far, as instead thereof, she gives him many harsh words, and at last sends him away with some unkind and foul speeches; the which poor *Roderigo* took so ill at her hands, that (in the fumes of a Soldier) he once thought to have requited it either on her Person, or her Apparel; but then again (by her port and bravery) deeming her to be some great neighbouring Lady, who that morning had purposely left her follower to take the sweetness of the air, and therefore fearing his danger more than he loved his profit, he

abandoneth that cholerick and insolent resolution of his ; when taking his leave of her, he some two Butts length from her, betakes him to sit down at the foot of a great Pine-Apple-Tree, where he might see her, but not she him ; and there looking after her with an eye of discontent and indignation, he bewailes his wants and hard fortune, and also condemneth the obdurateness of this unknown Ladies uncharitable heart towards him ; and enquiring afterwards of a Milk-Maid, which passed by, what she was, he is informed that she is the Lady *Bellinda*, Widdow to the dead *Alonso De Mora*, and now Wife to Don *Emanuel de Ferallo*, who hereat doth note a little both grieve and wonder, that so rich and great a Lady was guilty of so much uncharitableness. By this time she being arrived at the Pond, looking about her, and believing that no mortal eye had seen her, she therein throws her Smock and Razor, (which, as formerly I have said, she tyed fast together with one of her blew silk Garters) and the ponderosity of the brasse Weight made it instantly to sink to the bottom ; whereof she being infinitely joyful, away she trips to the Parish Church, and there hears Mass, and mumbles out many *Ave Marias* and *Pater Nosters* to her self ; but the whole world in general, and the Reader in particular, may imagine with what a foul conscience, and ulcerated soul, she then and there performs this her Devotion.

Now although this our wretched Lady *Bellinda* have murdered this her second Husband *Ferallo*, with wonderful secrecy, and buried these bloody evidences thereof in the Pond with such admirable care and privacy, that she thinks it wholly impossible for all the Earth to reveal it ; loe if Earth cannot, yet now Heaven will. So here, before I proceed further, let me, in the Name and Fear of God, request the Christian Reader here to admire and wonder with me, at the mercy and goodness, and at the providence and pleasure of God, in his miraculous detection, and condign revenge and punishment thereof ; for he must know and understand, that it seems God had purposely brought, placed and seated this poor, old, weary, maimed Souldier *Roderigo*, at the foot of this Pine-Tree, to be a happy instrument of his praise, and a true Sentinel and discoverer, both for his sacred justice and divine honour ; for here, although *Bellinda* carried away her heart and charity from him, yet (as if guided by some heavenly power and celestial influence), *Roderigo* could not possibly carry away his eyes from her, but as closely as she threw this bloody cloth into the Pond, he espies it, and which is more, very plainly and palpably discerns the whiteness and readiness thereof ; when considering and thinking with himself, that this gallant and proud *Bellinda* might be as unchaste and lascivious as she was fair, and as vicious as she was young ; God (with his immediate finger) imprinted in his thoughts, and ingraven in his heart and mind, that either her self, or some one of her Waiting-Gentlewomen had had some Bastard, and that she had murdered it, and now thrown it into the Pond, and was so strongly possessed of this conceit and belief, that neither day nor night, nor nothing under Heaven could possibly beat him from it, but for a while he resolves to conceal this conceit to himself, as referring the truth thereof to time, and the issue to God.

And here the Order of our History calls us again from *Roderigo* to *Bellinda*, who, as soon as Mass is done, (with her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Hellena*) returns home to her house, and by that time they arrive there it is Nine of the Clock, where (putting a pleasant face upon her false heart ; and a sweet countenance upon her soyled and sinful soul) she presently inquires for her Huband Don *Ferallo*, her servants makes answer, that they have not seen him to day, and that they think he still is in bed, whereat she musing and wondering, in regard he was not accustomed to sleep at so high an hour, she therefore sends some of her servants to his Chamber to see if he be stirring : but finding his Chamber-door locked, and calling aloud to him, they can get no answer from him ; the which they return and report to their Lady *Bellinda*, who seeming exceedingly to doubt and grieve thereat, she (far more perplexed in countenance than in heart) ascends with them again to her Husbands Chamber, where they all call and knock aloud at the Door to him, and she far louder than them all, but in vain, for still they hear no news either of him, or from him, whereat she begins (outwardly) to tremble with apprehension and fear, and so commands them to force open the Door of his Chamber, which they instantly do, where they see their Lord, and she her Husband *Ferallo*, to lie breathless in his Bed, all begored and reaking in his hot and warm Blood, with his Throat cut ; whereat his Servants for true grief, and his Lady *Bellinda* for false sorrow, make a lamentable cry, and a pittiful out-cry in his Chamber,

Chamber, which is over-heard in all the house, but especially the Lady *Bellinda* herself, who so artificially dissembled her joy, and so passionately makes demonstration of extream grief and affection, for this deplorable death of her Lord and Husband, both to her Servants and to God, that she is all in tears, and cannot, because she will not be comforted thereat: they find the Chamber Door locked, the Key within-side, and his own bloody Knife on his Pillow, and therefore they easily resolve and conclude, that this their Lord and Master *Ferallo* hath wilfully made himself away, and is undoubtedly the Author of his own death; which opinion and resolutions of the Servants, their Lady and Mistress *Bellinda* (secretly to her self) relisheth with much applause and approbation; and to make her afflictions and sorrows the more apparent to them, and in them consequently to the world, she doth not refrain from excessive weeping and sighing. They leave the dead Corps untouched in the Bed, to acquaint the criminal Corrigadors of *Stremos* with this piteous accident, who come, and being amazed at this bloody disaster and accident of *Ferallo*; they, viewing the infinity of his Ladies tears, and the sorrowful complaints and exclamations of his Servants, as also considering their several depositions and examinations, and seeing they found his Chamber Door fast locked, the Key within-side, and his own bloody Knife by him on his Pillow, they all concur with them in opinion about the manner and quality of his death, and do absolutely believe and affirm; that he hath desperately made himself away, which opinion of theirs is presently received, voiced, and rumored in *Stremos*, and in all the adjacent Parishes and Country: and yet many curious wits (in regard of *Bellinda*'s youthful affections, and wanton disposition) speak very differently hereof. And now doth this our sorrowful young Widdow, (the better to support her fame and reputation to the World) bury this her second Husband *Ferallo* with all requisite ceremony and decency.

But as the justice and judgements of God (conducted by his divine pleasure, and inscrutable providence) doth many times go on slowly, but still soundly and surely; so we must here again produce and bring forth our lame old Souldier *Roderigo* to act another part on the Stage and Theater of this History. He is still the same man, and still retains his former same opinion, that undoubtedly it was some dead Child or Bastard which he saw the Lady *Bellinda* to throw into the Pond, and his heart incessantly prompted by his suspicion, doth still confidently suggest and assure him, that that bloody cloath of hers contained some secret, and invellped some shameful mystery towards her, which he thinks all the Water of the Pond could not deface or wash away; so that he now understanding of her Husbands *Ferallo*'s disastrous bloody end, doth no way diminish (but rather every way augment) this his suspicion and jealousy hereof. We must further understand, that *Roderigo* (the better to refresh his body, to replenish his Purse, and to repair his Apparel) stays some three weeks in *Stremos*, and although he be a Souldier, and have his Sword by his side, yet being out of action and Pay, he is not ashamed to beg the Alms and Courtesies of the Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlewomen, both in and near about that City. Amongst the rest understanding of the Lady *Bellinda*'s great wealth and dignity, he therefore hopes, that her new sorrows and mourning for the untimely death of her Husband, will now make her as compassionate to his poverty in her house, as lately she was discourteous and uncharitable to him in the fields: whereupon he repairs thither to her, but for three dayes together, he is not so happy to speak with her, or to see her, but being still prest by his poverty; and again emboldened by the consideration of what he saw her cast into the Pond, he the fourth day finds her walking in the next Meadow adjoining to her house, attended by two of her men-servants, and two waiting-Gentlewomen, all clad in Mourning Apparel: when (with a boldness worth of a poor distressed Souldier) he advanceth to the Lady *Bellinda*, where (interrupting her private walks, and distracting her secret thoughts and meditations) he with much observance, again begs some charity of her; whereat she being offended, because her heart and mind neither thought, nor cared for an old Souldier, but where wholly fixed on some desired new Gallant young Husband, she very cholerickly disdaineth him and his request, and with much passion and indignation (to use her own words) commandeth her Servants to see this bold beggerly Souldier depart and pack away, both from her and her house. *Roderigo* hearing these her harsh and discourteous speeches, and seeing her Servants unkind usage and enforcement towards him, he with much discontent and choler leaves her house, but in requital thereof, vows that his revenge shall

shall not so soon leave her: for this her second affront to him, puts him all in choler and fire towards her, so that he vows to God, and swears to himself to use the best of his power, and to work the chiefest of his Wits to perpetrate her disgrace. When secretly and effectually informing himself from others, that Don *Gasper de Mora*, who was Nephew, and general heir to her first Lord and Husband, Don *Alonso de Mora*, was at great variance, and bitter contention in Suit of Law with his Aunt *Bellinda* about some Lands, and much rich Moveables and Utensils, which she unjustly detained from him; and therefore that he would be exceeding glad to entertain any invention or proposition whatsoever, which might heave her out of the quiet enjoying and possession thereof, and thereby procure her utter disgrace and ruin. He repairs to him, and secretly (yet constantly) acquaints him, that some three weeks since, and the very morning that Don *Ferallo* was found murdered in his Bed; he saw the Lady *Bellinda* his Wife to throw a white and bloody Linnen Cloath into the Pond, which was some half quarter of a League from her house: wherein God and his conscience told him, she had wrapt and drowned some Bastard-Infant, either of hers, or one of her Waiting-Gentlewomen, adding withal, that he could not possibly have any peace of his thoughts before he had imparted it to him, to the end, that he might reveal it to the criminal Judges (or Corrigadors) of *Stremos* to hunt out and examine the truth thereof.

Don *Gasper de Mora* doth as much rejoyce as wonder at this unexpected news, and because his inveterate malice to his Aunt (in Law) *Bellinda*, perswades him rather to believe than doubt it, therefore (as malice is still naturally swift and prone to revenge) being confident of the truth hereof, he leaves all other business, rides over to *Stremos*, and acquaints the Corrigadors herewith, and taking *Roderigo* likewise along with him; he also fails not very resolutely to affirm, and most constantly to confirm it to them, which these wise and grave Judges understanding, they in honour to Gods service and glory, and in true obedience to his sacred Justice, (without any delay or procrastination) take Don *Gasper de Mora*, the Souldier *Roderigo*, and some three or four expert Swimmers along with them, and with haste and secrecie speed away to the Pond; wherein after those Swimmers had been a quarter of an hour, and curiously busked and dived in most places thereof to find out this Cloath, at last (by the mercy and providence of God) one of them diving far better than the rest, sees and finds it, and Swimming with his left hand brings it ashore in his right hand to the Corrigadors, who, much admiring and rejoycing thereat, cause it presently to be opened, where (contrary to all their expectations) they find no dead Child, but (as we have formerly understood) a Cambrick Smock, as yet spotted and stained with blood, and tyed fast with a blew Silk Garter, and in it a very sharp and bloody Razor, with a brasse weight tyed in all this, purposely to sink it in the Pond. The Corrigadors, *Gasper de Mora*, and all the rest, are amazed and astonished at the sight of these bloody evidences, when *Roderigo* again constantly swearing to them, that he saw the Lady *Bellinda* (with her own hands) throw this little Linnen Fardel into that Pond, the very same Morning that her Husband Don *Ferallo* was found murdered in his bed; and the malicious curiosity of *Gasper de Mora*, here finding the very two first and last Letters of her name in the Cambrick Smock: the Corrigadors then concur in one opinion, (as so many lines which terminate in one Center) that yet infallibly it was she and no other, who had so cruelly murdered her Husband *Ferallo* in his bed. Whereupon, taking this bloody Smock, Razor, and Garter with them; they, with much zeal and speed, post away to the Lady *Bellinda*'s house, to apprehend her for this foul and lamentable murder; where, cruel hearted and lascivious Lady, she is so far from the consideration of grace, or the thought and apprehension of any fear, as she fears none, and which is worst of all, not the power and Justice of God himself; for she is so immodest in her heart, so lustful in her conversation, as (notwithstanding her black Mourning Attire and Apparel) that her first Husband was but lately dead, and now her second not yet cold in his Grave, yet (with great variety of Musick) she is here now in her house singing, danceing, and revelling with divers young Cavaliers and Gallants, both of the City and Country, as if she had no other care, thought or business, but how to make choice of a third Husband, who might amorously please her lustful eye and heart, and of no less than a pair of Paramours and favourites, who should lasciviously content her wanton desires and affections.

But these wanton vanities, and vain and lascivious hopes of the Lady *Bellinda*, will now deceive

deceive her : for now the Lords appointed due time is come, wherein for these her two horrible Murthers committed on the persons of her two Husbands, his divine and sacred Majesty is resolved to pour down his punishments, and to thunder forth his judgements upon her, to her utter shame and confusion. The Corrigadors resolutely enter her house, and then and there, cause the Sergeants to apprehend her Prisoner, whereat being suddenly amazed, and infinitely terrified, she weeps, sighs, and cries extreamly. But those Cavaliers (I mean those her supposed lovers, and pretended favourites) who were there singing and dancing with her, neither can, or dare either assist or rescue her. Now the plumes of her pride and jollity are suddenly dejected and fallen to the ground, yea, her musick is turned into mourning, her singing to sighs, and her dancing triumphs to tears. The enormity of her crime cause these Officers of justice, to see her conveyed to prison, without any respect of her beauty, or regard of her sex and quality, where she hath more leisure given her to repent, than means how to remedy these her misfortunes.

The next morning she is sent for before her Judges, who roundly charge her for cruelly murdering her Husband Don *Ferallo* in his bed, the which with many tears and oaths she stoutly denies: then they shew her those bloody evidences, her Cambrick Smock, the Razor, her blew Garter, and the brass Weight, and also produce and confront *Roderigo* with her; who as before he had affirmed, now he swears, he saw her throw this bloody Linnen Fardel into the Pond, the very morning that her Husband Don *Ferallo* was found murdered in his bed: and although at the sight and knowledg hereof, she is at first wonderfully appalled and daunted therewith, yet her courage is so stout, as she again denies it with many prophane and fearful asseverations, and, delighteth to hear her self make a tedious justification, and a frivolous apology to her Judges for her innocency. But those grave and prudent Magistrates of Justice, (in zeal to Gods glory) have eyes not in vain in their heads, will give no belief either to the sweetness of the Lady *Bellinda*'s youth, or to the sugar of her speeches and protestations, but for the vindication of this crime, and of this truth, they adjudge her the very next morning to the wrack, where (such is her female fortitude) as she permits and suffers her self to be fastened thereunto, with infinite constancy and patience, as disdainig that the torments thereof, should extort any truth from her tongue, to the prejudice of her reputation, and to the shipwrack of her safety and life; but herein she reckons too short of God and beyond her self, for she considereth not that these torments are truly sent her from God, and this her courage falsely lent and given her from Satan; for at the very first wrench of the wrack, and touch of the cord, finding it impossible that her tender body and dainty limbs, can endure the cruelty of those tortures, God puts this grace into her heart, that with many sighs and tears, she prays her Judges and tormentors to desist, and so publickly confesseth that it was she; and only she, who had murdered her Husband *Ferallo*, and cut his throat in his bed with that very same Razor.

Upon which confession of hers her Judges (glorifying God for the detection of this cruel murder) they (for expiation thereof) do forthwith adjudge and sentence this wretched and bloody Lady *Bellinda*, to be the next morning burnt alive without the walls of *Stremis*, at the foot of the Castle, which is the destined place of death for the like crimes and offenders, so she being by them then again returned to Prison, that night (in Christian charity) they send her some Priests and Nuns to direct and prepare her soul to Heaven: for this her bloody, and unnatural crime was so odious to men, and so execrable to God, that she could hope for no pardon of her life from her Judges, although her sorrowful old Father *Cursoro*, with a world of tears threw himself to their feet, and offered them all his lands and means to his very shirt, to obtain it for her.

All *Stremis*, and the Country thereabouts, resound and talk of this cruel murdering of *Ferallo*, as also of his Lady *Bellinda*'s condign condemnation to death for the same, and the next morning at eight of the clock, they all repair under the Castle-wall to see this execrable and unfortunate Lady there in flames of fire, to act the last scene and catastrophe of her life; she is conducted thither by a St. *Claire*'s Nun on her right hand, and a St. *Francis* Frier on her left, who joyntly charge her upon peril of damnation, to disburthen her conscience and soul before she die, of any other capital crime whereof she knows her self guilty, the which she solemnly and religiously promiseth them; about nine of the clock she is brought to the stake, where she sees her self empaled and surrounded, first with many fagots, and then with a very great concourse and confluence of people; here she is so irreligious in her vanity, that she had cast off her blacks and mourning, and purposely deighted her self in a rich yellow Sattin Gown, wrought with flowers of silver, a large set Ruff about her neck, and her head covered with a pure white Tiffeny Vail, laced and wrought with rich Cut-work, as if she cared

more for her body than her soul, as if her pride and bravery would carry her sooner to Heaven, than her prayers and repentance: or as if the prodigal cost and lustre thereof, were able to diminish either her crime, or her punishment in the eyes and opinions of her spectators. But contrariwise, the very sight of her sweet youth, and pure fresh beauty, and then the consideration of her foul crime, for murdering her own Husband, do operate and work differently upon all their affections and passions, some pitying her for the first, but all more justly condemning her for the second. When as soon as their clamorous sobs and speeches were past and blown over, and that both the Frier and Nun had tane their last leave of her, then (after she had shed many tears on earth, and sent and evaporated many sighs to heaven) she, wringing her hands (whereon she had a pair of Snow-white Gloves) and casting up her eyes towards God, at last with a faltering and fainting voice, spake thus.

It is my crime and your Charity, good people, which hath conducted you hither to see me, a miserable Gentlewoman, here to die Miserably. And because it is now no longer time for me to dissemble, either with God or the world, therefore to save my soul in Heaven, though my body perish here in earth, I (with much grief, and infinite sorrow) do truly and freely confess, both to God and you, that I am not only guilty of one Murther, but of two: for as I now lately cut my second Husbands *Ferallo's* throat; so I was so vile and wretched heretofore, as to poyson my first Lord and Husband *De Mora*. At which report and confession of this execrable Lady *Bellinda*, (in regard of the greatness of her Lord *De Mora's* descent and Nobility) all this huge concourse of people (who are sensibly touched with grief and sorrow) make a wonderful noise and out-cry thereat; and now in regard of this foul and double crime of hers, they look on her with far more contempt, and far less pity than before. But she, being as patient as they are clamorous hereat, and seeing their cries now again cried down and well-nigh drowned and hushed up in silence, recollecting her thoughts, and again composing her countenance, she again very sorrowfully continueth her speech to them thus; I well know, and indeed I heartily grieve to remember, that these two foul and cruel murders of mine make me unworthy either to tread on the face of the earth, or to look up to that of Heaven, and in the midst of these my miseries, I have this consolation left me, that in favour of my true confession and religious repentance thereof to God, that God can be as indulgent and merciful to me, as I have been impious and sinful to him; the which that I may obtain, I beseech you all, who are here present, to joyn your prayers with me, and to God for me, and this is the last charity which I will beg and implore of you. Now because example is powerful, and no example so strong and prevalent, as the words of the dying to the living; therefore (to Gods glory and mine own shame) give me leave to tell you, that two things especially brought and induced me to commit these foul murders, as they have now justly brought me hither to suffer death for committing them: First, My neglect of prayer, and omission to serve and fear God duly as I ought to have done. Secondly, The affecting and following my lascivious and lustful pleasures, which I ought not to have done. The neglect of the first proved the bane of my soul; and the performance and practice of the last, the contagion and poyson of my life, and both these two sins conjoynd and linked together, enforce me now here to die, with as much misery and infamy, as without them I might have lived (and perchance lived long) in earthly happiness and prosperity. O therefore, good people, beware by my woful example, let my crime be your integrity, my fall your rising, and my shipwrack your safety. As I bear not hypocrisie in my tongue, so I will not bear malice in my heart. Therefore from my heart I forgive *Roderigo* for killing *Gasper de Mora* he saw me cast some bloody linnen in the Pond. I also forgive *Gasper de Mora* for informing the Corrigadors thereof, and they for so justly condemning me to death, I also pray my Father and Parents to forgive me these my foul crimes, and both to pardon and forget the dishonour and scandal, which the infamy of my death may reflect and draw on them. And now I recommend you all to Gods best favour and mercy, and my soul to receive salvation in his blessed Kingdom of glory.

The Lady *Bellinda* having finished this her speech, the hearing and consideration thereof engendred much pity and compassion in the hearts, and caused a world of tears in the eyes of the beholders, and now she prepares her self for death: Here she takes off her Rings from her fingers, and her Pearl Bracelets from her arms, and (as a token of her love) gives them to her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Helena*, who is present, and not far from her, most bitterly sobbing and weeping, because she can weep no more for the death of this her dear Lady and Mistress, who now repeats many private prayers and *Ave Marias* to her self; when taking a solemn and sorrowful farewell of all the world, she pulls down her Vail over her Snow-white Cheeks, and then often crossing her self with the sign of the Cross, and saying her last in ma-

thus, the Executiner (with a flaming torch) sets fire to the straw and faggots, whereof she presently dies; and in less than an hour after, her body is there consumed and burnt to ashes; at which all that great concourse of people and spectators, (in favour to her youth and beauty) as much affecting the piety of her death, as they hate and detest the cause thereof, I mean the infamy and cruelty of her life, do with far more sorrow than joy give a great shout and out-cry. When the Judges of that City now upon knowledge of this Ladies first horrible crime of poysoning her first Lord and Husband Don *Alonso de Mora*, they in detestation thereof, being not able to add either worse infamy, or more exquisite and exemplary torments to her living body, they therefore partly to be revenged on her dead ashes, do cause them curiously to be gathered up, and so in the same place (by the common Hang-man) before all the people, to be scattered and thrown in the air, whereat they rejoyce and praise God, to see the world so fairly rid of so foul and bloody a femal Monster.

And thus was the untimely, (and yet deserved) end of this lascivious and cruel-hearted Lady *Bellinda*, and in this sharp manner did the Lord of Heaven and Earth triumph in his just revenge and punishments against her, for these her two foul and inhumane crimes of murdering her two Husbands. May God (of his best and divinest mercy) make this her History and Example, to serve as a chrysal mirror for all men, and especially for all women, (of what condition and quality so ever.)

And now, Christian Reader, having by God's most gracious assistance and providence here finished this entire and last Volumn of my six Books of Tragical Histories, if thou find that thou reap any profit, or thy soul any spiritual benefit by the reading and perusal thereof, then (in the name and fear of God) I beseech thee to joyn thy prayers and piety with mine, that as in Christian Religion and duty we are bound, so for the same, we may joyntly ascribe unto God, all possible power, might, majesty, thanksgiving, dominion and glory, both now and for ever. *Amen, Amen.*

FINIS.

1. The first part of the report is a general statement of the purpose of the study. It is to determine the effect of the new teaching method on the learning of the subject.

2. The second part of the report is a description of the method used. It is a comparison of the new method with the old method.

3. The third part of the report is a description of the results of the study. It is a comparison of the learning of the subject by the two groups.

4. The fourth part of the report is a conclusion. It is a statement of the results of the study.

5. The fifth part of the report is a list of references. It is a list of the books and articles used in the study.

6. The sixth part of the report is a list of appendices. It is a list of the tables and figures used in the study.

7. The seventh part of the report is a list of footnotes. It is a list of the notes and references used in the study.

8. The eighth part of the report is a list of acknowledgments. It is a list of the people who helped in the study.

9. The ninth part of the report is a list of the author's address. It is a list of the address of the author.

10. The tenth part of the report is a list of the author's contact information. It is a list of the author's telephone number and e-mail address.

MAY 21

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
Against the
Crying and Abominable
SIN OF
ADULTERY.

EXPRESSED
In Ten Severall Tragical HISTORIES.
Never Printed before.

Illustrated with New Sculptures.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Bennet, for Thomas Lee, at the *Turks head* in
Fleetstreet, over against *Fetter-Lane-End*. 1679.

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HIST. X. *A Dutch History.*

Juridina born of mean Parents, commits Fornication with Walter; is got with child: after being delivered of her bastard, goes to Amsterdam, and turns whore: Is kept by Mine heer Vandretch, who having turn'd her off, leaves her: She marries and commits adultery with Captain Grantzford, and gives him the Pox: She breaks her Husband by her vicious living, lives adulterously with a Quaker, flies away with him in disguise; leaves him, and robs him, and gets into France: turns common whore in Roan: Flies into the Country after she had been whipt in Bridewell: commits adultery in the country: returns back to the City, and continuing in her evil adulterous courses, dies miserably of hunger, and the Pox.

HIST.



Gods Revenge against the Abominable Sin of Adultery.

A GRECIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY I.

Dribellus courts Petronella; deflowers her of her virginity; Petronella is married to Polissus; by the means of her waiting-maid Marcella, commits Adultery with Petronella; is discovered by Pareta: Polissus cuts off the members of Dribellus, George Marella, and tortments Petronella, of which she dyed.

God who is Truth it self, and who cannot lie, has said, that Whoremongers and Adulterers he will judge; he has promised it, and he will most certainly perform it, if not in this World, yet with the more dreadful punishment of that to come; this being but temporary, and for a moment, that continual, and Everlasting. But indeed, these two grand crimes of Murther and Adultery, seldom escape an Exemplary, and severe punishment in this World, the first being a Crime that destroys Man, the Image of God, and the last, that most filthy pollutes, and defiles him. After that God had prescribed, in his holy Decalogue, wrote by his own Almighty finger, in Tables of Stone, the duty of Man, to himself, and to his Parents, his Earthly God, and prince, in the first Table: he in the second, gives Laws for the behaviour, and carriage of one Man to another; which though few, and short, are the ground, and foundation of all the Laws of Nations, especially of those, of the Christian Faith. And in the first place, he provides against the killing and wicked destroying of Man, and next against

the abominable defiling, and polluting his body. As the body is better than rayment, so God first took care for its preservation, not only in Life, but in purity, free from pollution, and contamination. The body is Gods Temple, in which he dwells, and therefore he took care that it only should not be destroyed but also defiled. The many recited Examples of Gods Revenge against the Execrable and detestable Crime of Murder, and the severe Punishment, he hath inflicted, on bloody Murthers, whether openly, or clandestinely committed, have sufficiently evidenced Gods hatred against that crime, and stand as fair marks for others, that they may avoid running on that Rock of ruin and destruction: But lest we should easily imagine, that sin to be so great, or that God doth wink at it, and impute it to the frailty of Man's nature, especially, since the Laws of Man, are not in all places severe against it, as against that of Murder, (though by the Laws of the Jews, and of divers other Nations, it was punished with death, and had in an equal abhorrency with Murder,) we will I say, give you some Examples, of the punishment of that foul sin of Adultery, and let you see, that God hath ways, to make out, the committed crime, and knows how to punish severely, and to manifest to the World, his detestation of that sin, in his exemplary Punishment of Adulterers, and Adulteresses, in all times, and in all places. To this end Reader, for thy benefit, and Gods glory, we will give thee some Examples, beginning with the following History.

There is a famous Mount *Ossa*, in *Thessaly*, so famous for the burning of *Hercules*, being encircled with a double wall, and built by the devoted Wife *Dejanira*, dypt in the blood of the *Centaur Nessus*, stands the chief City of that Kingdom, called *Hypara*, once the flourishing Metropolis, and still the chief of all those parts, being situated on the *Sinus Malianus*, now called *Gulfus de Zilon*, having a fair and curious prospect into the *Aegean Sea*. It is inhabited both by Christians, and Turks, who own the Grand *Seyn* for their Lord and Master, under the particular Rule of the *Beys* of *Greece*. In this City, not many years since, dwelt a Noble Gentleman, of the Family of the *Castriots*, once Lords, and Princes of *Epirus*, descended from the renowned and famous *Scanderbeg*. His name was *Patricius Castriot*, a Christian, who had married into the Family of the *Moris*, of no extraordinary extraction, in those parts. This Gentleman, being in years, having but one only Daughter named *Petronella*, made it his whole care and study to breed her up, not only in a virtuous way, and Education, but also to give her all the accomplishments, that were fit for a person of her Birth, and Quality. To this end, he had home to her several Masters who taught her not only to Dance, Sing, Play, on several Instruments, but also to learn the Languages, both *Latin*, *Italian*, *French*, and *High Dutch*, in all which she became a perfect Scholar, so that her Parents took so much delight in her, and set their heart so much upon her, that they could scarce permit her out of their sight and Company, but only at the times of her exercises. Amongst the rest of her Masters, there was one, a very young Man, but an excellent Scholar, and furnished with many other excellent natural Qualities, and acquired parts. This young man, was a Gentleman by extraction, but his Parents being poor, he was fain to serve for his livelihood, under the titular Bishop of *Thessalonica*, named *Miletus*, who had bred him up to all good Literature, but more especially to *Rhetoric*, for which he had a more than ordinary fancy. But the Bishop dying he was fain to leave his native place, and friends in *Thessalonica*, and offering his service, by chance, to *Patricius*, he entertained him gladly and took him into his house to teach his Daughter *Petronella* *Rhetoric*, which she seem'd to delight in above all other studies.

Thus the young *Petronella* continued her studies, becoming a very great proficient, both in *Philosophy*, *Rhetoric*, and *Logic*, and for that the *Thessalonians* of old, were accounted a very dissolute, and Luxurious people living more like *Persians*, than abstemious, and virtuous *Greeks*, this maid became the *Phoenix* of her age, and was look'd upon by the curious eye of the chief of the Nobility and Gentry of all *Thessaly*, as a glorious match, for their Sons, when she should arrive to a full age, for she was not yet above thirteen; at which years, she promised many excellencies in the body, the beauty and extream handsome proportion of her body, equalling those other great endowments of her mind: So that never Man had more fair hopes of a Daughter, and never were hopes so fatally and suddenly blasted.

'Tis a true saying of one of the Poets, that no Man can be said to be happy till his Death, for all joys and felicities in this world, appear momentary and fleeting. Many a happy beginning, has found a sad catastrophe. The fair and sun-shine morning, often ends in a frowning cloudy, and stormy Evening. No Man can be sure to say always before the winds of felicity, the bark of fortune meets with more often the adverse winds of adversity, and as it is sometimes lifted up, even to the Stars, and seems to ride triumphant, above the underlying sea of danger, and disasters, suddenly it sinks, even to the jaws of hell, and plunged into the

the deeps of misery and affliction, can see nothing about but distress, horror, and vexation. It was even thus with the happy *Parvicius*, who enjoyed and delighted his son, in his daughter *Petronella*, the whole joy and delight of his Life, and in whom he fixed all his happiness in this world.

It is dangerous to permit too near, and familiar a converse, between young people, of different Sexes, unless they be designed to be Man and Wife, for Love is no respecter of persons, it is not to be circumscribed by reason, by wisdom, discretion, or Honour, they are like *Samsons* cords, when Love is in its strength, which soon and easily breaks such fetters, and chains to pieces. And that Love also, which proceeds from a long converse, and breeding together, in the times of the most tender years, most commonly makes the greater impression, and is the most hard to be overcome or resisted. This young Tutor of *Petronella*, was not above twenty two years of age, of a very handsome shape, fair hair'd, of a ruddy Complexion, and well form'd, open, and clear visage, besides of a very ready wit, and of an excellent gay humour, and you may be sure, this young Rhetorician, very well understood his Art, and that he had a Tongue well hung, and knew how to speak well. All these perfections, concentrating in one person, made him acceptable to all people, but especially to his young Scholar, who indeed began soon to like his Company, above all her other Masters, and was a very great inducement to her, to follow her Book. I cannot tell you, when first they began to Love, but there soon was seen a very great like one to another, which proceeded to a more near endearedness, and by degrees, came to a most passionate Love. *Petronella* was yet so innocent that she knew not what it meant; she felt the flame ere she could know the danger, and had suck'd in the contagion, ere she could perceive the Poyson. She became wretched, and in Love ere she imagined she was so, and felt all the agonies, and first insults of a Lover, before she knew what it was to be one, and with the greatest innocency in the world, embraced, and furthered her disease. For she could not endure to be out of the Company of *Dribellus*, for so they called this young Master of hers, never well pleased, but in his presence, continually either conversing with him, or learning of him.

This kindness was perceived by the Parents, without the least suspicion in the world, but rather with joy, to see their young Daughter delighted with learning, and therefore gave her all the liberty that might be. I cannot tell you, which began to Love first, for the respect that *Dribellus* shew'd to the young Virgin, and awe of her Parents, might perhaps deter him from entertaining any thoughts of Love, having no manner of hopes, that he could obtain such a happiness, of enjoying his Scholar, knowing well the disparity between them. But as I have already said, Love baffles reason, and makes a fool of discretion, lays aside Honour, and overcomes even virtue itself, when it strongly possesses a soul. It has no bounds, but rages like the Sea, and is indeed stop'd by no consideration. For so it hapned, that this dayly converse for two years together with all the imaginable freedom and liberty that could be given, had begot in both their souls, a passionate Love, and strong desire to each other. And no doubt but the exhibited, and innocent kindness of *Petronella*, had, if not given root, yet a very great encouragement to *Dribellus* his Love, and was like oyl stung on glowing coals, which makes them to flame and blaze forth.

Thus these two persons, as yet white and innocent, suckt the poyson one from another, and envenom'd one another, with their breath, and their eyes. But we may imagine, that this *Dribellus* knew very well that he Lov'd, he was not so innocent as not to know and perceive the evil, but yet he found himself too weak to oppose and overcome it. He struggled for a while, but it soon master'd him, and grew at last so violent, that he gave it over, and was resolved rather to seek all means to further his Love, and to obtain his ends, than to oppose his joy pleasure and content any longer. Therefore he cunningly insinuates himself, into her bosome, where he alas was too potent before. He begins to read Lectures of Love, and Lovers, he makes discourses to her of the power of that passion, and the pleasure of Lovers in the enjoyment of each other, and presses such Ideas into her minde and fancy, that her imagination being continually employ'd thereupon, began to role them, and form them into shape and images, very desirable. Thus this young Master began to corrupt the soul, and debauch the minde of his young Scholar, who now began to seem more wary, to blush, to look askew, and wantonly to role them towards the object of her thoughts. She now began to be like *Eve*, after having eaten the forbidden apple, to have her eyes opened, and to understand, and know what the meaning of Love was, and not only what she her self would have, and desired, but also perceived, by the looks, gestures, and behaviour of young *Dribellus*, what she was ignorant of before. In fine, she perceived she was beloved, as well as she found that she Lov'd, though as yet they had not made known, one anothers thoughts, by words. But Love

has a language that can speak more pathetically, it can discourse by signes and nods, by smiles and looks, it has many dumb shows and figures, it has a language without noise, and chattering of words, but penetrating, and to be understood, though when it has a minde to it, Love can make use of Rhetoric to that advantage, as to make Orators of clowns, and to give words, and language, to the most simple and unlearned.

Sometimes rubs in the way cause the motion to prove swifter, if any one stumbles, he is ready to run to save himself; the smooth and tranquil passage of these two young Lovers, caus'd them not to use their oars, but to swim along in the pleasant condition they were in, without manifesting to one another their thoughts, by any other ways, but by the more innocent language of the Eyes. But you will see it soon grow rough, the sea of content will swell into waves, and they must be forced to make use of both oars, and sails, to keep their Love from sinking, they must be forced to joyn together, and to make known to each other, their passion, and Love, and to make vows, and protestations of constancy, and to unite, and tie themselves strongly together, that they might not be separated for ever.

This northerly winde, that was to disturb the quiet of these two Lovers, as yet happy, and innocent, began to blow from *Larissa*, a Town situate on *Sinus Pelargicus*, or the bay of the *Golfo del Armiro*, as it is now called, a Town of *Thessaly*, and the birth place of the renowned *Achilles*. You must know, that in this Town, dwelt a rich Gentleman called *Abridatus*, who having but one only Son a very hopeful young Man, called *Polissus*, whom he extremely loved, and doated on, and being desirous to provide for him, being grown up, and having travelled into *Germany*, and other parts of *Europ*, and about this time returned home to his Father, who fearing the like excursions, thought, the best way to keep him at home with him, was to get him a wife; and the fame of young *Petronella*, having sounded in his ears, he was resolved to put the young *Polissus* his Son, into a handsome equipage, and to send him over to *Hypata*, to court *Petronella* for his wife.

The young Gentleman, being in the heat of his youth, and about the Age of eight and twenty, was not backward to obey his Father, in so just and easy a request; of courting a young and fair Lady, of whose perfections, fame so liberally had spent her breath. *Polissus* being fitted with all things suitable to his riches and Quality, arrives at *Hypata*, and is very civilly received by the Father and Mother of *Petronella*. *Polissus* had no sooner cast his eyes on the young Virgin, but he lik'd her, and began presently to Court her, but after some few days of converse, he found himself absolutely conquer'd, and he yielded his heart captive to that fair conqueress. The charms of her wit and conversation seem more irresistible than those of her face and beauty, and in both she appear'd so illustrious and triumphing, that *Polissus* found himself a Prisoner, and fast manacled and enchanted with the fetters of Love. *Polissus* had been bred more a Souldier then a Courtier, he loved not to make a long and formal siege, and to set down many Months before this fair citadal. He resolves to attack her suddenly, and with the briskness and boldness of one accustomed to conquer, and to push on his good fortune by his first approaches. He therefore soon makes her acquainted with the conquest of her eyes, and her Father with the intent of her coming, who entertains him with freedom, and gives him all the encouragement that he could justly expect.

This is the first part of the storm, which began to disturb our young Lovers pleasant and smooth sea of delight. Their eyes first began to declare the sorrows of their hearts, their souls are there perspicuous one to the other, they read one anothers grief and troubles in plain characters, and at last breaking the bonds of silence, they give a freedom to their tongues, and deplore the disturbance of their tranquillity with sighs, tears, and complaints: they curse the coming of *Polissus*, they look on him as the Author of their unhappiness and misery: *Dribellus* looks on him with envy, and *Petronella* with disdain. She cannot easily uncloud her eye, her smiles are feigned, and she cannot entertain *Polissus*, but with constraint. He sighs at her feet, without moving her to pity, he courts her without stirring her affection, he talks to her, still she grows melancholly and gives the poor inamored *Polissus* cause to think her obdurate, and hard-hearted.

In the mean time, the two Lovers lay aside all formalities and nicities, and *Dribellus* now with his tongue, declared what he had long since told her with his eyes and actions; he makes known his passion with all the art that his oratory could now inspire him. No question but he used all the flowers of Rhetoric, to set forth his Love, all the tropes and figures, were made use of on this occasion, but it need not, Love it self had spoken more powerfully before, to the heart of *Petronella*, it is long since that she wish'd for this musick, she is not now offended, to hear her Lover tell her what she much desired, and so well knew. She entertains the knowledge with delight, and is not shy to acknowledg her own, she freely discovers to him her heart,

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and pours forth her self into his breast, with these short-lived delights, they entertain themselves a while, they relish and taste the new blisses and joys, their discoveries had made. The swelling delight, for the present seem'd to drown all sorrow, and to banish grief from their hearts. Their amorous and yet innocent dalliances made them forget their trouble, and the sugar of their kisses, for a while sweeten'd the bitterness of *Polissus* his Courtships.

But it lasted not long, it was but like a flash of lightning, the proceedings of *Polissus* soon spoils all, and embitters their delights. He grew daily into the favour of the Parents, though he found little progress in the heart of the Daughter. *Patricius* himself sides with him, and comes to his assistance. The Arms of a Parent is powerfull, and hard to be resisted, he comes with Authority, like a King in the head of a Royal Army, not to be resisted by paltry Force. He lays his commands on her, to give a freer entertainment to the Courtship of *Polissus*, that he had design'd him for her husband, gives her an account of his riches and possessions, his Quality and all else that he thinks might move her. He praises his good mean, humour, ingenuity, courage, and leaves nothing unattempted to gain her. He is seconded by the Mother, who declares to her the happiness that is now offer'd her, the joy she should take to see her so well bestowed, and to see some issue from her loyns, the chief end of all their care, in bringing her up, and breeding her with so much charge, care, and cost. That she should therefore no longer appear so perverse, and austere to the Love and courtship of *Polissus*, unless she would contract the hate of her Parents, and pluck on her head their curses, instead of their blessings, and be forc'd to do that against her will and minde, which they would have her do freely, and willingly.

With these thunderbolts is poor *Petronella* struck, her tears flow continually down her fair cheeks, her Books are laid aside, her delights are vanished: she sees her self beset, and a force ready to be put upon her. She knows not which way to steer, she is at a loss, and the Heavens look black every way about. *Dribellus* is left troubled, and afflicted, they ask Council one of another, but can propose nothing that is satisfactory, and which will not prove destructive to duty and Honour. However they renew their vows to one another, talk of eternal constancy, and fetter one another with new and reiterated engagements and promises of living and dying faithfull to one another, with all those little vanities and fopperies of young and foolish Lovers.

Thus they seek to elude themselves, and to beguile the bitterness of their griefs, but 'tis in vain, vows will not hold for every time knows how to weaken them, and persuasions many times make them to be forgotten. They are weak chains which intangle souls for the present, the vows of Lovers are often of small force, and last not to perpetuity. However, it pleases them for a while, and they think their stubborn constancy to be able to keep off the black fate that threatens them, and that the Parents of *Petronella* will not force her inclinations, and make her marry one she cannot Love. She therefore with many tears, to soften the hearts of her parents, declares her aversion for *Polissus*, and that she should but live unhappy all the days of her life, without being able to taste the joys of Marriage, in having one she could not Love and fancy. That they would take pity of her, and not force her to do that, which might cause her to be miserable, and them to repent all the days of their Lives. The Mother is moved at the tears of her Daughter, she is willing to hearken to her, since she perceived her trouble. Her heart is more tender, and feels compassion urging her to pity and commiseration. But *Patricius* is of a more stern and austere nature, he grows enraged, and will proceed to violence, he will not hearken to her impertinent pleadings, but lays on his commands, and makes use of his Authority, gives her a set time to prepare her self, and no longer to resist his will and pleasure, and for this end, dispatches messengers away to *Abridatus*, the Father of *Polissus*, to settle all things as to the intended Marriage.

This heavy surcharge plunges our young and secret Lovers into the depth of woe, they perceive the storm unsupportable, all their Arts are too weak to resist it. They see nothing now but destruction, and have no hopes that they can be sav'd, but that they must at last sink and perish. They fear the Bonds of their vows will be broken, and that they will suddenly be torn one from another. Their hearts are ready to burst with grief, and their souls to be overwhelmed with woe. The trouble of *Petronella*, painted a pale sadness in her face and eyes, her discontent and her tears began to drown the Roses in her cheeks, her eyes languish'd, her flesh abated, and her breast beat, and panted with a quick and continual motion. But *Dribellus* having a stronger heart, though no less afflicted, keeps in the force of his passion. He sighs only in private, and to his dear *Petronella*, he shews no signs of his grief in his countenance. He knows how to dissemble his thoughts, and so cunningly hides his trouble, that *Petronella's* parents seek to engage him, to persuade their Daughter to a compliance, and to use all his Rhetoric,

Rhetoric, in shewing her the duty of a childe, and the authority of a parent. But alas! the parents knew not the viper they cherish in their bosom, and are ignorant of the wrong they do themselves, they take the wrong course, and by endeavouring that way to bend their childe to their will, they fix her more stedfastly in her own. *Dribellus* knows how to make use of the advantage and opportunity that is given him, and instead of pleading the cause of his Master, he pleads his own. He prefers his Love to his duty, and his Lust and pleasure, to honour, or honesty. The precepts of *Aristotle* are forgotten, the principles of his Religion are laid aside, and now the subtle enemy of mankind the devil, insinuates into his soul a more pleasing Doctrine, which makes him forget even morality itself. His Love begins to be defiled, and his affections blackned, his desires corrupted, and his soul tainted. He sees it will be impossible for him to marry *Petronella*, and if he hoped he could persuade her to leave her Parents and Country, and to fly away with him, he knew not where to keep her, and he foresaw the floods of dangers, that would follow at his heels. He saw the Lyon in the way, which with open jaws of destruction, stood ready to devour him. He thinks therefore with himself of a safer course, to enjoy the fair and innocent *Petronella*: but his thoughts are all black and impure, and his designs are from Hell, and the suggestions of Satan.

Whilst they are expecting the coming of the Father of *Polissus*, and that in the mean time he had taken his leave, to see an Aunt living not many leagues from *Hypata*, the wicked *Dribellus* was not idle, he made use of the time, and the opportunity that was given him, to persuade *Petronella*, not to obedience, but to comply with his lustful desires. It was some time ere he knew how to go about to make known his minde, and now he made use of Rhetorical art, to bring her to his bent, but alas! It would not have been in the power of his words, had she not lov'd, and I am persuaded, her virtue and innocency would not have been corrupted; But her affection were traytors to her soul, the eyes of her minde were blinded, her Love unstop'd her ears, and admitted of the charms of his wicked tongue. Her passion made her believe all he said, and her very innocency help'd to beguile her. But nature is an apt Schoolmistress, she teaches early, and *Dribellus* knew how to blow the coals, and to enkindle the amorous flame by wanton dalliances and kinde caresses. He lets loose his desires, and then endeavours to persuade her that they are lawfull. That the Beasts of the field, nor the Fowls of the Air, nor the Fishes in the Rivers, are ty'd by such tyrannick Laws, as the cruelty of parents would impose against these of nature. That Love was the soul of the world, and that Marriage was a bond and slavery invented by man, against the Liberty of his Creation, by the pollicy of states, and contrivance of Lawgivers.

Thus he beguiles the poor Virgin, who hearkens to him attentively, she fixes her eyes on his face, and devours his words at her ears. She thinks Love can hatch no evil designs, she plays with the cockatrice so long, that he stings her at last, and is so bewitched and charmed by her foolish passion, that she knows not how to deny him. The traitor that she had harbored within, grew too strong for her, and soon admitted the traitor without, who at last prevailed, and rob'd her of the flower of her Virginity, deflowered her of her Honour, and converted her innocency, and virtue, to pollution and folly. It is not enough that he had been once Criminal, he reiterates his pleasures, and frequently quenches his lustfull flames, but young man thou wilt pay dear for these sweet and stolen fruits, there will come a day of reckoning, and though thou hast Grottoes, and secret Caves, and Woods, to hide thy folly from the eyes of Man, God looks down and beholds thy abomination, and thou shalt smart for thy itching Lust, and short lived titulation which thou enjoyest.

The first step to folly and wickedness is the hardest, but once entred Man soon plunges himself over head and ears. These Lovers grow careless and secure, their meetings were frequent and almost continual: The debauched *Petronella* was now as forward as he, and as ready to appoint places and times to act their crimes, which they did almost without fear or much caution, for they had persuaded each other, that if her Father should come to know it, and that she should prove with Childe, as it would certainly break off the Match, between *Polissus* and her, so it would cause them to be married to hide his Daughters shame, and to make up the breach it would otherwise make in his Honour. These are the vain chimera's of idle Lovers, who see through false glasses that diminish the object, and shew things near to be at a great distance.

But *Patricius*, finding the obstinacy of his Daughter not to be much abated, though by the advice of her Lover she seemed to comply somewhat, and to dissemble her dislike, began to cast in his minde the reason of his Daughters aversion. He saw nothing in the person or behaviour of *Polissus*, but what might be enough pleasing and acceptable to a Maid, not possessed before with any Love of another. He knew he had kept her strictly at home, under his own inspection,

tion, and that her youth neither had defended her from all insinuations of that nature, nor could his thoughts pitch upon any thereabouts, that could give him the least ambage of suspicion. He dreams not that the thief, that had rob'd his Daughter of her heart, and dispos'd her of her honour, lay lurking in his own house, and of all Men living should he least have suspected *Dribellus*; so great an opinion had he of his virtue and honesty.

But the Mother, whether Women best know the temper of their own Sex, or whether her eyes had more narrowly watch'd all the actions, and gestures of her Daughter I know not, but she first began to entertain some little suspicion of her Daughters Love, and of *Dribellus* his kindness. But without the least manifesting her thoughts to *Paricinus*, or making known her minde to any living creature, she only made it her business more fully to satisfy her self, and every day confirm'd her more and more in her suspicion, till at last she perceiv'd plainly how matters stood, and saw that there was no usual kindness and ordinary familiarity between the Master and the Schollar.

However she was a wise Woman, she ran not presently to acquaint her Husband nor to proclaim her Daughters folly, nor with vociferation and exclamation to the Lovers, but she watch'd her opportunity that she might take them together, and by gathering some more certain marks of their Love, in private to admonish them and to reprove them of their folly, and secretly to take such course to break it off, that might not stain the honour or disturb the quiet of their Family. It was far from her thoughts to believe her Daughter criminal of unchastity, and though she believed she might be so foolish as to be inveigled to Love, yet she had a great opinion of her Daughters Virtue, and Honour, and also of the morality and honesty of *Dribellus*, that she did not imagine to find them wretched and polluted.

Her jealousy, a holy and pious jealousy, of the Honour and Innocency of her Daughter, made her curious, and her curiosity watchfull: she perceiv'd their private withdrawments, and she privately follows them into their privacies and Recluses. The Grove of *Olive* that had long concealed their pollution and their unchastity, now detects it and gives a prospect now to the eyes of the Mother: Alas! to what vexation had her jealousy led her, she saw and stood astonish'd; and for a while seem'd a statue of Marble fix'd to the place. The horror of the sight had froze up the current of her blood, her nerves were stiff'd and her spirits ceased from a while. She had fallen to the ground had not a kind Tree supported her, her blood begins to move and her pale cheeks grow red, and blush with shame and indignation. She cries out and at the same time appears to the two Lovers in the act of their defiled pleasures, in the very rapture and ecstasy of their lust. They are at once interrupted and amazed, the unexpected accident and surprize had made them leave their wanton posture, but shame and debility had taken from them power to arise from the Earth. Their eyes are fix'd on the ground, and they dare not behold the lighting of the eyes of the incensed Mother. But yet they were forced to hear the sound of her voice, which seem'd more terrible then a clap of Thunder; every word she spake was a bolt that pierc'd their breasts, and cleav'd their hearts asunder. The holy pious and zealous possessor, form'd for her, words very significant and pressing. It put daggers into her mouth, and darts upon her tongue, with which she stab'd the souls of the dejected Lovers. There was nothing left unsaid, that an incensed and provoked Mother could think on, and that pious Scholy anger could put into her mouth. But what she said was becoming and to the purpose, the graces and muses came in to her assistance; her passion was not irregular and full of noise, it was rather melting like lightning, and pierc'd their feeble hearts without hurting their bodies. It was moving and brought tears into the eyes of her Daughter, which caus'd those reciprocal springs in her own to burst forth and to run down, over her reverend cheeks, to the ground.

In this posture they had continued a while, and a general silence seem'd to reign in the place, they had harkn'd to all her zealous reproofs and pious admonitions, she had sufficiently painted forth to them the blackness of their actions, and the pollution of their souls and bodies. She had told them both of the offence and crime they had committed, both against God and Man, she had said all that was possible for a Mother to say, to make them sensible of their shame, and to have remorse and repentance for their folly and Abomination. But they were rather confounded then converted, the power of Love had so far possess'd their souls, that they were not to be shaken by words, they had taken too great a satisfaction in their pleasures, to be persuaded easily to forego them; *Dribellus* as being the more bold after he had shaken off the first motions of the surprize, spake in the justification of himself and the afflicted *Petronella*. He found excuses such as they were though weak and insignificant, yet such as employ'd his tongue for the present. He seeks to lay the blame on the power and force of their Love, and the vigour and indiscretion of *Paricinus*, in going about to force *Petronella* to marry *Polissus*, whom

she had declared she could never Love. But alas! all he could say was but like to a blown up bladder, that danced with inclosed air, there was no solidity in his words, they were all vain and frothy. As for *Petronella* she could do nothing but implore her Mothers pardon and forgiveness, with tears sighs and broken speeches.

After sometime spent thus between them, she returns with her Daughter in her hand, leaving the wicked *Dribellus* to his thoughts, and to ruminate on what had hapned, and the course he was to take, he foresaw he must forsake his beloved *Petronella*, to undergo the punishment, the anger and justice of *Patricius* would inflict, which he knew would be sudden and violent. But the wife and afflicted Mother carries her Daughter to her Chamber, there she encloses her, and bolts and locks the door fast upon her, she then gives her a second surcharge, and again reiterates all she had said before, and many things which she then had left unsaid, and to which the passion and grief she was in gave not room and entertainment. After she had thus vented her self, and that she was rather weary then satisfied with speaking, she left her to bewail her condition and discovery. But she left her secure and a close prisoner, where she could have no hopes of entertaining her Lover, and for whom her chiefest thoughts and care still was, and employed her mind more, than the fear of her Fathers chastisement, which she imagined would be severe and cruel.

But her Mother was a wise Woman, she did not intend to blast the Honour and reputation of her house by divulging a secret that would brand them with infamy for ever; she was none of those foolish and impertinent women who cannot conceal a secret, through their indiscretion; She knew if it got winde, or was but whisper'd to a second ear, 'twould be past her power to conceal it; She knew also the violent temper of her husband, and that his anger and passion would carry him beyond the bounds of moderation; therefore she resolves to conceal from him all she saw: She will not discover the whole crime of her daughter's unchastity; she with grief conceals, and would if she could have blotted it out of her memory, and have forgotten that she had ever seen it; but she knew it was fitting to advise with *Patricius* what to do, she could not long keep her daughter a prisoner without the knowledge of her Husband, and they daily expected the return of *Polissus*, and the coming of his father *Abridam* from *Larissa*, to consummate the intended Marriage.

She therefore goes to *Patricius*, and lets him know, that she had discovered a secret love between *Dribellus* and her daughter *Petronella*, and that that was the cause of her stubbornness and aversion; she lets him know, she had made her a prisoner in her chamber, and gave him advice to put away *Dribellus*: *Patricius* hearkned with grief and astonishment, he knew not how to believe the words of his wife, and that he had been so deluded by *Dribellus*, in whom he had had such confidence: but his wife convinc'd him by many circumstances and proofs, without declaring the chief crime of these Lovers, so that from astonishment he flies into passion and fury, and revenge possesses his thoughts; but she plays the moderator, and lets him understand how it would manifest their folly, and make a noise, and perhaps cause *Polissus* to forsake his daughter: She therein advises him to keep it as a secret, and not to make it known, or to take any notice thereof; that their Daughter was young, and might easily be induced to Love by the cunning and inveigling conversation of *Dribellus*, and that she might as soon be brought to forget him when she was married to *Polissus*, and therefore counsels him to put away *Dribellus* with all speed; and that no particular notice may be taken, at the same time to discharge all her other Masters, she now being about to be married, and to go with her husband to live at *Larissa*. The old man after he had spent the first heats of his passion, hearkens to the grave advice of his wife, he perceives it to be the wisest and safest course; and accordingly the next day he discharges the Masters of *Petronella*, and among the rest *Dribellus*, taking no notice of any thing, either by his words or actions.

Dribellus is amazed, not that he is turned away, but that no other punishment had been inflicted on him, he believed then, as it was, that he was ignorant of his crime, and that this prudent Mother, had concealed the fault of her Daughter. He goes away, not without great grief, yet with some satisfaction, that he had enjoyed his pleasure, and that the good name of his Mistress, was not blasted by his folly; he had endeavoured all he was able, to have seen his beloved *Petronella* before he went, but could not obtain it. She hears of the discharge of her Lover, with sorrow and grief, and she bemoans his loss with sighs and Tears.

Thus these two young Criminals were parted, and it had been happy if they had never met. But *Petronella* is young and tender; there is hope left, she may be reclaimed, and that she may yet repent of her folly, and hearken to the admonishment and grave Counsel of her Mother: that she may recover again a great part of her Virtue, and Innocency, and that her crime may be forgotten, and pass into oblivion. It was not long after the departure of *Dribellus*, but that

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the return of *Polissus*; and the coming of *Abraham*, took off the restraint that was put upon *Petronella*, she could not be no longer a prisoner to her Chamber, without inviting their curiosity to inquire after the cause. The Mother was not wanting of her maternal precepts, she used her authority as a Mother, and her motherly affection for her only child, made her descend from commands, to prayers and intreaties; she lays before her eyes the ruin, and shame of her family, if she persisted in her Love to *Dribellus*, and the overthrow of her own happiness for ever, which was there about to be establish'd by her Marriage of *Polissus*. She represents before her eyes the Honey, and sweets of that condition, she paints the Thorns, and sticks them with flowers, she gilds the chains, and studds them with precious stones, that they might glitter in the eyes of her Daughter, and she makes all the bonds of Matrimony, of soft and shining Silk, and ties them up into true love knots, for garnature. Thus on one side she shews her horror, Hell, and destruction, and on the other Heaven, Happiness, and sweet content, and she illustrates one by the other. She uses not only Morality, but Divinity, not only moral virtue, and honesty, but Piety and Religion come to her assistance. *Petronella* is not altogether obdurate, her heart is not marble, 'tis softened by the words of her Mother, who was over-joy'd to behold the tears of her Daughter, and to hear her promise, she would obey the commands of her Father.

Time and absence insensibly bring on forgetfulness, and cool the hottest Love, 'tis a *Laudanum* that seldom fails, to give some repose to the disturbed Breasts of Lovers. The Idea of *Dribellus* lessens by degrees, and perhaps she had quite forgotten him, had she never seen him more. He was not with her now to charm her with his presence, to win her with his conversation, or to delude her with his words, and speeches. He is absent, and she alone, and her Parents the one commanding, the other continually intreating, move her soul, so that 'tis no wonder, if the loving and afflicted *Petronella*, at last gives her consent, and that she hearken though with reluctancy, to the prayers of her Mother, and promises to endeavour to subdue and conquer her illicit Love, and to place it on him designed to be her Husband, and perhaps she might have effected it, had not some fatal rubs come into her way.

She leaves her Chamber pale and sad, her eyes had lost much of their light, and Lustre, they were Eclipsed by her sad and black thoughts, and the roses that were wont to bloom in her cheeks, were grown white, and languid, so that her Lover thought she had been sick. She puts a restraint upon her self, and to please her Parents, endeavours to give *Polissus* a better, and kinder reception, than she had formerly done, but she still found that she could not do it without violence, and putting a force upon her self. *Dribellus* though banish'd the Place, would sometimes approach her Imagination, and appear before her fancy. But now things came to a conclusion, and all things being agreed on, and settled between the old men, the young Couple are to be married, and all things are prepared to make the wedding Celebrious.

All things were preparing for the wedding, and every one busie against the day, and the occasion brought many to the house, from several parts of the Country, among the rest, one day a rustick that came as it were to sell some fowl, so well watch'd his opportunity, that he put a letter into *Petronella's* hand, unseen of any one. She was apprehensive from whence it came, and believed she ought not to refuse her Lover the reading of his letter, which she soon did, by stepping of one side, into a solitary place, where she found these Words.

DRIPELLUS to PETRONELLA.

My dearest joy of my Life, and Soul, I die for you, and languish after you, and cannot enjoy any joy, or content, now I am banish'd from your presence. I know not what restraint is put upon you, but I will believe, since you have given me such great proofs of your Love, that you will not forsake me, for 'tis impossible for me to love, unless I live yours. Love will overcome the Tyrannies of Parents, and if you are resolute, you will be victorious, but if you yield to importunity, you will strike a dagger thro' the heart of him, who now bleeds, and shall then dye for you. My sentence of Life, or Death, depends upon your will, therefore consider my dear *Petronella* what you intend to do with

Your most faithful Lover
and adorer till Death,

DRIPELLUS.

This Letter gave a great trouble and affliction to *Petronella*, and smirak'd the embers of her Love, who seem'd to be covered o'er with the Ashes of absence. She was tender and it mov'd her Soul, and had like to have put an obstruction to the approaching Wedding. But 'twas too neer, and she had made so many promises to her Mother, of submission, and obedience, and she saw so much difficulty and dishonour, should she now fail of her performance, that she knew not what to do. However making some signe to the fellow to stay, she run to her Chamber, and returned him these few lines.

PETRONELLA to DRIBELLUS.

How I still Love you I confess it, and know not yet whether I shall be able hereafter not to do so. But my Dribellus, such is the power that God has given Parents over their Children, that they may dispose of their Bodys. I am forced therefore to leave you and to marry *Polissus*, though I had rather have enjoy'd Dribellus: 'Tis the fatality that hangs over me, and the evil influence of my Stars that take me from you and dispose me to another, therefore I do conjure you to endeavour to forget all that is past, and never more to see or think of the afflicted

PETRONELLA.

This Letter being conveyed privately into the hands of the Country fellow he departed, but left *Petronella* full of grief, and the Letter began to renew the flame of her Love, she could not read it without sighs and tears, but at last she began to conquer her self. The day came and *Polissus* at last enjoys his fair Bride: We will not tell you of the joy and mirth of the Parents, nor tell you of the ceremonies and rejoycing of the Wedding. All things seemed serene and the Heavens to smile upon them, they were accounted happy and supposed to swim in pleasures and delight. The joy of *Polissus* was great in having obtained her he Loved, and he even melted her in his embraces, and she on the other side behaved her self so well, that he could not suspect that he had not a Virgin in his Arms.

Who would now think that *Petronella* was not happy, and that she might not live the contentedest Woman in the World. But alas! we cannot judge by the outside, she is still sad and afflicted, she indeed lyes in the arms of *Polissus*, and yet her imagination is fixed on *Dribellus*, nor could all the caresses of her kind husband, win so much upon her as to banish her secret Lover from her memory. She strive what she could to forget him, but she found he had too great a power over her heart: he enjoyed that, though *Polissus* had her body. He was Master of the more noble part, he still held the citadel by which he might easily command the Town.

Marriages that are not made above will never thrive and prosper below; where souls and hearts meet not, as well as bodys and carcases, the union is small and the contract and vows frail and brittle. The graces and the virtues do not strew this wedding with Garlands and flowers, Hymen is attended with the furies and discontent, and his saffron Robe is dyt in gall, and the Torches shew ill omens of what is yet to come. *Petronella* might have taken warning by the kinde discovery, Heaven had made of her unlawfull Love to *Polissus*, he had discovered indeed her shame, but with so great greatness that the eyes of the world beheld it not: 'twas only to those of a Parents, who had wisely winked at the folly, and hid the crime from all others. *Petronella* appears with all the purity and innocency of a Virgin, and after Marriage with all the modesty and sincerity of a Wife. What should now hinder her to be happy, and to taste the felicity that many envy her for? unless she will build her own ruin, and lay foundations for destruction, shame and ignomony within her own breast. The Devil is not pleas'd, that the crime of Fornication is not punished, and that Heaven has seemed to have forgiven it, and past it over, and no doubt, had she repented her fault it had been for ever hid, and his first transgressions had not been known and made publique to the World. We had perhaps had no cause to have given you this sad History, and to let you know her first faults, to make her more culpable. When God strikes we ought to take notice of the warning, 'tis usually with gentleness; but if we go on in our transgressions, and increase our crimes, God sets forth the Lyon, that goes about seeking his prey: his anger and his justice are sent abroad, and then he smites home and is severe.

Some few weeks after the Marriage of *Polissus* and *Petronella* past, and they seemed to live in all joy and content, when *Abridatus* and his Son, taking leave of *Patricius* and his wife, carry home with them now their *Petronella*. She went not from the embraces of her Parents, without tears, yet they were well satisfied to see her so well bellowed, and that all their care was so well and happily crowned. The good Mother was not wanting in her counsell, and by her carriage

cariage and behaviour, began to think she had buried the Love of *Dribellus* in the grave of oblivion, and that she would never think of him more. Perhaps she might have been still innocent had she not been tempted, but if there be no temptation, there will be no victory and triumph. Our virtues are not known and shall not be imputed to us for virtues, unless they are tryed; and none can be called courageous, unless he fight or be Heroic, unless he do and archive noble acts and worthy deeds.

But *Petronella* shall soon be put to trial, we shall see whether she is able to withstand temptation, and which is the more strong and potent in her breast, her Love or her Duty, virtue, or vice, the remembrance of her vows or that of her folly. She had not been long at *Larissa*, where she was welcomed by all the Friends kindred and relations of *Polissus*, and where each strove to render their respects, but she received Letters from *Dribellus*, so passionate and moving, that they began to touch the old sore, and to lance her corrupted heart. These raked the ashes from the embers, and gave a glowing heat to her old Love. She calls to her remembrance the pleasures she had enjoyed with *Dribellus*, she thought the embraces of a Lover, much more sweeter than those of a Husband, whose caresses seemed tedious, and kindness burthensome. She could not finde the same delight she had tasted, and the difference was palpable and irksome. Satan knows how to make use of our desires and thoughts against our selves; he stabs us with our own weapons; our own foolish lusts and longings carry us headlong to the precipice, and oftentimes so violently, that we cannot stop; when on the brink of destruction, but that we fall down into the devouring pit below that gapes for us. *Petronella* instead of shutting the door against *Dribellus*, opens that of her heart to him; instead of burning his Letters answers them secretly, and instead of forbidding him from sending her any more, begins to tell him of her fidelity and unhappiness. She did not wisely stop her ears, like the adder against the words of the charmer, or fill them with wax that she might not hear the enchanting sound of the Syren, who told her to shame and perdition.

It was for some Months that Letters past thus privately and safely betwixt them, by the means of *Marella* her waiting Maid, whom she had brought with her from *Hypata*, and to whom she had intrusted the secret of her Love. But at last the distance was insupportable, and they must see one another only to bewail their losses, and the miseries they endure for each other. Nothing else is proposed at first, and the cunning *Dribellus* knew how to palliate his designs, having a further end, for having at first corrupted her Virginity, he will not stand to pollute her Marriage bed. I am apt to think that *Petronella* had no such black thoughts at first, and when she desired the sight of *Dribellus*, and yielded to that fatal interview, that it was for no other end than to prattle and discourse of their amour; and to satisfy her desires, of seeing the object of that Image she carryed in her heart. But poor *Petronella* thou wilt rue this sight, and it had been better that thou hadst never beheld the light. He will prove a Basilisk and blast thee, with those eyes thou so longest to behold.

But the permission is granted and the means contrived, by the industry of the waiting Maid, who was as forward to promote the design, as she could have been to have hindred their meeting. But such are always forward by a wicked compliance, to further the crimes of their Mistresses, for few of them have any virtue, and therefore are easily perswaded to side with vice, besides they are not ignorant of the power that such trusts put into their hands, whereby they are enabled to become their Mistresses Mistress, by holding them as it were bound in the chains of foolish fear, lest they should make known and publish their secret crimes. To such tyranny must they subject themselves, who entrust servants with such criminal secrets. But *Merilla* having a ready wit and ready compliance, so brought it about, that *Dribellus* was let into the Garden, one Evening at a back door, where in a close Arbour the two Lovers met, with equal ardour and satisfaction, where they bewailed one anothers destiny, and cursed the tyranny of Parents, and blamed the foolishness of custom; and of the World that put so great a difference between persons.

The cunning *Dribellus* knew which way to play his cards, he was not ignorant how to work on the heart of *Petronella*, like rowers he looked another way than he intended, he would seem innocent and chaste, he bounded and moderated his desires, and only in his raptures, and transports ravished, and stole some kisses from her lips and hands. This first meeting was not so criminal as the others which followed, but *Dribellus* knew well enough he should gain by the restraint, and that by working into her good opinion; he should yet have the more power to deceive and undermine her, and that these innocent parties would take her off her guard, that he might surprize her with the more facility: He well knew how to enkindle the flame, and to what a fire these little heats and renewals of their old affections, would soon grow by these intercourses, therefore he at first rested contented, without obtaining or seeming to desire further satisfaction.

But they continue not long in this innocency, her Love to *Dribellus* is too violent, to deny him what he desires, and his is too impure not to obtain his full satisfaction. They at last give themselves over to unlawfull embraces, they pollute and contaminate one another. Their pleasures are become bestial, they have no regard of Honour, no fence of virtue nor remembrance of duty, no thought of Religion, nor of the wrong they do *Polissus*, the kinde and affectionate *Polissus*, but being caryed away with the pleasures of their own defilement, they renew their caresses without fear, and without check of Conscience. At this rate by the assistance of their confederate *Marella*, they wore away some weeks, when they began to think the continuance might be dangerous, they therefore set their wits awork, and they framed several contrivances that they might safely, and without suspicion enjoy one another. And after much debating and hamering of the matter, *Marella* being also called to this privy Council, they concluded since *Polissus* had scarce seen or at least not to have taken any exact notice of *Dribellus*, he should put himself into the habit of a servant, and by that means to get admittance into the house; and at that time he that used to look after the furniture of the House, to brush the Hangings, Couches, and Chairs, and to have inspection into the Wardrobe being upon going away, he would offer himself very opportunely. The plot being laid, it immediately took effect, and he was entertained by *Polissus* and *Petronella*, under the feigned name of *Corys*. And now he thinks himself happy, and hugs his own ingenuity, and imagins himself bleis'd and fortunate. But shortly thy eyes will be opened, and thou wilt perceive thy folly when thou went'st about this designe: The wisdom of Man is foolishness, and God taketh the wicked in their own nets.

In this manner the two secret Lovers live together, taking hold of opportunities to converse together, and to enjoy each other, and never was there a more diligent servant, nor a more kinde and loving Mistres. Some Months pass thus away without the least rub, or obstacle that might interrupt their joys. *Polissus* suspects not the snake he harbour'd in his bosom, nor the thief he had entertained into his House. All things ran with a smooth and even current: But as Love was the cause of their crime, so God will make it a means of their punishment, he usually observes order and method in his justice, and there is a kinde of decency and regularity in his ways and works. Among the many Servants they kept, there was a Maid who looked after the Linnen belonging to the House, this Maid named *Parvula* falls desperately in Love with *Corys*, his minde, discourse and handsomeness had won her heart so much, that she would never be out of his Company, she had still one excuse or other to bring her to him, in so much that she became troublesome to him, and made him avoyd and slight her all he could. He began to perceive her Love, and therefore he thought by his ruggedness and austerity to put out her flame, but he was deceived, it rather encreased by opposition, and such persons not always observing the rules of strictness and modesty, which those of higher quality do, seeing he would not understand her by signs, she in plain terms (having watched her opportunity) let him know how much she loved him above all others: but alas! she was deceived in her hopes and aims, he instead of answering kindly shewed his disdain, and checked her so roughly, that it put her into tears and anguish of minde. She (as most have) had a good opinion of her self, and began to examine the reason of his refusal, looking upon him as her equal and fellow servant; she saw no defects in her self but believed she was as worthy to be beloved as another, she therefore left him not off but pursued him still though in vain. But at last jealousy being added to her Love she became more troubled and afflicted, but withall more watchfull of all his ways and actions. She began to suspect that he loved some body else, or else he would not have so ruggedly and disdainfully have used her, and perceiving him very often in the company of *Marella*, she concluded he had there placed his affection. These jealous thoughts raised up her spight, envy and malice, she watches all his actions, and becomes a spy upon him. There is nothing so keen and piercing as the eye of a Lover, and notwithstanding all his care and circumspections, she finds out the secret meetings between him and *Marella*, so that she grows assured in her self that they Love one another, and that for her sake only he had disdain'd her. This thought raises up bitter and envenomed spight in her soul, her Love changes to hate, her kindness to malice and spight. She therefore resolves to be revenged on her rival, and watches all opportunities to take them together, believing she should finde them unchaste. For this end having seen them one Evening enter the Garden together, she closely followed them, but found the door made fast in the inside. But what cannot Love effect, the ardent desire she had to be satisfied in her jealousy, made her run into an old out-house, where she knew there lay a short Ladder, that they used ordinarily about the house, and with this Ladder in a private place she mounts the Garden wall, and gets over into the Garden, by means of some trees that grew near the wall, and being gotten down, she crope along softly from hedg to hedg,

till

till she had espied *Corys* and *Marella* talking together, walking till they came under a Balcony, which looked out into the Garden, when she perceived her Lady appear, and after a short salute *Corys* to fling up a Ladder of cords, by which she nimbly descended to them.

This action of her Ladys amazed her, but she soon perceived by their amorous caresses, that it was not *Marella* but the Lady that was Mistress of his Heart. For she saw them convey themselves into a close Arbour of Jessamines, at the farther end of the Garden, in a most private and unfrequented place, and *Marella* walking at a distance, watching the doors of the Garden, Balconies and windows of the House, that she might give warning of any approaching danger. This gave her the opportunity of creeping so near the outside of the Arbour, which was thick that she could hear their whispers, and perceive their amorous dalliance. She was now fully satisfied of the reason of *Corys* his disdain, but more amazed at the infidelity of her Mistress. But without the least noyse she returned, by the same way she came unperceived by any.

This Maid however kept this secret to her self, but yet her Love to *Corys* made her still to haunt him, and to be a diligent spy upon all his actions. He knew of her Loye, and perceiving her curiosity, and that as she was troublesome, so she might be dangerous, since he knew Love made such quick lighted, advising therefore with *Petronella*, he caused her to put her away, and discharged her service, under the colour of some frivolous pretence. This action enkindled the spite of the wench, she is enraged and grows mad, and resolves with her self to be revenged both of *Corys* and her Mistress. To this end, watching her opportunity and finding *Polissus* alone in his Garden, she went to him and related to him the treachery of *Corys*, the compliance of *Marella* and the infidelity of his wife. *Polissus* stands amazed at the Relation, and like a statue immovable, or as if he had been stricken with a thunderbolt. He cannot credit the story, he is unwilling to believe so evil tidings, he begins to blame the mind, and to accuse her of spite and malice. He thinks it unlikely that the fair and well-bred *Petronella*, should transgress and condescend to prostitute her self to a servant and slave. But *Petronella* offers to justify what she had said, and gave him so ample and exact an account of every particular, that his horror began to change into grief, and his incredulity to belief. He examines her over and over again, he finds no disagreement in her tale, and he fears now that this might be some former Lover of *Petronella* in disguise, he calls to remembrance her unwillingness to marry him, her aversion before Marriage, and her coldness and indifference since. A thousand things run into his head, and he resolves to be severely revenged.

But *Polissus* being a wise Man would not be forward of belief, but resolves to be further satisfied. He knew the single testification of that wench, would not be enough to condemn a person of that quality, and that it would be thought a plot of his own contriving, and that he should by that means, publicly disdain his Honour, and blur his Reputation, in the eyes of the world, and bring an odium upon his family, without being able to revenge himself. He therefore charges his Maid to keep it secret, and to entrust it with no living creature, and giving her a handful of Gold ordered her to stay privately in the City, being discharged by her Mistress against the time he should have need of her. Little think the secure Lovers the scourge that is preparing for them, and that God now having so long forbore to let them feel the weight of his arm, giving them time to repent and to see their wickedness, was now ready to strike home, and to make known his dislike to such abominable actions, by his severe vengeance. *Polissus* is secret but afflicted at the heart, and so narrowly watches all the actions of his wife, and the treacherous *Corys*, that he begins by several circumstances to believe all the Maid had told him to be too true, and his suspicions with his trouble dayly increased. But he dissembled his thoughts so well, that he betrayed them not at his eyes, he seemed the more kinde and familiar with *Petronella* and merry and frolick, so that he gave not the least suspicion of his knowledge of their crime. But having received an intimation from *Petronella*, which way she had first surprized them together, he watched so diligently, and contrived it so cunningly, having by a private Key convey'd himself into the Garden, and sheltring himself under some thick shrubs that grew near the Arbour in which they used to meet, that his own eyes and ears were sufficient witnesses of his dishonour, and his wives unchastity.

However though his passion was great, and his trouble and anxiety very pressing, yet he was so much Master of himself, as he let them retire without discovering himself, but it was like those who go back several steps, that they may take the greater force to leap or pass some difficult place, he returns in silence, but it is that he might appear the more dreadful, and that he might the better execute his vengeance. It is not long ere he fains that he should sup abroad, at a friend of his about two leagues from the City, and that it would be late ere he should come

home, and where he often went, he being one that had been abroad with him, and had been his companion in the Wars. This he supposed would secure the two Lovers, and that they would not miss so fair an opportunity, of meeting together as they use to do. He rides over to his friend as he often did, with his two Men, and to him he discovers all he had seen, and was related to him, and his full resolution of revenging himself, and vindicating his abused Honour. He craves the assistance of his friend, who readily offered him his service, though he was much troubled at the cause. He strait causes his horse to be made ready, and back they come to *Hypata* in the Evening, and by a by-way, having left their horses in a private place without the Gates, and fetching a compass about, led by *Polissus*, they approach his horse; and getting into the outer Court undescryed, with the help of a Ladder, got over the Garden-wall, with their three men unseen, for *Marella* being upon the watch at the Garden-gate, and towards the house, was at a great distance from the place where they were, never suspecting any surprize from that Quarter. *Dribellus* and *Petronella* were in the Arbour that had been a long time witness of their folly, and had concealed their crime, but was now to be of their punishment, and to discover their shame. They as *Polissus* had imagined would not lose so fair an opportunity as his absence gave them, and they met with more ordinary security and satisfaction, and with less fear and caution than before. But they were now like birds in a net, there was no escaping the justice and punishment that was provided for them, both by Heaven and her incensed Husband. *Polissus* making a signe to the men to stay at some distance, and taking his friend by the hand they approach the place, where these loose and wanton Lovers had abandoned themselves to their lustfull pleasures; and providence had so ordained the matter, that they came upon them in the very act of their beastiallity. Their ears were the first witnesses of their amorous parly, and it was not long, ere their eyes discovered their filthyness, for they both at once rushing into the Arbour, with their scymiters glittering in their hands, surprized them close together on the green bank of turfs, which served for a seat in that place. Though it was almost dark, and especially in that shaded place, yet by his voyce and eyes shooting forth flashes of rage, and anger, the confounded *Petronella* knew her husband, and there was nothing so dreadful and astonishing could have appeared to her as that sight. Death which she saw he carried in his hand, was not so frightfull and terrible, as the shame that appeared before her eyes; and the presence of her Husband, finding her in a posture that too plainly testified her abuse, was a greater torment than racks or wheels. The guilty *Dribellus* now beheld the end of all his pleasures with confusion, and wished himself in the bottom of the Sea, or buried under *Pelion* or *Ossa*. The incensed *Polissus* lays hold of him, so enraged and boyling with passion, that he could not speak, but whistling for his Men, caused them immediately to binde him. In the mean time *Marella* hearing the whistle, thought it had been *Dribellus*, and coming running with all speed fell also into the Trap, for being amazed and confounded at what she saw, she founded and was secured by one of the Men. *Petronella* had by this time cast her self at the feet of her Husband, with heaved up hands, and tears running down her cheeks, enough to have mollified the heart of any other, then an incensed and abused Husband. But she implored for nothing but Death; and that he would give it her instantly with his own hands, which she confessed she had deserved. But he will not be so kinde, it was too great a mercy, no, she must yet live to behold her shame, and so see first the punishment of her lustfull Lover; who being bound before her face, he caused to be castrated and so thrust out a doors into the City. As for *Marella* who by this was come to her self, he caused her to be stript and bound to a Tree, and made his Men whip her naked back, with the young sprouts of hazells, and peach Trees, which they cut up in the Garden, till they left her no skin on her sholders, and in that condition sent her to seek her Fortune.

The miserable and afflicted *Petronella*, beheld all this with eyes flowing with water, fixed on the ground upon her knees, and now the enraged *Polissus*, turns to her with a menacing look, cutting her soul with sharp and keen words, venting something the passion of his troubled minde by his speeches: At the end of which she looked for Death, but he was not so kinde, and she would have counted her self happy, to have found that rather than the shame, and ignominy he designed her for. Turning therefore his eyes away from her; and detesting her with all the expressions of abhorrency, he caused his Men to bind her, and to carry her to her Chamber where he secured her till the morning, and then going to the Magistrates of the City, he openly accused his wife of Adultery, and produced the Maid who had made the first discovery, and his friend to testifie what they had seen. But they need not, she is sent for, and her conscience more then an hundred witnesses accuse her, she confesses her crime, and implores their mercy. But the judges according to the Law of that place, pronounce sentence against her, that she shall undergo the *Rhaphanation* or the punishment of the *Radish*.



Gods Revenge against the Abominable Sin of Adultery.

A TURKISH HISTORY.

HISTORY II.

Garella Mulehassia is married to Ally Perigat a Turk: She entertains a former Lover in the disguise of a waiting woman, named Amulla: He enjoys her: She is courted by the slave Leonardo: Perseveres Amulla, commits Adultery with Leonardo: Being discovered, endeavours to kill Leonardo in the privacy: He gets from thence, and stabs her: She is strangled by the command of her Husband, and she stey'd alive.

Sins like the links in a chain, are so cleaving one to another, that one cannot be moved, but it draws many others after it: one can hardly be committed by it self, but that others will occur or soon follow after. But yet, some are more adhering one to another, and some more remote, and at a distance. Adultery and Murther seem to be nearly related, and the one to be the Daughter or product of the other: It is seldom seen, that the abomination of Adultery is committed without the bloody hands of Murther: and the enormities of lust, as they have produced many evils, so that of blood and cruelty especially. This is proved best by the Stage, which so often represents the most memorable Tragedies, committed in all places, and in all times, and shews them to be still the effect of Love, Lust, Fornication, or Adultery: our eyes, and our ears, are there witnesses of the bloody Ravage of this horrible Monster, which seems to have two hands upon one neck; Adultery and Murther. They are the two great
sins

sins for which God will visit, and call down the wrath and indignation of Heaven, on the heads of those that commit them. One of our stories of Adultery was usher'd in by Love, which brought revenge and Murther, and was followed close by the heels with incest and Ravishment, which brought the guilty to destruction; but this will shew you in the van Adultery, and in the rear Murther, which usually follows in the train, or leads the way to this beastly and abominable sin: And also that we may see God is no respecter of persons, and that the Law of God reaches not only to Christianity, or to the Jews, but that it also reaches to Turks, and Infidells (where there is the tie and Law of Marriage in force, as hath been in most heathen Nations) and is also to them a Law in their consciences, wrote there by the finger of the Almighty, and for the breach of which, God visits them with punishments and Death, I have (I say) chosen a scene among *Mahometans* and *Infidels*, to shew you that Adultery is there also, and among them an abomination in the eyes of Heaven, and that of what nation soever he be that commits it, and of whatsoever belief or Religion, it lessens not the crime, nor takes away the horrid blemish and polluted stain, but is by God justly and duly punished, as you may perceive by the ensuing History, of the Adultery between a Christian *Man*, and a Turkish *Woman*.

Among the many Islands of the *Aegean Sea*, there lyes one over against the *Sinus Saronicus*, now called *Gulfo di Engie*, not above twelve miles distant from the famous City of *Athens*, called of old *Egina*, from *Egina* the Daughter of *Asopus*, a King of *Bearia*, and the Mother of *Aacus* by *Jupiter*, whose Country this was and little Kingdom; and the ancient Country of the *Myrmidons*. But now this Island is called *Engia*, and inhabited by the natives, *Greeks* and *Turks*, who are the Lords and Masters of it, as of all other Islands at this day.

In this Island lived a very wealthy Turk named *Aly Perigot*, who was the chief of the whole Island, where he lived in great splendor and plenty, having a Castle of his own, near the sea-side, where according to their custom, he kept or rather imprisoned his Wives. The Castle was pleasantly seated, the Gardens and vines about it shewed very delightfully, and both nature and art had rendred it a curious and desired habitation. His women wanted nothing that could add to their pleasure but liberty, for they were there confined within Walls, and secured with locks, bars, and watches. Among his women which this Turk kept, there was one wife that he doated on above all the rest, indeed she deserved to be loved, or rather admired for her exquisite form and beauty: she surpassed the rest not only of his wives, but of all the women in the Island in beauty: Her face was almost oval, with fair, large, and well-opened eyes, a beauty among the Turks especially: of a fair complexion, white hair, of some what a large make, tall and well-set, fleshy, yet slender and well-proportioned; her breasts, neck, and arms of an exact shape, white, plump, and loaded with golden chains, and bracelets of Gold, Amber, Coral, and Pearl: Her hands fair, and her fingers long and slender, adorned with rings and Jewels. This beautifull and lovely Woman was the beloved wife of this Turk, and which above all the rest he kept as his treasure, with all his care and industry, from the eyes of all men. The name of this Woman was *Garella Mulebassa*, one of a mean extraction, a native of that Island, her Father being a poor Country-peasant a *Mahometan*, and nothing to live on but his labour, and a little cottage, with a scild or two, which he improved by sowing of Barly, of which that Island, is naturally productive. This beautifull Daughter of his, being not above sixteen years of age, he had contracted to a young man his neighbour, that was rich in Corn and vines, being taken with her beauty, and was to be married according to their way, shortly after, when it was the fortune of *Aly Perigot* riding that way, and seeing this beautifull girl reaping of barly in the field, and all those beauties exposed to the sun and drudgery, he falls in Love with her, and presently desires her of her Father for his Wife, promising to make him rich for her sake, it being the custom there, rather to buy their Wives than to have any thing with them: Though the old man knew the great riches of *Aly*, and was sensible of his Daughters preferment thereby, yet having promised her, and contracted her to another, he absolutely refuses him, but he not being to be so denied, watches his opportunity, and finding her in the field, carries her away by force, by the help of his Men, brings her to the Castle, marries her and there enjoys her, to the great affliction of her Father, but much more of her Lover: But there was no remedy, he was too mighty for them, and they had not to whom to complain, unless they went to the *Beglarby* of *Achiaia*, who lived at a distance from them, and where they thought they should get little right, against one so mighty and rich, as *Aly* was: Therefore they were fain to let down by the loss, and be quiet, and contented to bear what they could not remedy. As for *Garella* her self, she finding the difference between the life she formerly led, and this full of ease, pleasure, delicious fare, lodgings, and adornments, clad with silks and Jewels, and glittering with Gold and precious stones, she knew not

where she was almost, and was very well pleased with the change, and thought she was much more happy with *Aly*, than she should have been with him, who was to have had her; where she should have been still but a drudge and servant, and now she beholds her self a Lady, and a Mistress, her servants, and her slaves attending her pleasure and command. Not considering that all this while she her self is but a Prisoner and a slave in Golden chains, and fettered with brouches and Jewells, and bound in ropes of pearls and Corall, and that at the same time she is under restraint, and imprisoned within Walls and Towers. But since all things then seemed delightfull and pleasant, she was not yet sensible of her bondage, nor of the wrong that was done her, and her Father, and her Lover, nor of the force that was put upon her, but shutting her eyes to all her other considerations, she opened them only to pleasure and delight, with which she seemed to glut and satiate her self.

Thus pleased and contented lived *Garella*, beloved of *Aly*, and also returning him a reciprocal affection, they enjoyed one another in their mutual embraces and caresses. But *Aly* knowing the wrong he had done to her Father, after some space of time being elapsed, and being then about to send his Steward of his house to buy some slaves that he wanted, at a Town on the farther side of the Island, where many Turkish Merchants lived, who bought and sold Christian slaves, it being a small Port-Town; he commanded this Steward of his to call in his way thither, on the Father of his dear and beloved *Garella*, and to make him a considerable present from him, and from his Daughter, and to let him know how honorably and contented she lived, and also that he should get her some she-servants to wait on her, and attend her person, that were *Mahometans*, and some of her Neighbours, which he did to please his *Garella*, and to make her life pleasant and comfortable.

According to the command of his Lord, the Steward takes his journey, and calling on the Old man, makes him a present of Gold, and a Ring, and other things which gave no small joy to the heart of the old man, who now began to be satisfied with the good fortune of his Daughter: The Steward having there done his business, proceeded on his journey, having promised the old man to call as he came back, from buying the slaves he was going for, and desired him in the mean time to get him some she-Turkish servants to wait on his Daughter. Not long after his departure, he that should have been his Son-in-Law, came to visit him, and to deplore the loss of *Garella*, as he used to do, for he passionately loved her, and still bemoaned her loss: to him presently the old man made known the tydings he had of his Daughter, and the rich presents that were sent him, and also how he was to get her some servants to wait on her. The old man was not more contented then he was vext at the utter loss of *Garella*, but being of a quick apprehension, and loving her extremely, had a sudden project come into his head, whereby he hoped to obtain the speech of his Mistress, and perhaps to be able by the persuasion of his Love, to redeem her from the slavery and power of *Aly Periget*.

Love makes all things seem easie, and there is no difficulty or danger but Love hopes to overcome. But Lovers oftentimes take false measures, and as they are full of hopes, they are rash and inconsiderate, their reason is clouded, and they see by false and delusive opticks. This young man, not trusting his designe with the Father of *Garella*, only told him he had a kinswoman of his, that lived within a league of the Castle of *Aly Periget*, named *Amulla*, whom he desired he would for his sake recommend to the Steward at his return, and giving him exact notice of the place of her aboad, prayed him very earnestly, that he would cause the Steward to take her to wait on *Garella*, that he might at least by that means, hear from his old Mistress, and know of her prosperity and wellfare. The old man loving him very well, promised to perform that office for him, being also glad of the provision. In the mean time, this young man resolving to get a sight of his Mistress, got made fit for him Turkish garments, such as maid-servants used to wear in that Island, and being very young, and no beard as yet discovering it self, he resolves to be himself this *Amulla*, or counterfeit Kinswoman he had feigned. Leaving therefore his concerns with a Brother that he had, and some servants that he kept, he feigns a voyage over to *Athenis* upon some occasions, and taking leave of the Father of *Garella*, presses him again earnestly to remember his Kinswoman *Amulla*, and much about the time that he thought the Steward of *Aly Periget* would return, he conveys himself privately to a friend of his, that lived within a league of *Aly's* Castle, to whom he discovers his whole designe, and craving his kindness, and assistance therein, they put him into his female-shape, and he passes for a kinswoman of his, and named him *Amulla*.

Not long after returns the Steward with several Christian-slaves that he had bought of the Merchants of that place where he had been; and among the rest, there was one of extraordinary handsome features, and limbs, tall, strait, well-set, of a comely countenance, and noble air and aspect, that shewed it was a fortune he had not been long accustomed to, and that he

was extracted of gentle if not of noble seed, though now clothed in the habit of a slave, and with fetters at his heels; we will tell you his name, because we shall have a great occasion of mentioning this handsome slave, in the sequel of this History, they called him by the name of *Leonardo*, it being his Christian Name, and which he still retained; he was the glory of his marketing, and retained much favour from the hands of the Steward. The Father of *Garella* entertained the Steward very kindly, and had prepared two maid-servants against his coming, and not forgetting his promise, told him where he was to find another named *Amulla* in the way as he returned home. The Steward very glad of it, having obeyed the commands of his Master, returns home with his servants and slaves, and by the way, as directed, calls for *Amulla*, whom he likes extremely well, and takes her with him to *My Perigo*, who having looked them over, ordered them to several employments; but the Turkish maid-servant he carries to *Garella*, bidding her make her choice of her, she would have to attend her constantly in her Chamber, and the rest should be employed in other Offices in the house.

Garella having cast her eyes upon them, found *Amulla* to be far handsomer than the rest, and of a more pleasing countenance; she was so well disguised, that she did not imagine it to be her Lover, but thought the maid had some resemblance of him, and therefore the more readily pitched on *Amulla* to be still near her, and to attend her in her Chamber. This good fortune made the heart of *Amulla* to leap, and now he questioned her of obtaining his desire, which was the getting her away by her consent; for he believed and flattered himself that she loved him; but he was deceived, for *Garella* loved her self better than to live the poor life of a right Farmer, and to leave the plentiful and luscious Life of a Lady, attended and honoured as she was; and this *Amulla* soon found, for having the opportunity often of being alone with her, this counterfeit waiting-maid discovered himself, to the no small astonishment of *Garella*. He tried all the art of his Rhetorick to persuade her to leave *My Perigo*, whom he called her Tyrant Lord and Master: her Taylor, and Keeper, and to fly with him her lawful Husband, promising her to carry her out of the reach and power of *My*, and to sell all his Estate, and to go with her. He let her see his great love and affection to her, in adventuring his life as he had done for her sake only, and that 'twas impossible for him to live without her.

Garella heard all this, and much more from him, but she found many excuses to put him off, in that she was married and become his wife, and that she durst not adventure of so dangerous a project, and that it would be impossible for her to get away, without being discovered, and so should forfeit her life and her reputation. That she lov'd him still, and that she therefore would conceal his disguise, but withall advised him to retire, lest any accident should happen, that might expose his life to the jealousy and fury of *My*. This young Man now perceived he had judged falsely of the Love of *Garella*, and that she loved her self better than him, and that she would not leave the life she lived, being full of plenty and state, to satisfy a simple Love, and to live in private with him, in a meaner condition. But withall, perceiving it was not her love to *My Perigo*, and that she seemed to have an affection towards him, by the frequent kisses she gave him, and by her willingness to conceal his bold attempt, he resolves not to make this his dangerous enterprise altogether in vain. He will drive the nail that will go, and if he cannot get her to leave *My*, he hopes he may obtain some recompence for his bold adventure, and some satisfaction of his Love, having so fair, and safe an opportunity to do it.

Garella though she was an Angel in the face, she was a Devil in heart; she was of a lustful temper, and her Constitution by living high, and feeding daintily, was provoked to the height of Nature. She had nothing of Virtue or Religion to guard her Soul, or to regulate her actions; she walks only by interest and safety, and is indeed a true hypocrite; matters not the crime, and these fears being pretty well secured, and considering all her circumstances, no wonder if she hearkened to the prayers of her Lover, who had ventured thus far for her sake. She pretends her self of a soft heart and piteous, she knows not how to give a denial to one that had so well deserved of her, and that loved her so faithfully, and that by that means she will both recompense his true affection, satisfy her own Love, and revenge her self in some measure of *My*, for forcing her from him. This she pretended, but indeed 'twas mostly to satisfy her self, and to please her own appetite and lustful Devil, which now began to rage, and to be provoked.

Being come to the conclusion of their Amours she admits her *Amulla* into her embraces, and the strict and cunning *My Perigo* is cuckold'd with the greatest ease and security as may be imaginable. They have all the opportunity they can desire, and under this safe shape of her servant, they glut and satiate themselves with pleasures. This lasts for some time, when *My Perigo*, who was none of the chastest Turkey falls in love with *Amulla* who seem'd a handsome wench, and though not so beautifull as many of his wives, and especially her Mistress *Garella*.

she was tempting in his eye, and was a new thing to his fancy. The delight of change he knew would make amends for the want of beauty; He therefore secretly courts *Amulla*, offering her from a mean servant to make her a Mistress, and of his maid to make her his wife, and equal to the rest in honour and riches, and in his esteem, but he little thinks with whom he has to do. *Amulla* is much troubled at this cross adventure, fearing there might be danger in it; therefore dares not make him a flat denial, but seeming to incline to his Courtships, gives him some small hopes of prevailing. He presently consults *Garella*, who is startled at the news, and a sudden fear seizes on her, lest the importunity of *Aly* should make any discovery. She is also vexed to find, that she has not charms enough to keep the heart of *Aly* to her self. But they know not what to do, *Aly* pressing his Love with great earnestness, and 'tis dangerous to deny, and impossible to consent. *Garella* therefore prizing her life more than her pleasure, with so apparent hazard, advises *Amulla* to be gone with speed to prevent future evils, but he would not harken with that ear, no perswasion could make him leave those daily pleasures he reaped by the embraces of his dearly beloved *Garella*, and was resolved to hazard his life rather than forsake her. This vex *Garella* to the Soul, and she began to wish her Lover now rather out of the World than there to give her that trouble and perplexity, seeing she could not prevail with him to be gone.

God always infatuates those he intends to destroy; *Amulla* will needs stay, though against the desires and Commands of *Garella*, and exposed to the dangerous Courtships of *Aly*, the Lordly Tyrant of them all. The fear of discovery had so much impressed it self on the spirits of *Garella*, that she could not taste the pleasure she used to do, it had taken somewhat the edge of it off, and her Lover began to grow pal'd and flat, and troublesome, and uneasy to her, and for that cause, since she found she could not Command him away, she now began to think what way she might safely be rid of him. Whilst she was in these thoughts, another accident happened, which caused her the sooner to perform her intentions.

The Castle of *Aly Perigot* was a very perfect prison, yet a very pleasant one, standing by the Sea-side, having also pleasant and delicious Gardens, and Wilderness, and dressed Vineyards round about it, and though the Turks are by the Law prohibited wine, yet for the profit they make thereof, they had several Vineyards in the Island, as well as the *Greeks*, but *Aly* was no such Saint but that he would sometimes transgress *Mahomet's* Law, and often secretly (as many of them now do) would drink and carouse that delicious *Netter*, so that both he, and his old Steward to whom he entrusted the care and charge of his whole house, would be often drunk together. The Chambers of *Garella* were two stories high, and no other Chambers over hers, but a flat leads, where she was permitted at certain hours, to walk, and from which leads she had not only a fair prospect of the Gardens round about, and of the fields, and Vineyards, but also of the Sea, and of several little Islands which were here and there dispersed, in the *Strait*, and could see the Ships sailing to and fro, which gave her a great deal of pleasure and delight. At certain hours also she was permitted to walk in the Garden, before her apartment, with her maid only. And the house was so contrived, that the wives of *Aly* lodg'd all on the same upper floor for security, and had the same priviledges of the leads, and the Gardens; but so that one never saw, nor approached another, their hours being severally allotted, and exactly kept by his Steward, or his Deputy, which kept the keys and gave them admission, so that the wives was not troublesome one to another. And their windows, that gave light into their Chambers, though they looked into the Gardens were so contrived, being strongly fortified on the out side with iron bars: and also on the inside with somewhat lesser bars, and the Wall being very thick and Chambers high, it was not possible to see into the Garden, only the tops of the Trees, and this was so order'd that they might not behold the many slaves; and others that worked in those Gardens, at those hours his wives were locked up in their Chambers, and at their hours of admission to the Garden, or leads, it was death for any of the slaves to be seen in the Garden; So very cautious was this jealous tyrant, of his beautifull wives. However we have already seen him made a cuckold, oftentimes by one, and it will not be long ere you shall see another do the same thing: notwithstanding all this care, caution and jealousy: so that we may conclude, Virtue and Chastity are the surest bars, though with liberty, and in the midst of temptation, and that they only can secure a Wife, and that all the caution of the World is rendered fruitless, by the wit of a vicious and lustfull Woman.

The handsome slave whom we mentioned before, and whom we called *Leonardo*, was in very great favour with the Steward of *Aly Perigot's* house, and was used with more than ordinary kindness, and who had also by his insinuating way, worked himself into the good opinion of an old Eunuch, (who in the absence of the Steward looked to his charge, and who usually both

over looked the slaves, and opened the Garden doors, and those of the leads, for the Women at their appointed hours) and so far, as sometimes to be entrusted to oversee his fellow slaves, and to lock up the Garden doors, at such hours as they were to leave the Gardens private, and to be employed else where. But ere we proceed in our story, it will not be amiss to give you some further knowledge of this slave. He was by birth a *Venetian*, of a Noble extraction, being a younger brother, and of the family of the *Celsi*, of which several had been Dukes. This *Leonardo Celso*, according to the way of *Venice*, being a younger brother, was intended to have been made a Churchman, and so was bred a Schollar, but he not approving that kind of life, privately lifted himself under the Command of *Comarini*, who was going against the Turk, in a naval expedition: in which being one of singular valour, he behaved himself so well, that in the space of two years time, he had the Command of a Gally given him. Whilst he was thus engaged at Sea, putting into the harbour of *Ragusa*, on the side of *Dalmatia*, and staying there some time to carine, he fell in love with a very beautifull Lady, marries her and there leaves her, being forced to Sea by Command from his General. Not long after in an Engagement, he lost his Gally, and was desperately wounded, being brought to *Ragusa* to his wife, where having recovered his wounds, contrary to the desires of his Lady, who loved him though he was not fond of her, he embarks in a Vessel bound for *India*, where the Fleet of the *Portugueses* then lay, hoping to get a Command, when he came there, but by the way falling in among some Turkish Gallies, they were all made slaves, and among the rest this our *Leonardo*, who was sold by the Souldiers, to some Merchants of the Turks, who make it their trade, and by them being brought to *Engria*, was again brought to *Aly Perigos* Steward, as you have heard. As for his character, he was young, not yet thirty years of age, very handsome, comely, of an excellent minde, of good proportional limbs, of a noble carriage, and aspect, bold, courageous, undaunted, and fit for any bold undertaking. But he was also cruel, lustful, debauched, and of an evill Life, and one equally made up of great virtues, and notable vices. But among his acquirements, besides being something a Schollar, he had very great skill in painting, which he had often exercised for his diversion. This is the slave who by his cunning, had worked himself into the favour, both of the Steward and the old *Eunuch* his Deputy.

Leonardo had been there for some time, and had now acquainted himself with his condition, which by degrees began to be less insupportable, and seeing himself so much in favour, and having the opportunity of keeping sometimes the key of the Garden, though he knew the hazard, and danger he should run if he were discovered, had an itching desire privately to behold the Turks Women, and to see if they were so exquisitely handsome, as to deserve so much care and caution. 'Twas only his curiosity that prompted him to run this risque, but however it seems he was resolved to adventure it, and for that end watching his opportunity, when his Lord and the Steward were both drunk, and the old *Eunuch* out of the way, he conveys himself into the Garden, where the Women were to come, and getting up into a large and very thick Sycomore tree, which stood near a curious Fountain, where they use sometimes to repose themselves, he so well sheltered himself, that he could see and not be seen.

Having thus hid himself, he very plainly saw the Women, one after another as they came to the Fountain, not seeing any thing that he thought extraordinary, till he saw *Garella* who came in her turn, only waited on by *Amulla*. But it was not all the shelter of the thick leaves of the Tree, that could keep off the darts that were shot, as it were at random, from her beautifull eyes. He there felt their dangerous flames, and her charms reached him at that distance. He felt his heart scorched with a lustfull fire: the beauty of *Garella* he found very surprizing and powerfull. He will pay dearly for the folly of this curiosity, by becoming now twice a slave, both to evill fortune and to his own concupiscence, or to *Aly Perigos*, and to the beauty of *Garella*. These last acquired fetters became much more troublesome than the former; his old chains were more supportable than these new ones. But he resolves he will venture to let her know his Love, he is bold and of an undaunted spirit, his young blood is yet hot in his veins, and his lust has no reason or understanding, it is blinde to all dangers, and he thinks not whether he should undertake this bold attempt, and how he should achieve it. He forgets his kinde wife at *Ragusa*, his Religion, his condition, Heaven, and virtue, danger and every thing else, that should divert him from this sinful pleasure, and this hazardous prosecution of a most desperate Lover.

In the mean time, *Garella* was sporting her self with the disguised *Amulla*, and spitting the Water of the Fountain into her face, not imagining her self seen all this while by this slave, and that she was commiring Murther with her eyes, and subduing and making conquest of a heart. Fortune often favours the bold, and gives opportunities which she never presents to the timorous. She has her darlings, and bestows on them happy minutes, if they loose them not, or to

speaks more Christian like, though we are now among Turks, the devil is still at hand to aid evil intentions, and knows how to make use of the great temptation of opportunity to seduce, and allure vicious souls, and reprobate minds. *Garella* else had not left her umbrella in her Chamber, and the sun had not shone so hot on the seats of the Fountain, as to make her send *Amulla* to her Chamber for it, and to leave her all alone in the Garden, and to offer so fair an opportunity to our lustfull Lover, who saw all this from the Tree. He is not long doubting what to do, he knows there will be no time for long weighing and considering, he knows he may not have the like opportunity in an age to discover his Love. He knows also the temper of the Turkish women, by the report of others, he knows also what courtships they are used to. He considers all that he has to do in one moment, and *Amulla* is no sooner out of the Garden, than he is descended from the Tree, and lies prostrate at the feet of his beautiful Mistress, the delicate *Garella* who was surprized, amazed and confounded, all at once, to see her self accosted with so much boldness by a slave, but she also saw that he was not an ordinary slave, she had time to cast her eyes on his shape, make, form, visage, and eyes, in all which she saw something extraordinary and pleasing, and love here playing one of his usual pranks, sensibly touched her heart, that was not composed of brass, or Marble, but of flesh and blood. She also had her ears open, as well as her eyes, for his boldness had charmed all her senses, and she heard him speak in *Lingua Franco* (which is generally understood in all those Islands) these few, but intelligible words: Madam, see here at your feet a bold slave, but I sell a slave to *Aly Perigor*, than to your divine beauty. Look on me Madam, 'tis only fortune that has put me into the condition of wearing fetters, I am noble, and know how to prize the favours of such a divinity as I ought. You are a prisoner if I am a slave, and you have less freedom than my self, we have one common tyrant. I know I have put the power of my head into your fair hands, and that you may take away my life for this presumption, but I hope there cannot be so much cruelty lodged in that fair breast, if there be, it will not grieve me however to dye, having let you know I am your slave, and that whilst I have life I wear your chains.

Garella hears all this without interruption or moving, she sees him passionately take up the end of her Robe, and kiss it with all the reverence imaginable. There appears no anger on her brow, no lightning in her eyes, no thunder is heard from her mouth, but at the conclusion with a killing smile, she told him in the same Language, that she knew how to chastize the boldness of a slave, but since she found something great and daring in his approach, she would pardon it: that she saw he was ignorant of the humour, and customs of Turkish women, who contrary to the Christian, love not, and scorn to be courted and flattered, they think it too much presumption in Men to make Love, or to dare to make known their desires, but expect they should wait for the beck and command of the Women, and that it is more becoming in them, to command the approach of their slaves, and to invite their humble adorers to the pleasure and actions of Love when they please, and that as they account it an impudence in men to deny, so they think it too great a presumption for him to ask so great a favour, but to wait for it, and expect it only by humble signs of submission, and by a diligent attendance of their pleasure. She pardoned therefore his ignorant boldness, and bid him with all secrecy wait her pleasure and commands, and lest her maids return should put him to danger, bids him retire, expect, and hope. *Lamarch* ravished at her speeches, with an humble reverence kisses her fair hand, which she permitted, and without replying gets out of the Garden, having the key with him, before *Amulla* returned with the Umbrella.

This accident concludes the Life of *Amulla*, for *Garella* now resolves to part with her slave Lover, to make way for another, she saw a great difference between the person of her handsome slave, and that of her disguised Lover. She was half a weary of him before, but now she is quite tyred; she also fears the discovery of *Aly Perigor*; and she will punish *Amulla* though a man, and her Lover, for the crime of *Aly* in courting her. But that which urges her most, is the Love she bore to the slave, and that she knew it would be impossible for her to effect her desires whilst *Amulla* was with her, and that he being gone, she might have some confident, with whom she might entrust her secret, and help her in the performance of her desires. She therefore now resolves to get rid of *Amulla*, but how to effect it handsomely costs her some study. To discover him to *Aly* would be dangerous, lest he should suspect she had not been so long without making use of the occasion, to the wrong of his bed. After many thoughts and vain contrivances, which now took up great part of her time, she at last remembers her self of a little pot of *Laudumum*, made out of the Tree *Cassia*, growing in *Candia*, and in some other of the Islands in that Sea, a Medicine usual with the Turks, to procure sleep, if taken in a small quantity, and in its due dose, but otherwise very dangerous and deadly. Having since her marriage to *Aly Perigor*, had a slight fever, and accompanied with watchings, the old Eunuch

who

who was Physician to the House, had given her a pot of this *Laudanum*, to take a small quantity on that occasion, for several nights to procure her rest, the remainder of which she had still by her in her Cabinet, and there being a good quantity, she thought there could be no better way in the World, nor less without suspicion, than to send him quietly in a long sleep, out of the World. Having now fully hatched her design, one night two messes of Rice being prepared after their way, and made rich with ambergreece, and other ingredients, and sent up to her and *Amulla*, who eat always with her in her Chamber, sending *Amulla* out of the way, she emptied her pot of *Laudanum* into *Amulla's* mess, and stirring it about it soon dissolved and incorporated it self with the liquid ingredients. The mess being thus prepared, her Lover eats it up, and the operation answers the wicked intention of *Garella*, for it put *Amulla* into a sound sleep, that he never waked more.

The Death of *Amulla* troubles *Aly Perigot*, but the crocodile *Garella* weeps extremely, and to shew her love to her maid, will not suffer any hands but her own to wrap her in silk, and searcloth for her buriall, for fear of discovering her Sex. Having made her fit for the Earth, she parts with her, with many feigned lamentations and false tears, inwardly rejoicing to see her contrivance prosper so well, and now she imagines she shall be able to effect any design, and that nothing will be too hard for her to perform. Thus oftentimes success in one sin, gives encouragement to commit another, till it brings to destruction. The Adultery and lustful Love of *Garella*, had brought her to commit Murther, to make way for another crime, to perpetrate new wickedness, and to reiterate more abominations.

Amulla being thus gone, *Aly Perigot* sends her another waiting maid, who was a young and Christian slave, that he had lately purchased, being a native of *Candia*, and taken in the sack of a Town by the Turks. This slave she entertains kindly, hoping in her to have found a confidant, and by whose means she believed she should be able to compass her design, of meeting her Lover-slave, the bold *Leonardo*. She therefore receives her with the greatest expressions of kindness imaginable, and the poor slave whose name we will call *Doricia*, is not a little joyfull to have met with so good and affectionate a Mistress. They both study to please one another, and to get into one anothers good opinion, the one by diligent observance, the other by gentle and kinde commands.

In the mean time *Leonardo Celfo* with great trouble, sees many days pass, and yet hearing no more of his Mistress, who still lived in his heart, and took up all his thoughts. He knew he had passed the pikes in the discovery of his Love, which he saw was entertained to his wish, and that there wanted nothing but opportunity to effect the rest. He beats his head therefore with projecting many designs, but could not hit on that which might be safe. He knew the danger of attempting often, the way he had taken, and he feared to trust her Maid, since he perceived she was so shy of her self. At last getting some colours, pencills, and a cloth, he draws a Landskip of the House and Gardens, of the Sea, Fields, and Vineyards adjoining, and presents it to the Steward, hoping by this means, to be introduced to a greater familiarity, for that the Turks having no painters among themselves, there is nothing renders strangers more acceptable than that Art, for though they hate the adoration of images, yet they love pictures very much. His design took very well, for the Steward giving it to *Aly Perigot*, he caused the slave to be sent for, and questioning him about his Art, resolved he should draw his own picture, which he did so much to the life, and pleased him so well, that he resolves to have all those of his wives drawn one after another, and for this end sending for the old Eunuch, gives him the charge of seeing it performed, but withall gave him a secret intimation, on this life, not to leave the slave-Painter alone with any of them. And now overjoyed at this favour of fortune *Leonardo* sends over to *Athens* for all necessaries for his work, that island not being able to furnish him as he desired.

In the mean time *Garella*, and her maid *Doricia*, are become very intimate, and the latter is become the confidant of her Mistress, to whom she relates the Love and adventure of the slave *Leonardo*. These two now lay their heads together, and make it their daily consultation, how they shall bring about the Love design, and *Doricia* is as forward to please her Mistress, as she could desire. The Turkish women, for the most part, have very sharp wits, especially in Love affairs, and they had not need to be dull and phlegmatick, that dare to venture to deceive such watchfull eyes, and such diligent keepers, as are set over them. There cannot be a more spitefull creature living, than a gelt man, who naturally loves to hinder the pleasure he cannot enjoy, and it is seldome seen, that they prove false to their Master, and are always sooner trusted

trusted then women, in the matters of keeping. But notwithstanding all this strictness of *My Perigot*, and his watchfull steward, and old Eunuch, the wit of *Garella* will compasse her ends, and not only so, but will also make these watchful Dragons the bands to her pleasures, and blinde their eyes, and deceive all their care. She makes *Doricia*, who was now only hers, write this following note in *Lingua Franca*, which she dictated to her.

M*y dear play-fellow, and old companion in Candia, Mancinus, I know not what name you have taken on you here, but I was acquainted by accident, discoursing with a fellow-slave, that you as far as by guess I can apprehend, are by fortune brought to be in the same house with me. It would be no small pleasure to me to be satisfied, whether it be so or no, and that I might see you. I wait on the Lady Garella, who is my Lady Mistress, and perhaps you may get so much favour of the Steward, as to let you see me. I am here called,*

DORICIA.

With this note, being perfectly instructed by her Mistress, and she being a witty girle, soon learnt her lesson, she accosts the old Eunuch, when he came to open the doors that gave them admission to the Leads, and tells him, that she hears that there was a young handsome slave, (describing him as she had learnt from her Mistress) whose name was *Mancinus*, and her Country-man, and an old acquaintance of hers, living together in the same Town, and that indeed he was also her Lover, and therefore desires him to be so good to her, as to give him that note, which she gave him open, that he might see what was in it, and that it was only to be satisfied, whether it were the same person or no. She spake with so much innocency, and simplicity, and so well framed her words, that the cunning old Eunuch, as jealous and cautious as he was, did not in the least imagine any design. He reads the note, and by her description believes it must be *Leonardo*, and no other. He tells her therefore the name he went by, which she was glad to learn, to inform her Mistress, and promised her to give him the note, and to let her know the next day, whether it were he or no. *Doricia* very joyfully relates all her proceedings to her Mistress, who is not a little glad of the success, and she believes that this slave whose name she knows now to be *Leonardo*, would easily finde out the design of that note, for she thought that he who had so much boldness to attempt so bold and dangerous an Amour, had wit and skill enough to carry it on, and easily to apprehend the least intimation, if not; and if she should thereby finde, that he were dull, and disingenious, which she by this tryal should perceive, she then thought it would be more safe to neglect him and his Love, than to venture her Life to hazard and danger by his want of ingenuity.

But she need not fear, *Leonardo* is too quicksighted not to penetrate to the bottom of this note, and to see from whence it came, knowing thereby also the name of his Mistress, and he had no sooner read it over, but seeming extreemly transported with joy, told him this slave was his Mistress, and that they were to have been married together in *Candia*, before they were taken and made slaves, that it would be the greatest obligation in the World to him, but to let him come to the speech of her, and that he hoped the Steward would permit him. The Old Eunuch told him, that he should not trouble the Steward for that, because when he drew the Lady *Garella*'s picture, he might then have the opportunity of seeing her. But he telling him his colours and pencells were not yet come, and that Love and passion could not admit of delay, and that his thoughts would be so troubled about his dear *Doricia*, that he should never paint well, till he had satisfied himself, so that at last the Eunuch told him, that he should see and speak with her the next day. Accordingly the next day the old Eunuch tells *Doricia*, he had delivered her note, and he was the same person that she imagined, and that he was transported to hear of her being with him, in the same house, and that he had obtained a promise from him, to let him see her; therefore if she could get leave from her Lady, she might go down the stairs that descends to the Bath, where she should finde *Leonardo* waiting for her. After a thousand thanks, she returns to her Mistress, as to ask leave, and informs her of her success, she immediately writes in *Lingua Franco* these words.

B*Old slave I now give you leave, and Command you to become mine, and to use all means to obtain the favours that he is in my power to grant, but be wise, cautious, and vigilant, that you lose not your Life, nor anyways endanger mine, nor my Honour.*

This

This little note she commands her to give to *Leonardo*; with other instructions what to say to him. She descends the stairs, and at the bottom meets with *Leonardo*, who receiving the note from her, is overjoy'd at his good fortune and success. And lest they should trip in any thing, they agree about names and places in *Candia*, as if they had been of long acquaintance; and he is still to continue his amour to her, and she to him, that by that means they might find some way to bring him and the Lady *Garella* together. He also lets her know, how far he had proceeded in a design he had layed, and that shortly he should be admitted to draw her picture, and that he left it to her, how he might then be admitted to an amorous converse. Thus having fully now understood one anothers minde, they parted very well satisfied, the one that she had served her Mistress, the other that he had thrived so well in his design, which he now questioned not at all to bring about shortly.

What pains and study some persons take to become miserable, and to run into danger and destruction. The miners, and those in the Quarries have not a more painful life, and oftentimes works for better wages, though they have only stripes, and bread and water. The end of pleasure, especially unlawfull and forbidden pleasure, is wo and grief, and often death, and destruction. But she is so fair a temptation, that no warning will serve, neither precept nor examples will divert, nor Religion, nor morality will hinder, from prosecuting those designs, and ways which lead to the acquiring her. We have already seen the fall of *Amulla*, even in the height of his pleasure and security, and that by the falseness and treachery of his adulterous Mistress. Such vicious women are monsters, that devour those who come within their power, and there is more trust to be given to *Hyena's*, and *Crocodiles*, more faith to seas, and mutable Fortune then to their fidelity. Yet *Leonardo* is now studying, and taking pains to get into the dangerous and deceitfull arms of *Garella*, whose lust is only her Law, and her pleasure her rule, to walk by. Who hath neither Love, Virtue, Conscience, Honour, nor honesty, Religion, nor Morality to tie her, and who will be as ready to sacrifice *Leonardo* to her safety, as she is to work him to her pleasure. On both sides all their plots and contrivances are to come together, and to execute their unlawfull crimes, and to taste prohibited delights. *Leonardo* forgets his careful wife at home, and *Garella* minds not her Husband, who is still expressing his kindness towards her. He is full of irreligion and unkindness, she of lust and ingratitude. But *Garella* is not a little joyfull to finde the ingenuity of the slave, and glad to know how far he had proceeded towards getting admittance to her; she now makes it her business to go on with the rest, and it becomes matter for *Garella* and *Doricia*, every day to employ their wits about, and to think of contrivances; daily expecting the happy minute of his approach. And for that she conceived, that the old Eunuch would be by, all the time that the slave should be taking her picture, all her care was, how she might deceive him.

At last the long expected time came, *Leonardo* having got all his implements, and having drawn one or two of the wives of *Aly Perigot* to his great satisfaction and content, he was brought to the Chamber of *Garella*, who having had notice before-hand, of the Command of *Aly*, by the old Eunuch, she was dress'd that day to the best advantage, and glittered with her Jewels, which adorned her, from head to foot, it being the chief finery of the Turkish Ladys. *Leonardo* was stricken with her beauty, and he looked upon her, as a Heaven worthy the obtaining, though with the peril of his Life. They found her and her maid, drinking of warm Coffee, in little *China* dishes, which she had on purpose contrived, one of which in kindness she gave to the old Eunuch, and another to the painter slave. After they had drunk off the Coffee, *Leonardo* settled to his work, and began to draw the image of that Face, which Love had already drawn in his heart. He could hardly work for gazing at her, and he could have sat ages, he was so well pleased, and she beheld her slave, with no cruel eyes, but gave him some amorous silent nods, and winks, when ever the eyes of the old Eunuch were turned aside. But ere long the old watchfull Dragon, grew so very heavy and sleepy, that he could not stand on his legs, nor keep open his eyes, and when he perceived he could not put by his drowsiness, by rubbing them, wondring at it, he goes into the next Chamber, and lying down on *Doricia's* pallet falls fast asleep. But you are not to think this an effect of good fortune only, or a work of chance, 'twas not natural, it was the effect of the Art and skill of *Garella*. She had remembered her of the pot of *Laudanum*, which had so dexterously rid her of *Amulla*, and she had not so cleanly employed it, but that some of it adhered to the sides, enough to serve her turn, for this once, to cause the old Eunuch to sleep; this she dissolves among his Coffee, which she had purposely prepared against his coming: and this was it that caused his fast sleeping, for some hours. We are not to think that this opportunity was neglected, or spent in ceremonies, or complements, he was no sooner laid, but *Doricia* being planted at the door, to give warning when he stirred, the two Lovers were soon locked in one anothers embraces, they im-

ther'd one another with kisses, and they glutted themselves with the pleasure of their stolen delights. They acted with a great deal of security, and no eye saw them but that of Heaven, and *Doricia*; the old *Eunuch* dreamt not of what was doing, and for near three hours gave them full leisure to make use of those happy minutes, to both their satisfactions. At last he awakes and the Painter falls to work, and in a little time finished his dead colouring, and retires.

Leonardo had pleased the lustfull *Garella*, and she let him depart with great satisfaction, applauding her own ingenuity, in thus compassing her desires. The next day *Leonardo* comes again, and with him *Ally Perigot* himself, who stays by him almost an hour to see him work; and then leaves them to the charge of the old *Eunuch*; but *Garella* had no more *Landamm* left, and that was not a way to be used often, to the old cunning *Eunuch* without suspicion. They are therefore forced only to meet with their eyes, and to mingle their beames. They cannot get any other opportunity, during the drawing of that picture, which was finished at last, though longer in doing than any of the rest.

Garella was now more in Love than ever with her slave, or to say better, her lust was more than ever enflamed, by the late pleasure *Leonardo* had given her, and she thinks the embraces of her dull Husband tedious and irksome, and that of her slave pleasant and desirable. Therefore she rests not till she can meet with him again, and no question but the difficulty of performing it encreased the delight, and heightened the pleasure. Both *Leonardo*, and *Doricia* had obtained so much favour of the old *Eunuch*, that he would let them sometimes meet, and converse together by themselves, in a little room adjoining to the Bath, at the bottom of those stairs, which led to the Chamber of *Garella*, at such times as *Leonardo* had his turn to cleanse the Bath, which was once a week. *Leonardo* had obtained this, by giving to the old *Eunuch*, some of the Gold that *Ally Perigot* had given him, out of generosity for drawing his and his wives pictures. This convenience *Garella* ventures so make use of, though it were very hazardous: and by this means going down the stairs with *Doricia*, met with, and enjoyed her *Leonardo*, in the little room by the Bath. This she performed two or three times, but the danger being so apparent, it had raised in her so much fear, that it abated the relish of her pleasure. Besides this hapning but seldom, did not give her sufficient satisfaction.

Doricia who was extremely diligent, to continue towards her the good will and affection of her Mistress, though she procured it by these unlawful means, had taken notice, that the lock of the door, that gave them entrance to the leads, was but old and slightly made; she got a little peice of crooked iron, that she used about her Tent work, in which she and her Lady employed themselves for their diversion sometimes, and with their peice of Iron, putting it in at the key hole, she pressed down the spring, and could shove back the bolt, and in the like manner pull it forward, and so lock it within the staple again, at her pleasure. This her discovery and device, she made known to *Garella*, who hoped it might prove a benefit to her lustfull amours, for if *Leonardo* could any ways get into those leads, he might get admittance into her Chamber. This is at the next meeting made known to *Leonardo*, who was as joyfull of the occasion of furthering his unlawful pleasure, as *Garella* could be. By reason of his painting which now *Ally Perigot* was grown much in Love with, *Leonardo* had a room to himself, and lodged not as before, with the rest of the slaves, because of his pictures and work, so that now he could not easily be missed anights, nor many times in the day: being taken from his former servil employments, and mostly now made use of in drawing pictures, which very much forwarded his design. Having also bespoke a great deal of cord, to hang his pictures on to dry, with part of it he made a long Ladder, very artificially, which might reach from the top of the leads into the Garden. This Ladder he conveys privately to *Doricia* at their next meeting, showing her how to fasten the loops, at the end of it, to the ballisters of the leads, and so to sling the rest down into the Garden, by which he might get up into the leads, and so down into her Chamber, she having got the trick of opening the lock of the leads door. And this she was appointed to do, after it was dark, and at such an hour.

And now they think themselves very happy, and that by his means they might meet often, and with great security. At the hour appointed, *Garella* picking the lock of the leads door, fastens the Ladder of ropes to the ballisters, and slings it down. *Leonardo* had also made him another with hooks at the end of it, to get over the Wall of the Garden, with which he easily conveyed himself over, at an unfrequented place, descending on the inside by the same Ladder. And mounting strait by the leads, and pulling up the Ladder, he follows *Doricia* into her Lady's Chamber, where *Garella* and her slave enjoyed themselves with no little pleasure and content, the whole night, and a little before day *Leonardo* retires very safely.

And now these Lovers or Adulterers hug themselves for their good fortune, and account themselves happy, but they know the danger and hazard they run if discovered, the forfeit of their

their lives is the least they can expect from the cruel Turk: it behoves them therefore to be cautious, and careful to make all secure. There was one thing yet remaining, that might prove dangerous to them, and which they must provide against, lest they should be surpris'd. You must know that these Chambers of the Women, which as I told you fronted together and serv'd the Garden, opened all of them into a long Gallery, which was divided with boards between every Chamber, so that the Women had no converse one with another, out of this Gallery, every Chamber had a pair of stairs, which went up into the leads, and another down to the Garden, and another back stairs into the back, in every one of which were doors all fast locked, and the keys kept by the Steward, or the old *Perigo*, his deputy, and only to open'd at set times for their use, so that they were absolute prisoners, and could not have the liberty of stirring forth of their Chambers but into this piece of Gallery, in which they might walk as much as lay before their own doors. Now that they might not seem perfect prisoners, they had the keys of their own Chamber doors, and the Steward or the *Perigo* could not command them, without knocking, but there was suffered no bolt, or bar to be on the inside, because *Ally Perigo*, having a key also to every of his wives Chambers, might enter at his pleasure, without disturbing them, so that poor Lovers were in danger of a surprize, for that *Ally* might come as sometimes he us'd to do, to find himself with *Gaxella* without giving her any notice of it. Now this danger was to be provided against: And the wit of these Lovers, an instant call'd out this invention. Within the Chamber of *Gaxella*, as of all the rest, was a house of office, the wooden seat of which was made loose, so that the sides of the stone shaft, which descended down the ordure into a common sink of the house, or vault, that was quite under the house, and emptied it self into the Sea, might be washed clean with water, and brooms, that no smell might annoy the Room. Now this shaft being big enough that a Man might descend into it, they contriv'd to knock two great hooks into the closing of the stones, under the wooden seat, and at these to hang a little Ladder of ropes, so that if it should by chance, that *Ally Perigo* should come and surprize them, by this means descending into his place, he might stand shelter'd and secured. The hooks, and the little Ladder of ropes *Leonardo* helped them to at their next meeting; and all things being fitted, they now defy fortune it self, ready to die to hurt them.

But alas! the eyes of mortalls are not very quick-sighted, they often mistake one thing for another, danger for security, and Death for life. This very contrivance in which thou thoughtst so much security, will be a means of thy ruin. O bold and venturesome *Leonardo*, whether will thy pleasure lead thee? to what precipices, and dangers does it bring thee? but alas! thou art deaf to advice, thou hast shut thy eyes and thy ears, against all things that should stop thee in thy lustfull career; but God will meet with her, and severely punish thee for this perpetuall wickedness, against thy Conscience, and against his Law. But these two Adulterous Lovers, having thus provided against all danger, now frequently meet, and with a great deal of freedom and security, wear out whole nights in one anothers arms, and enjoy one another without fear or remorse.

This continues for some time without any kinde of rub or interruption, so that these Lovers were faine to breathe, and to it again. Near a quarter of a year, they continue thus their lustfull and adulterous amours, when one night they being together, and *Leonardo* had not been long there, but they heard the outward doors unlocking, which they knew must be *Ally Perigo*; it was well now that they had provided against this danger; *Gaxella* snatches up the lamp that was burning by her, and conveys her self with *Leonardo*, into this little house, shutting the door to her, and opening the cover of the shaft, let him down by the Ladder, which hung ready, where he stood shelter'd, the wooden seat being put on again. In the mean time *Ally Perigo* enters, and asking *Dorica* for her Mistress, she points to the place where she was, he modestly stays for her return, which was as soon as she had disposed of her Lover, and smiling on *Ally* run to give him her creases, as she us'd to do, and to seem joyfull of the favour of his company. *Ally* was in a good humour, that is to say somewhat drunk, and very pleasant, and had brought with him a present of *Adams Apples*, a curious fruit, that grows in *Candia*, and spends great part of the night sporting with her, whilst poor *Leonardo* stands in no very good place, and his heart beating for fear.

Ally Perigo having eaten very freely of these luscious Apples, and having drunk also plentifully of some new *Cretan* wine, had gotten a great lask, so that he was faine to rise from *Gaxella*, and go to the little house, where he poured down upon quaking *Leonardo*, who was faine to endure all the shot, without moving or stirring, or hardly so much as breathing. But *Ally* having continu'd a good part of the night, and having sported himself with *Gaxella*, till he began to grow

grow sleepy; and also being disturbed in his belly by these Apples, he at last retired, and left his wife to her repose. But he was no sooner gone, than she ran to release her slave, who had endured a hard confinement; but she could not forbear laughing heartily, to see him come forth in that pickle, all so bedighted by the burn-hot, but praying her own ingenuity, and his assistance, she and her maid made him as clean as they could, washing him all over with Rose Water, and perfumed him with Essences, so that he no longer smelt of the privy, nor of the ordure that had besprikled him.

This adventure became rather the subject of their mirth, than any warning to them to forbear; but this was not all the mischance that hapned to *Leonardo* that night; for in his return, having fastened his boots fast on the Wall, the Ladder slipped, and the Garden Wall being very high, he fell forth happily that he broke his leg; yet while it was hot, knowing the danger of being smothered, he got up his Ladder, and made a shift with the help of a pail of stick-charcoal, to get to his Chamber, where he was laid to rest in great pain, till the morning, when sending for the old *Duchess*, and letting him know that he had broken his leg, by a fall in hanging up the pictures in his Chamber, the old *Duchess* being skilful, set it for him, and ordering to Mr. *Carroll*, ordered him to keep his Bed and Chamber till it was well. This might have been a warning to him, and this light chastisement might have put some stop to his evil courses; if he had had any Grace, but since he will take no notice of this breaking of his leg, but still run on in his evil ways, we shall see him pay soundly at last for his crimes and transgressions, and by Heaven chastised with more cruel punishments. They who will not take any notice of the light warnings of Heavens mercies, must at last expect the Thunder of his anger.

In the mean time *Garilla* admires what is become of her slave, she hears not from him, the Ladder is nightly hang out, but no *Leonardo* appears; she fears he is distressed at the adventure of the privy, but several days passing, she at last made *Dorinda* enquire of the old *Duchess* after her Lover, who told her he had accidentally broken his leg. This knowledge somewhat satisfied her fears, though she was sorry of the accident, which deprived her of her pleasure. Three Weeks, or a Month past, yet *Leonardo* could get well, but being perfectly cured, he longs to meet his *Garilla*. How to give her notice that the Ladder might be hangd forth he knew not: For he being taken off of all servil work, that he might follow his palacing, by the order of *His*, he did not now cleanse the Bath in his turn, and so lost his Communication with *Dorinda* that way. But Love makes Men ingenious, and inspires them with inventions. He goes into the Garden at night, and getting into a Tree, which grew opposite to his Mistress Window, he made a shift with some long reeds tyed fast together, and sit at one end, in which he had put a little note, that signified his being there, and reach to the other, and by making a noise with the reed, to give them notice within. *Garilla* apprehending it, run to the Window, and thrusting her arm between the inner grates of the Window, made a shift to reach the note at the end of the reed, which he had thrust a good way within the outward bars, and by shaking the reed, gave notice the note was received. She presently ran to the light, where she read these words:

Our faithful slave waits for the felicity you use to grant him; which grows for some time deprived of him of; so he do small grief, and sorrow.

Dorinda is immediately sent up to the leads with the Ladder, and *Leonardo* is admitted, where he is welcomed by his kinde and amorous Mistress. This night and many more passed in great pleasure and security, and without any discovery and interruption. But Heaven has long beheld their folly and abominated Adultery, he is offended at the ingratitude of *Garilla* to her Husband, who loved her to excess, and with her cruelty to her former Lover, whose Death is not yet expiated, and whose blood is swarvelled from her defiled hands. He is incensed at *Leonardo*, for not living according to the profession of a Christian, and for that he being a slave, and in misery, should minge nothing but unlawfull and prohibited pleasures, and should besile himself with committing evil with an infidel. Their crimes are too great to go unpunished, and Heaven has seemed to be long enough an idle spectator. *Leonardo* forgets there is a God, and that this God is just, and will punish offenders, the warning that was given him proved vain and useless to him, and he runs on in his career, till he falls at last into the pit of destruction.

Leonardo thus continuing his amours, without interruption, one night having mounted his ladder into the leads, and it being extream dark, and the several doors that opened into these leads being all alike, he mistook one for the other. *Dorinda* as soon as she had hung forth the

Ladder,

Ladder, and fastned it to the balusters, presently returned to her Chamber, for fear of any accident, and to give *Leonardo* notice if *she* should come in the mean time, and so leaving the doors of the Leads open, he used to come down himself to the Chamber door, where he was usually admitted, leaving the Ladder hanging ready for his retreat, and sometimes drawing it up, sometimes not. Now if any accident hindered him, that he came not within an hour of the usual time, *Dorcas* used to go up, and take in the Ladder again, and to fasten the door of the Leads with her crooked iron. This fatal night, as I said, being very dark, he mistook the door, and going to the next being near one the other, and finding it open, as soon as he moved against it he descended the stairs. Now you must know that the Old Eunuch had by accident, in locking up the doors that night, missed the staple, and not feeling it had left it a chance that it opened as soon as *Leonardo* pushed against it, and not doubting but that he was going, as he used to be, goes to the Chamber door, and finding it fast knocks softly. But he was not a wise man, when he saw the face of a slave, that opened the door, with which he was not acquainted, and thus instead of *Dorcas*, he saw another. The slave that opened the door, seeing a slave at that hour, and alone, screamed out, which brought further her Lady, being one of the handmaids of *his* wives, next to *Gavella*. *Leonardo* now saw his error, for having seen her picture he knew her, he could not but perceive his dishonourment, and *Leonardo* could not but see her amazed self, at this encounter. To make excuse and to retire, would certainly discover his Mistrust, and endanger his life, being at the mercy of this *Leonardo* woman, he therefore thought it best to make his countenance humble, and his chance, and being of a bold or rather impudent Nature, he falls down on his knees before her, and tells her how much he loved and adored her, ever since he had the happiness of drawing her picture, and that he had at last, with great invention and difficulty, being led by his love and desire, got to her, and was come to present himself before her, and to put his head into her hands, and to yield his life, and person to her mercy, and that there was but two ways for her to take, either to entertain his Love, or to take away his life. The Lady smiling on the slave, bade him to rise and come in, but all the art he could use, would not make her believe that he intended for her, she had her first sight read too much in his face, to believe his words. It was therefore her cunning, not her Virtue, which kept her from complying with *Leonardo*, so that she would not have passed by so fair an opportunity of enjoying her pleasure. But he being kinder to the slave, and so hearken to his amorous speeches, but all was to get from him to whom he intended this visit, and how he could get into that place, but as *Leonardo* intended in vain to possess her with a belief of his Love, and passion, so he endeavoured in vain to get out of him the truth, so that at last, perceiving one another's cunning, they began to be afraid one of another. After they had thus spent an hour or more in conference, and that *Leonardo* was distressed, and intreated in vain, and she also had fought, and fought him in vain, feeling they could not prevail one upon the other, being fearful of entrusting each other, he himself himself at her feet, and implores her at least to pardon this his bold attempt, and though she will not comply with his desires, and answer his passions and Love, that he will at least give him his Life, and not discover this his crime to any one, and he would return and leave her, to think how much he adored her, that he had ventured his Life for her. She promised him she would keep it a secret, and that he should hear no more of it, and that when she had forgiven her self sufficiently, that it was only for the love of her he came thither, she might perhaps be so generous, as to requite such a dangerous attempt more favourably, than now she could, whilst she believed she was but a slave to some other, and that chance not purpose had brought him to her.

Leonardo Being distressed, much troubled at the adventure, returns into the Leads, intending to return back to his chamber, but as his evil Fortune would have it, *Dorcas* seeing that *Leonardo* came not, and that the hour was past, she had in the mean time fetched in the Ladder, and lock'd the Leads door, so that *Leonardo* finding the ladder gone, and himself a prisoner on the top of the house, gave himself over for lost, and began to curse his amours, and his evil genius, his stars and fortune, never reflecting on the hand of God, or on the evil and malignity of his crimes: Thus was he fain to walk all night, cooling his heels upon the leads, and to think what he should do in this exigent, he had knockt often at the door that led down to his chamber, but they could not hear; in this perplexity sometimes he thought to sing himself down headlong into the garden, and so end his life, sometimes he thought one thing, and sometimes another, till at last, having a filletto, which he privately carried about him, he resolv'd when the old Eunuch came to open the Leads door, to stab him, and so to get down by the way he came up. Having thus resolv'd, he knew the doors of the Leads were opened in the morning, and so watch'd so narrowly, that the first that the Eunuch opened, he run to it, and as

soon as he had opened it, and for his first step upon the Leads, *Leonardo* stabt him in three or four places, and having dispatcht him, taking his keys, descends by the back Stairs of the bath, and unlocked the door, that led from thence, into a lower Gallery, and from thence into a common Hall, he got clear of the House, and conveyed himself unseen of any into his Chamber, where he fell to work, and whither *Aly Perigo* and the Steward, came not long after, to see the picture of a naval fight which he was drawing, which took off from him all suspicion of the *Leonardo* Murder.

The Old *Emilia* is found murdered, and notice being given of it by the slave, that attended the wife, whole turn it then was to enter and walk upon the Leads, the whole house was put into an uproar, and news thereof was carried to *Aly Perigo*, and the Steward, whilst they were with *Leonardo*. Never was the company of *Aly* more welcome to *Leonardo* than at that time, which served to take off any insinuation from him, whom they found at work. The jealous rage, not so much for the loss of his *Emilia*, as for the wrong that he supposes has been done him, for he presently imagined it must be some body that would attempt on some one of his wives, that had done it either to gain admittance, or to secure his retreat. Diligent search is made thow the House, all the slaves examined and threatened, but all in vain the Murderer cannot be found. All his wives were strictly examined, and their rooms searched, but no any thing could be found, that could give the least insinuation of it. *Garilla* wondered no less than the rest at this accident, and could not imagine which way it should be done, except by *Leonardo*: and she begins to fear he now made love to some other besides her self. But that Wife, with whom *Leonardo* had been that night, only suspected the truth, and believed he had done it to secure his retreat. However she had so much kindness for the slave, that she was resolved then, not to discover his being with her, lest it might give a jealousy to *Aly*, and that her innocency might not be able to protect her against his jealous fury and rage.

All heart they could use, could not hide out the Murder of the *Emilia*, and though it had raised a great jealousy in the breast of *Aly*, yet he knew not where to fix it, and in was said as plausible a story that time, giving a charge to the Steward in being strict in his watches and guards upon his wives. This disturbance had for some time diverted the unlawful meeting of our Lovers, but all this storm now at last seeming to be blown over, and that all was built and quiet again, *Leonardo* begins to think of his pleasure, and like one that had been for some time kept from meat, to be greedy and ravenous: No danger it seems could give him warning, he thought fortune would always befriend him, or that Heaven would still assist him, and help him out of all those exigents, and perplexities into which his wicked and abominable lust should throw him. He therefore gives notice to *Garilla*, as he had formerly done, by his long recd, from the Tree. He was with joy admitted as usually, and there being examined by his morous Mistress, he let her know the reason of his stay that night, he was expected, and told her his adventure, all but the courting of the wife of *Aly*, which he conceal'd, lest he should give her any cause of jealousy. *Garilla* knew she was the envy of all the wives, being more respected, and beloved than all the rest, and with whom *Aly Perigo* spent more time than with all the rest, this made her in some fear, lest that woman who had discovered *Leonardo* by that unfortunate accident, should make it known to *Aly Perigo*, and cause him to suspect her. But seeing she had not done it in so long time, she began to think she was safe on that hand, but that she had some more than ordinary kindness to *Leonardo*, and that he had been kind to her. But this also being cleared by the many oaths, and asseverations of her slave, she began to rest satisfied; and both to follow on in their old course, by the same means as usually, and to continue their dangerous meetings and unlawful pleasures, without fear or cheque of conscience.

But now the Catastrophe draws near, and Heaven determines to put a Tragical end to all their mirth and delight. They have hitherto deceived the eyes of Men, and acted their filthy abominations thus long undetected, and Heaven has seemed to wink at their crimes, and to take no notice of their evils: but God though he may long forbear, will punish at last. They have much to answer for, and now God will call them severely to account, both for their long Adulteries and Murders. About this time the Brother of *Amulla*, having long mist his Brother, and having after long and diligent search, found that he had betook himself to the House of *Aly Perigo*, in the habit of a Maid, and under the name of *Amulla*, he knew it must be for the Love of *Garilla*, and expecting long his return in vain, he goes over and enquires after him, by his feigned name and disguise, as his Sister: but understanding she was dead and buried, he believed that he was detected by *Aly Perigo*, and so Murdered. He therefore first complains, and then threatens *Aly*, that he will make it known to *Baglerbay*, that he had made away a Musselman. By this means it came to be known that *Amulla* was a Man: *Aly* enraged

made

made the body to be taken up; by which he was sufficiently satisfied, that the counterfeit *Amulla* had had his pleasure of his wife *Garella*, understanding also that he had been her servant before, and was to have married her. Protesting his innocence to the Brother of *Amulla*, and because he would not have it known abroad, he gave him many presents, and promised to punish his wife *Garella* severely, if she had had any hand in his Murder. The Brother satisfied of *Aly*'s innocence returns, but he enraged meditates revenge. This proof of her unchastity, makes him believe she also had a hand in the death of the *Eunuch*, and that she had some Gallant among his slaves: However he charges those that were made acquainted with the secret of *Amulla*, not to mention it to any, that it might not come to the ears of *Garella*, that she might not have time to study any excuse, when he should charge her with her crime and Adultery, with the counterfeit *Amulla*.

One misfortune seldom goes alone, usually like links in a chain, one draws another along, and one evil still comes upon the neck of another. *Garella* was the envy of all the other wives of *Aly*, and this spiteful woman, who had seen *Leonardo* in her Chamber, now finding her self slighted by that slave, and that he came no more to court her, as she had expected she should, had the Love he pretended to her been real, she now repented in her heart; that she had not discovered him, and verily believing that he did privately meet with *Garella*, she resolves to discover her suspicion to *Aly*, thereby to be revenged on the slave, and to be rid of *Garella*, who was the bur of her spite. As she conceived this thought, *Aly Perigot* having been disturbed with the knowledge of the falsity of *Garella*, that night accompanies himself with this wife, a favour which she seldom enjoyed, and being full of his disguise against *Garella*, he could not but discover it in the midst of his frolicking to her; and also the occasion of it. This woman then seeing a fair opportunity of ruining *Garella*, asking his pardon for not revealing her suspicions sooner, and discovering what she knew, being fearful lest he being too much possess'd with the Love and affection of *Garella*, should not believe her, and so might endanger her self by his displeasure. She then relates to him the adventure of the Painter slave, that night the *Eunuch* was killed, which he believed he did to secure his retreat, and that she believed he had some way to get into the Leads, and by that means to *Garella*'s Chamber. This surcharge of his beloved *Garella*'s unchastity and falsity, enraged him to the full, but resolving if possible to take this slave (whom he never did suspect, and could now scarce credit to be a person capable to abuse him, considering the care he had taken in securing his wives,) and his wife together in the act, and to find out which way he could come at her, that he might have occasion to prevent the like future misfortune, he keeps the knowledge of it secretly in his breast, only communicates it to the Steward, and gives him a strict charge to set private watches in the Gardens round the House, and also upon *Leonardo*, and to advertise him of any discovery.

The trap is now laid into which our Lovers soon fall, for they still continuing their unlawful meetings, the next night the Steward having set his watches, and being also himself hid in the Garden, he saw the ladder of ropes let down from the top of the Leads, by a slave, but who he was he could not discern: and by and by, he saw *Leonardo* mount to the top of the Leads and vanish. The Steward having seen this, hastes away to *Aly Perigot*, and gives him notice of what he had seen. *Aly* full of rage and anger, taking the Steward with him, and four or five lusty slaves, and putting his Scimiter by his side, goes up directly to *Garella*'s Chamber, and with his key opens the outward door, and gives himself entrance. But he was no sooner heard at the door, but *Leonardo* made his retreat to his old security, and fear made him forget the charge he there once received: To give *Leonardo* the more time to place himself in his security, she runs into the outer room, where *Doricia* was, to meet her Husband, but she was not a little amazed to see him enter in that posture, and with such company. She had never seen him in anger before, she had always known him gentle, and meek, full of Love and sport, but now she sees him all fury and rage, and hears him call her aloud traitress, and whore, and to ask for the slave she had admitted into her Chamber. Fear had so seized on the affrighted *Garella*, that she needed not to counterfeit, for her knees knocking one against another, she trembled, and shaked, and her spirits failing her, not being able to answer one word, she sunk to the ground in a swoon.

Aly Perigot had now a heart more hard than stone, he is not moved with pity, or compassion, to see her fall at his feet, and lying senseless on the floor, his heart was full of blood and revenge, in haste therefore with his drawn Scymeter, he passes into her Chamber, to execute the slave, he expected to find there. But there is none to be found, he searches all places, so much as under the quilts of the beds, he looks into the privy, but thinks not of the shaft where *Leonardo* stood quaking. He is amazed and full of confusion, and begins to think *Garella* more innocent than she is. By this time she was come to her self, and finding she was not discovered, and

and that the retreat of *Leonardo* was safe, and secure, she enters more boldly, and with tears flowing over her cheeks, pale and wan with fear, desires *Aly Perigot* to tell her the cause of his jealousy and suspicion. He tells what the Steward had seen, and the Steward again, with several other slaves, affirmed that they saw the Painter slave (as they generally called him) mount from the Garden, into those Leads, above her Chambers. She justifies her self, protests her innocence, and that if it be true, the slave might have some intrigue with some other, and not with her, that it was only the malice of her enemies to ruine her in his affection and esteem, and that perhaps if he searched the rest of the Chambers of his wives, he might finde out her that was guilty of this crime. *Aly* began now to be of her minde, and finding that the traitor he looked for was not there, he resolves to have him if above ground, and having several times pronounced his Death, he leaves *Garella*, and resolves to search all the other Chambers of his wives.

Garella seeing them gone, and the coast clear, begins to shake off her fear, and now to consult with her reason, about her security: She knew that her Lover was discovered, and that if he should make his escape thence, he would be taken, and that *Aly Perigot* would with torments force him to confess, and detect her crime. That she had no better way in the world to secure her self, than by the slaves death, and which the opportunity, and the easiness, and safeness of it invited her to. She knew if he were gone, all the world could never discover her crime, except the slave that waited on her, who being almost as guilty as she, durst not for fear betray her, for that she could not hope to escape punishment: Her danger and hazard was too great to stand long deliberating, she knew that *Aly* would return back, when he could finde no slave any where else, and she dreaded his rage and fury, she therefore resolves that *Leonardo* shall dye, to secure her self, and as we have seen her already sacrifice one Lover to her pleasure, so now we shall see her give up another to her fear, and immolate him for her security. Having thus resolved, she hastily takes a sharp knife, and with a Chrystal lamp in the other hand she enters the privy, and opening the wooden seat cuts the loops of the Ladder, which hung upon the hooks, and so lets *Leonardo* drop to the bottom, and closing again the privy, retires, now fully satisfied that she had secured her self.

How wonderful is the justice of God in the punishment of obstinate sinners, and what way he takes, that it might be known to be effected, by his immediate hand, for the warning of others. It is not enough also that sinners are punished, but it seems more for the glory and justice of heaven, that they are made to punish one another, and as they have been instruments of one anothers crimes, so they should be of one anothers destruction. It is very instructive to mortals, to see their pleasures, and their evils and unlawful courses to draw them on to punishment, and to be a cause of their ruine and destruction, and also that such who have liv'd in lust and polluted pleasure together, to become one anothers executioners. Alas! there can be no love, fidelity, or constancy to be expected among unchaste souls, as they are false to their Husbands or wives for the sake of their pleasures, so will they be false to their Lovers, and to one another, for safety of their lives, and to secure themselves. You have seen *Leonardo* rewarded now by the cruel hand of his fair Mistress, for all the pleasure he had given her, and for all the hazard and danger he had run for her sake; She has sacrificed him to her own safety, and been an instrument to give him a punishment for all crimes: Let not this act too much surpris you, Heaven has determined to punish *Garella* also by the hands of her Lover, in requital of his Murder, and to raise him up as strangely out of the privy, to become her executioner. She will not so easily elude Heaven, as she now thinks she shall her Husband, he can make use of strange and unusual accidents to bring about his designs. *Garella* remembered her self of the Ladder of ropes, that was hanging at the Leads, and that the loops of it were tyed to the balusters with some silken strings twisted together, that belonged to the Canopy of her bed, and lest this being found, might detect her, she caused *Doricia* to get up into the Leads, and to draw up the Ladder, and bring it away with her; and now since she had dispatched the slave (as she thought) there would be no need of that Ladder, she commands *Doricia* to fling it down the shaft of the privy, to secure it from being seen: This the slave did, and now all things seemed secure, and she was pleased with her own ingenuity, in so dexterously ridding her self out of all danger.

But let us look a little into the privy, to see the Tragedy of *Leonardo*. Whilst he stood there on his Ladder of ropes, he had heard the noise that was made, and the voyce of *Aly Perigot*, he then began to fear he was discovered, and his thoughts were busied in seeking out some way to make his escape, and to free himself of this danger, but he knew not how to come

in great confusion, till he had been fully informed of the mishap by his dear Mistress; he was in such thoughts when he perceived *Garella's* fair hand upon the fast of the privy, and on a sudden ere he could call to her, or oppose her cruelty, cut the loops of the Ladder, and let her drop down the shaft. The shaft was not very broad, so that he could not turn himself any ways in his fall, but falling plumb on his feet, when he came to the bottom, he received no other hurt, than falling almost to the armpits in dung, filth and ordure. His fall now the Death he expected was not so cruel to him, as the hand that gave it him. The knife that cut the loops was not so sharp, as the unkindness and infidelity of his Mistress, that had cut the wounds in his heart, and wounded his very soul. He perceived it was the hand of *Garella* that gave him his Death, and he doubted not at all, but that she did it for her own safety lest he might discover her. But he at once saw her falsity, and her misery. He found himself in a pit, and up to the armpits in dung, and that there without hopes of reprieve. He was condemned to perdition. He calls, cries out, makes a noise; but all in vain, he is not heard; or what is worse, he thinks he is not regarded. Thus he remains for some time, almost stifled with the filth, and finding no hopes of being redeemed out of that Well, and from a miserable and agonizing Death, he resolves to dispatch himself at once, and making a shift to get out his Stiletto which he always carried about him privately, he was about to stab himself in the throat, and so put an end to his miserable and wretched life, when he felt the end of the Ladder to come, fall upon his head; believing they had flung something down to him, he lifted up the head, feeling that he was not yet dead, but feeling what it might be, he found it was the ladder of ropes, and pulling at it, perceived it was fastened at Top. However he came to the top, he was not intended as a kindness to him, and that it was a meer accident, as it was, for the ladder being up the fast of the privy, thrusting the Ladder of ropes down the shaft, one of the loops or small ropes, that went across the Ladder, hooked in one of the knots that was knotted in the shaft, and the shaft, as which the lower Ladder of ropes hung, and so kept up one end of the Ladder that was hanging in. *Leonardo* quickly mounted this means, with some fear lest the string should break, and with difficulty, by reason of the sharp hole and closeness of the place; but setting his back against one side of the shaft, by degrees, to get to the top, where he easily perceived how strangely accidentally it hung, by one of the slender stems of the Ladder, and so was not any intended kindness to him; this did his soul with rage, fury, and revenge, and with his Stiletto in his hand, he enters the chamber of *Garella*, to her great amazement and wonder. She had but newly quitted her self of an enraged Husband, and the terror and fright was but beginning to grow into a calm, when she sees the face of an accursed Lover, to be no less dreadful and terrible than that of *Aly*; but *Leonardo* incensed as he was, gave her no time to imprecate or charm him by her tears and prayers, but immediately plunged his Stiletto several times into her breast, upbraiding her with her falsity and cruelty to him: This done, the slave crying out, he leaves *Garella*, swimming in her gore, and fallen on the floor of the chamber, and thinking of his own security, he draws up the Ladder out of the privy, and mounting the Leads, that way intends to make his escape.

In the mean time *Aly Perigot*, to the no little disturbance and affright of all his wives, searches all their chambers, but finding no slave there, he thinks of searching the Leads, which he had not yet done; and up he mounts, just as *Leonardo* was fastening the loops of the Ladder to the wall. He was amazed to see *Aly Perigot* with half a score Flambeaus on the Leads; and the while he flings himself with speed, descending by the Ladder into the Garden, but he could not do it so nimbly, but he was espied by *Aly Perigot*, being discovered by the light of his torches. To him he flies with his Scymitar in his hand, but the minute he was got past the reach, *Aly* seeing that, cuts the fastenings of the Ladder, and so lets him drop from the eighth to the floor, which was a walk of Parisian Marble, that lay under that side of the house, which so bruised *Leonardo*, that he lay senseless, and gave liberty to the slaves that were planted in the Garden, to seize on him, by the command of *Aly*. Thus this fatal Ladder by which he had so often mounted to the enjoyment of his wicked pleasures, was now the instrument of his death.

Aly Perigot having thus secured the slave, returns now in a new rage and fury to *Garella*, no ways doubting now of her infidelity and unchastity, but he is amazed to find her expiring in her gore, and the floor of the room blushing with her blood which flowed from three or four mortal wounds in her breast. He thought at first it had been the effect of her despair, but he soon underthinks the truth from the slave *Dezela*: He charges the dying *Garella* with her crimes, both that of abusing his bed with *Leonardo*, and also with *Anulla* under the disguise

of a sin: he instructs her to know his discovery, and upbraiding her with her ingratitude, falsity and crimes, lets her know that she was justly punished. *God* is the author of death upon her, for knowing she cannot escape, therefore turning her *Heavenly* eyes down upon her husband, she considers her crimes, and asks his pardon; *God* is the author of death because he drives to be justly due, and that her punishment was just and equitable: She had not many minutes to live after her confession, yet those few *My* requests to cut off, and to spare her life, not satisfied unless he helps to extinguish the little flame of life that is yet left her. He therefore causes two of the slaves to strangle her with a bow-string, and also her *Heavenly* husband in her crime. And this was the sad end of the fair and beautiful *Gerarda*, whose beauty, luxury and lustre, and whose wit and ingenuity were spoiled and consumed by her sin and unchastity.

From her the enraged Turk defends, and causes *Lemore* to be brought before him, but he was in so weak a condition with his fall, that he was scarce capable of any defence, nor did he put him; and for fear he should die, and that way escape part of his revenge, he begged him instantly to be set alive: The rigour of the pain soon changed the slave into a man of his misery, and his half-fled soul quickly departed from his tortured body, leaving that without sense and life, in the hands of his bloody and cruel executioner.

And this was the end of this Christian Adulteress and her *Heavenly* husband, whereby we may perceive, God is no respecter of persons, and that he will punish the transgressor of his Law; and by this story we may see, that *God* is not less severe against the Turks and Infidels who go unpunished for their crimes, than against the Christians who transgress the Law of their corrupted Religion. *God* is the author of death upon all sinners: much will he suffer Christians, and fear as well as the Infidels, who transgress the Law of *God*, to break the bonds of Marriage, and to commit the crime of Adultery, without fearing, on them, the just and severe punishment of *God*.



**Gods Revenge against the Abominable Sin
of Adultery:**

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY III.

Joan Le Hay is married to Robert Bukelme a simple man: Is beloved by Baldwin le Haine: They devise many contrivances to deceive the Husband, and commit Adultery together: Joan is like to be drowned, and is saved by Arthur Britton; who coming to visit her at her own house, is wounded by Baldwin her Lover. Peter le Hay returns out of Spain, fights with Captain Baldwin, and kills him in Robert Bukelms garden: Joan by accident shoots her self with a pistol into the belly, whereof she dyed.

Lust is a fragrant or spreading cancer which has dilated it self thow all parts of the Earth, and Fornication and Adultery are not confined to any place or Nation. This abominable and polluting sin is committed in all the quarters of the world, as well in *Asia*, as in *Africa*, in *America*, as in *Europe*. It hath not only infected the Southern and more hot parts of the world, but its contagion has spread it self even under the Arctick Pole; in *Climats* bound up in Ice, and in Lands covered with snow. Lust, like those lamps that are said to burn in tombs, and without air, can live and burn under the rigours of frost, and night it self, and its enormities and flagrances manifest themselves even among the cold *Russes*, *Fins*, and *Tartars*, as well as among the hot *Moors*, *Blacks* and *Ashiapians*; and we shall finde the sin of Adultery committed as well by the phlegmatick *Dutchman* or heavy *German*, as by the hot and lustful

Spaniard, or the Sodomitical *Italian*. There is no place or Countrey where it is generally excluded; for as natural Lust is permitted to all mankind, for the propagation of its *species* or kinde, under the restriction of holy Laws and religious ties, so the devil that diligent adversary of mankind, makes it his business to pervert this Institution of nature, and by it to pollute unchaste souls, to make them transgress the bounds of nature, and to break the ties of Religion, and to pollute the bed of marriage, and so by provoking the wrath and indignation of heaven, pull upon themselves the transgressors, the dire and bloody judgements threatned against them, and in all Countreys leave by their examples the traces and footsteps of sad and mournfull Tragedies: The wages of sin is death, and the adulterer and the Adulteress shall surely be put to death.

In that part of *Flanders* which is called Imperial, as belonging formerly to the Emperours, as now to the King of *Spain*, stands the Town of *Alost*, situate very pleasantly on the River *Dender*, which runs down from thence to *Dendermond*, at the mouth of the River, where it empties it self into the *Scheld*, a Town noted for making of Fustians, and for the trade of Flax. In the latter of these Towns called *Dendermond*, lived one *Robert Bukelme*, one that traded in Flax, and Fustians, and by it was grown to very great riches, and had purchased much Lands in that province, and especially about *Alost*, so that he was looked on as the richest Burger in the whole Country. This Man though a wise and cunning Merchant, had but one only Son, who was little better then a natural fool. As Children are the gifts of God, so it is in the power only of Heaven, to make them wise or foolish: we often see wise Parents beget foolish Children, and foolish people, oftentimes beget wise Men. The Jonages of our souls are more spiritual than to become subject to the congression of bodys, the understanding, and the rational soul, is a special gift of providence, which is placed in Cells, more or less adopted to receive it by nature, and as it is that which chiefly distinguishes us from beasts, so it seems to be in the more immediate disposition of Heaven, for though man begets his outward likeness, shape, and form, nay oftentimes the outward habits of the body, gestures, gait, or manner of speaking, yet the understanding, and reason, and wit, and wisdom, as also folly, incapacity, blockishness, or want of the former, seem wholly in the dispose of Heaven, as being *Arcana* of his own, and which he preserves for whom he pleases. This *Robert Bukelme* named also as his Father, was a very proper handsom man to look to, but so weak in his intellectuals, that his Father could not breed him up to any thing, nor could all the art of his Schoolmasters, so much as cause him to reade, or attain to any knowledge, in any art or science, but in all his actions he shewed himself to be extremely sottish, and childish. This was a great grief to the Father, but having no other child to enjoy all those riches, and Lands, he had acquired by his labour, and industry, he was resolved to see him married betimes, perhaps thinking of the Proverb, that a foolish Man may beget a wise child; and that he might comfort himself in his Grandchildren, in his old age, expecting little from the natural folly of his Son. He had for this end treated with several persons, who had proffered their daughters to him, for the sake of his means, which weighed more with them, than the folly of the Son.

This greediness of riches, is the root of many despairing matches, and unequal amities which yield but very equal fruit: Among others there lived at *Alost*, a Gentleman of a good extraction, called *John le Hay* who was of good means, but having many Children to provide for, he could not give them according to his quality, but as many others are forced to do, was fain to marry his Daughters among the vulgar; that they might be in a capacity to live. This *John le Hay* had now with him but one Daughter left, called *Joan le Hay*, a brisk, lively, and extream witty lass, and of excellent features and complexion, and of a very pleasant conversation, and winning behaviour, young and very well bred, as to all the accomplishments of a Gentlewoman.

Robert Bukelme the elder having seen this Maid, and thinking her a very fit match for his Son, resolving to have one that had ingenuity, to make up the want of it in his Son, he made an overture with *John le Hay*, between his Son *Robert*, and his Daughter *Joan*. The Old Gentleman knowing he was a fortune, greedily caught at the proffer, and meeting several times together, the two Fathers agree on all terms, without the knowledge either of Son, or Daughter. As for the one he knew the incapacity of the Son, to choose for himself, and that his natural folly made him presume to do it for him; and the other knew on the other side, the authority he had over his Daughter, and that she would not disobey his Commands, when they tended only to the getting her a rich and handsome Husband. *Robert Bukelme* had told him what a kinde of man his Son was, and had represented him a softly man, or one of little understanding, which was a thing heeded not so much by *John le Hay*, as his great riches was coveted, for his Daughter: But however, before the two young couple were married, it is but fit they should

should come together, and see one another, and therefore it was agreed that *Robert Bukelme*, should bring over his Son with him to *Alost*, and where they would, after the young couple had seen one another, cause them to be married together.

This being resolved by the Fathers, and a progress thus far made, *Robert Bukelme* returns for *Dendermond* to his Son, and *John le Hay* gives his Daughter *Joan* notice of the rich Husband he had provided for her: which news she receives very well, having not the complexion, and constitution of a Nun, and never intended to be shut up in a Cloister. She makes therefore a preparation for the receipt of her Lover, whom she understood to be a handsome man, but none of the wisest. It is not long ere the *Bukelme's* come, both Father and Son, and are kindly welcomed to *Alost*, by *John le Hay*. But the ridiculous carriage, and natural folly of young *Bukelme*, was so conspicuous, that *Joan* though she liked very well his person, could not but laugh at and scorn his conditions: and it cost her Father some trouble to persuade her to have him. He said before her his great riches, which he was heir to, he let her know that his Lands and possessions would make amends for his want of wit. He told her, money without wit was better than wit without money. That he might beget wife Children: That his folly would be lessen'd by her ingenuity. That she might be Master, and have the full rule and dominion over her Husband: a happiness so many women strive for. That it was much the greater benefit to marry a fool, than a wise man, that would be always curbing and restraining her. That she was a greater fool than he, if she neglected so fair an opportunity of making her self, and in the end told her, it was his will and pleasure that she should be married to him, as great a fool as he was, and that she should prepare her self for it, without farther disputes, unless she would cause him to turn her out of doors to seek her fortune.

Joan heard this harsh lecture, and sighed to think what a great rich Fool was thrust upon her, but seeing there was no remedy, and beginning also to look on the Vanity of fine cloaths, and living more splendidly than any of her other Sisters, who were but meanly married; and to consider that she should dispose of her Husbands money and Estate, as she pleased, and that she should rule and be absolute Mistress; this Lover, and all his foolishness, began to be more supportable to her, and at last, she having overcome all obstacles, began to be reconciled to his folly, and though he did not become less ridiculous in her eyes, she had so fortified her self, that his foolish actions and behaviour were not altogether so great an offence to her, as they were at first. But yet she could not but smile, to see him grin, and leer at her, without speaking a word of fence, yet as if he had some love and kindness for her, and would never be out of her company by his good will, not so much as at those hours that decency and rest called her to her Chamber. *Joan* found this fool very troublesome, but however in obedience to her Father, and somewhat also assured in her mind, by his riches, she at last consents to become his Wife: she had also this happiness, that she had not any ways engaged her affections to any, and had not been (as many are) in love before they married, thereby to make herself and perhaps another very miserable, by means of that troublesome passion. But it had been well also, that she had never known what that passion was afterwards, or at least not to have been overcome by it, as to become defiled, and polluted.

The day for the marriage of this Fool, and this witty fair one, was at last concluded on, and Solemnly to be kept at *Alost*, the Friends on both sides being invited, and the chief of their Neighbours, and acquaintance in the Town. The day came, and they were married by the Bishop of the place before many witnesses, who pass'd severally their censures of this unequal match: some pitying the Bride, and others laughing at the foolish Bridegroom, who in his very looks betrayed his folly. Now among the rest of the numerous company at the wedding, there was one *Baldwin le Haine*, a young Gentleman of worth, a neighbour, and one who had not been long returned from the Wars, having been *Aide de Camps* under the Duke of *Lorraine*, and signallised himself in many memorable actions. This Gentleman returned not long before the marriage of *Joan*, having a fair possession left him by the death of his Father, and had never seen the Bride till that day she was to be married, but living near, and being an acquaintance of *John le Hays* he was invited to the Wedding of this Maid.

This young Soldier was still in Blacks for his Father, but we may believe that the estate that had befallen him, had mitigated the grief of his heart, and had wiped the tears from his eyes. And indeed the Bride *Joan*, found in them more flame than water: she had cast her eyes upon this *Baldwin*, who was a person of an excellent shape and form, and of somewhat a slenderer proportion then usually Dutchmen are, yet well set and finely timber'd every way. His face like a soldiers expressed a manliness in it, with a certain briskness and gaiety, as one full of life and spirit, and one who looked as much like a man, as the husband of *Joan* did like a Fool. As the folly of the Bridegroom employed the eyes of many, so the Beauty of the Bride; bled

the eyes of more. And among the rest *Baldwin le Hain* could not keep his eyes from her. There was something he did not know what, pleased him in her looks, her Innocency, and her youth, her Beauty, and her good demeanour, her Wit, and her mind, being all set off to the greatest advantage, by the extream folly of her Husband, made him pity her, when he thought all that must be sacrificed to the pleasure of that fool. He could not but look upon the one and the other, and still finding the disparity so great, that he could not but admire the strangeness of her fortune, and commiserate the evilness of her condition.

Perhaps it was only pity at first that touched his heart, or at least he thought so, and therefore restrained not his eyes from beholding the young Bride. But his eyes were more peircing than he thought, they raised the blushes in fair *Joans* cheeks, she had often met with the glances of this *Baldwin*, and though there are many handsome men in place, yet none seemed so compleat in every respect as *Baldwin*. She observes his carriage and behaviour, and she seems to read pity and kindness in his looks and eyes: she casts her eyes on her Bridegroom, and compares him with *Baldwin*, she sees the vast disparity between them; she thinks, she blushes; she looks, thinks, and blushes again, then sighs then recalls her thoughts; she remembers her self, that this Fool is now her Husband, and calls to mind his riches, and Fortune, to comfort her; but yet she finds them shaddows; and she no sooner casts her eyes on his folly and easiness, but it disgusts her, and a troublesome shame creeps into her eyes, and causes a redness in her cheeks. She cannot refrain from diverting them, beholding *Baldwin*, for whom she entertained kind thoughts; but she is too innocent to think them criminal, or that love durst attack her on her wedding day: she never had known what love was, neither had she been acquainted with its troublesome fits, but she finds her self uneasy, and every thing troublesome to her.

On the other side, this *Baldwin* could not keep his eyes from the face of the Bride, and though he perceived his looks sometimes raised her blushes, and expanded the roses in her cheeks, yet he could not but behold her, and he also observed nothing of cruel in her eyes and face. He wished he had been sooner acquainted with her, that he might have prevented the misery and bondage he thought she was now in, by the marriage of such a Husband. *Baldwin* soon perceived the quick growth of his kindness towards the Bride, and felt more than an ordinary passion in his breast. He had been abroad, and had seen many beauties, without finding the like disturbance. His heart beat more than ordinary, and he found a commotion that troubled him. The eyes of the young Bride were often upon him, and he met her secret glances upon the way with his own. He could not behold the ridiculous behaviour of the husband without anger, to think he should possess so fair and sweet a treasure. The thoughts of the night approach vex'd him, when he must leave so sweet a creature, between the arms of a changeling, or a monkey; but there is no way left to prevent it: Time speeds away, and the day grows old, and feasting being done, according to the use in that Country, they fell to dancing. *Baldwin le Hain* was a Soldier, and a bold man, and though much a stranger to the Bride, yet having the opportunity of talking with her, after the end of a dance, that he had performed with her, he told her, that he was very unhappy, that Fortune had kept him so long from home, and from the acquaintance of so fair a Neighbour, that he had not believed the Town of *Alost* could have yielded so great a beauty; but withal, he could not but take the boldness also to tell her, that had he not been contradicted by his own eyes, and ears, in that he had seen the prudence of her behaviour, and heard the ingenuity of her speeches, he should have thought her very wanting of discretion, by the choice she had made. *Joan* smiling, told him, that had she been at her own dispose she should not perhaps so soon have become the subject of a Husbands will, or might she her self have chosen, she should have found those in *Alost*, that might have been more agreeable to her humour, than any in *Dendermond*. But since she was a child, and subject to the disposal of her Parent, she must submit to the lot he had provided for her, though perhaps not so futureable to her mind, and that she must endeavour to love all the defects of one that was now her husband, and either not to see them, or else not to take notice of them. This prudent answer, and her modest carriage, had like to have quell'd the growing love of our young Soldier, but presently finding himself the more enflamed, he could not but reply before he left her; and told her, that however her prudence and her duty made her to seem content with her lot, yet she would soon find the difference, betwixt a wise man, and one that was not so, and that perhaps all the riches, and possessions of a foolish husband, would not be able to sweeten that bitterness of the potion, his folly would cause her daily to drink. That he look'd on her with pity and compassion, and could have wished he had returned sooner to *Alost*, that he might have diverted her evil fate, protesting in the conclusion, that he had never seen eyes that could pierce his heart, or beauty that could move him to passion, till he had beheld hers, and that

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pike, and the Musket, the postures of the body, and manner of handling his Arms. Then he lets him know the several duties of a Soldier, and an Officer, and that one could never come to be a general Officer, till he had run thorow all the Duties of the meanest Soldier. He then puts him upon his watches, and his standing Centinel, lying purdue, and of being in Ambuscade, telling him he might practise all this at home privately in his house, and so become as expert as those, who with much hardship, labour, and pains attain it in the field. *Tony* is now become a Soldier, and his apishness makes him the more ridiculous in the eyes of his wife, and renders him more despicable. Nothing can hinder our new Soldier from doing his Duty, and when once the toy had taken him in the head, there was no contradicting him. Every night before he went to bed, and after he had practised all his postures, armed with his Headpiece, Corblier, Vambraces, and Gantlets, would this fool stand Centinel at his window, with his Musket for a whole hour, the casement next the street being set open, and from which posture nothing could draw him, till the Bell of the great Church in *Alost* rung out, which was about ten of the Clock at night.

We are not to think that his wife stayed by him, or that she knew not how to make use of this time, with Captain *Baldwin*, while the young Soldier was standing Centinel. She had with her several servants in the House, but she entrusted none with this affair, except a young girl named *Maria*, who waited on her in her Chamber, and who lay also in a little closet in the same room. This girl being bribed with Gold, which charms the heart, and puts out the eyes of virtue, was only acquainted with this amour, and assisted them in their Loves. I am apt to believe that Captain *Baldwin*, and the fair *Joan*, had met before this time, and with more security than this opportunity seemed to give them. But as Lovers are apt to lay hold on all occasions, that may further their pleasures, and enjoyment of one another, this hour of *Robert's* standing Centinel was not to be lost. *Baldwin* therefore being before hand, in the evening, conveyed secretly into the Maids closet, and there locked up, as soon as *Joan* was in bed, and her Husband on his martial Duty, *Baldwin* putting off his cloaths in the closet, slipped into the bed to his fair Mistress, where he did *Robert's* duty for him: and where he lay till the ringing of the Bell, and before *Robert* could get off his habiliments of War, retired unseen into the closet, and from thence was conveyed by *Maria*, when *Robert* was in bed, down a back pair of stairs, and so into the Garden, belonging to the House, of a back-door, of which he had a key, that opened into a large Hop-yard, thorow which he had a passage, to his own back-gate of his Garden.

This Comical part of this vicious amour, was after this manner several times acted, with great security, when at last an accident happened that spoiled *Robert's* sport of standing Centinel: and had like to have endangered the discovery of our Lovers, had they not had such a fool to deal with, that they might easily cheat out of his senses. It seems certain night *Robert*, having taken notice of this casement of Master *Robert's* Chamber, being open nights, they resolve an attempt of entering thereby, and of robbing the house. Having therefore chosen a dark and tempestuous night for their purpose, they had planted a Ladder against this window, and one first mounting to get in, and thrusting in his head, so affrighted *Robert*, that he let his Musket fall from his hands, and running away shrieking, ran towards his wife for shelter. The thief seeing himself discovered retreats, but *Robert* still quaking had got on the inside of the bed, betwixt the closet door and the bed, and so suddenly that *Baldwin* not expecting this unhappy accident, had not time to rise from the arms of his Mistress, where he was fast locked, and to make his retreat into the closet as he use to do. But finding that *Robert* was on that side of the bed, because he would not be seen in bed, he leaps forth on the other side. But when he was there, he knew not what to do with himself, nor where to shelter from being unseen. There were hangings in the room, but they were so strait nailed at top, and bottom to the wall, that a mouse could scarce get behind them, the bed was so close to the floor, and so low that he could not creep under it, and the door of the room out of which he should go, opened at the feet of the bed, on that side where *Robert* was. *Maria* at the noise of her Master ran out of the closet, where always burned a candle, to light him to bed, after he had done his Duty at the window, and she also affrighted, brings forth the candle in her hand, whereby *Robert* got a glimpse of *Baldwin* standing in his shirt, on the other side of the bed. *Baldwin* perceiving now there was no remedy, but that he should be discovered, was vexed, in consideration of the honour and reputation of *Joan Le Hay* rather than for any fear, or regard of himself, but seeing no way of escape, but that he must be seen by *Robert* (who had now taken a little more heart, and was coming about the feet of the bed, to assault the thief, supposing it had been one of them, got into the room, by the window,) he suddenly slips off his shirt, and tying it round about his middle, so as to hide his privities, twisted like a scarf, he puts himself into the posture of one of

those Statues made for a Gladiator, one legg stepping forward, the other placed backward, his left hand stretched out backward, and his right forward, with his whole body leaning forward, closing his eyes almost together, and turning his head a little of one side; just as he had observed those Statues to be made, and in the posture becoming immovable, he was not easily at the distance that *Robert* beheld him, to be discerned from a very Statue: *Robert* having seen him in this posture, was too much afraid to come near him, when the witty *Jean*, having with a great deal of trouble expected the event, seeing the ingenious shift of her Lover, and perceiving her Husband staring on him with some amazement, feigning a laughture, cry'd out that he was a fine Soldier, to be afraid of a Statue; that she had forgot to tell him that Captain *Baldwin* had sent him that statue, which was made for himself, that he might by it, practise the posture of a Roman Gladiator, and that she had forgot to tell him of it. *Robert* now seeing the room clear, after he had for some time gazed at, and pray'd the Statue, and uttering his thanks to Captain *Baldwin* for so fine a present, he shuts his window, puts off his Armes, and excusing his sudden affright to his wife, who began to rally him about it, and charging her, that she should not let Captain *Baldwin* know of his being frighted from his watch; he goes at last to bed, and *Maria* shutting the curtains, takes the Statue by the hand, and leads him softly to the door, helps him to his cloaths, and so dismisseth him as she used to do, and he returns safe after his affright.

The next morning *Robert* awaking something late, the first thing he did was to draw back the curtains of his bed, to look on his fine statue, but the statue was gone. He wonders and asks his wife and *Maria*, what was become of it. *Jean* had foreseen this, and she had furnished her self with an answer to that question. She told him that Captain *Baldwin* had sent for it early in the morning, the workman having forgot to put a Sword into his hand, and that he would send it him again within a day or two, with his weapon. This answer sufficiently satisfied the credulous fool, and *Maria* giving notice of it to Captain *Baldwin*, he procured a wooden statue of a Gladiator in the like posture, with a short sword in his hand, as they use to have, and having caused it to be painted over, as near to flesh colour as he could, he sent it within a few days to *Robert*, who was not a little pleas'd with the present; and it likewise gave a great diversion to the two Lovers, to see the postures he put himself in, like a doctorel, to imitate that of the Gladiator, being instructed by his dear Master Captain *Baldwin*.

The two Lovers made themselves sport, and laugh'd heartily at this advantage, praising one anothers ingenuity, & rallying one another about it. But Sin is not a thing to be jested with, 'tis a keen Sword that will at last cut the souls of such as play with it; 'tis a fire that will burn and blister their very hearts, they cannot entertain it in their bosomes without being consumed by it. Adultery is no jesting matter, and though *Robert* be a fool and a sot, he is thy husband, and though he cannot help himself or find out thy abuse, Heaven that is just, and that sees all this, can raise up those that shall punish Adulterers for their crimes. He has several ways to do it, and no question, rather than such shall go unpunished, he will cause Stones, Pistols, or Daggers, to do it of themselves, without the help of human hands. He knows how to direct them with an unseen finger, and the invisible arm of Providence can soon make it self manifest, by the effects of its stroke. The folly of *Robert* is no just plea for *Jean* to abuse the bed of her Husband; there is no such exception in that Moral command: *Thou shalt not commit Adultery*, neither negligence, nor folly shall be any excuse: and since *Robert* knows not how to do himself right, Heaven, you shall see, will, but we must stay his time, he yet gives these Lovers and Adulterers leisure, to see and find out their crimes, by these little rubs in their way, and is so merciful, as to stay some time ere he exposes them to the stroke of his anger, that they might repent and forsake their evil courses, but as yet we see no signs thereof, since this little dangerous adventure becomes but the subject of their mirth, and rather gives them encouragement to run on, than to be affrighted, or stop'd from their pleasures and unlawful amours.

But though they are not afraid, *Robert* is, and the affright he received being on his watch, made him leave off that may-game. He would no longer stand Centinel, and invite Theeves into his house with open casements. He thinks he has done sufficient duty, and by this means the Lovers are prevented of that hour of pleasure, and are put to new consults how to meet. But *Robert*, though he had left standing centinel, had not laid aside his fond desire of becoming a perfect Soldier. He still practised (as awkwardly as ever) all his postures, and Captain *Baldwin* was with him ever day to teach him, and it was hard if two willing Lovers, did not sometimes get an opportunity of injoying one another. But these were but short repasts, and could not content them. They had been used to Banquets, short commons would not satisfy their lustfull appetites. They made still use of their old stale, the Fool himself, to be the Baud to their pleasures, and though they could not get *Robert* any more to watch by night, they had per-

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swaded him to ward by Day, and to lie down close on his Belly, with his ear to the ground, for an hour every day, in the Hop-yard, as if he were lying purdue, shelter'd among the thick hop-poles, covered with hops, and which was as thick as a wood, whilst they two, not far from him, enjoyed themselves, and lay purdue also.

This sport continued for some time, without any interruption, *Maria* being planted at a little distance to give warning of any approaching danger: But as the saying is, Hedges have ears, and Fields have eyes, and though they were not interrupted, they were accidentally seen together, committing their adulterous Crime, by a fellow that used to dress the horses, and that was a servant to the Gentleman that owned that Hop-ground; for it was a neighbour, and lay betwixt *Robert Bukelme's* House, and Captain *Baldwin's*, though they had both of them back-doors out of their Gardens into that hop-Ground by permission, and could that way goe to one anothers house, and being the way that Captain *Baldwin* usually came, because less publique than by the street. The frequency of Captain *Baldwin's* being at *Robert's* House, *Robert's* great folly and fondness of the Captain, the beauty, and wit of *Joan*, gave very great suspicion to most of the Town, that *Robert* was a Cuckold; but as yet all things were carried so smoothly and closely, that they could have nothing but suspicion, and no proof against them. But now being it seems seen (though unknown to themselves) by this fellow who could not keep it a secret, it began to spread thorow the Town, and to be whisper'd from one to another, both *Robert's* lying purdue, and their making use of the time.

This becoming the common talk about the Town, was the first open blast that *Joan* received in her Reputation. This extremely vext the two Lovers, who had thought they had carried the business too closely to be seen, and too warily to be known. When once a rumour is raised, it is not easily quell'd, the Captain seeks for the Author, but he is not easily found, It began with a whisper, and had spread the whole Town, before it came to their ears, so that they could not trace out the Spring-head, nor find out the original, and besides they knew their Guilt, and that the more they seem'd to stir in it, the more the tongues of people would be exercised, and therefore since they saw *Robert* was nothing concern'd, or shock'd at it, they thought at least to let it pass away in silence, and without taking further notice of it, but they were so wise, as to take *Robert* from his duty of lying purdue, and of making use of the Hopground for their amours.

Robert still continues his idle humour of loving arms, and though he had not the heart of a lion, and durst hardly charge a goose, he thought himself a great Soldier, and almost fit to be a General. He was like the Fox in the fable, when he first saw the Lion he trembled and shook, the next time his fear grew less, but at last the frequency of the sight, took away the terror, till he became bold and familiar, and was not daunted at his fierce countenance. *Robert* was at first so afraid of a musket, he durst not touch it, and handled it with a great deal of dread, and when he heard it shot off, he would run at a distance, and shut his eyes, and thrust his fingers into his ears, the report was so terrible. But by degrees, he came at last to be able to stand by, whilst Captain *Baldwin* discharged it, and at last to shoot it off himself, and then he thought he had done bravely, and brag'd not a little of his skill, and courage. When he was once come to be a proficient to use powder, it was not a little that the fool spent in shooting off his pistols and muskets. He had hang'd his hall round with arms, Pikes, muskets, Pistols, Flasks, Bandeliers, Swords, and the like, so that by his arms you would have thought he had been in six or seven pitch'd Battels, that he had fought in twenty Skirmishes, and that he had been a standing Captain in the Army, at least twenty or thirty years. He was so fond of a pair of Pistols that Captain *Baldwin* had given him (who called him his Soldier) that he would not hardly let them be out of his sight. These he kept in his Chamber, and though he had left off his watch, as you have heard, he would not goe to bed without having his arms fixt by his Bed-side, that he might charge the Theeves if they should come to rob him, and to guard himself, and his wife *Joan*. They let him have his humour, and when he went to bed, he had placed on his table, a great Sword, ready drawn, a half-pike standing by upright, a musket, and two pistols, ready charged, with powder and bullets, and in this terrible posture, lay this *Theso*, every night guarded with his arms.

But 'tis not all his weapons that can affright the Thief which lay in his Bed, that robb'd him of his Honour and his right. These Bosome-theeves are still the most dangerous. The loves of *Baldwin*, and of *Joan le Hay* had received some interruption by the tattle of the people of the town, and the hop-ground was no more to be made use of. *Robert Bukelme* is taken off from lying purdue, and Captain *Baldwin* that the rumour might the sooner pass over, refrain'd for some time coming to *Joan*, except very privatly. The Friends also of Captain *Baldwin*, at this time, urg'd him very much to marry, and among several matches they had propos'd to him, one a-

bove the rest seem'd of great advantage to his Fortunes. This was a Gentlemans Daughter of *Mont Gerhard* a Town in the same province, who had a great portion, and many virtues, but she was but of an indifferent beauty, indeed rather to be accounted among the ordinary rank of faces. *Baldwin le Haine* had no mind to hearken to that proposition, and had put it off for some time, but at length, when the strength of his reason was returned, and that he began to think seriously on the condition of his Houle, he perceived that his friends did press him to nothing but what was very necessary, and requisite. And now refraining for a little time, from the company of his fair and beautiful Mistris, he had more time to think on, and to resolve about this affair. He was willing to consent at last, but he yet feared lest it might displease his beloved *Joan*: and he had rather not have an heir, and to let his estate fall to others, than to lose the fortune he possessed in the heart of *Joan*.

She hears this proposition with much regret, and she knows not how to share her *Baldwin* with another, who must of necessity rob her of a great part of her pleasure; and though she knew that the Lady that was proposed to him, had no charms in her face that she might fear, and no attractions that could gain *Baldwin's* Heart, and that she was sensible, that the Bonds and ties of Marriage would not be of any force, to binde a heart and mind, though it did their Bodies, and that the love of *Baldwin* would soon break those slender Cords, and that the pleasure of a wife, would prove but a foil to that of a mistress, and endear, and enhance the value of her more amorous, and relishing embraces: yet on the other side, she was afraid of the power of a virtuous Wife, she did not know but she might be able to prevail, by continuall assaults of prayers, she knew also that women were cunning, spitefull, and that she might be revengefull, and able to do her more despiht, than all his Friends. This made her very unwilling that *Baldwin* should mary, and it was for some time ere she could be drawn to a consent, and he had promised her that he would not contract himself to another, how necessary soever it was to his estate and Fortune, without her approbation, but at last she was overcome, and the great love she had for the Captain, was some means to make her yield, since she perceived it would be so much to his outward advantage; but this grant is not without great restriction, and new and reciprocal vows, and protestations, of an eternal amity and fidelity, one to another. She consents at last, that he shall bestow his Body betwixt her self, and his Wife, but his heart she claims only as her due, and pleads priority of possession. She will not part with that on any terms, and indeed she had too much a share in it, and too great a power over it for *Baldwin* to deny her any thing. He vows, protests, swears, and with a thousand Oaths engages himself to *Joan*, and promises it shall be no hindrance to their pleasures, and enjoyment of one another, and that his marriage was only for outward convenience and temporall benefit, and that she only should command both his Body and Purse, and rule only in his Heart, and over his affections.

Thus this secret and wicked combination is made between them, sealed with many polluted kisses, and stilled with adulterous embraces. Thus marriage and what is sacred and holy, becomes a stale to their Adulteries, and is most highly abused. The vows they make at the Altar signifie nothing, and the words are look'd on by them, but as empty sounds, vanished into aire as soon as spoken. Captain *Baldwin* was Adulterer enough before, but now he intends to be doubly so, and by offering new vows to another, to encrease his guilt, and multiply his crimes. Before he wronged his own soul, deceiv'd his friend, and polluted *Joan*, but now he will forfeit new faith given, break new vows, and wrong a faithful and virtuous Wife, and all this premeditated, and forethought. This is abominably wicked, and Heaven will not let it pass without exemplary punishment. This is not only a fault of headstrong nature, tis not a single and violent act of lust, but a premeditated evil; and a concatenation of crimes, a continuance of Lust, and a provision of pleasures. These Lovers make a stale of holy vows, and matrimonial ties, and even break them by promise, and before-hand; they vow to be perjur'd, and swear to be false, and thus out-face heaven, delude the world, mock laws and ordinances, that they may enjoy their pleasures, and secure their lusts, and filthineses.

The bargain being thus driven, Captain *Baldwin* to the great joy of his Friends, hearkens to the proposition they had made to him, of his marrying; and now he rides over to *Mont Gerhard* to dispatch this business, which with the help of his Friends, was not long in doing. The match is made, and all friends assenting, he is at last married to the young Lady, called *Maria le Soam*, a very modest and virtuous young Gentlewoman, and very well bred. But alas! she knows not what a viper she has taken into her bed; she sees not the blackness and deformity of his heart, or rather she is ignorant that she has married a man without any heart, without any soul, having given the one to his lustful Devil, and bestowed the other on his whore. He brings her home to *Alost*, to the great joy and content of his Friends. They are not only glad that he is married,

married, for the good of his estate, but also for that of his soul, for they too much suspected his familiarity with *Joan Le Hay*, and now they believed this marriage would break that amorous league, which they feared would bring on him some inconvenience, if continued, or draw on the vengeance of God against him. But they could not see into the heart of our new married Captain, and that by this marriage he did but encrease his Crime and double his Guilt.

This business had taken up some time, and forced *Baldwin* to be absent a good while from his Mistress, and after he had brought home his new bride to *Alost*, he was forced for some time, for decorums sake to keep close with her, and *Joan* that she might permit *Baldwin* to be civil to her, without any interruption, had persuaded *Robert Bukelme* to go down to the *Dender* in a boat to *Dendermond*, to give a visit to her Father, but in passing over a wyre made in the River, to catch fish, their boat was overturned, and the fair *Joan* had like to have been drowned, and had perished but for a young man, who was a fishing on the banks of the River, who seeing her danger, leaped in very generously, and brought her forth in his arms. *Robert Bukelme* was got out on the other side of the River so affrighted, that he thought not on his wife, and the men that rowed the boat, having got to the shore, were run down the River to recover their boat, which was swimming down the stream with the bottom up. Thought it were warm weather, yet *Joan* being thorowly wet, found her self not well in that place, and was sensible of the inconvenience of sitting there with her wet cloaths. The young Gentleman that had helped her forth, was not a little surpris'd at her handsome shape, and at the great beauty of her face, and after he had a small space gazed at her, he remembered himself, and offered the civility of going with her to an house, which belonged to a Tenant of his Fathers, not above three furlongs from the place, and where she might have a conveniency of drying her cloaths, a fire and a bed if she pleased to go into. She was loth to accept of his proffer, but beginning to shiver, and be very ill, and seeing no other remedy, the boat and the men being gone out of sight, she called to her Husband, who had set himself down on the other side the River, and was drying the feather that was in his cap, of which he took more regard than of his wife, and she let him understand, that she would go with the Gentleman to a house hard by to dry her wet cloaths, and desired him as soon as the men had recovered the boat, to come over to her. She had left her Maid *Maria* at home, she being not well, and also that she might convey Letters between her and Captain *Baldwin*, having agreed to write one to another, and she had taken no other servant with her, but men who rowed the boat, because she knew the covetous humour of her Husbands Father, and that she designed to stay there for some time. *Robert Bukelme* not much minding his wife, this young man, named *Arthur Britton*, being a younger Son of Mounseur *Britton*, a Gentleman of good esteem in those parts, conducts his fair charge to a farm House, that was in view of the place. Her wet cloaths made her walk very troublesome and longer then otherwise it would have been, but it seems it was not tedious to young *Britton*, who instead of catching fish with his angling rod, had caught a fair Lady in his arms, or rather was himself caught by the snare of her beauteous eyes. He was a very young Gentleman, and not unhandsome, and had wit enough not to lose so fair an opportunity, only in idle chat, after he had understood who she was, he let her know the power of her eyes, and how he was now in greater danger of perishing by her beauty, then she had been lately in by the water, & that as he had generously rescued her from peril, she would do her utmost in requital to save him from dying, or what was worse the torment of Love, and the tyranny of a new raised passion, that he felt tearing his heart asunder. She answer'd this new Lover, with much seeming modesty, and discretion, but as cold as she was, the water had not quenched the impure fire that burnt in her heart. Captain *Baldwin* ran more in her minds than her Husband, and this new courtship she thought checked her fidelity to him, more than to her Husband, and she could not entertain it at first without some violence, but yet remembering what she owed to his generosity she could not be angry in her heart; nor shew any in her reply. She saw also she was in his power, and that she was alone with him and a stranger, but the respect and very great civility he shewed her, quieted her fears, and gave her a confidence that entertained no mistrust. But she that is once unfaithfull to one, will hardly ever prove constant to a second. The same temptation that once seduced her, will more easily ever after obtain a power over her: And we have far less constant and faithfull Mistresses than wives, some of the latter may be found, of the former scarce ever. As the ties and obligations are less, the infidelity appears so to their understandings, for having once broken the more firm bonds of Marriage, a woman more easily breaks the slender cords of friendship, when not tyed by the knot of virtue, but only with the slip-knot of a polluted affection, or a violent lust. Who makes a step into sin, may make two or three more, 'tis down hill and the motion is somewhat violent, and we are not able to stop when we will, and to say we will transgress so far and no farther; sin once or twice and no

more. Those little propositions are suggestions of a subtle serpent, to delude the timorous, or such as are not yet hardened in iniquity: and such a custom has not made to forget the secret intimations of conscience. Our courted *Joan* listened too long to the loving address of her youthfull deliverer, and she thought he had done too generously by her, to be absolutely forbid to hope, and to meet his proffer'd kindness with scorn or repulse. However modest her answers were, and however discreet her returns, *Arthur Britton* could not perceive any anger in her eyes and all his hopes were not dashed at the first. He resolves on a second charge, while their walk continued, which she received as the first, but withall with the glances of her eyes, gave him new wounds, and she stabbed his heart afresh.

But being come to the House, he caused a fire to be made to dry her cloaths, and a bed to be prepared, that she might go into, and the good woman of the House, who had been a servant to the Father of this young *Arthur Britton*, diligently attended her, and helped her to all things necessary, and young *Arthur* retires to shift, and dry his own wet cloaths. *Joan* is *Hay* having got into the bed, while her cloaths were getting dry, she expected long the coming of her Husband, but the day wore out, and the approach of night shewed it self, and no news of our foolish Husband, or any from him. They lend away to the water side, to see what was become of him; at last they met with the boat-men, who had with much ado recovered the boat and brought it back to their Master; but all the Art they had, could not perswade him to set foot in it, or to venture any more upon the water, nor so much as to cross it, and to go to his wife, but sending one of them to a Village hard by, orders him to hire him a horse, and a guide to go with him to *Dendermond*, and gave the other a charge to let his wife know he was gone before, to his Fathers, and that she should hire a horse, on that side the River, and not venture any more in the boat, but to meet him as soon as she could, at *Dendermond*. This great care he had of his wife, may let you see what a calm spirit he had, not disturbed with any jealousy. Away he rides, being mounted upon a poor jade, and as ragged a fellow running by him, with his long Rapier by his side, and a feather in his Hat, and in this equipage and posture, gets to *Dendermond* to his Fathers to relate his sad adventure, of losing his wife. It was well it was night when he entered the Town, or else this Knight errant, or meer *Don Quixot* would have moved much laughter. But his Father more wise then the Son, and jealous of his Honour, chid him for leaving his wife in that manner in the hands of strangers; and immediately he sent away two or three horses, and men to fetch her thither. But the night being so far advanced ere his Son arrived at *Dendermond*, and the directions that he had given were so blinde, that ere the messengers could finde the House, where his wife *Joan* was, it was past midnight, and too unreasonable to return till next day.

I cannot tell whether it may be accounted any happiness, for a wife to have a Husband that will not upon any occasion be jealous, for such a humour very often exposes the poor Women, to a great deal of danger, trouble and temptation, and very often stains their honour, and reputation, be their virtue never so great, and their innocence never so white and unsullied. For though a jealous Husband seems a Jaylor, Devil, and tormentor, these confident and unjealous excombs, contaminate the reputation of their wives, and make themselves thought to be cuckolds, by their evil carriage; and bring the virtues and chastity of their wives into question, by their inadvertency, and evil management of a Criminal confidence, or rather a wretchless carelessness, a signe of their folly and want of Love, and prudence. If the trouble of a jealous Husband be greater, the foolish confidence of these kinde of men is the more dangerous, and the former sort seldome take away the reputation of their wives, though there may be occasion for jealousy, whilst these latter kill their good name, and slander their virtue, though there be no occasion given on their part.

But I doubt our *Joan* was not so chaste and virtuous a person as to resist the illicibres or enticements of so fair an opportunity, and that *Arthur Britton* was not so modestly bashful as to be expelled with her faint denials, and to let her lie alone there all night. This fault must be imputed wholly to the indiscretion and folly of her husband; he, and fortune thrust her into this snare, and put too great a temptation upon her, for her to bear, having nothing to defend her self with, but her imperfect love to Captain *Baldwin*. But she could not be cruel to her deliverer, to one that had saved her Life, and had generously assisted her, and without designe, shew'd her great kindness, and given her relief. I will not accuse her with this new crime, and since she did not confess it I will not charge her with it. Let this slip pass, she has too much to answer for besides, and her studied and premeditated Adulteries lye heavy enough upon her. I would not overfill the measure of her Iniquities, nor would I suspect her without a cause, but by the sequel we may judge, that the young *Arthur Britton* had what contented him, and that he was not dissatisfied with the company, and conversation of our fair Adulterers, when it in-

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vited him over to *Aloft*, to renew the Treat he had tasted on that night, and that she had Communicated those charms he could not resist, not forget in her absence. He had found something very attractive; and inviting in that nights converse, which signified he was not entertained with denials and repulses; and the amorous though civil deportment the next day, shew'd that he was not any ways saggine or discontented. And since this young man had also some punishment, and chastisement for her sake, as you will find by what follows, I am apt to think he was not altogether innocent; but that it was inflicted on him for his share in those prohibited pleasures, which stir up the anger and vengeance of Heaven.

But let us proceed, young *Briston* accompanied his fair Guest the next day, with the men her Father-in-Law had sent for her, to the entrance of the Town of *Dendermond*, where he left her with a great deal of civility, satisfaction and Love. *Joan* was welcom'd to old *Robert Bakelme's*, by her husband, who ran to embrace her, recounting the great danger of their adventure, extremely commending the kindness of the young man that help'd her out of the River, and chid her for not bringing him with her, to receive his thanks. *Joan* could not but smile at his folly, but seem'd to be angry with him, for leaving her alone with a stranger, and not coming to her. But he desired her to be pacified, and told her it had been no part of discretion, to venture again upon the water, so soon after he had escaped drowning, and that truly though he lov'd her well, yet he lov'd his own Life better.

Beauty is a troublesome beast, and one had better be a keeper of Lions, or Panthers, Tygers, and Dragons, than a beautiful woman, for she will require as much care, and regard, and ask as much caution and security. There is no place where this beauty is exposed, be it in maid Wife or widdow, but it is of so attractive a faculty, that it congregates the men about it, and they naturally run to it, as flies, Bees, and wasps to a pot of honey, exposed open in the Sun. And there was no little encouragement, when this handsome woman had so ill a keeper. His folly, gave her many an assault, that she had otherwise mist. In this Town of *Dendermond*, by two Companies of Foot-Soldiers, and a Troop of horse, in Garrison, and all the Officers like so many *Marses*, were not long before they came to proffer their service to this *Joan*, for so indeed they appeared to all the women in the Town, and this fool was not a little envied for his good fortune in his beautiful wife. These sort of men, that will be easily acquainted with every one, and being bold and confident, as Soldiers are or ought to be, will not be easily shaken off, made such assemblies at the House of old *Robert Bakelme*, that he being a covetous man, was soon weary of the company of his Son and Daughter, and also being more wise than the son, thought his House no place, nor that Town no fit residence for his Beautiful daughter-in-Law, and that it would soon both discover too much of his Sons weakness, and sully his wifes reputation. He therefore shortens their stay in that place, and soon sends them packing to *Aloft*, to the great grief of all her new Gallants who came every day to old *Bakelme's* house, as Doves to a Pidgeon-house.

But as for *Joan's* part, she was not much troubled at it, hoping she should be made amends, by the sight and company of Captain *Baldwin*, whom she yet prefer'd to any she had yet seen: and her Husband likewise was so fond of his Arms and exercises, that he longed to be at them again, and to see his master Captain *Baldwin*. After some few weeks absence, being returned home, Captain *Baldwin* came to give them a visit, and though he and *Joan* had held correspondence by Letters, yet they both seem'd to enjoy at each others presence, though their absence from each other had been long and cruel, and they could not forbear, even in the presence of the Husband from shewing their transports and evident signs of their Affections, at this first meeting. But they knew whom they had to deal with, and therefore made bold, since they might do it with security enough.

Captain *Baldwin* by this time had satisfied himself with his wife, and as he married her not for love, but merely for convenience, he began to wear himself from her company and conversation too soon, and to be too much at the House of *Robert Bakelme* to the no little grief of his wife and Friends. The Wife of *Baldwin* had no great store of beauty to allure him, she had no charms to hold him, no greater eyes to engage him, than those of his Duty, and of her virtue and discretion. She could not behold him so soon begin to estrange himself from her, but she inwardly griev'd yet for her own peace sake she dissembled it. But the attractions of his mistress *Joan* were too great, and had too much power over him, for to permit him perform all he ought to a virtuous and Faithful Wife. He cannot but spend most part of the day in her Company, and Presence, and he had no other delight or Joy, but in her conversation and amorous dalliances. The interruption they had received in their amours, had on both sides increased the appetite, and made them now more eager and greedy of each others Company. These day meetings wherein *Robert Bakelme* continually made a part, could not satisfy our Lovers, and they

they could not obtain those delights they had accustomed themselves to, but by stealth and byatches. This manner of proceeding did not satisfy our Lovers, and to enjoy their former freedom and night-embraces, they are put upon new consults and devises. The witts of women in these cases are usually the most sharp. They are tender and very delicate, in the contrivances and intrigues of Love. They usually manage that affairs with more dexterity, and with a better skill than men, and Fortune being of their Sex, more often favours and befriends their boldnesses and their attempts. Captain *Baldwin* found himself at a loss, and therefore yielded the bays to his witty and beloved *Joan*, she for her part would undertake to deceive her Husband if he could his wife. And though he were but a Fool, yet they accounted it the hardest Province to overcome, because their amorous meeting was to be in his house. And besides *Baldwin* had the authority and imperious command of a husband on his side, and which he would make use of if there were occasion.

But let the difficulties be what they will, they are resolved to meet, and to overcome them. Captain *Baldwin* had still the key of the Garden gate, that gave him admittance thorow the hop ground from his own House, and *Maria* could let him into the house secretly in the night, when all were in bed, and there was a fair Chamber, which they kept for strangers, that was a pair of stairs lower than that which *Robert* and his Wife lay in, and this they resolved to make the Scene of their mighty amorous converse. The bed was secretly prepared by *Maria*, and every thing prepared as to their meeting together. To facilitate this business, *Baldwin* taking the opportunity of his wives desiring to see her friends, carries her over to *Mom-Gerbard*, when pretending a journey to *Brussels*, he leaves her there, so that now he had no obstacle at home. As for *Joan* she resolves as soon as her Husband was asleep (which used to be very suddenly after he was in bed) to rise and to go down the stairs in her smock, to Captain *Baldwin*, and there to spend part of the night, whilst her husband lay snoring in bed. This she put to the hazard, and it succeeded very well for some time, without his awaking or any interruption of their pleasures. But as this was a hazardous practise, they might well believe that some accident or other might awaken *Robert*, and that missing his wife he would seek her, she had provided a shield against this stroke, enough to ward the blow as she thought of such a senseless fool, and which she would make use of as occasion should serve.

And as they had foreseen, *Robert* awaking one night and missing his wife, made a heavy outcry, he gets out of the bed, and searches about the Chamber, calls, raises *Maria* (she having opened the back door to the Garden, and let in *Baldwin*, retired into the closet to her bed) who making purposely a great noise, to give her Mistress *Joan* notice, who was just underneath them, they soon took the alarm, and now our ingenious Adulteress resolves to make use of her reserve, for hearing her Husband about to come down the stairs, she meets him in her smock only, and closing her eyes as if still asleep, she boldly mounts the stairs, and without speaking or answering to his call, goes by him into her Chamber, and lays her self down in her bed, *Maria* telling her Master (who wondered at it) that undoubtedly her Mistress was asleep, and that she had got the disease of walking in her sleep. The credulous *Robert* returns to his bed, and after he had endured for some time his thrusting, pulling, and haling, seems to awake, and amazedly asks what the matter is. He tells her how she had been forth of the Room, and that he met her on the stairs, she will not believe it, and tells him he is mistaken. He calls *Maria* to convince her, she affirms it, and then *Maria* tells them, she had dream'd she was walking in a delicate Garden, when he awaked her. And then they all concluded, that she walked in her sleep, and told her Husband that when ever she should rise in that manner, it was the best way to let her alone, lest by sudden awakening she should fall, and do her self some mischief, telling him many feigned adventures thereupon.

The next day *Robert* being troubled for the distemper of his poor wife, could not but tell it to Captain *Baldwin*, who smiled at the ingenuity of his Mistress, and the credulouness of the cuckold, but lest he should go to any other Doctor that might detect the deceit, he undertakes to cure her with a powder which he promised him to give her, charging him not to make it known to any, for they would but laugh at it, and likewise that when ever he should see her arise from him in her sleep, he should let her alone, and not wake her but let her take her rounds quietly, and without disturbance, for sudden affrightings or waking of her, might cause her to lose her senses, and that he questioned not but in a little time, her fits would lessen, and by degrees she would be quite cured. The kinde *Robert* gave the Captain many thanks, pitying and becoming his poor wife, promises punctually to observe his directions: and the Captain according to his promise, before night sent her a paper of Sugar, Chocolate, and grated Nutmeg, which he ordered her to take going to bed, and which poor *Robert* took great care of to see it given to her.

And now they can meet very securely without any disturbance: For *Robert* though awake, and seeing his wife rise from him, open the door, and go down stairs, durst hardly stir or breathe, for fear of awaking her, or disturbing her in her fit, only much pitying his poor wife, that she was troubled with this troublesome distemper; he lay expecting her return, which was not for some hours; and till that she and her Adulterous Captain had sufficiently enjoyed one another, and laughed at the cheat they put on the Oase her husband. 'Tis true they have a Fool to deal with, and one who may easily be deluded, one that wanted the ordinary reason and apprehension of a Man, but Heaven will assist the weak, he looks down and laughs as much at their folly, as they do at that of *Roberts*. They grow hardned in their impiety, and their lusts have no bounds. The Fool cannot help himself, God will; for though he be a fool, he is the Husband of *Joan*, and his folly and weakness ought not to be any lawful reason to save, or lessen her Adultery, or for her not to do her duty. The unity of wedlock, is not to be broken by any outward consideration but Death. A woman then submits her self to those bonds, that a natural incapacity either of mind, or body, can no ways dispence with; to be taken off, nay, both then by their own free wills so far involve themselves, that neither the consent of the one and the other, can lawfully sepearate or break asunder those obligations they then enter into, because there is not only a single tye of fidelity and unity between Man and Wife, but also a more strong and religious tye between them and Heaven: so that it is not in their power wholly to break a league that is tripartite, and so no consideration whatsoever wholly can disanull that Faith then given to Heaven, and though in some cases it may be in their power lawfully to sepearate, and to break their own mutual ties, yet in no case is it legal or just, to break the obligation given to Heaven, of matrimonial Chastity, nor can their consent make it lawful, or pernitable, to defile and pollute themselves by congression with another.

But Captain *Baldwin*, and *Joan Le Hay* had none of these considerations in their heads; they made no reflections either on moral virtues, or religious Duties. Their consciences were fast asleep, and their pleasures had taken from them all other thoughts, than those of compassing their desires, and accomplishing their Loves. They continue this sport of deceiving the simple Husband for some time, with great security, and he extremly pities his poor wife, fearing lest she should catch cold by her nightly walks. He sees no effects of *Baldwins* powder, and he would advise with some other Doctor about her cure, this makes her to shorten her stay out of Bed by degrees, and gives *Robert* hope now that her fits begin to abate, and that the powder of *Baldwin* begins to operate, at which he not a little rejoices. But now the wife of Captain *Baldwin* returns home, she hears her Husband is at *Alost*, and not at *Brussells*, she is and not without a cause jealous of her-Husbands being continually at the house of *Robert Bukelme*, she has seen the beautiful *Joan* with envy and despight; this draws tears from her eyes, and sighs from her heart, but they are in secret, for her husband is too imperious for her to adventure to attack. He was a rugged Lion, and would not be contradicted. He will stay forth as long as he pleases, and come home when he will, he values not the regard of his wife, nor is troubled at her Tears and Admonitions. This encreases her Grief and her sorrows, but she has no remedy, and is forced to bear it patiently and in silence. But if her mouth be stop'd, that of her heart is opened, and its deep groans ascend even into the ears of Heaven. Though Adultery be a crime against both God and man, though it be in its own nature a filthiness and pollution, yet it is heightned and becomes more irritating Gods Vengeance, when it awakens the Furies of Jealousie in a Family, and gives racks, whips, and torments to the heart of the wronged, and when it makes a Civill war betwixt man and wife, and provokes to Strife, Anger, Despight, Hatred, and malice, and oftentimes to Adultery and murder, Then I say, the Crime becomes more notorious, and more deserving punishment.

Notwithstanding the trouble and affliction of his wife, Captain *Baldwin* continues his night-pleasures with his Mistress, without taking any notice of it, but now though he considers not the torment, and grief he puts his wife to by jealousy, we shall see him punished by the same fury, and Heaven will begin his punishment by lashing his heart, with that stinging torment of jealousy. But it is not with that of his wife, she has too much virtue to give him the least suspicion, and he thinks the security of her want of beauty, sufficient to keep her from temptation, but it is of his Mistress *Joan*, that he becomes jealous on a sudden, and on this occasion. Young *Arthur Britton* had the image of the fair *Joan* too deeply insculpted in his heart, to forget her, and the pleasant remembrance of what had passed between them, made him resolve to give her a visit, as to see if she and Fortune would be so favourable to him at *Alost*, as they had been in his Fathers Farm. And the opportunity of the approaching fair, held chiefly for hops at *Alost*, and which lasted for several days, gave him a colour of going thither, to Court his Mistress without suspicion. And for that many from all parts were drawn to that Town on that occa-

sion, he thought he might very opportunely obtain his wishes, by the favour of his mistress. But he was mistaken, for she had now a more dangerous, and watchful keeper than her foolish husband, the Dragon *Baldwin* watch'd her with open eyes. He knows she that was false to her husband, might be so to him; and that the temper and constitution of *Joan* was not to be trusted. However *Arthur Britton* unknowing of this Gallant, arrives at *Alost*, visits *Joan*, and is kindly and civilly received by her and her Husband *Robert*, as soon as he knew he was the person that had helpt his wife out of the river, and had taken such care of her afterward.

This adventure had not yet arrived to the ears of *Baldwin*, thorow the diligence of *Joan*, but now *Robert* had forgot her documents, and could not forbear blabbing the story of her great deliverance by that young gentleman, he saw them to entertain so civilly. This did not a little vex *Baldwin*, and he presently began to entertain a thousand hissing Snakes in his Breast, and upon searching after the malady as it is the nature of Jealousie to do, he found he had cause enough to believe *Joan* had not been altogether faultless. Presently the sight of young *Arthur* grows odious to him, and he cannot with patience see him court his mistress, and come often to her house, and he imagins she entertains him too kindly, and looks on him too lovingly. He begins to be enrag'd and falls out with *Joan* about him. She laughs at his Jealousie, and knowing it to be an effect of his love, she was not altogether displeased at it, and to vex him the more, before his Face, gives young *Arthur* the most familiar and kind reception she could modestly shew, she did not foresee the evil consequence thereof, and did not imagine that it would so far enrage the Captain, as to make him desperate; but Jealousie is not a thing to be jested with: 'Tis a Fury not to be play'd with, no more than Asps or Scorpions. The Serpents she carries in her hand and on her Head, are not innocent, and toothless wormes, they have venome in their Mouths, and stings in their tails: who would think that those should prick the heart of Adulterers, and that a man should be more concern'd for the love of his mistress, than for the Honour of his wife, and House; and that a woman should be more jealous of her Gallant, than of her Husband or her own reputation, and yet we daily see it. 'Tis sure because Love is more powerful, and sooner moves the passions than the fence of honour, which must employ Reason, and the moral Virtues, as a medium to stir up the mind, and to heat the Soul, and acts more slowly, and with consideration, but the robbing a man or woman of their pleasures, soon enflames the blood about the heart, stirs up the stronger Jealousie, and by the more immediate means of the passions, runs inconsiderate Lovers into rashness and precipitances.

Captain *Baldwin* was all on a sudden in a rage, full of jealousy, and despiht, and resolves young *Britton* shall go to visit his mistress no more, unless he will pass over his Sword. He therefore takes the opportunity of meeting with this young Gentleman in the Town, and drawing him into a private place by himself, he told him, That though the husband of *Joan le Hay* had not wit and courage enough to hinder him from coming to his house, and from courting his wife before his face, yet he should understand that he was so far a friend to *Robert Bukestone*, that he could not suffer it, and therefore warn'd him to come thither no more, unless he were resolv'd to vindicate that action with his Sword, and to hazard the attempt with his life. Young *Britton* though indeed a very youth, yet had heart and courage enough, and he thought this impudence of *Baldwin* not to be suffer'd by a man of Spirit. He began also to apprehend the truth of the matter, and therefore replying he told him, He did not know by what Authority he took upon him to forbid him the house of *Robert Baldwin*, and from paying that respect and civility which he ought to his wife, and therefore he would take the boldness to tell him, that notwithstanding his threats, he should wait on, and see both *Robert*, and his wife, unless they themselves should by their own mouths command him to the contrary. This bold reply so far enraged Captain *Baldwin*, that he immediately draws, and young *Britton* perceiving his intension, boldly meets him, and behaved himself so stoutly, that he drew the first blood, by a slight scratch on the right cheek of *Baldwin le Haine*, this added new fire and new rage to the Soul of this furious Captain, to find such resistance in a youth; he at once summons up his Fury, his strength and Skill, and at the next encounter he ran his young Rival thorow the Body, and had the secret satisfaction of seeing him fall in his Blood, and rolling in his gore.

This rash act of *Baldwin* caused a great noise in the Town, and soon opened the Mouths of those who were shut before. But *Joan le Hay* takes it very grievously, and condemns her Lover more than the rest, and she would not for some time be reconciled to him, see him or hear him speak. The young *Arthur* was soon found, and Chirurgions were sent for to search his wounds, for he was not quite dead, they found the Sword had mist all the inwards, and though his case was hazardous, yet they despair'd not of his Life. *Joan le Hay* was every day to visit him, and it is thought that her fair eyes helpt towards his Cure, as much as their Belsons, and plaisters. She shew'd that she extremely pittied him, and sufficiently express'd the great sorrow she had conceived

ceived at this accident, by the many tears she had shed. This poor young man pay'd dear for the little unlawful pleasure, and secret delight he had had with *Joan le Hay*, if so be she had been so kind to him, as it was generally thought. But though he endured much pain and smart from the dressing of his wound, God was so mercifull to him as not to chastise him with Death, but gave him leave to live, to see and repent him of his folly, and unlawfull Lye. The Chirurgions in three weeks space render him so well as to endure a Litter, and his Parents who were come to look after the safety of their Son, carried him from thence, as from a place of great peril and danger, and that he might be out of the sight of that bewitching face, which they perceived had been the cause of their Sons Disaster.

Baldwin in cool blood, was not sorry that the young man had escaped with his Life, but he was more joyfull that he was carried away from *Alost*, fearing his stay there would have rob'd him of the Heart of his Mistriss, who would not for a long time admit his excuses, nor meet his addresses but with frowns and discontent. But after the departure of *Arthur*, his great submissions appeased the wrath of his angry Goddess, and she at last admitted him into her favour and intimacy; she knew his rashness was the effect of his passion, and that he had not offended her, but by too much Love, and by its irregular distemper and Jealousie, the overboiling and Scum of Love and passion. And now again they are perfectly reconciled, and they renew their interrupted amours. They neither of them reflect on the punishment of *Arthur Britton*, they think it not the hand of Heaven, and they bring not such accidents home to themselves, that they may be doctrinal and reproofing; But they must not think they shall be permitted to continue thus in their Sin and pollution, without any interruption and punishment. The longer Heaven forbears, the greater will be the stroke when it comes, and Heaven will find a hand to punish *Baldwin*, as well as his to chastise *Britton* for unlawfull Love, and a way to meet with the lustful and false *Joan*.

Whilst the anger continued betwixt the Captain and his Mistriss, and that his coming to her by night was interrupted, during the stay of *Britton* in *Alost*, and till the breach was made up betwixt them, *Joan* lay still anights in her bed, and *Robert Bukelme* did not a little applaud the powder of Captain *Baldwin*, that had cured his wife of so grievous a distemper. But after their reconciliation, his wife began again to relapse, and fall into her old distemper of rising a nights, and walking in her sleep, to *Robert*'s great trouble and vexation; and Captain *Baldwin* was fain to send her another paper of his powder to take again. Thou needest not to counterfeit thy self asleep, for thou art in a Lethargy of sin, and the eyes of thy minde and foul O thou adulterous *Joan* are fast closed, that thou canst not see the Judgment of Heaven hanging over thy head, and the punishment that is about to be inflicted on thee for thy crimes. Thou walkest in the night; but 'tis more dark within, and thou canst not see thy way, and that thou art on the brink of a precipice, from whence thou art about to fall: Thy Conscience is asleep, and thou canst not be awakened by any warning, from thy sin, and all thou dost is in thy sleep, in blindness, and in obscurity, but Heaven is now about to wake thee with a vengeance, and to turn thy counterfeit sleep to one that is true and eternal.

It was about this time that our *Joan* had put on blacks for the Death of her Father, but there being little of sorrow about her heart, those sable weeds did but encrease the lustre of her eyes, and render her more bridant and amiable. It was not long after, when her eldest Brother called *Peter le Hay*, returned home, to possess his estate left him by his Father. This *Peter* the eldest Son of *John le Hay*, was a Gentleman of very great parts, and was bred a page in the Emperours Court, and afterwards came to wait on *Don John* of *Austria*, and continued with him some years in the Court of *Spain*, and it was from thence that he now returned, upon the Death of his Father, by the permission of his Master *Don John*. The return of *Joan*'s Brother gave her some new joys, and he was welcomed as a stranger, by all the Town, and *Joan* among the rest of his relations which were many, and numerous, was very well received by him as his Sister, and as the wife of *Robert Bukelme*, who lived in some splendor, and repute in the Town. But *Peter le Hay* had not been long at home, but he heard the evil report of Captain *Baldwin*, and his Sister *Joan*, and that her husband *Robert* was branded with that odious name of a Cuckold. Though *Peter* was a Dutchman by Nature, yet having been long in *Spain*, he was grown a Spaniard in his customs and manners, and since there is no part of the world, where the point of Honour is more nicely maintained, and where the crime of a kinswoman, or one remotely allyed, seems to touch the honour and reputation of a whole Family, and a dishonour committed upon any one of the kindred, spreads thorow the whole generation, and calls them to a vindication of their touched reputation, and the honour of their House: *Peter* (having suckt in those principles of Honour, with the air of *Spain*) thought himself obliged to punish the crime of *Baldwin*, for causing so scandalous a report to be spread concerning one so nearly related to

him as a Sister, which collaterally reflected on himself and Family. But yet *Peter* being a prudent Man, first admonishes his Sister, and lays before her the scandalous report her impudent carriage had raised, to the prejudice of his Honour, and her own reputation, and that therefore she should utterly forbid *Baldwin* her house, unless she meant he should do it himself, in a rougher manner.

Joan soon relates this to *Baldwin*, and now the Lovers begin to look about them, they perceive that this *Peter* will be troublesome, and begin as they had reason to fear some evil consequence. *Baldwin* was stout, and resolved not easily to forego his Love, and *Joan* was pertacious, and was as loth to forsake her pleasures, so taking no notice of her Brothers admonition, they continue their amours as formerly. But *Peter* is not a man that will do his business by halves, he resolves to break their confederacy or kill them, he is entered the contest, and he will not leave till he has accomplished what he proposed to himself. He saw it was in vain to say any thing to his Brother-in-Law *Robert Bukelme*, he found he was a dolt, and one that had neither sense of Honour, or his own shame, yet by his kindness to him he got from him the knowledge of his Sister *Joan*'s distemper of walking anights in her sleep, by which he was sufficiently informed of the abuse they put upon the Husband. He now steps one step more forward, and seeing his words had wrought little effect on his Sister, he takes the Captain aside, and told him that the frequent visits he had made to the House of *Robert Bukelme*, had raised a scandal to the great dishonour of his Sister, and by reflection on him her Brother, but since what was past in his absence could not be helpt, he was resolved for the future to reserve her honour intire, with his own, and if possible that way to regain what was lost, thorow his and her default. And therefore desired him to forbear his visits to his Sister, and no more sully her Reputation, unless he was resolved to make him call him to account for the same. *Baldwin* not used to such language, grew hot, and could hardly forbear falling out with *Peter le Hay* at that instant, but he told him that he was not accountable for the evil reports of malicious people, and that this Country was not like *Spain*, from whence he came, where a man might scarce speak to a woman without being naught with her, and that for his part he should not debar himself of the liberty he had always been used to, of visiting and entertaining his Neighbours, and that though *Joan Le Hay* was his Sister, yet she was the wife of his friend *Robert Bukelme*, and therefore since he permitted him to visit her, he knew not any authority he had to forbid him: neither should he refrain for fear of his threats, to pay her his respects, as he used to do. It was not in place convenient for fighting, where they had this discourse, and the prudent *Peter* forbore, and biting his lips stifled his extream passion, but told him withall, he should see that he was not one of words only, and that he had courage and resolution enough, to requite him for the evil office he had done to the Honour of his Family, by his unlawfull Love to his Sister.

This passed on, and *Baldwin* would not discover this rancounter to *Joan*, lest it might make her fearfull of admitting him to his usual pleasures. *Peter le Hay* was now fully resolved to punish this adulterous Captain, and to vindicate his own Honour by his Death, but that he might seem to do it more notoriously, and justly, and to manifest to the world that he had reason, and that it was not only suspicion or bare report, he resolved with himself to do it as he was going to his nightly abuse. His walk thorow the Hop ground for so long a time, could not be concealed but became known to many, who had sufficiently whispered it about, till it came to the ears of *Peter*, who putting it together with his Sister *Joan*'s walking anights in her sleep, made no doubt of his being admitted at the back door of the Garden into the House, and in that place he purposes to attaque him. The day before the night he had prepared for his intended attempt, *Robert Bukelme* had been at his House, and having the opportunity of being alone with him, he got him more particularly to relate the manner and time of his Sisters rising a nights, and he advised *Robert*, that he should privately lock the door on the inside, and hide away the key somewhere, that she might not finde it in her sleep, and then she might walk about the Room, and not go down stairs into the cold. *Robert* thought this advice was very good, and blamed himself for a blockhead, that he had not thought on it all this time of himself. The night came in which a double Tragedy was to be acted, and in Heaven was resolved to punish these Adulterers. *Peter le Hay* armed with his Sword and pistol, before the hour that *Baldwin* used to come, which was usually between ten and eleven of the Clock at night, the door of the House that led into the Garden being unbolted, and unlocked for him by *Maria*, when the rest of the Servants were in bed, (for *Robert* kept very good hours) and so left upon the latch for him to come in, when they were gone to bed, and to go into the Chamber and bed, prepared for him, till his Mistress came to him: *Peter le Hay*, I say, armed as I told you, had got over

over the garden-wall, by the help of his man whom he left on the other side, and planting himself at the door that gave entrance into the house, he expected the coming of Captain Baldwin, who at his usual hour, came with his sword by his side, which he usually wore, not thinking of meeting the jealous Peter in that place.

The Moon at that time gave a pale, and glimmering light, so that Peter perceived the Captain some paces before he came to him, fixing therefore his pistol, he steps hastily towards him, and clapping it to his breast, told him if he stir'd he was a dead man. Baldwin was surprized, and though he had courage enough, and had got his hand into the hilt of his sword, he perceived he was at the mercy of his enemy, and that he was not proof against a brace of bullets, which he imagined the pistol charged with; he therefore stopped, and heard Peter le Hay utter these words. Now I am satisfied of the abuse you have put upon your friend Robert Bukelme as you stile him, the Adultery you have committed with my Sister, and that you have sullied the Honour of my House, by impairing the reputation of my Sister, by these your nightly approaches. You see Sir, your Life is now in my power, and that this pistol may soon end your Life, without any danger to my own: but Sir, I shall let you see that I know how to use a sword, as well as your self, and that scorning to Murder you basely, I will kill you honourably, and like a Gentleman, but I will do it instantly and on the place, that the world may see I had reason for what I did: draw therefore and defend your self, with that he flung aside his pistol, and stepping back drew his sword, Baldwin without other reply, than saying he was generous; did the like, and both brave fellows met briskly, and with courage sufficient. Baldwin was much the stronger man, and the more skilfull, but Peter had more spirit, and was more active, but above all he had the better cause, and the guilt of Baldwin stifled his arm, and lay heavy on his Heart. However he made several passes with indifferent good success, wounding Peter in the neck, and thigh, but at last the enraged Brother, gave so lucky and desperate a thrust, passing his body at the same time, under the other weapon, that he ran his sword quite thorow the Heart of Baldwin, so that giving but one groan, he fell dead at his feet.

We will leave Peter a little breathing time, and to satisfy himself by looking on the victim he had sacrificed to the Honour of his House, and go before him into the Chamber of Joan, and see what is acted there in the mean time. Robert Bukelme not forgetting the instruction of Peter le Hay, before he went to bed, privately and unseen of his wife, or Maid, had stolen the key out of the Chamber door, it being usually left in the key-hole in the inside, and carries it to bed with him. Joan rising at her usual hour, and going directly to the door, found her disappointment, the key being gone, and being extremely vext, believed that some body had put it in the head of her Husband to do it. She walked therefore a turn about the Room, and Robert lay awake, and laughed to himself, to see how he had prevented his wife from going down stairs. The Room was dark, the shutters of the windows being close, and Joan hoped that Robert might have laid the key upon the Table by his bed side, among his armes, which I told you he always placed by him going to bed: going therefore softly to his side of the bed, she groops about the Table, to feel for the key of the Chamber door, and no doubt but that her hand was now fatally guided, by her evil Genius, or that Heaven would shew its wisdom and power, in being able to make this fair Adulteress to punish her own self for her guilt and pollutions, wherewith also her own Conscience, had accused and condemned her, and that she should be her own executioner, as well as Judge, and that he was able to raise up inanimates to effect his will, and to make pistols, and bullets, of themselves to do justice, and punish offenders. For Joan dilligently groping after the key of the Chamber, her fingers light on the trigger of one of the pistols, which she taking for the handle of the key drew it somewhat hard, so that the lock being cockt, it went off, and the nose of the pistol lying directly towards Joan, shot clean thorow her belly (which leaned something over the Table being low) a little below her navel, with a brace of bullets, one passing thorow all her small guts, and out of her back, and the other broke the Os pubis, and remained stinking in the inside of Os sacrum.

The noise of the Pistol, and the fall of Joan affrighted both Robert out of his bed, and Maria out of hers. The sad accident was palpable, and Joan lay senseless on the floor in her blood, they shriek out, raise the house, light candles, and find her not dead but speechless, and ready to give up the Ghost. In the mean time, Peter having triumphed over his dead foe, hearing the great noise and bustle in the house, enters in at the door, which he findes only latch'd, and going up stairs, he finds them busie about the miserable and dying Joan, and lamenting her sad Fate. His anger, at the sad sight of his wounded Sister, was chang'd into pity and compassion, but understanding fully how she came to be so shot, he could not but admire, and acknow-

ledge the great justice of Heaven. He sends immediately both for a Chirurgion and a Priest, the one to dress her wound, the other to take her confession, for they doubted of her life. The Surgeons found the wound to be mortal, and indeed she had but so much time left her, as to be confessed by her Ghostly Father, and asking her Brother and Husband forgiveness, acknowledging her offences, and being very penitent, with many tears, ask'd pardon of Heaven, and being absolved, and having receiv'd the extream Unction, she dyed about break of Day, to the great grief of poor Robert, who blubber'd and was all in Tears for his poor Wife, and would never after endure Arms any more.

The next day this double Tragedy was known thorow the whole Town, and Peter le Hay to avoyd being troubled, went secretly for Spain where he remained till he had obtained his pardon for killing Captain Baldwin which he easily got, for there were none of the Captains own friends but confess that Peter le Hay had done nothing but what was honourable, justifiable, and like a Gentleman. And this was the sad and lamentable conclusion of these Adulterous Amours, which are here related, to deter others, (if it be possible) from such like wickednesses and adulterous Congressions, whose end is always, (or for the most part) Death and destruction here, and which will be more grievously punished hereafter to all Eternity, unless repented of.

The



Gods Revenge against the Abominable Sin of Adultery.

A GRECIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY IV.

Gabrias falls in love with Aleta, but she is to be married to his elder Brother Erimis: Gabrias murders his brother with a Hatchet: He flies, and turns Turk; Aleta is married to the Father Heriathok: Gabrias commits Adultery with Amiretta: She poisons her self, robs his Father, and rescues Aleta: She dies, and Gabrias is taken, his hands and feet cut off, and then impaled alive.

The first Blood that was shed was by the hand of a Brother; and Fratricide was as early as Cain, who slew at one blow, the fourth of the humane Race. Envy and malice soon possess the heart of Man; it is a Root planted betime by Sathan, that evil seeds-man, even in the Infancy of the World, which growing up, and ripening, bears a most poisonous seed, and displays its self in fearfull and Bloody effects. The innocency and virtues of Abel, was not able to protect him from the cruelty of his envious Brother: Gods kinde and gracious acceptance of his offerings, begat a desperate grudge in wicked Cain, which never ceas'd fermenting in his breast till he had slain his Brother. But the Innocent Blood was not silent, it found a mouth that cried aloud for vengeance, God heard it, even to Heaven, and punished the murderer with something worse than death, and that forc'd him to cry out, his punishment was greater than he was able to bear. And certainly if the Sin of Murder be so horrid and black, when it is offered upon a stranger, how much more is the evil of the sin encreas'd, whilst it is perpetrated on the

the body of a Parent or Brother, and how heinous doth it appear in the eyes both of God and man, when it is usher'd in or accompanied with Adultery. The Justice of God in punishing this most execrable and crying Sin, and his wonderfull providence in detecting the secret machinations, and dark plots and contrivances of murders, and inhuman bloody deeds, hath in all ages been wonderful; and has been made instructively manifest by the foregoing Histories and examples, to which we shall now add some others of a sin so nearly ally'd to it, that it seldom or never is committed or long us'd, without it: For Adultery and murder, like Brethren in iniquity very seldom go asunder. They are two crying sins that cry aloud for vengeance, and against the cry of which Heaven never stops his ear: In this history which is pen'd for your edification, and to be an example for others, to shun these odious and abominable sins, both murder and Adultery, you will see a notable fratricide committed, for the sake of Love or unlawful Lust, and both the Adultery and the murder justly revenged by the hand of Heaven.

It is not very many years since there lived in that part of *Greece*, which of old was famous, and then known by the name of *Peloponnesus*, but now by the name of *Morea*, and not far from the old and memorable Town of *Argos*, (whose first Kings were contemporaries with *Abraham*), a Gentleman of a noble extraction, very rich and of great possessions, though subject to the power and tyranny of the Turk. This Gentleman was called *Heriasto*, and a Christian, of the *Greek Church*, as most of those Christians inhabiting those parts are. He had a fair seat upon the River of *Inachus*, which runs thorow *Argos*, and by his house passes to *Nauplia*, famous of old as it still is, for the safe harbour there, and so falls into the *Gulpho di Napoli*, to which it gives the name. *Heriasto* had been for several years a widower, but by reason that the Sister of his wife had been married to the *Zamack* of *Morea*, the Turk's chief Officer there, he lived in great peace and quiet, and with great reputation and respect. God had blest him with two Sons, hopeful youths, whom he caused to be educated and instructed with great care. The Elder of which was called *Eurimus*, and was now grown up to man's estate, being very personable, strong, well-set, of a good constitution, of a merry affable Nature, and one of very excellent and agreeable parts; which manifest signes of virtue and good disposition, made his Father dote on him, and to shew him all the kindness and affection that it was possible for a parent to shew to a child: He could hardly be perswaded to let him be out of his sight: He was always in his company, never well but when he was diverting himself with him, he was the joy of his heart, and the delight of his eyes. He gave him gifts, made him rich cloathes, furnished him with money, Jewels, Embroideries, and all sort of Rarities that he could obtain for money, thinking them all too little to bestow on his beloved *Eurimus*. As for his other Son, he was called *Gabrias*, and was but two years younger than *Eurimus*, but of a more robust and surly Nature; of somewhat a melancholly disposition, and in his younger days, gave sufficient proof of a perverse and crosse disposition, which weaned the Fathers affection, and made him redouble the tyde thereof on *Eurimus*.

However he had brought them up together under the same Tutors, and was not unkind to the younger, though his great affection to the elder, made him put a great difference betwixt them, and to express his kindness to the elder, as being to possess his Fortunes, and as the support of his House. But *Gabrias* was not able to bear it, he murmur'd, repin'd, grew sower, and often began quarrels with his Brother, in their youth, but now being grown up, and that envie began to take deep root in his heart, he began to swell, to Rage, and to entertain cruel, and diabolical thoughts, into his Breast. Malice began to gnaw his Bowels, and the Devil was still ready to administer occasions, as fuel to this flame, till at last it devoured, and consumed, the whole pyle. The two Brothers had had several bickerings together, to the great trouble and grief of poor *Heriasto*, who fearing worse consequences, now they were grown up, was thinking how to send his younger Son abroad, and by that means to be rid of him for a time: but it seem'd good to providence, otherways to determin. For at that time, a great Fleet of the *Turks*, which were then going against the *Venetians*, put in at *Nauplia*: and *Gabrias* having a great desire to see it, was permitted by his Father to go thither, his being not very far distant. Taking Boat at their own House, they pass'd down the River *Inachus* towards *Nauplia*, but some furlongs above that Town, where stood a very fair house belonging to a very rich and well-known Merchant of *Nauplia*; by the garden of which house, the River with its murmuring and curling streams, ran, encompassing two sides of it. It was now in the cool and dusk of the evening, when *Gabrias* in his Boat, without any noise, passing down the stream of the river, and arriving at this place, perceived to come forth of the water-gate of the Garden, two or three women, and going into the River, up to their middle, began to bathe and wash themselves. In the mean time *Gabrias*, perceiving they had not seen nor heard him, out of a curiosity stole his Boat, and sheltering it amongst some Reeds, which grew in the sides of the River, he

lay close, to behold these women to bathe themselves. They continued there washing, and sporting themselves about half an hour, with a great deal of freedom and unconcern; being it seems a still retired ion for them in that private place, and imagining they were seen or heard. But when they were not, though sheltered by the Rocks, and the darkness of the evening, that he could not hear their wanton discourse, and see all the freedoms and propensities of their Bodies, that were above the water, which sometimes by ducking, they hid in the silent streams. He daily perceived one of them, to be the mistress of the rest, who with much respect to them, in the whiteness of her skin, and exceeding curious make, her hair spread over her shoulders of a yellowish colour, hang down to the water, which played with the ends of her hair floated on its streams, her face was of a curious form, with black sparkling eyes, and piercing mouth, small, and plump; in all things exact and curious, and such as drew the young man's heart to her face in all his life; and now being at such an advantage, exposed to all the discovery and freedom that might be, in one so wonderful in his blood washed, and therefore began to feel new and youthful emotions in his breast. He became at that instant, though a man, white, all in awe, and perfectly inamorous on this fair and unknown Creature, and secretly began to contrive how he might enjoy her; but whilst he was in the midst of his thoughts, one of the Oaks falling over the side of the Boat into the water, made a noise, which gave some fear to the women; and by that time beginning to grow dark, they left the water, and returned by the Garden-gate, out of which they had issued. All this was perceived by *Alcibiades*, who not being able to take the object that had carried away his heart with him, he called the boat which was in the river, to be brought near this garden-gate, which opened close to the River, so that it was not three paces from it. The women had not shut the Gate, being within the Garden, putting on their Cloaths, so that *Alcibiades* enter'd without any disturbance to them, being sheltered by the darkness that was spread over the face of the earth, but directed by their voices he caused his men to stay at the garden-gate, and himself advancing, singling himself suddenly at the sight of his unknown Mistress, and at the same time laying hold on *Alcibiades* which she had put on, that she could not run away, but being extremely astonished, perceiving him so near her, she shriek'd out, as did with the rest, but it being as a great distance from the house, they could not easily be heard. So that *Alcibiades* offering no violence, but remaining in a surprising posture, he at last began to smile at some of her fears, and began to speak to her, and what he would have. To which, he reply'd readily, looking her in the face, by what adventure he was become her slave, making in her vows of Love and perpetual obedience, and drawing his pallid, with some of her fears, and content that the fair maid began to smile, to give him her hand, and began to be his Lover, whom before he had in his hand, she then gave him with a smile, and for him to say, that her Father was called *Alcibiades*, and that her name was *Alcibiades*, and gave him permission to possess his Love, in an honourable manner, and after a short day, *Alcibiades* very well satisfied, and sufficiently taken with the beauty of his mind, as well as with that of her body, taking her hand, with many passionate vows and promises, departed; and they having shut the Garden-door after him, he cast again his net to *Nausica*. This Adventure in his mind, and the fair woman was still before him, as he saw her bathing her face and plump limbs in the river-streams, who looked on her with delight, and she perfectly forgot in his mind, both sleeping and waking, that he kept all other things, and could not be so directed of pleasure in anything else, but in the delight of thinking on the beautiful *Alcibiades*. After that he had viewed the Gallies, and seen *Alcibiades*, and also entertained by some of the Cavaliers, being introduced by a friend of his Father, at whose house he lay, and that the Fleet had weighed Anchor for *Castra*, he could not think of returning, till he had made some further progress, in the research of his Love. To this end he found out *Dion*, and having gotten some acquaintance with him, so far influenced with him, that he did, he made known his Love to his Daughter, and received a favourable answer from him, giving him leave to come to his house, and to make his Court. Thus far his Love-affair seem'd to prosper, to the great content and satisfaction of his mind, but we shall see this fair beginning to have a fatal end, and that providence who guides and governs all things in this world, put a strange rub in his way. For his long stay at *Nausica*, made the careful *Heracles*, to be in some inquiet; for though he had with him his dear and beloved *Alcibiades*, yet his paternal affection, made him to fear, lest any great disaster might happen to *Alcibiades*, and therefore restless, having for several days expected his return in vain, to ride himself to *Nausica* to look after his son, and *Alcibiades* eagerly pressing his Father that he might accompany him, they went together, and arriving at *Nausica*, he understood the amour of his son, and not being much displeased with it, intended himself to advance it, being glad to have him settled, and therefore old men, had met together about it, when the coming of the fair *Alcibiades* be-

murther of his Brother. Revenge and malice boil in his bosom, and the Devil suggests many wicked plots and contrivances to rid his Brother of his Life; and to ravish *Aleta*; for he found now there were no hopes of enjoying her by fair means, he perceived she loved *Eurimis*, and that she had forbidden him to approach her.

The Fathers, having in the mean time concluded of the match; and appointing the time within twenty dayes, for the consummation of it at *Argos*, where they intended to have them married, *Herialto* departed home, taking with him his two Sons, to make preparation against the wedding, which they intended should be solemnized publicly. To pacifie *Gabrias*, his Father shewed himself more than ordinarily kind, made him many promises, how much he would advance him, after his Brothers marriage, and how well he would provide for him, and with all the sweet speeches he was able to frame, sought to quiet and allay the disturbance and wrath that he perceived to lye within his breast, and which he could not but express at his eyes. But all was in vain, the wicked *Gabrias* was resolved to take away the Life of his Brother, before he should enjoy his Mistress, and to send him to seek a wife in another world; and that he might the better effect this his wicked and murderous resolution, he began to dissemble his inveterate malice, and to make his Father believe, that his speeches had wrought upon him, by shewing a less troubled mind, and by induring the presence and company of his Brother as before; beginning to be more familiar and kind. To such sly and crafty arts and inventions, does the devil often make men to stoop, to bring about their wicked designs and intentions, to destroy at last their own souls.

Thus the time pass'd away, to the last night of the time appointed by *Dias*, who the next day was expected with his Daughter, for to consummate the marriage. The good old man having prepared all things for the wedding, was pleased at the approaching happiness of his Son. But alas! instead of an hymeneal triumph, we shall behold a sad funeral Exequies; Rejoycing turn'd into mourning, joy into Grief, and all the long expected mirth into tears and lamentations. So uncertain are all the things in this world, and the dependance thereon.

It was now the last night, and the Devil was busie with the wicked *Gabrias*, his thoughts were at work, how to accomplish his wicked fratricide; he went to his chamber, but not to sleep, there he slung himself upon the Bed till all the house were at rest, and in their first sleep, when starting up, and taking the Candle in one hand, and an old hatchet which they made use of to cut wood about the house, (and which he had privily conveyed into his chamber) in the other, he went to his Brothers chamber, for *Herialto* would not permit them to lye together of a long time, seeing the evil and quarrelsome disposition of his Son *Gabrias*. In this posture he came into the chamber of *Eurimis*, who was fast asleep, little dreaming of the black fate that hung over his head. The wicked *Gabrias* sees his Brother in this posture, and looks on him without an eye of pity and commiseration, the Devil was too strong in his Breast, no Brotherly affection could move him, Nature was too weak to stop him, but being push'd on by his evil *Genius*, the instigation of *Sathan*, and the inveterate malice of his own black heart, he lets down the candle on a Table neer the bed, that it might give light to the intended blow, and presently without any farther pause or deliberation, or waking his innocent brother, with both his hands struck the hatchet into his head, and with that force that he cleft it almost in two, the gore and Brains flying in his face, and defiling the sheets, floor, and his own cloathes. He saw he had struck too sure a blow to need another, therefore flinging down the Hatchet the bloody Instrument of this abominable murther, he snatches up the Candle, and speeds into the Chamber of his Father.

O wicked and graceless Child! it was not enough that he had done this execrable murther, which would too soon be made known to poor *Herialto*, but he must carry the dreadful news thereof himself, that way to stob to the heart his father also. Rushing therefore into the Chamber where he lay, not being far from that of *Eurimis*, his cloaths blushing with the blood of his own Brother, he with his noise awaked the old man, but not giving him time to speak, he accosts him with these words. I have Kill'd your minion, and spoyl'd your wedding, did you think I would be so tame a fool, as to let you take from me my Mistress, and that I would endure to see her possessed by *Eurimis*: no, no, now know what it is to put so great a difference between brothers, regarding him as your Son, and using me as your Slave.

Having utter'd these words, leaves the old man amaz'd and trembling, not being hardly himself, with the fear that had seiz'd him at his Sons speeches, and locking fast his chamber-door, that his Father might not suddenly follow him, he halts down to the stable, and raising the groom, takes one of the best horses, and flies away to *Epidaurus*, once famous for the Temple of *Asculapius*, and which was situated by the Sea side, on the *Golfe di Engia*, called of old *Sinus Saronicus*, where he got a vessell, and posted over to *Achaia*, and so got to *Archeis*, called

now by the *Turk* *Septim*. There he thinks himself safe, having got clear from the fury of his Father, and the justice of men, but the vengeance of God can overtake him, and he will find it is not easy to elude the eye of heaven. But we will there leave him for a while, to consider on what he hath done, and return to the amazed and afflicted father, whom the wicked Son had so confounded with his words, that he had almost left him as lifeless as he had his Brother.

But at last getting from his bed, and raising up his servants, after they had broken open the chamber door, for *Gabrias* had flung away the key, that his father might not follow him, they went into the chamber of *Eurimis*, where they saw the most deplorable spectacle. The grief and affliction of poor *Heriasto* is not to be expressed; at the first sight he fell senseless on the floor, and when he came to himself, he cried out, tore his hair and beard, beat his breast, and for several hours appeared like one distracted, still crying out, oh my dear *Eurimis*! oh my *Eurimis*! In this condition, he remained, till the coming of *Dina*, and his Daughter *Alena*, who were not a little amazed at this dismal accident. *Alena* for her part, having a great affection for *Eurimis*, could not behold his sad fate without unexpressible affliction, it was a great while ere they could bring her to life, she swooned away so fast. The house was nothing but tears, grief and sorrow, by means of this tragical adventure. They caused *Gabrias* to be pursued, sending to all the ports in *Peloponnesus* to put a stop to his flight, but he was too nimble for them, as I told you.

But at last they buried the body of *Eurimis* at *Argos*, & thus all their preparation for the wedding was turned into a funeral obsequies, and the sad and afflicted *Alena* returned back with her Father full of grief and mourning, leaving the disconsolate Father childless, and without Sons, the one being slain and buried, and the other so lost, as he never could have the hopes of seeing him more. One would think, that poor *Heriasto* had now arrived at the acme, or height of Grief and affliction, and that their could not be any thing in the world that could add to his trouble and sorrow, since he had so unfortunately lost his dearest *Eurimis*, and was left childless, but yet we shall see that he will yet think himself more wretched: and find that he was yet to suffer further, by his most ungracious Son, who lived not but to be a torment to his mind, and a corrosive to his heart, and it had been happy for him had he been dead, or that justice had executed him, for his barbarous and bloody Fact.

Full of affliction, grief and anguish, continued the wretched *Heriasto*, for some weeks, when one day having been walking not far from his house, by the side of the River, he met with a strange man, who putting a Letter into his hand, rode away as fast as he could gallop. *Heriasto* opening the paper, found it was the hand of his ungracious Son *Gabrias*, which renewing his abominable murder, and bringing it afresh into his mind, caused his heart to labour with sighs, and his eyes with tears, so that he could not for a long time look upon the paper, but after he had for some time given way to his passion, and that he had wiped his eyes from those almost continual currents which bedewed his reverent cheeks, such an indignation arose in his breast, that he was about to have flung the letter into the River unread, but at last overcome with curiosity, more than by any kindness or fatherly love, he cast his eyes on the paper, and read these words.

GABRIAS to his Father HERIALTO.

I have committed a bloody murder against a Brother, which has procured me your hate and revenge, you may thank your self, for the great difference you put between us, and for going about to rob me of her I first loved, and had most right to. I know I have committed a crime, for which I must suffer by the Law, and that I have no hopes of your pardon, nor to come again into *Morea* for ever, unless you will, as you have been a cause of my fault, forgive it, and procure me a full pardon for my crime, of the *Bassa* of *Greece*, which your money may procure, and which I shall know, if you go about, else these are to let you understand, my resolution is, to turn Renegade, and to forsake my Religion of a Christian and to turn *Turk*; So that unless you give me your favour, and procure my Pardon, as you have been a means of destroying my body and fortune, so you will for ever ruin and destroy my Soul. Think of it, and let me by it see, whether I may yet hope, to be called

Your Son

GABRIAS.

Heriasto having a little paused on the contents of this sawcy Letter, renewed his sorrow and affliction, and spent most part of that day in meditating of his wretched estate, into which this wicked and ungodly son had cast him. He believed that *Gabrias* was so much a slave to *Satan*, that he would effect what he had threatned, and that he would renounce his Saviour and his

his Religion, hoping thereby to save his life; but he could not find any inclination in his Soul, to pardon his bloody crime, committed on the body of his dearly beloved *Eurinus*; or would go about to pervert Justice, and by excessive bribes to procure him a pardon, perceiving by his bold and audacious Letter no repentance of his horrid act; so that at last *Heralto* detesting him, as much as he had done his murder, he renounces him for his Son, and gives him over to the Devil, resolving never to think on him more, and since he found himself sufficient, and strong enough to get children, having much riches, and many fair possessions, he resolves to marry, and hopes God may yet so bless him, as to give him a more successful issue, to leave his estate to.

Having thus resolved, he call'd to mind the beauty, modesty, & many fair endowments of *Aleta*, and supposed he could not pitch upon a better, being young, a Christian, of honest and Christian parents, one most likely to have children, the chief end of his marriage: He had no sooner entertained these thoughts, but forgetting how unfortunate she had been to his Son *Eurinus*, and that *Gabrias* did still love her, he repaired to *Nauplia*, and made his mind known to *Dias*, who finding the great advantage his Daughter should reap thereby, and considering nothing but the great Riches and possessions of *Heralto*, soon made up the match, *Heralto* not standing upon any portion. But it was some time ere he could persuade the Daughter to accept the match she seeming averse; yet at last, by fair means, and by threats, her father got her unwilling consent, to marry *Heralto*, yet protesting it was only in obedience to his commands. *Dias* was not a little joyful, for though he had no more Daughters than this, he had two Sons; one at *Venice*, and another in *Candia*, following the business of merchandizing, and being his factors abroad, and to whom he intended to leave his estate.

Whilst *Heralto* was thus employed at *Nauplia*, the fair *Aleta* being abroad one evening, as she was returning home, received a Letter from an unknown man, who stopping her in a by place, desired her to read it, and to give him her answer, for it concern'd her. She being somewhat affrighted at the behaviour of the man, opened hastily the Letter, in which she found these lines.

The Unfortunate *Gabrias* to the Fair *Aleta*.

E Aiest *Aleta*, it is the greatness of my passion for you, that has made me so wretched and unfortunate as to be separated from your presence, which is more to me than the loss of Country or Fortune. Tell me therefore my dearly beloved *Aleta*, whether I may hope you will ever entertain my love, and that I may at last hope for your favour, since it is impossible for me to live without it, and unless you send me some favourable return, I may hope at last to be received by you, after these cloudy storms are blown over; and which may easily be dispersed, by the Sun-beams of your gracious favour; I shall grow desperate, for it is very impossible for me to live any longer, without being yours.

GABRIAS.

Aleta having read the letter, and detesting the thoughts of the wicked and abominable *Gabrias*, growing red and in a great rage, she tore the letter into several bits, saying to the man who had delivered it to her, that she would so tear the heart of the detestable murderer *Gabrias*, if she could light on him, and if that she were in place, would have him laid hold on, and made to confess, where that murderous traitor was, that he might be brought to condign punishment. The man having received this answer, both by her action and speeches perceiving there was no hope for *Gabrias* to obtain her by any fair and lawful means, presently left her, only first telling her, she would repent it. But she not heeding it, returned home, and made known the adventure to her Father, who caused a search to be made for him, thorow the Town, but in vain, for he had convey'd himself away. But he caused the Daughter not to stir forth a door, lest any misfortune might betide her, and lest *Gabrias* might have lay'd some plot to get her away.

Dias desiring to have his Daughter married to *Heralto*, with all speed, and *Heralto* having likewise prepared himself for it, they retired privately to *Dias* his Country-house, being the same place where the wicked *Gabrias* had first seen *Aleta*, and there they solemnized the wedding; and after some few days stay in that place, *Heralto* returns home to his own house, with his young spouse *Aleta*. Thus far all things went on with smiling countenance and content, and prosperity seemed to be fixed with them, for *Heralto* began by degrees to forget all his former sad catastrophes, the image of his Son *Eurinus* lessens in his minde, and he absolutely banishes his wicked Son *Gabrias* from his memory. All his delight and joy was now fixed on his beloved *Aleta*: who on the other side was as loving, and obsequious to her Husband, and to encrease the Joy and expectation of *Heralto*, she proves with child.

Blind man cannot see into the dark and inextricable ways of providence; we blindly grope about, and shift from place to place, and all our designs come to nothing, and are blasted. What we desire for good, many times prove quite contrary, and what we think would be destructive to us or our designs, are many times brought about, to be the only instruments of our Salvation, and prosperity. God only rightly foresees, and forejudges, and ordains what shall be; and what shall, and what shall not come to pass, for by the sequel we shall finde, all this sweetness will end in bitterness, and this joy will be turned into wo, and this mirth into tears.

But as yet the joyfull *Heriasto*, swome undisturbed in his content, which was shortly after increased by the birth of a fair Daughter, which was named *Ephemia*. He now sees himself once again a Father, and *Aleta* rejoices her self in her little *Ephemia*, and thus these two, happy for the time, lived in all the pleasure and content, that this life could afford, abounding in all things that nature could produce, or money purchase.

But we have too long forgot the wicked fratricide *Gabrias*, he is yet alive; God has not brought him to condign punishment, and he seems to have eluded justice, and to have escaped scotfree, notwithstanding the crying of his brothers blood to Heaven for vengeance. But we are delivered, God hears the voice of blood, yet will take his time, the cup is not yet full, *Gabrias* has still wicked and abominable designs to perpetrate; he must be an Adulterer, as well as a Murderer, he must pollute the bed of another, as well as defile his hands with blood: he must yet live to do more mischief, and to bring his old Fathers grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

After this wicked Son had sent both his Letters to his Father, and to his Mistress, and perceived there was no hope of ever returning into their affection, nor consequently into his Country, he was as good as his word to his Father, for the Devil being now great with him, and had the full possession of his black and malicious Soul, and he thinking perhaps that by that means, he should the better save himself from punishment, he renounces his Religion, and turns *Turk*, changes the name of a Christian, to that of an Infidel, and instead of calling on the name of *Jesus*, falls down and worships *Mahomet*: It is no disgrace to Religion, when such forsake it, who are a scandal to it, and deserved to be excommunicated from it. He had only altered his outward form and habit, he was a *Turk* or worse then a *Barbarian* before in his heart.

Gabrias as I have told you was a man of outward, comely and taking parts, though indeed with a black and polluted Soul. We judge often by the appearance, which causes false judgment, and Hypocrites easily deceive the plain-hearted. *Gabrias* being now turned *Turk*, had put himself into their habit, and having furnished himself with money and jewels, he had wherewithall to live handsomely, going for a Merchant of *Asia* in those parts; pretending to buy and sell jewels, and under this pretence he got acquainted with a very rich *Turk*, living not far from *Athens*, who entertained him in his house, and invited him to stay with him while in those parts. While he was there he carried him to his wife, to buy a jewel of him, which he fancied. She was a very handsome woman, a Christian by extraction, but forced away out of *Hungary* from her Parents young, and sold to this *Turk* who married her for her beauty. What her Christian name was I cannot tell you, but they had given her the name of *Amuretta*, and very often the Epithet of fair and lovely was added it. The fair and lovely *Amuretta* had no sooner beheld *Gabrias* but she was taken with his personage, and behaviour, for her Turkish husband was crooked, both in body and dispositions. *Gabrias* in like manner was as much taken with the beauties of *Amuretta*, and the image of *Aleta* began to wear away in his heart by degrees. This *Turk* did not keep so very a strict watch over his wife, as most of them do, neither had he any other at that time, for living among the many *Grecian* Christians in those parts, he conformed something to their manners. *Gabrias* being entertained kindly in his house, had the opportunity in his absence, of seeing and courting *Amuretta* privately, and it was not long ere he prevailed with her to become an Adulteress and to satisfy his lustfull desires. And thus the wicked *Gabrias* adds sin unto sin, and Adultery to his Murder, and deceives and wrongs Hospitality, abuses his kinde Host, that had entertained him, and vitiates and pollutes his wife and bed. These two continue together their wicked congressions for some time, and practised their Adulteries unseen, and safely enough, but *Gabrias* could finde no excuse to continue long there, without raising some jealousy or suspicion in the breast of the *Turk*. He must therefore at last be gone, to the great grief of *Amuretta*, and she was so far taken with *Gabrias*, that she could not hear him mention it. She falls down on her knees, weeps, laments, entreats him not to forsake her, but if that necessity casts him away from *Asia* (as he pretended) to take her with him, for she would not forsake him, and was resolved to fly away with him. *Gabrias* was very easily perswaded to cary her away, for he was not a little delighted with her

lustfull

the Sister of his first wife, which enjoyed him to come immediately to *Metbone*, not letting him know the occasion thereof. *Herialto* made what speed he could, believing that they might have there taken some of those that had robbed him, and indeed it was very true, for they had there met with his wicked Son, whom the *Zanack* had laid up in Irons within the Castle of *Metbone*, of old called *Madon*, the usual place of residence of the *Zanacks* of *Morra*, who rule there under the authority of the *Beglerbeg* of *Greece*. The Town is a Demy-Island in the most Southern parts of all *Morra*; and opens to a large and capacious Bay, to which resort abundance of shipping and Merchants, trading from all parts. But that the wonderful Providence of Almighty God may be seen in the detection of this vile and wicked wretch *Gabrias*, this murderer, Adulterer, Ravisher, and incestuous person, we will give you a more particular account thereof, as it was had afterwards from his own mouth.

After this wicked crew had departed one from the other, the better to favour their escape, *Gabrias* shifting for himself, took the way towards *Achaia Propria*, a Province of *Peloponnesus*, and compassing about towards the left hand, thought that way to reach the *Isthmus*, and to make his escape. But God, who had thus long let him run on in his wickedness, now resolved to execute his just judgment upon him, and to bring him to condign punishment, that he might have his name glorified, and that it might be a detriment to others, when they shall perceive that God is always just in punishing, as well as merciful in giving a time for repentance.

Gabrias had not rode many hours, after he had parted with his companions, but making more halt than good speed, galloping too fast on the side of a little Hill, his horse's foot slipping, strained his shoulder, inso much that he grew so lame, he was forced to stop at a little Village, either to get his horse cured, or to procure another. But this could not be so suddenly done, but that the stop put *Gabrias* into great perplexity, especially when he heard the people began to talk of the Robbery, and how that certain horsemen, were gone towards *Corkinby*, and the *Isthmus* of *Peloponnesus*, to overtake the Robbers. He then began to find it would be in vain for him to think of escaping that way, since they had got before him, and finding also that he would be in danger where he was, and not being able readily to procure another horse suddenly, having dressed his own at a farriers in the town, he mounted and took his way towards *Tornese*, a Sea-Town, by the Promontory *Cabo di Tornese*, of old *Chelonice*, a Town of *Elis*, on the *Ionian* Sea, hoping to get shipping there, and so to transport himself out of *Morra*; but he had not travell'd very far, but his horse grew so very lame, that he found it the best way to forsake him, and to foot it, thinking he should do the better, by forsaking the Road, and over fields and by-ways, to get to *Tornese*. With much labour and pains, not having been used to this foot-travelling, he at last got to his desired Port, but when he came there, he found so strict a search, and such close and narrow examination of all persons that went about to take shipping, that he perceived he should run a great danger, if he should go about to attempt it. But being bold & cunning, thought it his best course to lye hid somewhere in the Country, till this search was over, which he thought would not last long, and then that he might without any danger, or suspicion, take shipping at any Port in *Morra*.

Having resolved thus with himself, he betook himself to his heels, and made towards the middle of the Peninsula, never staying till he came to Mount *Taxgetus*, from whose top, is a fair prospect over all *Morra*. Here he thought himself very secure, and his feet being galled and blistered with travail, he could indeed go no farther, but keeping in the woods in the day, and sheltering himself under some sheep-crates, with the sheep on the Mountain, in the nights, he passed away some nights and days in this manner, satisfying nature with the wilde fruits in the woods, and with the water of a spring, at which the sheep used to drink. But at last, this kinde of life being tedious and he beginning to be sick withal, he was forced to venture down, and get a lodging with a poor shepherd, who lived at the foot of the Mountain, and where he continued undiscovered for some weeks, making a plausible story to the shepherd, who suspected nothing, having heard no news in that solitary place of the Robbery. After he had there sufficiently rested himself, and that now he thought the search fully over, and the Coast clear, he resolves to be gone: yet considering with himself, that if there yet were any caution or search, it would be towards the *Isthmus*, or in the by, and small ports, and that the least suspicion would be Southward, or in great ports, where much Shipping was, and that he might at such a place get clear of the pound he was in, he resolves to go to *Metbom*, and there to ship himself off for *Candia*, knowing they seldom wait long for that passage there.

See now the wisdom of man, how very vain it is, when God has a minde to blast it, and make it a means, to his own destruction. I cannot but say, this was politickly contrived, and his hopes lay fair, and according to humane policy he did well, but then admire the more the wonderfull providence of God in the discovery and detection of this wretch, notwithstanding

his great care and caution, and his cunning contrivance. Well, away he went, giving his Landlord money sufficient to recompence him for his stay, who also went along with him, the first days Journey, lending him a poor thin garon to ride on, and at night making merry, they lay together at a poor house on the road towards *Metibone*, and next morning parted. The Host returned, and his guest proceeded on foot, and came very safe to *Metibone*, where he found all things free, and open, and many ships, ready to sayl, with the first winde for *Candia*.

Gabrias his heart began to be light, yet being very cautious, he had lodged himself near the key, where the Masters of the Ships used to lye; some time passed, and the joyful *Gabrias* seeing no danger, nor search, and hearing there no talk of the robbery, ventures abroad for several days, becomes very frolick and free: but at last his coyn being very low (for though he had good store of jewells, he had but little ready mony) he agreed with a Captain of a ship, that was bound for *Candia*, that lay in the same house, where he was lodged, pretending to go over to the Turks Army there. They at last agreeing for his passage, and having a minde to take over a good horse with him, for the service, resolving to enter himself there a horseman, and finding he wanted mony, he took one of his jewells, which was a locket to a bracelet of embroidered hair, of a very faire emerald, in the form of a heart, set in Gold, and compassed about with very excellent fauuet Diamonds. This jewel among many others which he had, he offers to the Captain of the Vessel to sale, who having no great skill in such things, told him that he brought out of *Candia* a Merchant, that was a Jeweller, and who bought such jewells, and that he understood them, and would give them the worth of it, and promised to bring him to his lodging in the evening. *Gabrias* desired him to do so, and so they parted: thus he still goes on very securely, and warily in all his actions.

But see now and behold the strange providence of God, in detecting this Marther, and bringing this Adulteress to punishment, who sits above and laughs at the wisdom of men, in whose eye all prudence is folly, and all craft vanity, when he has a minde to manifest his own Divine Wisdoms, and to glorifie his own name. Little thought the now assured *Gabrias*, what was preparing for him, and what Merchant the all-seeing eye of Heaven, had picked out to buy his jewel among so many that were then in that Town, both of Jews, Turks, and Christians. The time came that was appointed between them, and the Captain of the Ship, brought the Merchant to *Gabrias*, who in his Chamber entertained them, and shewed the jewel to the Merchant, and set him a price of it, which was fourscore *Sultanies*, which is of our mony about thirty pound.

The Merchant having sufficiently viewed the jewel, agrees with him of a price, promising him the next morning to bring him his mony, to his Chamber. *Gabrias* being glad he had sold his jewel so well, and safely as he thought, goes to bed with a joyfull heart, not dreaming what a thunderbolt of Gods vengeance hung over his head, and was now ready to drop down upon him. But see now how strangely God can bring about the means to his ends, the punishment of wicked doers. You must understand this Merchant, was the eldest Son of *Dias*, who had been several years in *Candia*, and was there a Jeweller, and before he parted last from *Nauplia*, he gave this very jewel, to his Sister *Aleta*, who had kept it for his sake, till she lost it among other jewells, that this ungracious and unnatural Son, robbed his Father of. This Merchant no sooner saw this remarkable jewel, with the hair bracelet which was his own, daintily fastned into the Gold of the locket, but he knew it, and having heard since his landing at *Metibone*, of the Robbery committed on his Sisters husband, her rape, and death thereupon; he questioned not but that this was one of them, for he had otherwise no knowledge of *Gabrias*, and so not in the least shewing any alteration in his countenance, but making an agreement, without taking the least notice, or asking him any frivolous or impertinent question, which might give any the least umbrage of suspicion, he like a wife and discreet person makes an agreement for the jewel, and promises the next morning to fetch it, as you have heard.

But away goes this Merchant, without saying any thing to the Captain of the Ship, and repairs immediately to the *Zehzack*, and makes known what he had found, and his suspicion. He being joyfull to have found out one of those who had robbed his Brother-in-Law, ordered the Merchant whose name was *Rabizme*, to come to him in the morning, and that he would send with him half a score of *Janizaries* to apprehend him. Accordingly in the morning *Rabizme* receives the *Janizaries*, and orders, but going a little before them, give them order when he should give them a sign, by opening a wooden Casement, that opened into the street, that then they should enter, lest otherwise he might have conveyed away the Jewel. All things thus prepared, *Rabizme* enters the Chamber of *Gabrias*, who draws forth the Jewel, which when *Rabizme* had in his hand, he opened the wooden Casement, as if it were to give him more light to look on the jewel, but indeed to give the sign to the *Janizaries* to enter, which

which they immediately did, seizing and laying hold on, the amazed and trembling G. . .
 away they hurried him to the Castle, before the *Zanzack*, who having examined him, soon
 found reason to be the wicked *Heriasto*, & the abominable Murderer of his Brother, and brother
 of the *Prince*. Thus he was loaded with iron, and made secure of getting away, and
 presently the *Zanzack* sent away to *Heriasto* the Letter before mentioned, who coming to know
 of his error, sorrow, and affliction, for the death of his wife, he soon knew the
 cause of it, and he was less for. Great was the poor old man's trouble, and notwithstanding all
 the violence of his most ungracious son, there was some weak feelings of Nature within him,
 which he was brought to confront his Son, and to give evidence against him.
 when the *Prince* remembering the execrable villainies of that wretch, and that it was for the Glory
 of God, that he should receive his condign punishment, he before his Son's face, accused him
 of the Murder of *Heriasto*, the ravishment of *Alena*, and the robbery; to which he had
 been guilty, in default of himself. Besides railing against his Father, for making the great
 difference between his Sons, and for taking from him his Mother, to satisfy his brother, and
 others, he was a *Whoremonger*, whereby he thought to hide some favour. But his hopes were vain,
 for the *Zanzack*, and two Criminal Judges, that were his assistants, and always resided there,
 were long dwelling the horrors of his facts, adjudged him to have his hands and feet clasp
 ed alive, and then to be impaled, and let upon the little Mount near the high way side, lead
 ing from *Heriasto* to *Heriasto*.

His Sentence was immediately executed, before thousands of all sorts of people, who were
 gathered together, to behold the sad and bloody spectacle, and among the rest, the husband of
Alena, who by accident in those parts, had the satisfaction of being the Revenger that *Heriasto*
 had done against him, for his Adultery with his wife, which *Heriasto* would he himself
 have done, if he had not been so much of a Conscience, as to leave to change his Religion, but as he had
 done, and was now, added as deliberately, to the great grief of poor *Heriasto*, who did not
 survive one whole year, after that *Dragon*, having his heart broken, with the cruel weight of
 grief, died.

And thus we have seen the cruel and most bloody *Tyranny* of our age, and the
 of *Heriasto* since then, as the most known and most famous among other Tragical examples
 of the like nature, that we may bring it home to our selves, and that all Christian people may
 take warning to eschew and shun the suggestions of that wicked one, when ever he shall go a-
 bout to egg and tempt any one, to the horrid and unnatural sin of Murder, and to that crying
 and polluted sin of Adultery, for that as by this sad story *Heriasto*, it plainly appears, that
 let them act their Murders and Adulteries never so secretly, plot and contrive them never so
 cunningly, or maintain them never so openly, and with force and violence, yet God is sure to
 avenge himself at last, and to pour down his fierce anger and wrath upon their heads in this
 World, and without true and hearty repentance, everlasting damnation with the devil and his
 Angels in the World to come. Let Glory therefore be given to God, for all his judgments, in
 bringing sinners to punishment, as well as for his mercies, in restraining men from deserving
 chastisement, Amen.

As for *Ephemia*, the only off-spring of poor *Heriasto* and *Alena*, if any be so curious as to
 enquire after her, know she was bred up by *Dick*, being the heir to her Father's possessions, and
 after the Death of the *Zanzack*, her Father's Brother-in-Law, he who succeeded him, being a
 French *Admiral*, by the great favour of the *Boyle* of *Orice*, who being a corrupt man,
 suffered him to marry *Ephemia* by force, having taken her from *Robinson*, her Grandfather
Dick being also dead, and the same *Zanzack* at this day, lives possessed of all those possessions
 and Lands, formerly belonging to *Heriasto*, in right of his wife *Ephemia*.

And thus we have seen the cruel and most bloody *Tyranny* of our age, and the
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Gods Revenge against the Abominable Sin of Adultery

A GERMAN HISTORY

As for the Duke, he was a man of great power and authority, and he was very much loved by his subjects. He was also a very brave and valiant man, and he had many victories over his enemies. He was also a very generous and kind man, and he was very much loved by his subjects. He was also a very wise and prudent man, and he was very much loved by his subjects. He was also a very brave and valiant man, and he had many victories over his enemies. He was also a very generous and kind man, and he was very much loved by his subjects. He was also a very wise and prudent man, and he was very much loved by his subjects.

As there is no Country in which we might not produce some example, of the punishment of this crime of adultery, so there is no age, in which it hath not been committed and in which justice has not been executed by the hand of Heaven for the same. It was before the flood, and the exorbitant fulfilling the pleasure of the flesh, and satisfying the irregularities of Lust, caused the Deluge, and the destruction of the world. Some hold, and that probably enough, that the fair apple that tempted our Grandmother Eve in Paradise, was no other than carnality, or the first motions of that alluring and tempting pleasure, which she could not, though commanded, resist, and that ever since it has been so prevalent over humane Bodies, as to make them like beasts, run into irregularities and excess. But God took pity of our frailties, and for

equipage, to behold this celebrated beauty, believing report had been too lavish in her praise. But he so well liked her face, shape, and wit, that he thought he could not pitch of one that could better please him, and with whom he supposed he should live well contented, being one he thought he should love. It will not be impertinent to give you some description of this Lady, since she is the subject of our History, and if thou hast any skill in physiognomy, thou mayst declare, whether thou couldest by the sweet symmetry of her face, and all those beautiful lines in her countenance, find out the treachery of her heart; or pronounce her to be vicious and faulty within. But if thou shalt confess thy unskillfulness, and tell us that faces may often deceive the cunningest artists, yet time will manifest this Truth, and let us see that a very deformed mind may inhabit within the beautiful Temple of a fair woman, and that the curious surmise may observe a very Devil within.

This Lady then was of a very angelical form; her face oval, and extremely exact, and curiously, of a fair and ruddy complexion, grey eyes, a broad and open forehead, her nose somewhat high-raised, but curiously shaped, her hair was of a bright yellow, like the beams of the Sun, and very plentiful of it, which being curiously made up by her maids, was the chiefest ornament of her head and face, and made her seem dazzling and bright. Her hands and feet were small, and fleshy; her skin soft and supple, and of a delicate hew; she was something tall, yet slender in the waist, and with a full and ample breast, and take her in all postures, either walking, sitting or standing, she made a very admirable and curious figure. Indeed at the first sight, *Radolph* could not but confess she had charm'd his heart; and that she had pleas'd his eyes and fancy more than any he had ever seen, but much more when he had try'd her wit and ingenuity, and found her discourse and behaviour to be beyond the ordinary capacity of women.

But yet, I say, he could not penetrate her soul, nor behold the vices that lay hid in this fair outside; for this beautiful Lady, with all these outward accomplishments, was very fickle and inconstant, very revengeful and fullen, very malicious and spitefully of an undaunted and bold spirit, and what is yet worse, of an unchangeably lustful temper. But the Duke by none of these, they were as yet closely concealed, and the lustre of her eyes, and the light of that bright countenance had so dazzl'd him, that he began to love, and resolves to seek no further for a wife, but imagines himself happy if he can carry her. He therefore makes his pretensions known to the Earl her Father, who knowing the worth of the Duke, believed he should do ill, not to embrace so fair a proffer for the advance of his daughter, and that he might be able, by the power of this Prince, to oppose himself to some enemies he had of the House of *Habsburg*, and who were then at arms against him; for some Lands that were in dispute between them.

But however he refers him over to his daughter, desiring he might rather wake her by his own attractions than by his commands, thinking it fit for him to treat with the young Lady as well as with himself. *Radolph* was a man of many excellent acquired parts, and Nature had been kinde enough to him in the make of his body, being of straight well-set limbs, but somewhat bigger and taller than the ordinary pitch of men. He was also of a grim and sour complexion, his hair black and sticky, which he wore long, and sometimes braided into locks; he was of an exceeding proud and haughty mind, valiant and noble in his deportment, of an open and free disposition, and far from covetousness, and not inclining to jealousy, till he had cause to be so. *Radolph* according to the desire of the Earl, makes his court to his Daughter *Ana*, whom he found very reserv'd, shy, and not so forward as he had hoped, whereby he perceiv'd he must lay a long and formal siege to take her in, and to accomplish his desires. However she entertain'd him civilly and with respect, but without any sign of love and affection, which very much troubled *Radolph*. You must know, that there was a great contest between the Earl of *Brandenburg*, the Father of this young Lady, and *Ernst* Lord of *Zurigen* of the Family of *Habsburg*, about certain Lands; which difference had been so great, that it was come to Arms, and that the Lord of *Zurigen*, had by the power and assistance of his friends, gotten much the better of it. But you must also understand, that this young Lord, who was not above twenty five years of age, and posses'd of a fair estate, though he were at difference with the Father, he was not so with the Daughter, for having once surpris'd her upon the way, and made her his prisoner, for some hours, he then became her Captive, and had surrendred up his heart to her, and nobly, not only released her, but sent her home well guarded, and with honour. But he then first let her understand the power of her eyes, and how that she might if she pleas'd, end all the contest between their houses, by incorporating him into hers. *Ernst* was of a fair complexion, of almost flaxen hair, had clear open and blew eyes, of an exact shape and proportions, and e-

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very way a very handsome man, one of courage and of a good disposition, and one who seemed very desirable in the eyes of the Lady *Anne*, being much taken with his generosity, and nobleness, the first time she saw him, and by the reception she gave him, he hoped he might obtain her good will.

Birchold though he had much the better of the Earl in the dispute, yet having now a desire to his daughter, he caused some overtures of peace to be made by his friends, and a match to be made between himself and the Lady *Anne*, and that the lands in contest should be assigned over as part of the Lady's dowry; but the Earl had as yet diverted this design, by his unreasonable demands and propositions, standing for to be discharged of all his charges, and for reparations and other matters, which could not be embraced by *Birchold*, without very great wrong to himself. However, *Birchold* made secret Court to the Daughter, both by letters and Messengers, that at last they obtained the favour of getting him a private meeting with his Mistress, notwithstanding the obstinacy of the Father, he came to a composition with the Daughter, and they agreed all things between them, and unknown to the Earl contracted themselves, and as it was said proceeded so far, as to make sure of one another before the ceremonies of the Church had passed.

The business was at this pass, when the Duke came as you have heard to give some interruption to these secret Lovers, and the Earl of *Werdenberg*, desirous to be allied to the Duke, had solicited him to assist him against the Lord *Birchold*, which the Duke in consideration of marrying his Daughter easily granted. And now he questions not, with the help of five hundred men, which the Duke promised to send him, but to be able to deal with his adversary, and to recover his Lands. Thus a new feud is raised betwixt *Birchold*, and the Duke *Rodolph*, for this assistance; but we shall see them engaged in a greater shortly, for the love of the Lady *Anne*, whom *Birchold* much more feared to lose than his Lands, and dreaded the power of his Adversary.

In the mean time, the Duke courts the young Lady, and every day his affections encrease, for though she seemed not very complying, and answered not his passion, by shewing the like, yet she carried it so very civilly, and becoming her birth, that the Duke was no way checked, or disturbed at the little progress he had made, but the difficulty seemed rather to encrease her passion, and to encrease his Love. He had heard something of the Earls proposition of peace, and marriage, but nothing of his Love, or their private meeting, for that had been carried so secretly, that none knew of it but *Mariana* her Maid, who was privy to it. The Duke fearing lest this proposition might take effect, and being resolved not to part with this Lady but with his Life, he begins to press her very strongly, and endeavours to cause the Earl her Father, to make the business secure. The five hundred men according to the promise of the Duke arrives, which do the Earl great service, and the Duke in person assisted at the taking in of a Castle, that was in difference between these Lords.

And now *Birchold* goes down the winde, and by the powerfull assistance of the Duke and his forces, he had almost lost all the Countrey he had before taken. *Birchold* is enraged, and fearing the loss of the Lady *Anne*, whom he passionately affected, he knew not what to do, and though they had had during all this little war, their private meetings, and that he adventured in disguise to come in the night, to the Earls Castle, and had secret admittance to the Lady, who had granted him all the liberties he could desire, yet he could not engage her to fly away with him, as he had often proposed to her, but she still hoped by some means or other, to put off the match, and that the valour and good fortune of her Lover, would at last compel her Father to hearken to his composition. But now *Birchold* being like to come by the worst, and to lose all, became desperate, and finding that he could not work the Lady *Anne* against her will, not questioning but that she who had contracted her self to him, and granted him those amorous freedoms, and night-meetings as she had, would be easily reconciled to him notwithstanding the rape he should commit.

But this could not be carried on without the knowledge of *Mariana*, who being sufficiently bribed by *Birchold*, and knowing her Ladies affection to him, was wrought upon to get her Lady alone, and under the colour of walking in a park adjoining to the Earls Castle, to bring her into a remote place, where she should be surprized, and carried away by some horsemen laid on purpose in ambush in that place. This succeeded so well, that at the hour appointed, *Mariana* having perswaded her Lady into the Park, and purposely drawn her to the place appointed, they were both surprized, by certain persons disguised, who notwithstanding the threats of the Lady, had carried her in their arms, to the outside of the Park, where their horses stood, and others of them doing the like to *Mariana*, who went more willingly, they there mounted them, before two of the strongest of them, and carried them away.

This violence extremely troubled the Lady, and though she believed it was done, either by the Lover, or by his procurement, yet being of a haughty and proud spirit, she took it so faintly, that she resolved to chastise him severely for it. They had not carried them in this manner above two Leagues, but they were met at a certain Village by the Lord *Birchold*, with a Coach and six Horses, who flinging himself at her feet, let her know that it was only his passion, and fear of losing her, had made him commit that violence; but that he hoped it would be easily pardoned, now she understood who it was that had forced her. But *Birchold* was deceived, and very much amazed, to finde her eyes to dart fire and lightning at him, and to hear himself called villain and Traytor, and that unless he presently returned her, she would utterly renounce both him and his Love. He sought to pacifie her with all the submissions he could make, and with all the smooth and passionate language he could utter, but all would not allay that storm he had raised, nor appease the haughty indignation of his Mistress. However, being very unwilling to let go his prey, which he had so fairly ventured for, and knowing that place was not convenient for any long party, and hoping by the favour of time, to quallifie this wrath of his Mistress, he puts her into the Coach, and drives away with all the speed the horses were able to make. He had almost lost his whole Countrey, and his Army was almost in a manner besieged, being heald in on every side by the forces of the Earl and the Duke, so that resolving not to fly thither, he takes another way, and making use of a kinsman, who was with him in this attempt, he delivers her to him, and causes him to conduct her to a Castle he had of his own, about ten leagues from thence, and sending with him a good party of Horse, after having kept her company a good part of the night, he was forced to leave her, and to retire to his forces, and which he did with some few horse-men about break of day, and that but just time enough to allay the mutinies of his Soldiers, who seeing themselves in danger, and their Leader to have left them, thought he had betray'd them, and were about to sling aside their Arms, and to submit to their enemies.

The Lord of *Zeringen* knowing the ill posture of his affairs, and fearing this, made him so abruptly to part with his Lady, and to commit her to the fidelity of his kinsman, and to send her another way for her security, and not a little troubled, that he could not goe with her, without running all his affairs, and also to see her soaverse to his desires, and so enraged at his attempt. But his coming to the Camp reassured his Soldiers, and made them put themselves into a posture of receiving their enemies. The Rape of the Lady, *Amie* being made known to the Duke, and the Earle, they immediately caused the Ravishers to be pursued, not doubting but that it was the Lord *Birchold*, or some of his accomplices, that had done it, and therefore they follow'd them the way to the Camp, but hearing nothing of them, the Duke and the Earle being personally arrived among their own men, and perceiving the advantage they had of *Birchold*, they caused them briskly to fall on his Camp, and to attacke him in his Trenches. The Lord of *Zeringen* was a person of great valour, and an excellent Soldier, and finding he should not be able to withstand the force of his adversaries, being thrice his number, he left his Camp in excellent order, and so well defended himself, though assaulted in the rear, that he brought his little Army with the losse of about fifty men, to a rockie hill, one side whereof was full of shrubs and scrubbed trees, which serv'd them for shelter, and here they so advantageously secured themselves, that their enemies durst not assault them, and in the night, leaving burning matches, to elude the enemy, upon the shrubs and bushes, they with great silence stole away, and passing over a River, and breaking down the bridges, got clear out of the danger he had been in.

Birchold having thus secured himself, he longs to give a visit to his forced Mistress, and leaving his Army to one of the chief of his kindred, he posts away privately crosse the country, and takes his way towards that Castle, whither he had sent her for security; but he met upon the way his Cousen returning wounded, and with less than half of those men he had left with him, most of them also wounded; which at once amazed and grieved him, and his trouble was increased, when he understood, that his Mistress was forced from him by a Troop of Horse, who meeting them upon the way, had upon the Ladies shrieks and crys, rescued her, and carried her from them, notwithstanding all the resistance they had made. This new trouble afflicted him, but seeing no remedy, nor being able to learn any more of his Cousen, who they were, nor which way they took, he returned to his Camp full of grief and vexation.

The Duke and the Earle seeing *Birchold* had escaped them, left their Forces to make what advantage they could, in taking in those few castles which yet held out against them, and returned to look after the Ravish'd Lady, whom they as yet could hear no news of, and having understood that she was not with *Birchold*, they speeded back, and on their way they met tydings of her being brought back to the Castle, by one Captain *Cowade*, who had fought with, and delivered

delivered her from the Ravishers. This welcome news made them haste home, where they found the Lady much wearied and tired with her adventure, withdrawn into her chamber, heavy, sad, and troubled. They could learn little from her, but that she was carried violently away; and that she was also rescued, by one Captain *Cornado*, whom they met accidentally marching with his Troop, which he had newly raised for the Emperours service in Hungary, and that having brought her safe home, he had returned to his Troop, without thanks or reward.

The Earl being joyful for the recovery of his Daughter, and being of a noble disposition, sent away after Captain *Cornado*, to bring him back to the Castle, that he might make some acknowledgments for the great service he had done him; but lest they should not prevail with him, and that he might not go away utterly unrewarded, he had caused the Lady *Anne* to send him a very fair Ring to wear for her sake, and he himself sent him the best horse he had in his stable, with furniture accordingly. But they needed not thus to have presented *Cornado*, for the young Lady had already given him her heart, and she had parted from this Captain with much regret. That fickle and wandering heart of hers, had all on a sudden fled from the Lord of *Burgundy*, and she had bestowed it on this Captain, and as if she had never lov'd before, her passion became suddenly great, and violent. She waited therefore the return of her Fathers messengers, hoping they might prevail to bring him back, and she blamed her self, that her modesty had hindered her pleasure, and kept her at least from giving him some sign of her affection. But she is more afflicted to see the Messengers return without her deliverer, and without him who had also made her a captive. He had received the presents with great acknowledgments from the Earl, and from the fair Lady; but being upon his march with his Troop, and the day of the Rendezvous of those Forces the Emperour was about to send for Hungary, being at hand, he could by no means retard his march, and therefore sent a Gentleman purposely to make his excuses, and to return his thanks for the civility offered him, and for the presents they had sent him; and he had ordered him particularly to present his service and humble respects to the Lady, and to assure her, that he should wear the Ring she had sent him the longest day of his life, which should be devoted to her service.

But this did not satisfy the amorous Lady; *Cornado* was still in her mind, and his handsome proportion, sweet countenance, genteel behaviour, courtlike speeches, and great valour, nobleness, and generosity, still appeared before her, and she could take no rest. And perhaps she had some reason, for this Captain was one of the handsomest men she had ever seen, and without attributing more to him than he deserved, all *Cornado* could not show one of more than make, nor a noble and more worthy Gentleman. He was of *Kilgera*, a Town situate on the *Bregenz*, a small river that falls into the *Danube*, of good extraction, but his parents were poor, and he had no other Fortune but his Sword, which was then his only Mistress. He had then newly raised this Troop for the Emperours service, and was marching, when the shrieks and laments of the Lady *Anne* carried away, as you have heard, called him to her assistance, and though opposed by the cosen of *Birchold* and his men, yet he became victorious, and took him from them. She then let him know her quality, and to whom he had afforded that noble and generous assistance, and desired him not to leave her till he had returned her to her Fathers, which he did, and the Earl being then at the Camp, and his haste calling him away, he was forced to depart without any stay. He departed indeed, but not without feeling some influence and effect of the Lady *Anne*'s beauty, and he was sensible, that if he had had time, and could have stayed longer, that he should have been wrought upon by her charms. He felt a little warmth or fire about his heart, and the image of the fair Lady he had rescued, seemed very taking in his eyes. But shaking off those thoughts, knowing also the great distance between them, and that he was designed to serve under *Mars*, not *Venus*, he was glad when he heard the sound of the Trumpet, and that he had got away from the shadow of so dangerous a Beauty. Honour was all the Mistress he meant to court, and he endeavoured to possess himself with this bright Idea, that he might displace that of the fair Lady, that seemed to appear in his thoughts, whether he would or no; and perhaps for this very reason, as much as the haste he was in, might be some cause of his not returning back, with the Messengers of the Earl.

The young Lady was extremely troubled, when she saw the Captain come not back, and notwithstanding her haughty spirit, she was vexed, troubled, and dissatisfied with every thing, and with every body, and she thought with her self, she ought to have given him some more encouragement, and to have let him have discovered the love she had born him. But then, remembering her birth, and calling up her modesty, her honour, and the pride that attends on great persons, and which many times deters them from falling meanly under their passions, she began to settle her self, and to grow more calm. But the contest again renewed, as soon as ever she had let his image appear, and in this heat being swayed, by these violences which

This Letter being dispatched to the young Lady, *Conrade* proceeds on his march, to Court a no less dangerous Mistress, Honour, and to obtain her by the death of Turks, and victory over Infidels, and oppressors. The Lady receives his Letter, and perceiving she was not able to call him back, she fell into a desperate fit of melancholly, and her desires and passions being great, put her into a feavour, to the no little trouble both of the Earl her Father, and of the Duke her Lover. She read *Conrade's* Letter a thousand times, and every time she fancied new charms and fresh pleasures in reading his lines. She put it in her bosome, and carryed it always about her: She got it by heart, and would repeat it often in a day, and then call him unkinde, ungratefull, cruel, and Tyrant, then excusing him she would blame her self, and resolves to be constant to his Love. *Mariana* seeing her extravagancy, pittied her very much, and tryed always to divert her, and to renew her old flame for *Biribold*. But in vain, she was as yet incensed against him for his presumption, of carrying her away, and the pride of her minde kept her from a reconciliation, but more the Love she had for *Conrade*.

In the mean time, the Lord *Biribold* being distressed by his adversaries, and brought into a desperate condition, knew not what to do, yet though much afflicted for the loss of his Lands, he was much more troubled for that of his Mistress, the first he had hopes he might recover, the other he fear'd was lost for ever. He hears of her being sick, he writes to her, sends Messengers, but can get no return but from *Mariana*, who being still his true solicitor, could give him but cold comfort, yet put him in hopes that this storm would blow over, and that her anger would mitigate. He was about to resolve to give her ore, and seeing her obstinacy, and resentment to continue to supplicate her no more, but his passion was too great, to permit so great an happiness, and his ill destiny reserved him to become yet more unfortunate, and as he had already lost his Lands partly for her sake, so he should also lose his life by his unlawfull Love.

As soon as the Lady began to recover her sickness, which lasted not long, the Earl and the Duke being agreed in all points, the marriage was concluded on, and very suddenly to be performed. The young Lady having now despaired of her Captain, and being not yet reconciled to *Biribold*, between her love and her sickness, she became indifferent as to the Duke, and did not much oppose the marriage. And though the Duke could not see any affection, or return of Love from her, yet having for her a great passion, and believing when she was his wife, that he should be able to obtain her heart, he marries her, and after some time carries his young Dutchess to his Palace at *Ulme*, where they were received with Feasts, Balls, Plays, and rejoycings. Captain *Conrade* notwithstanding all this, still preserved his image in the breast of the Dutchess, and he there appeared as a fantom, that spoiled all her mirth. One day as she was sitting to see some publick games, and her eyes roving up and down, she thought she had espied among the croud, her beloved Captain. His image was so well imprinted in her minde, that she could not be mistaken, and she thought no face could be so like, and not be the same, she had fancied so much. Her eyes were never off of him, and she blushed extreamly at the sight. *Mariana* being near her, she whispered her in the ear, and privately so directed her eye that she espied him also, and concluded it was no other than Captain *Conrade*. But they could not but wonder, to see him in another garb than that of a Soldier, and what they had seen him in, and in the ordinary habit of a meane person, but this they thought he might do to disguise himself; but then they wondred much more, to perceive him so intent on the sports, and that he seldom cast his eyes on the Dutchess, or if he did, it was with such indifference, as if he beheld her not, and that shewed nothing of Love, or passion. This a little confounded both the Dutchess and *Mariana*, but not doubting that it was any other than the Captain, his sight had raised so violent a passion in the Soul of the new married Dutchess, that she could not contain her self, from charging *Mariana* to let some body to watch him to his lodging, and that she should privately understand from him his design of coming thither, in that garb and disguise.

Mariana according to the command of the Dutchess, sets one of the servants belonging to their train, to watch this Gentleman to his lodging, and from thence to bring him privately to the Palace, that she might speak with him. The man obeyed his order very punctually, and having been shewed the person by *Mariana*, he went and placed himself so near him, that when the sports were ended, he might not lose him in the croud; and having followed him to an Inn where he lodged, he delivered his message from *Mariana*, and desired him to go along with him to the Palace. The young Gentleman received the message somewhat amazedly, and protested that *Mariana* was utterly unknown to him. However at the entreaty of the Messenger, he goes with him to the Palace, and is introduced into a private lobby, where *Mariana* coming to him, and looking him full in face, Captain (says she) what makes you here thus disguised?

the Dutchess owes too much to your generosity, and valour, as not to take notice of her deliverer. The Gentleman looking something strange, as one that had never seen her in his life time, and as one that wondered at her familiarity, made *Mariana* stop: and ask him if he was not Captain *Conrade*? the Gentleman then smiling answered no, but that he was his own Brother and a Twin, but so like him that one was not known from the other, not only by strangers, but that when together, their own parents could not distinguish them asunder, but by a private mark in one of their bodys, which was a little red mole, under his right pap, which his Brother had, and he had none, and that his name was *Phillip*, born at *Villingen*, and that he was four minutes elder than his Brother. His speech, carriage, proportion, eyes, nose, mouth, hair, and face, being so very like, and his smile, and actions, that *Mariana* would not believe one word he said, but taking all for a fiction, prest him again to let her know his intentions of being there, and whether he had already forsaken his Mistress, Honour, for whom he had left a young and obliged Lady, to her no little grief and trouble. This young Gentleman seeing the incredulity of this Gentlewoman, could not but smile at the mistake, but it not being the first time by many, that he had been taken for his Brother, he was put to his asseverations, and to affirm a truth by many oaths which *Mariana* could not be easily induced to believe. But he told her, that he believed his Brother was fighting against the Turk, and that he lived at *Villingen*, with his Father, where she might be informed of the Truth if she pleased to send so far, and that he came thither on no other design, than to see those publick sports and the entrance of the Duke and Dutchess, and that he intended to return on the morrow, unless she or the Dutchess had any commands to the contrary. He spoke this very seriously, endeavouring to bring *Mariana* out of the error she was in, but yet he could hardly perform it, and she would not let him go away, till she had informed the Dutchess, and desired him to stay in the lobby, till she should return again.

About an hour after *Mariana* returns with the Dutchess, and she was amazed to see the Captain she loved, and whose image she had so well preserved in her heart, to deny himself, for both her eyes, and her ears, told her it was he, and no other. Captain (said she) the obligation I have to you may excuse this strangeness, but after the Letter I sent you, and that I received from you, I cannot but wonder that you should call your self *Phillip*, and make so strange of a business, that I would have been esteemed more serious. Therefore tell me why you have thus disguised your self, and what your pretensions are. Madam replied this Gentleman, I desire not to conclude a person of your quality, and I do swear by all that's sacred, I am not Captain *Conrade*, but his Brother *Phillip*, and that I came hither only out of curiosity, to see your entrance into this City, and that I intended to return home to morrow, unless for the sake of my Brother, who I perceive has done you some considerable service, you will be pleased to entertain me among your followers. The Dutchess looked somewhat amazedly, and her eyes told him she could not believe him, and his desire of being retained about her, made her judge it was no other than *Conrade*, notwithstanding all his asseverations to the contrary, and that he did it out of design to be near her, and that her Letter and his Love, had brought him back to serve her. This thought pleased her, and her passion being great, notwithstanding her late marriage to the Duke, she at length told *Phillip*, that he should attend her the next day, and that in the mean time, she would speak to the Duke to entertain him among his Domesticks, for his Brothers sake, if he was not the same she took him for, and which she told him she still doubted.

But it is too true the Dutchess is deceived, *Mariana* is deceived, and all the world that had seen the one would have been deceived by the other. This was one of the fantasticks of nature, one of her rarities, and which she seldom makes, yet sometimes has so hapned to form, that it has caused many pleasant mistakes. It is indeed for her more difficult task, among so many various lines that appear in a Face, to miss none, but to trace all out so exactly, as the most curious eye can finde no difference. She had here indeed shewed her skill, and made known she was a good painter, and though it be more difficult to paint like, than unlike, yet here nature had imitated *Conrade* so exactly, that he was not to be known from *Phillip*, nor *Phillip* from him, and had formed them in such like molds, in the dark cell of the womb, that it was not possible for the eye to distinguish them; but lest she her self might also mistake the one from the other, she had given to *Conrade* a private mark, which was a mole just under his right breast, which she had not to the other, and by which only mark their Parents could know them asunder. But however like their bodys were, the one to the other, their Souls were different, which shewed that the inward seats, or residence of that immortal part, were not formed alike, and made her exert her self after different shapes; and also that the forming of the Soul and minde, is beyond the power of Nature, out of her reach, and in the hand of an higher Divinity, or intelligence,

Intelligence, whose business is to attend her motions, and at the critical moment, assisted by omnipotency, to furnish the first seeds of life, with an immortal inhabitant, and dependent only for a time on the moving image; else I say, nature, to have made her pieces thus rowly alike, would have given them souls, or minds alike. But *Conrade* had a more noble, haughty, generous, and courageous Soul, full of life and valour, yet very amorous and apt to Love; he was also more knowing, and apt to learn, had every way a soul of a larger size, and capacity than this *Phillip*, though the elder who seemed to have one more narrow, and contracted, mean, and low spirited, covetous, and sordid, shallow, and wanting capacity, cowardly, and fearfull, and not daring on any bold attempt, which made him that he durst not follow his Brother to the wars, and he was also easily wrought, either to good or ill. But besides all these internal marks of difference, time and accident had also caused one notable distinction, which not being known to many, was kept a secret, and being in those parts of the body that are usually hid, it was not to be discovered. This *Phillip* had by accident, lost that thing which most properly belongs to a man, and that distinguishes the sexes. This was not nature's fault, they were alike, till about ten or eleven years of age, when this *Phillip* climbing up into a high pear-tree, after some ripe pears, the bough on which he was got breaking, he fell so unluckily, on a stump of an arm of the lower part of the same tree, that striking between his legs in the fall, so wounded and bruised those parts, that they swelled and endangered his life, and being handled by an unskilful Chyrurgion, they gangrened and were fitt to be cut clean off, so that *Phillip* was a Capon, and as true an *Emack*, as any the Turk had in his *Seraglio*, which has a mark sufficient to distinguish him from *Conrade*, who was much otherwise.

This is a secret, and shame caused it to be concealed, *Emacks* being accounted Monsters in that part of the world, where they are not seen every day, and where they do not govern provinces, and Command Armies. The Dutchess thinks not what a piece of Chastity she is about to entertain, and what an icy cold statue she is about to place near her. Both she and *Conrade* have other thoughts, they are not yet convinced, but that this is *Conrade*, and that he still loves himself otherwise. However she resolves not to part with him, be he *Phillip*, or be he the Captain she loved; she supposes time will let her more fully understand. She takes her first opportunity with the Duke, and lets him know that the Brother of that Captain, who had so generously refused her out of the hands of her Ravishers, was in that City, and that he had petitioned her, in consideration of her Brothers service, to be admitted as one of her Domesticks. The Duke glad to be grateful, and as willing to please his new Dutchess, whom he as yet passionately loved, the next day entertained *Phillip* into his service, being introduced by the Dutchess her self, into the Dukes presence. And *Phillip* not a little glad of his good fortune, and the strange accident that had so easily brought him to it stay'd there, and sending a Messenger to *Villengon*, satisfied his Father of his stay.

Thus *Phillip* becomes one of the Gentlemen belonging to the Duke, to his great joy, and content: but alas! he sees not the trouble he is creating for himself thereby, he sees not into the breast of the Dutchess, nor those assaults he is like to endure for the sake of *Conrade*. Poor *Phillip* dreams not of an amour, nor of the furious charge that Love was preparing for him. The Dutchess for some time remains reserved, expecting this *Phillip*, or disguised *Conrade*, should begin to make his address to her, but she observes in him so great indifference, that confirming still in her error, she was not a little amazed and vexed. To be better informed, she sends privately to *Villengon*, and she is then satisfied, that this *Phillip* is not *Conrade*, but his Brother. She had had no tryal of his interior parts, and was not yet sensible of their difference in their wit, and ingenuity. Her love was of no long tryal, it was a love at the first sight, a superficial Love, resulting from the beautiful outward parts of the body. She was taken with the comely make, face, and shape of *Conrade*, his deportment, and carriage, in all which this Brother was so very like, as one drop of water is to another, that it was not to be said a change of the object, if the Dutchess found in her heart, the same sentiments, and the same desires for *Phillip*, as she had before had for *Conrade*, and it was no wonder that she now felt her flame rekindled, and to grow violent by the sight of *Phillip*. She knew that *Conrade* was gone to the wars, and knew not whether she should ever see him again, but she here beheld and had in her power, the same person with a different name only, and she thought it the greatest folly imaginable, to fight for one that was absent, and to forego the same present, to dye for a shadow and to neglect a substance. But we may say it was not these reasons that made her love *Phillip*, the same ideas which at first moved her Soul, and provoked her to love, being found in the person always before her, and in her presence forced her whether she would or no, to the same inclinations; and as the sight of *Conrade* had made her unfaithfull to *Birchfield*, whom she had loved, so

now the same in *Phillip*, urges her to be false to the Duke, whom she never loved. The Dutchess feeling her malady strangely increasing, resolves to find a cure by enjoying *Phillip*, and like a vicious woman, laying all considerations aside, resolves to satiate her self, not doubting in the least to accomplish her ends, with much facility. She valued her self much on her beauty, her quality, and parts, and questioned not, but that *Phillip* would soon understand the felicity should be offered to him. The flame of her unlawfull Love, not being checked by any scruple, nor opposed by virtue, began to grow very unruly, or if you will, the rage of her lust began to be troublesome, and to make her impudent. She endeavours *Maria* to perswade, and discovers her heart and mind to her, she bribes her with Gold, and does all that a flattering Mistress is capable of, to subvert the honesty and integrity of a servant, and to make her faithfull to her. *Maria* soon perceived what the Dutchess would have, and she very unwillingly entertained the secrets of her heart: she had indeed been won by *Birchold*, and she had done him all the offices that lay in her power, but all that time her intentions had been honest, and though she had been an instrument of bringing them together, and perhaps no small occasion of her Ladys Love and kindness for *Birchold*, yet she thought she would have married him, and not have been forced or perswaded to have taken another. But she had seen her Ladys fickle and unjust humour, and had in secret bewailed and pitied the poor forsaken *Birchold*, and let him know how things stood: But now seeing her thus over head and ears in Love with *Phillip*, for the sake of *Corrade*, and her unlawfull aims and intentions, she was not a little perplexed, yet seeing she must either ruine the Dutchess or her self, by any the least discovery of her secrets, she was faine to be silent, and tacitely to give her consent, and to obey her Ladys unlawfull Orders.

ni The Dutchess takes all opportunities of shewing kindnesses to *Phillip*, she discourses with him, corrects him, and with her eyes and her actions, would make him know what he poor dull soul could not understand. He is glad, rejoices, and is not a little proud of the favours of the Dutchess, and of the marks of her esteem, publickly enough shewn him, but has not the wit or capacity, to penetrate into the bottom of her designs, and as his incapacity for love, made him cold and reserved, so that coldness took from him all apprehension of the subtle fetches of an amorous woman. The caresses, favours, cunning speeches, sighs, smiles, dumb signs, and speaking actions, of a passionate lover, were all thrown away on this dull and frozen statue, this piece of walking marble, this sign of a man, and moving effigies, this speaking picture, who no otherwise regarded them than as civilities shewn him for the sake of his Brother, not being able to perceive the marks of passion, or the ends of those favours: but blessing himself for the kindnesses he receives, returns low reverences and diligent submissions. The Dutchess was vexed and angry at his stupidity: Great persons love to be understood at first sight, with a word and a beck, and it is better to be too forward to mistake their intentions, than too backward to apprehend their desires. She complains of her greatness that causes such an affrightful distance, which makes *Phillip* not to understand her; she attributes his dullness and stupidity to his modesty, bashfulness and fear. She has set her foot in the path of iniquity, and she resolves not to return back: Such persons as are greatly vicious, and are also as greatly powerful, cannot brook to be disappointed, it touches two passions at once, Love and disdain; there are also two vices highly concern'd, Lust and Pride; and it is still dangerous to offend great persons, by a refusal of their favours, especially in matters of Love. She thinks she has not yet spoken plain enough to *Phillip*, and questions not but that he will return her kindness as he ought, if he thoroughly understood her desires, or if she could vanquish the fear that she believed might yet possess his mind, and to take away that great awe and respect, which in great persons causes a distance. She resolves therefore to take an opportunity so to effect her designs, as not to be refused, and no longer to expect his approaches, but to go to him, to unmask her self, to lay aside both her disguise and her greatness, and at the same time to sling her self into his arms, and to satiate her desires, and to put it out of his power to refuse her, or to have time to consult his Virtue, or to find excuses.

But you may well think, that all this time we have forgotten *Birchold* her old Lover, and it is but requisite that we give you some account of him. The news of the wedding of the Duke and his unkind Lady, soon arrived at the Camp; at first he would not believe it, and he did not think that his carrying her away, after the favours she had granted him, and the love she had profess'd to him, could irritate her so far, as to make her willingly forsake him, and to marry her self to another. But when he heard it confirm'd, and that it was no longer a thing to be doubted, and that *Maria* had also signified as much to him by a Letter; he fell into a great rage and passion, and grew like one desperate. He had lost all his Lands, and had now nothing to subsist on, but what he could purchase by violence and war, with a handful of men that were left him.

But

But they were such men that had known all Fortunes, and were able to endure her frowns, and to overcome all difficulties, and would surmount dangers. The brave and valiant Lord of Zorn, enraged with the loss of his beloved Michael, took into the Viceroyalty of the Duke of Ulm, and with him and several, waded all before him. He has several successes, and being by them encouraged, he proceeds with victory, and carried on by rage and despair, performs wonders. The Duke recalls his forces he had lent the Earl his P. . . . in Law, who now in his turn assists him with his, and the Duke takes himself in raising wars, which he imagines least himself to need be, and if he can find in his heart to break from the embraces of his fair Dutchess. But by his frequent victories grows strong, and begins to put the Duke into a fear. The Emperor hearing of these broyles, interposes between them, and complaints are sent on all hands to the Imperial Court. The Earl of W. . . . lays claim to certain Lands claimed by Zorn, Zorn asserts his right, and complains of this injury done him by the Earl, and of the Earl for invading him; the Duke likewise for the devastation made within his Territories. The Emperor seeks to compose these differences, but these Champions will dispute their arms, and Zorn begins to threaten the Duke, and to menace the City of Ulm itself, where he kept his residence.

This success of Zorn causes the Duke to go into the field himself, with those new Forces which he had raised, and he parted with regret from his Dutchess. As for the Dutchess, she was not a little glad of it, finding it to be favourable to the defence she had upon Zorn, and she considered the matter, that he was left behind though he was usually valiant for the Duke, and for whom the Duke had a great affection; and therefore at his departure gave him a particular command, to be diligent in his attendance on the Dutchess, and to certify him continually of her health; which mark of his Lords favour, was not a little prized.

Adriana is much troubled to see these ill humours of her Body so much increased by Frowns, but she knows not how to prevent them, and she is very sensible of the danger she should run her self in to cross her amorous designs; she therefore will to the end of them, which she thinks cannot be good. The Dutchess still pours and cherishes the tender flame, who interprets all her favours as simple tokens of his good will and affection, and still receives them with submission and integrity, which put the angry Dutchess upon her resolution, which she had taken, & having told her design to be executed in the absence of her Husband, she makes it be known, that she resolves to spend some time in Hunting to divert her in the absence of the Duke, and to a void company, resolves to lodge privately in the Castle of . . . which was a very strong Castle belonging to the Duke, situate about a league from Ulm, on the meeting of the River Rhine, &c. and the Duke, and almost intercalated with the same river, and here she resolves to lay the scene for her amorous design, and contrives every thing to cunningly, that the most searching eye should not be able to find a flaw in her Honour.

The day appointed being come, attended with the few of her followers, and such whom she selected; in her Coach, she comes to the forest, which was not far from the Castle of . . . where mounting a gentle nag, kept for that purpose, she follows the chase, having . . . and Adriana always near her, and at night retired to the Castle, where she was lodged with great privacy, and without the least mistrust of any design: two or three days thus passed, when on the night of the third day, she having caused . . . to be lodged in a chamber in the Castle, remote from all others, to which there was a private gallery, that led from her apartment, about the middle of the night, her unruly Love, and the thoughts of her attempt, having waked her from sleep, she arises out of her Bed, and giving . . . a strict charge not to stir, who was about to arise out of her pallet, she hung over her, a light silk mantle, richly embroidered, and which hung down to her ankles, her head being richly dressed, as on her bridal night, and slipping on a pair of embroidered velvet slippers, she takes the white wax taper burning in her chamber, in a silver and gilt Candlestick in one hand, and a Dagger in the other, and in this posture she leaves her Chamber, and thorow the private Gallery conveys her self to Philip.

This apparition, in the middle of the night, (as swift, and as tempting as this lovely, and Lustral Dutchess seem'd to be) gave the amant of . . . no little fear, and seeing this bright vision, or charming Angel, at his bed side, could not for some time reassure himself, or be persuaded, that it was any other than a phantasm, or that he was awake, and not in some pleasant Dream. But the Dutchess having devoured him with her eyes, and seeing him half way rising out of his bed, whereby too much fear at her approach, she bid him not to stir, unless he intended she should plunge the Dagger she held fasted up in her hand, into his breast. The favours I have shown you (said she) and the favours I have given you, and the manner, tokens, and signs of my affection, which I have bestowed on you, have been received by you, with too

much

such neglect, and either you have feared to entertain the thoughts of so great happiness, or you have disdain'd my Love, or you have been so stupid as not to have understood the passion I have for you, either of which is alike dangerous to my repose, and to your life, and that we may understand one another better, I have this manner appear'd to you, as you see, and after having made known to you the violence of my passion, and put my life and my honour into your hand, you have now no other way to choose but to answer my desires, and to return me your love, or dye by my hands, and this instrument: putting the point of the Dagger towards his breast.

You may imagin, that *Philip* reflecting on his own impotency, was not a little afraid, and that his life was in danger to be sacrificed to the fury of this Dutchess: and also, that this seems a pretty way of courtship, to command Love, and to menace it with a Dagger. But this Lady was none of those who desired to be adored and sigh'd for, to be worship'd like a Saint, or respected as a virgin, to be fasten'd and fix'd on, to be call'd Goddess, and Angel. Her Love was no platonic and fantastick Love, full of ideas and shadows of adorable Images and respectfull ceremonies, but a love of reason, and full of ardour: Her flames were to be quenched, and her desires were to be satisfied, and that with secrecy, expedition, and without ceremony. *Philip* open'd his mouth and fixing his eyes on the amiable and yet terrible object, spake something to no purpose, confusedly, and abruptly, and his fear and amazement confounding his speech, the Dutchess perceiv'd the slight she had put her Lover in, had in some measure debarr'd her of the satisfaction she expected; And to allay those fearful spirits, she had rais'd, and to re-assure him, she endeavour'd to rectifie the error she had run into, by smoothing her brow, and putting on her sweetest, and most charming looks; she arm'd her eyes with a more soft fire, her countenance was on a sudden serene and amorous, and inviting smiles play'd about her mouth, and a fair heaven seem'd to be spread over that beautiful face, all tempting, charming, and lovely; and laying aside the weapon that was in her hand, she made use of none but rays of light, which shot themselves into the Soul of *Philip*, like so many daggers, for he trembled to see what would have joyc'd another man, this Goddess, setting down the candle out of her hand, and disrobing her self, to sit up the clothes, and lay her self down by him, saying, thus will I charm your fears, and endeavour to take from you your affright. I have laid aside my thunder and lightning, and imagine me no longer the Dutchess of *Ulm*, and your Mistress, but your Lover, and one that expects both to give and take a felicity Princes would not refuse. Notwithstanding these words, *Philip* was getting out of the other side of the Bed, like another *Joseph*, when she laid her arm over him, warm enough to have thaw'd the most snowie chastity. What, (said she something quick) do you fly me? am I a person after all this to be refus'd? then retreating her disturbed spirits, and drawing him gently towards her, she began to smother him with kisses, whilst *Philip* more like one dead than alive, like a Partridge trembling under the pounces of a Hawk, made some faint strugglings, to get from her embraces, and as soon as he could get liberty from the kisses she loaded him with, he cry'd, Ah Madam, I am not able to perform what you expect from me: and I must confess that I am no man, and that it is impossible for me to give you the satisfaction you desire. The Dutchess was so confounded at these words, that she let go her arms from their embrace, and rising half-way out of the bed, thought he had been a woman, but discovering the contrary by his breath, which was bare, she thought he had spoken these words only to elude her, and presently the colour flushing into her cheeks and a fierceness mounting into her eyes, she began to grow terrible to *Philip*, who getting out of the bed, hung himself on his knees by the bed-side, and with many oaths, and alleverations let her know of his misfortune.

It is impossible to give you a relation, of the confusion, this disappointed Lady was in. Her eyes grew fierce and sparkling, her cheeks glow'd with anger and shame, and her rage transporting her, she leaps out of the bed, and flies to her Dagger, but *Philip* being aware of her fury, ran to the Table where his Sword lay, and getting it into his hand, put himself into a posture of defending himself, and had now more confidence to speak to the enraged Lady, who seeing she could not work her will, and that she was disappointed as well of her revenge as of her pleasure, she appear'd like a distracted Fury, and all her lovely charms grew terrible and frightfull. Whether it be true or false, (said this incensed Dutchess) that you have told, or whether thou art impotent, or whether thou art Virtuous, tis not much matter, for thou shalt dye for my mistake. But *Philip* had no mind to be kill'd, and he kept her off at the point of his Sword, which he advanced against the fairest breast in the world, and withall, by a thousand oaths and imprecations, endeavour'd to assure her, that it was nothing else but the impossibility of giving her the satisfaction she expected, that made him refuse her, and fly from her embraces. He told her more fully how he came by his misfortune, he promised, and vow'd secrecy, he

swore

swore no other should know of this action but themselves, that he would himself endeavour to forget it, and to believe this only a vision or a Dream, provided she did no ways attempt his life for this misfortune, he told her, if she did, and that he should fall by her malice, as he easily might, that he would before-hand so order the business, by leaving this nights action under his hand and seal, in the keeping of a Friend, that should after his death deliver it to the Duke, and publish what she would conceal by his Death, and therefore advised her, for the safety of her own honour, to let him live, and that he would be secret, silent, and faithful, and her shame should be hid, and her honour safe.

The Dutchess saw no other remedy, she heard all he said, and without reply, and full of confusion, flings her mantle about her, slips on her pastosles, takes up the Candle, and leaves *Phillip*, not a little glad, that he was rid of this amiable Fury, to return to his Bed, to think on this adventure. *Mariana* sees her Lady return, but with such marks of disturbance in her looks, such confusion in her eyes, such signes of anger in her face, and of shame in her cheeks, that she could not but admire, at what had happened, but her respect locking up her mouth, she saw her set down the taper, and disturbedly to fling her self into her Bed. She heard her all night sigh, and roie about from one side to the other, to talk to herself, and to do things that signified either distraction, or much passion, and whereby she judg'd her Lady had receiv'd no great satisfaction from that nights ramble. The next day the Dutchess feigns her self sick, causes her Coach to be made ready, returns to *Ulme*, and writing dispatches to the Duke, where in she tells him (with a great deal of feminine cunning, and colloquing) how deadly his absence is to her, that nothing can divert her trouble for his eloinment, that she was in perpetual care for his welfare, and that like the flower of the sun, she should droop till his return, and wither like the female Palm in the absence of the male, with a thousand other kind expressions to wheedle the Duke; she causes *Mariana* to give them to *Phillip*, and to send him with them to his Master, with charge not to leave him, but to attend him whilst he continued in the Field. *Phillip* who had not dar'd to appear before the Dutchess, was glad to be gone, and entertained the news joyfully. All this *Mariana* saw, and wonder'd at, and more, that the Dutchess did no ways open this mystery to her since she had been the confident of all her other secrets; but as there is nothing which has more power over a great Soul than shame, the Dutchess could not relate this misadventure, even to *Mariana* her self, but kept it smother'd up within her own Breast.

The Duke receives the kinde Letters of his Dutchess, and not a little satisfied with her Love, and care, after he had put his affairs into a good posture, he returns post to *Ulme*, to the embraces of his Dutchess. *Phillip* returns with him, but he keeps as much as he can out of her presence, she cannot behold him without disturbance, confusion, and shame, and that very object which was once so delightfull in her eyes, was now as hateful and monstrous, and she cannot look upon him without perplexity and vexation. However she is not yet satisfied, whether *Phillip* had told her truth or no, and she had a desire to know more certainly the truth, whether it was his inability, or his virtue, that had made him refuse her. Shame had hitherto kept her from revealing her disappointment to *Mariana*, but now her curiosity was grown so great, that it overcame her shame, and one day taking *Mariana* into her closet, she there at large related her night adventure, and at last consulted with *Mariana*, how she should come to be assured of what she doubted, *Mariana* could not but smile inwardly, and was glad at her heart, that the Dutchess had been so served, and so strangely cured of her violent passion, which she perceived she had for *Phillip*, not that it was her virtue, that caused this, but for the sake of *Birchold*, who had tyed her formerly so fast to his interests, that she could not but with him still well in her heart, and hoped, perhaps, that this sick humour of the Dutchess, might cause her to look again on the object of her old love, and to have pity on his sufferings, since she had no scrupulous virtue about her. These were the thoughts of *Mariana*, but she told the Dutchess that she would very suddenly give her a very full and satisfactory account of the truth of what she desired to know.

Phillip being perhaps one of the handsomest men in the world, had many of the female sex fighting for him, and there were others besides the Dutchess that were desperately in love with him, and among the rest, a gentlema's Daughter of the City, had an acquaintance of *Mariana*, and one that had partly acknowledg'd it to her, though not plainly confess it. With this young Gentlewoman *Mariana* makes a more intimate acquaintance, and as a great secret told her, how she had heard, that *Phillip*, whom she had an affection for, was an Eunuch, and that that was the reason he was so cold in matters of Love, and made addresses of that nature in none. By this you may see what the nature of love is, and whatever the modesty of the sex would have us to believe, 'tis frustration, and a satisfaction of nature, and appetite, that causes their flame, and their Love cannot be contented with eyes and mouth, nor with kisses and discourse, and

that there is something else to be expected; for this young Virgin, at the relation of *Mari-ana*, found such a cooler, that it had almost put out all her flame. But *Mariana* having a design in all this, perceiving her troubled, and hearing her sigh at the news, advised her not rashly to give credit to the report, but since that it so nearly concern'd her, to be assured of what she doubted before she engaged her self any further into a fruitless Love: She would assist her, and put her into a way to be assured of the truth; if she could find out two men that she could trust, and on whose relation she might confide. The young gentlewoman, very desirous to be sure of a thing that so much concern'd her, proposed a brother of hers, and a Kinsman, whom she durst trust, and on whose relation she would confide, *Mariana* out of kindness proposed two more of her Friends, attendants of the Dutchess, that should assist them in it, and having with her laid the plot, how it should be effected, she departed and acquainted the Dutchess with all she had done, and how by this means she should be satisfied by the curiosity of another, and without any danger of betraying her self, by her desire of information.

This pleased the Dutchess, and not many nights after, *Philip* returning out of the City, to the Palace, was surprized by four men in rizzards, who muffled him with their Cloaks, and stopping his mouth, carryed him into a house, and there laying him on the floor, and binding his hands and feet, they made a search, and being satisfied themselves, that he was very cleanly gilt, and was a perfect Eunuch, they unbound him, carryed him forth muffled, at a good distance from the house, and there left him in the street, to return home, conveying themselves soon out of his sight. *Philip* vext at the heart, believ'd this was done by the Dutchess her order, yet not daring to take any notice of it, he was silent, and forced to put it up, hoping that having by this means received full satisfaction of the truth of his assertions, she would let him be quiet, and not attempt against his Life.

The Dutchess thus satisfied her doubt but not her rancour, *Philip* though innocent and secret, was yet an eyesore, & she could not behold him with any patience: she would fain have him discarded from the Dukes service, but knew not how to perform it handsomely. The Duke doted on him, and will not be without him, and she had nothing to alledge against him that she durst own, but thinking to bring him into disgrace, she causes it to be whisper'd about the Court and City, that he was an Eunuch; and the trick that was put upon him is privately related. This having once taken breath, flew about in every place, and tiding some blabbed it in every corner. The young Gentlewoman who had conspired with *Mariana*, and who was so deeply smitten with this handsome *Philip*, was fully satisfied by these persons she had employ'd, that he was no man, and her love vanish'd in a moment. All those ladies in *Ulm*, who were dying every moment for this beautiful young man, were on the sudden cured by the report went of him. This *Philip* who but a little before appeared in their eyes a very *Adonis*, is on a sudden grown a very *Colossus*, a monster, ugly and deformed in their eyes. They point at him as he goes along the streets, and cry there goes the sign of a man, a walking picture, a moving statue, a Capon, a gelding, and the like, and all those women, that was before fond of his company, now shunn'd him, and made him their diversion.

This report was now grown so common, that it came at last to the Dukes Ears. The Dutchess makes her self sport with it, and every body laughs at the misfortune of poor *Philip*. He being thoroughly vext, goes to the Duke to be discharged, and resolves to retire home to his Father at *Wittenberg*. But the Duke has so great a love for him, he will not part with him, and taking *Philip* aside, he asks him, whether this rumour were a truth, or else maliciously raised to doe him a prejudice. *Philip* would not lye to the Duke, but confess his misfortune, and the evil accident which brought him to it. However, the Duke will not hearken to his request of leaving him, but resolving to stick by his servant, he commands that none dare to jeer, or scoff at *Philip*, and railing with the Dutchess, he told her, that although *Philip* had lost the love of all the women, yet that he was the more fit to be trusted by all men, for that Eunuchs make still the most diligent and most faithful servants, and were intrusted with things of the greatest consequence, as not easily to be wheedled by women, not to be tempted by their Beauty, nor enflamed by their Love. And thus the Dutchess, who had to get rid of *Philip*, caused the report of his being gilt to be spread abroad, lest her end, and in spite of all her endeavours, he stay'd still with the Duke, whose frowns and commands, kept all from scoffing at *Philip*, and after some few weeks, that all things else pass'd away, and there were no more words of it.

But the anger of an innocent woman is not so soon allayed, the malice of the Dutchess still fixt, and being vext at the soul, at the sight of this *Philip*, she resolves to be rid of him. The whiteness of her reputation may be easily sullied, by one blast of his tongue. Her Honour, and Life is entrusted to his keeping. He knows too much, and his trust is too great for him to bear with life. The secrets of great persons prove ever dangerous to those they are communicated to; their

they love not to ſee witneſſes of their Follies, not to have living complices of their Treasons. The Dutcheſs knows no reſt, whilſt *Phillip* lives, and ſince ſhe cannot remove him from the Duke, by all her artifiſes, She reſolves co ſend him packing by Death. She had forgot his former menaces, or if ſhe remembred them, ſhe yet hoped ſo to effect her deſigne, as he ſhould not be able to perform them, or elſe her eager paſſions were too ſtrong for all other conſiderations, and overcame her prudence and diſcretion; the wicked uſually prepare rods for themſelves, and are taken in their own ſnares. Heaven ſtill lets ſimple innocency triumph and appear victorious, over policy, and ſubtil machinations: and truth over falſhood, and combinations. The Dutcheſs having thought on many ways, to get rid of this Eunuch, that troubled her ſo much, at laſt pitched upon poiſon, as the moſt ready, and unſuſpected, and by her means the innocent *Phillip* has it adminiſtered to him, by a bribed Cook. But alas! ſhe liv'd in a Country not ſo ſkilful in that damnable Art as *Italy*, or *Spain*. The *Germans* ſimplicity had not introduced that wicked way of being rid of an Enemy. It was not there become a particular art, and ſtudied. They know not how to poiſon to an hour, and to a day. They were rude and unſkilful, in this art, as appeared by *Phillip*, for the poiſon wrought too violently, and manifeſted it ſelf too ſoon. It was not quick enough in its diſpatch, or it was not ſo ſlow as to take off all ſuſpition. *Phillip* finds ſoon by his ſickneſs, that he is poiſoned, and the Phiſitians who are ſent for, tell him no leſs. His Face, Tongue, throat, and eyes, are ſwell'd, and black, and his life is threatned every moment. He feels his Torments within, which rack his Bowells, and is ready to put him into a frenzy. He knows this comes from the implacable Dutcheſs, and he reſolves before he dyes to be reveng'd. He had kept her ſecret till now, but intends to keep it no longer. He ſends therefore for the troubled Duke, who was ſorry for his ſervant, and having made all perſons elſe to avoid the room, he lets him know the viſit the Dutcheſs had given him, and fully informs him of the reaſon of her malice, and his empoiſoning.

The Duke was like one thunder-ſtruck at his relation, and amazed at his accuſation, he began to queſtion whether *Phillip* were not diſtracted by his diſeaſe, but having heard him confirm it with many oaths and imprecations, and to take it on his Salvation, expecting every moment to dye; trouble and Grief ſucceeded his wonder and aſtoniſhment, and Jealouſie and rage follow'd after. He ſtay'd ſome time to compoſe himſelf, and charged *Phillip* to let no other know of his diſhonour, telling him, that if he dyed, he would revenge his death, and if he lived, reward his fidelity. He gives charge to his Phiſitians to do their utmoſt to ſave his Life, which they do, and *Phillip* being ſtrong and young, Nature was ſo prevalent, that he caſt forth the poiſon out of his body, by the help of oyle and medicines, and at laſt overcame it, expelling it at all parts. But it was not without the loſs of his hair, and nails, and peeling off of the Cuticula, or outward ſkin, and the looſening of his teeth. The Duke in the mean time ſmothered his trouble all he could, but he could not diſſemble it from the piercing eye of the Dutcheſs, who ſuſpected the cauſe of this alteration, and fully believ'd, that *Phillip* had accuſed her. But ſhe reſolves to deny it, and knows he can have no wiſneſs, and therefore little values it; ſhe was more vext, ſhe had not effected her deſigne, in diſpatching *Phillip*, and the Duke had ſet too ſure a guard on him, for her to kill him any other way.

As ſoon as *Phillip* was recovered, though he ſtill wore the marks of the poiſon about him, the Duke carried him with him into the Dutcheſs her Chamber, and making all others but *Mariana* to avoid the room, he cauſed *Phillip* to accuſe her to her face, which he did. The Dutcheſs ſeem'd not much moved, but took it as if the Duke did but jeſt with her. But the Duke growing into choller, and charging her with her crime, ſhe ſeeming as angry, and as high, ſtately deny'd it, and told him, ſhe would have ſatiſfaction for that baſe abuſe put upon her: ſhe ſo utterly deny'd all that *Phillip* had ſaid, and with ſo many aſſeverations, that *Phillip* ſtood amazed, and began to ſee his folly and danger of accuſing the Dutcheſs, having no proof for what he ſaid, and the Dutcheſs telling the Duke, that this was only the extream malice of *Phillip*, becauſe he thought ſhe favour'd the report, and had jeſted too openly at the news of his Eunuchſhip, and calling *Mariana* to witneſs for her, who alſo as ſtoutly ſtood in the defence of her Lady, crying out that *Phillip* was a Villain, and a perjurd perſon; that the Duke began to waver in his belief; and poor *Phillip* to be thought criminal, and the Dutcheſs innocent. There was but his yea, and the Dutcheſs had not only her nay, but her ſervant alſo to juſtifie her negative. The ſubtile Lady perceiving the Dukes mind wavering, falls on her knees, and craves his juſtice againſt *Phillip*, for accuſing her ſo wrongfully, and with tears in her eyes, began to move the heart of the Duke, when *Phillip* ſeeing the danger he had brought himſelf into, fell upon his knees, and implores Heaven to protect his innocency, and to make known the crimes of the Dutcheſs. The Duke knew not what to think of this buſineſs, and knowing that his Dutcheſs had not deſiled his bed, but intentionally, if that were true ſhe was accuſed of, he thought he

would make too great a noise in the world, if he should imprison either the Dutchess, or *Phillip*, and bring his honour into question, therefore he gave them a charge to make no more words of it, and to let none in the world besides themselves to know of this secret, that neither himself nor his Dutchess might be dishonour'd, and giving her many good words to pacifie her, returned with *Phillip*, whom he kept still about him.

However the Duke seem'd to dissemble, he was extremely troubled in his minde, and *Phillip* still standing firm in his accusation, Jealousie began to prevail upon his Soul, and to disturb and imbitter all his thoughts. He grows melancholly, churlish, and morose, and all the beauties of the Dutchess lessen and wither in his eye, and all her caresses are coldly answer'd. The Dutchess on the other side, carries her self proudly and disdainfully, & the Duke grows odious in her eyes, and an apparent breach seems to be made between them. The Dutchess curses her marriage, and the time that she forsook *Birchold*, the kind and loving *Birchold*: she weeps, she sobs, she grows angry, and though she knows her self in fault, she thinks her self wrong'd, and calls her self unhappy and wretched.

Mariana look'd for all this, and as she had ever been a friend to *Birchold*, she was not sorry in her heart at this breach, and she fails not privately to send him notice of it, and to give him encouragement to renew his amours. The Lord of *Zeringen* had given several overthrows to the forces of the Duke, and becoming victorious, began to be feared, and the Duke was forced once more to go to the Camp himself, and which he now did more willingly than before, the ill opinion he had entertained of the Dutchess, having broken all her charms. In the mean time, *Birchold* having received *Mariana's* Letters, with whom he still kept a private correspondence, and still passionately loving the Dutchess of *Ulme*, was overjoy'd, and his unlawful hopes revived. But *Mariana* had been so faithful to her Lady, as not to discover the occasion of this breach between her and the Duke, and never made the least mention of *Phillip*, lest he should have been checkt thereat. *Birchold* upon the news writes to *Mariana*, and incloses in her Letter another to the Dutchess. *Mariana* receives them, yet though she believed her Ladies affection for *Birchold* encreased, with her aversion for the Duke, yet she durst not attempt to give her *Birchold's* Letter: she knew her to be of an hangry and proud spirit, and she stood in awe of her anger: But having a great desire to serve *Birchold*, she lays them in her Cabinet, and purposely putting something out of the way, that she knew the Dutchess would want, and one morning her self sick, could not come to attend the Dutchess, who missing what she had purposely lay'd in her Cabinet, and asking *Mariana* for it, (being a bracelet of Diamonds and Rubies that she prized) she made as if she would have rose out of her bed, to have fetch'd it, but being forbid by the Dutchess, she told her, she had lay'd it in the drawer of her Cabinet. The Dutchess looking her self for her Bracelet, there found the Letters, the cunning *Mariana* had laid for her, knowing her curiosity would soon make her reade them. *Mariana* seeing her to take them out, seem'd to be troubled, and to ask her pardon, telling her, she had lately received them from Lord *Birchold*, but that she intended to have sent them back, and not to have let her see them. The Dutchess not much minding *Mariana*, owns her Letter, in which she reads these words,

Though your adorable Lady (kinde *Mariana*) has left the most passionate Lover in the world for the Duke of *Ulme*, who thereby is become my mortal Enemy, and that I know no other crime I ever committed against her, but what my love might justify, I cannot as yet shake off from my self, those bright Ideas of your amiable Lady, which eternally adhere to it. Therefore (kinde *Mariana*) let me beg you so far to favour my passion, as to deliver this inclosed to the Dutchess, which is only to tell her, that I am going to dye by the hand of her Duke, and that the wretched and forsaken Lord of *Zeringen* dyes here: this will crown all the services you have done for the unfortunate *Birchold*, and which shall be remembered by your friend,

ZERINGEN.

Mariana observed her Lady to sigh, a good Omen, and immediately taking up the other letter she perceiv'd it to be directed, To the Dutchess of *Ulme*. She breaks it open, and reads these words.

Madam,

Since I still love you, I dare not accuse you, and though you have left me for another, I will not complain, but believe that it was my ill destiny, and your better Fortune, that you are become happy, and I miserable: but yet Madam, though you should account it a crime, now to invade your repose, I must tell you, that I still love you, with the same passionate Love which you once admitted of, and then after having

once

once entertained your Image into my heart, is can never be capable of admitting any other there; and that finding my self forsaken, and miserable, I am now going to dye, and by a voluntary Death, to expiate whatever crime I have committed against you: but know Madam, that I dye constant, and that in the last article of my Death, I shall acknowledg this truth, that I dye yours, and faithfull to the last gasp.

ZERINGEN.

The Dutchess could not read this Letter without manifesting by her tears in her eyes, and the sholer in her cheeks, that she was most sensibly touched, and that it came in a time, when her disquits against the Duke were so great, that the Love she had yet in one corner of her heart for *Birthead*, began to issue out, and to make strange efforts upon her Soul. She turned to *Mariana*, and looking something disturbedly; Whether (said she) this be accident or designe, that has put this Letter into my hand, I will not now examine, but I will let you know *Mariana*, that I have too much Love and pittie left, to let poor *Birthead* perish, and as the case now stands with me, I am not quite so unfortunate as I thought my self, since he still loves me, and may yet be a means to draw me out of the labyrinth of woe, I am about to be intangled in, by this jealous Duke. Two days after she put a letter into the hands of *Mariana*, and bid her to send it to *Birthead*, which was this,

To the Lord of Zeringen.

Birthead! If I have yet any command over your Soul, as you say I have, then you must not dye, but preserve a life that is precious to me, and may yet be serviceable to redeem me from misery. Time may alter our fortunes, and your constancy may be rewarded by

Anne Ulme.

This Letter gave new life to *Birthead*, or rather call'd back that passion which was about to vanish and decay; and he thought not now so much of Conquering the Duke, as of overcoming the Dutchess, by *Mariana's* means, who further'd *Birthead's* love all she could; there were several other letters pass'd between them, and the old leaven of love fermenting anew in the Breast of the Dutchess, she became wholly *Birthead's*. She wishes him victorious, puts up private prayers for his success, and entertains the news of his Conquests with Joy. She is already a traytress to her Husband, has conspir'd against him in her heart, and betray'd him in her wishes.

Whilst the Duke was absent, *Birthead* encouraged by his Love, and emboldned by the amorous and kind Letters of the Dutchess, comes over privately, and in disguise to *Ulme*, and whilst the Duke is besieging a Castle taken from him by *Birthead*, he is at the same time beleaguering his Dutchess, and with better success; for *Birthead* and she compos'd all their former differences, and entred into a stricter League of amity than ever. What mutual kindnesses passed between them at that time I could never learn: but it is very likely, as we may judge by their sequent actions, that such unscrupulous Lovers made use of opportunity. However the Dutchess dismiss him with very much satisfaction, and inspired him with so much courage, that he beat the Duke out of the Field, and sent him to *Ulme* to raise more men. He returns, but what with the Jealous passion in his Breast, and the ill humour for his Losses, he was very ill company, and gave the Dutchess but little of his conversation; all their amorous Dalliances were laid aside, and all those fondnesses which they had shew'd, were no more used, and they now seemed like old married people, that were neglectfull, if not weary of one another. A great coldness and strangeness grew every day more and more on both sides, and the Duke carrying himself surly and churlishly, and the Dutchess haughtily and proudly, it came very neer to an open breach. This was observed, and being related to the Earl her Father, he came over to *Ulme* to do good offices between them, being incensed against his Daughter, and thought to command her as a Father; But she had too stubborn a Soul to be chequ'd, and thinking her self tormented between her Father and her Husband, she resolves to berid of her perplexity, by joyning her self to her former Lover, who was now in a capacity of maintaining her against them both.

Being thus precipitate by a blind fury, an unjust hatred, and an unlawfull Love, she sends privately to *Birthead*, to surprise her, and carry her away by force. The plot is laid between them, and the day and hower appointed: which being come, the Dutchess (as she used most evenings to do) repaired to a long walk, under a row of great and stately Elmes, which grew by the side of the *Danow*; at the farther end of which were several Seats, where the Dutchess and her Ladys used to repose themselves. They had not been there long, but they perceived a Boat with six Oars rowing from the other side of the *Danow*, and putting ashore near to the place

where the Ladys sat, about six men armed, getting speedily out of the Boat, seized on the Dutchess and *Mariana*, who seeming to cry out, and to struggle, took off all suspicion of the designed plot. The rest of the women ran shrieking away, and those few men who attended the Dutchess, being at a distance, whilst she was in that privacy, they were got into the boat, before they could come up to them, and at a good distance from the shore.

The Duke, and the Earl his Father-in-Law, who was still there, had quickly news of the rape committed on the Dutchess, and several Troops were order'd to pursue the Ravishers, but the Boat going down the stream, with the strength and force of oars, soon came to the place appointed for their landing, and there *Birchold* (for it was he) was received into a Coach and six horses, guarded by five hundred Horse, which conducted them safe to the Camp of the Lord of *Zeringen*, where he kept his beautilous prize. But I doubt this Eagle has taken a Serpent for his prey, that will entwist her self about him, and sting him to death.

The Duke soon hears where his Dutchess is, and believes so well of her, as to think she was carried away against her will. But it is not long ere he is undeceived, and has reason to judge otherways. For *Birchold* and she no longer conceal'd their Loves, but having her in his power, owned her openly as his wife, declaring they were privately contracted before the Duke knew her, and that the Duke had all this time robb'd him of his wife, as her Father had done of his Lands, and that now having gotten her into his possession, and by force of Arms, he was resolv'd not to part with her, but with his life, and to defend her with his Sword, and to the last drop of his blood in his body. The Dutchess, that the world might think she was forc'd, made some formal resistance, and yielded as it were to his power, and by constraint. But *Birchold* used her as his wife and would call her by no other name.

The Duke, and the Earl, are both enraged, and the affront and disgrace mov'd the Duke more than any affection for his Dutchess, whom he look'd on now as a Strumpet, and not fit for his bed. They now raise all the Force they are able to make, and mutually vow Revenge. But *Birchold* for a while baffles them both, and worsts them several times. He seems to triumph in his wickedness, and Heaven to take part with the wrong side: It is many times so for a while, and for causes best known to Heaven it self, but at last God fails not to magnifie his own Glory, and to punish such triumphant Criminals; and now the time is come, that the confident *Birchold* shall pay dear for his Adultery, and that the deceitfull Dutchess shall be punished for her crimes. For *Birchold*, thinking a little too presumptuously of an advantage he had gotten of ground, attack'd very desperately the Duke and Earl in their Trenches, and forced them to a Battell they did not look for. But though the charge was unexpected and very furious, the enraged Duke, & the skillful old Earl, made so stout a resistance, and so great a slaughter of *Birchold's* men, that they began to turn head, which being soon perceived by the Duke and Earl, they follow'd upon them so closely, and with such vigour, that they gave *Birchold* a thorow overthrow, and pursuing them seven miles, forced him and the Dutchess, who was with him, to betake themselves to a Castle, with a small body of Horse that kept them company.

The Duke, and Earl, were not a little joyful of this unexpected good Fortune, and that they had taken the wolf in the Trap, that had done them so much mischief. They presently drew all their Forces before the place, resolving there to leave their lives, or take it: and *Birchold's* scatter'd Troops, not being in a condition to relieve him, he and the Dutchess saw them selves in a very ill condition. However the Lord of *Zeringen* made a stout resistance, and the Dutchess her self, to encourage their Souldiers, appeared every day upon the walls, and exposed all her Beauties to peril and danger. But on the other side, the enraged Duke, and the Angerd Earl, made several general assaults, and were beaten back, by the Courageous *Birchold*; yet at last, being overpower'd with men, and wearied by continual Dury, and watching, the Souldiers fainted, and being once more attack'd with the joynt Forces of the Duke, and Earl, the Castle was enter'd, at a breach they had made. *Birchold*, who had done all that a valiant man could do, resolves not to be taken alive, and to become the scorn of the Victors, but thrusting himself into the hottest of the action, there dy'd with his Sword in his hand, and surrounded with his slain Enemies. The Dutchess had not the heart to fly to a voluntary Death, though she resisted her Fate all she could, and was taken with arms in her fair hands, encouraging the Souldiers with her words, and actions. Being taken and brought before her Husband, and Father, the Earl would have run her thorow with his own hand, but was hinder'd by the Duke, who bid him remember he was a Christian, and ought not to commit such bloody outrages, and that he was her father, that had given her Life, and therefore it were unnatural for him to take it from her, and told him, since she had transgressed more against him as a husband, it was requisite, that her punishment should be left to him, who was resolved not to chastize her by Death,

Death, but to give her a Life, that ſhould be far leſs deſireable, and which might give her time to repent of her crimes, and ſave her Soul.

The Duke having thus ſtop't the firſt violences of the Earls Rage, ſent away the Dutcheſs, and the dead Body of *Birbold*, with a ſtrong Guard to his Caſtle of *Blaford*: whiſt he, and the Earl, following their good ſucceſs, recover'd all they had loſt, by the valour of *Birbold*, and he being dead, and none left to reſiſt, they ſoon finiſh'd the Campaign, and reſtor'd the Countrey again to peace, and quietneſs. The Earl returning home, the Duke alſo marches back to *Ulme*, diſbands his Armie, and betakes himſelf to his repoſe, and having reſolv'd to puniſh his Adultrous Dutcheſs, he cauſes *Adrianus* to be taken from her, and being chaſtiſed as a complice of her Crimes, baniſh'd her his territories. The Lady he cauſed to be put into a Room, where no light of day, or ſhine of Sun could ever enter, in which he cauſed a Bed to be ſet up, and the room to be hang'd all with Black, a lamp continually burning in the middeſt of it, A little Table by her Bed ſide, and a Prayer Book: a picture of a Beautiful Lady embracing a Knight on the one ſide, and the ſame Knight and Lady tormented by the Devils in hell on the other ſide of the Chamber, as objects to remember her of her Crimes, and to ſtir her up to repentance. This was the furniture of her room, and to abate the heat of her Luſt, he had given a ſtrict charge, that ſhe ſhould have nothing but Bread and water three times a week, and at other times, a ſpice dyes. He allow'd her no other cup to drink in, but the Scul of *Birbold*, which he had cauſed purpoſely to be made into a cup, and tipt it round with ſilver, nor no other carpet on her table, or table-Cloath but his ſkin, which he had cauſed for that intent to be ſlay'd off, and dres'd, nor no other Trencher or plate, but the bladebone of his ſhoulder, contriv'd on purpoſe for her into that form; and ſtrictly commanded, that no perſon in the world, ſhould be permitted to ſee or ſpeak to her, except a Prieſt he ſhould order to confeſs her once a month, and that ſhe ſhould have no Knife or any other thing, whereby ſhe might hurt her ſelf, left with her, and that he might be ſure to have this punctually performed, and that ſhe might not be able to corrupt her keeper, he gave the command of the Caſtle to *Phillip*, and made him her Jaylor, with a ſtrict charge, that no other ſhould be ſuffer'd to ſee or ſpeak with her, but himſelf, and the Prieſt he ſhould ſend with a warrant under his hand and Seale.

Phillip, who had no good will to this Lady, undertook the charge not unwillingly, reſolving to obſerve his Lords directions very punctually, believing them very juſt, and good for the Soul of the offending Dutcheſs, and a puniſhment fit for her crime, and more horrible than death. And no queſtion, but there are puniſhments to be thought on, that would be more terrible and ſtrict than Death, which we ſee them turn into as to the end of miſerie, and affliction, and which they would much ſooner chooſe, than a life full of labour and Pain. After this manner was the Dutcheſs puniſh'd by Heaven, and her Husband, both being merciful to her Soul, in not deſtroying it with her Body: But unleſs God move and change the heart, all our hardſhips will not work on Nature. The Dutcheſs had a haughty and a ſtubborn Soul, and to her this puniſhment ſeem'd more cruel and ſevere than Death it ſelf: to be buried thus alive, and to live without the light of day, and with all thoſe horrid remembrances about her, and alſo as the greateſt addition to her torment, to have the hateful *Phillip* to be her Jaylor, put her into a flood of tears, and ſeeing ſhe could get nothing to rid her of her Life, ſhe thought to do it with faſting, and it was ſome days, ere ſhe would touch any thing, that was brought her; but at laſt Nature call'd upon her, and aſſaulted her with its weakneſſes, and her hunger forced her to accept of her ſorrowful allowance, having not reſolution enough to undergo the death of ſtarving, and ſhe was compell'd to drink out of that ſkull, and eat on that bony plate that was prepared for her, and on that ſkin ſhe had ſo often embraced, or elſe be ſure ſhe would die; and after a while, theſe dreadfull appearances, by cuſtom and uſe became more familiar, and leſs afflictive, and ſhe endured her puniſhment, though not without ſighs, tears, and troubles, yet with a conſtancy and reſolution ſutable to her great miſdeed.

After this manner, lived this Adulterous Dutcheſs for the ſpace of three years, never ſeeing the face of any but *Phillip*, and the Prieſt that was ſent to her. And now one would think in all this time, that ſhe ſhould have become a Saint, and have been prepared for another world; and have had no thoughts of this, and no hopes of overcoming the indignation of an innocent Husband, ſo highly provoked by her Crimes, much leſs that ſhe ſhould after all this reſtaſtance to her old Sin, and that being thus ſtrictly immur'd, ſhe ſhould be able to commit new Adulteries: But there is no Guard ſufficient to ſecure a vicious Woman, when ſhe ſets no watch upon her heart, and that her ſoul is not guarded by virtue; not can Love and opportunity be withſtand kept out by Bars, Locks, and guards, for they overcome the ſtrictest guards, and elude the moſt watchful ſpies, and to prove this, we ſhall ſee the unmortified Dutcheſs, now withſtanding

all this strict care and punishment, in the embraces of a new adulterer. But we will first let you understand the Life that the Duke leads at *Ulme*.

The Duke, having thus lost the society of his Criminal Dutchess, has a very ill opinion of all Women, and believes none honest. He presently gives a loose to his Lustful desires, and resolves to make as many as he can like himself. There is hardly a handsome Virgin in *Ulme* that he doth not betray, nor a beautiful woman he doth not corrupt, and though he was none of the most taking men, yet his power and his gold made most of them his. The Palace became a meer Seraglio, and his Court an honourable Stews. He kept several publicly and in the face of the world. His mistresses drain his Coßers, and having gain'd his heart, not only rob his purse, but meddle in his affairs, and thrust themselves into publique businesses, causing trouble and vexation to his subjects: they take bribes, pervert justice, trouble Councils, and meddle with every thing, ruling and commanding the Duke as they pleas'd. Princes are like lights, to which all eyes are directed, their Virtues or Vices become exemplar, they have presently many followers, either in good or evil, and most square their actions to the form and mode of the Prince, and to the fashion and guise of the Court; so that in a little time the City of *Ulme*, before noted for virtue and sobriety, became debosh'd, wanton and effeminate. Every man kept his Mifs, and every woman was proud of her Gallant: marriage became a Scandall, and a wife a shame, and the place grew suddenly noted for Luxurie and wantonness, so very prevalent is the example of a Prince, who draws the multitude after his steps. But God is no respecter of persons, he will chastise the mighty as well as the humble, and the Princely Adulterer, as well as the meanest Criminal. He will scourge the many, as well as the few; and punish Cities and nations, when their sins are full and ripe, as well as private persons. The City of *Ulme*, in which the fire of Lust, and unchastity burned, was by accident, the hand of Providence, set on fire, and most of it consumed in the flames. The Duke himself felt the raging fire of a burning Feaver, that had almost carried him away, yet being spared, he relapsed into his former Crimes, without reflecting on the Chastisement of Heaven. But God will not be mock'd, and when his mercies are slighted, his Anger grows terrible, and since the Duke doth not repent him of his Crimes, nor forsake his evil manner of living, corrupting and violating both virgins, and married wives, for the example of others God now intends to punish him, and to let the world see he was no respecter of persons.

Whilst the Duke spends his time riotously in *Ulme*, and his Dutchess solitarily in the Castle of *Blasford*, Captain *Comrade* follows the pursuit of dangerous Honour in *Hungary*. By the death of many *Turks*, by the often exposing his life to danger, by exhibiting much Courage, by the effort of many valiant Actions, by a great deal of hardships, and through a thousand difficulties, dangers, and hazardous attempts, he obtains that airy Mistress Honour. He is loaded with Palmes, enriched with praises, advanced with Honour, and satisfied with spoils. Fame resounds the worth of Captain *Comrade*, and he seems the Darling of Fortune. Having thus run thorow four whole years and more, after this manner, friezing in winter, and melting in summer, acquainting himself with all the hardships that attend a Camp, a truce being made for a time, *Comrade* returns to *Vienna*, full of glory and renown, and from thence with the Emperors leave, home to his own Country, to give a visit to his friends, and to divert himself with them, till the end of the truce should call him again to action. All this while, notwithstanding the tumults of armies, and the troubles of wars, length of time, and distance from the object, this Captain had reserved intire in his heart, the Image of the Lady *Anne* of *Werdenberg*, and preserv'd her memory, and Love, and she was there so well engraven, as in all this time not to be worn out. He is no sooner at *Villengen*, but he quickly learns all her Fortune, her marriage with the Duke of *Ulme*, the fate of the Lord of *Zerzingen*, her imprisonment in the Castle of *Blasford*, where his Brother was Constable, and of all that Fame, or common report could inform him.

There had ever been between these two Brother Twins, a very great and intire affection, and the strange likeness of their outward forms, begat a similitude in their Loves, and they mutually affected, and sympathiz'd one with another, even from their younger days, and though Fortune had the power to separate them, their love and affection continued, and they had still the same kindness one for the other. *Comrade* finding the powerfull Image of the lovely Lady *Anne* appearing still before the eye of his minde, with all those charms she had overcome him with, when he released her from her Ravishers, and calling also into memory her kind Letter, and all her amorous expressions, found he had a great desire to see her, notwithstanding the change of her condition, and pitying her close imprisonment, urged by love, and a growing passion, he resolves to offer her his service, and which he thought he might effect, by the means of his Brother, who as he understood, was her keeper. He therefore very privately, and without any attendance steals over to *Blasford*, to give his Brother a visit, and to be informed more concerning

concerning his old Mistress, and because he would not be seen, he stays at a house in a little village near the Castle, and sends a messenger with a note to his Brother *Phillip*, that informs him of his being so near him. *Phillip* was transported with joy, at the return of his dear Brother, and hastened away with all speed to see the true Image of his own self, and without company, because his Brother desired it, though he could not but wonder at the secrecy, and caution that he used in that visit. The Brothers meet, and after their first transports, and embraces, they fall into discourse of things past, and *Conrade* having given him some short account of his adventures, receiv'd a more full account from *Phillip* of his, and for that they were used to hide nothing from one anothers knowledge, *Phillip* let him understand how he came to serve the Duke by the means of the passion the Dutchess had for him, taking him to be *Conrade*, and fully inform'd him of every particular that had hapned and what has been related. *Conrade* found himself much surprized, at the relation of *Phillip*, and his Love for the Dutchess was strangely encreased, at the knowledg she had had for him, and also he found so great pity and compassion moving him for her wofull condition, that whatever comes of it, he resolves to see her, and to let her understand the difference between *Conrade* and *Phillip*, and to assist her and deliver her out of her melancholick Dungeon.

Conrade, after he had conjur'd *Phillip* to hearken to his request and had told him the passionat love he had for the Dutchess, and the extream desire he had to see her, he desired him to assist him in the accomplishment of his designe. *Phillip* a long time endeavour'd to dissuade him from it, but seeing it was in vain, and that love had blinded his eyes, and stoped his ears to all considerations, and that he could not resist without a breach of that Love, and entire affection that was betwixt them, overcome at last by his love to *Conrade*, he consented. But withal he told him, that he look'd upon this attempt more dangerous than any he had yet made, though he had pass'd the breach of a wall over the Carcasses of five thousand slain *Turks*, had fought Battails, storm'd Towns, Swome Rivers, and outbrav'd Death, and that in this one action he was lyable to loose all the honour he had been so many years purchasing. That the soft weapons of love were more dangerous than Pikes, Swords, or guns, and that the fatal Darts of the bright eyes of the Dutchess, could not be kept off by armour or maile, and that they would prove more keen and mortal, than those shot from a Turkish Bow. *Conrade* did but smile at his morality, and little thinking how true he spake, following the bent of his desires, he got his Brother to change Cloathes with him, and to give him full instructions of all ways, and customs used by him, and to deliver to him his keys, with an exact information of every thing, and having rendered a thousand thanks, and kissed and embraced him as many times, he returns to the Castle of *Blasford* instead of *Phillip*, and *Phillip* accouter'd with his Buff, Sword, and Feathers, returns back to *Villingen* instead of *Conrade*, though not without a great deal of Fear, for this bold attempt of his Brother; but then, knowing how easily the world were deceived in their likeness, he had hopes he might come off with safety.

Conrade goes to the Castle, is admitted by the Souldiers as *Phillip*, and having been exactly instructed by *Phillip*, he carried it so, that there could be no cause of distrust by any of his actions. According to the time accustomed, he visits the Dutchess, carries her her allowance, calls the servants by their names, knows the keys, and observes all his circumstances exactly, as directed. But he could not behold the Dutchess without emotion, his heart beat, and his eyes were fixed on her face, which he saw pale and wan, and something alter'd by that severity us'd to her, and her long affliction, but yet he saw her eyes lively and full of spirit, and he saw all that tyrannie had not rob'd her of her Beauties and sweetneses. The horridness of the place, and the dark light of an obscure Lamp, could not altogether hide the lustre of her eyes, and all the tears her grief had made her shed, had not extinguished all their flame. They peirced anew the heart and Soul of *Conrade*, and pitty for her distress very much moved his Soul; but not staying long in the place, having performed what *Phillip* had us'd to do, he retired, full of love and compassion. The Dutchess indeed had not lost the beautiful air of her face; though her complexion were faded, and even in that languishment she carried charms and Sorceries. It is a thousand pities that Cabinets of Agate, or Amber, should enclose poysons, or daggers; that Boxes of gold and silver, should be stuff'd only with dirt and dung, or that a beautiful and Angelical form, should possess a deformed and diabolical nature. But it is often seen, that the contaminated and polluted Soul, is inshrined in a pure and bright Case of flesh and blood. This Dutchess has not yet wash'd her self clean with all those tears she had shed, nor changed that defiled disposition, and Lustful nature which she formerly possess'd, and the change of her condition had not thorowly chang'd her Heart: She has there still deeply rooted, malice, and revenge, Hatred, and dispight; and many other black passions, which lurked in her bosom, and would be awakened by the first opportunity.

Conrade having renewed the fire of his love, at the flames of the Dutchess's eyes, could forbear no longer than the next day, to cast himself at her feet, and to let her know she had no longer *Phillip* for her Keeper, but *Conrade* her Lover, and her servant. The Dutchess was amazed to see her Jaylor at her feet, embracing her knees, and being at once surpris'd at his action, and mortally hating his sight, she thrust him from her with some violence: go monster of men (said she) from my sight, the original of all my evils, what means this rudeness? (continued she seeing he did persist) have you forgot that you are the monster, the Eunuch *Phillip*? Madam (said *Conrade* more strictly embracing her) behold here at your feet, no longer your Jaylor *Phillip*, but your adorer and lover *Conrade*: and who hath preserved your Image entire in his heart, and who bewails and pities your misfortunes, and who now comes to offer you a Life, that hath been preserved from so many dangers, that it might redeem you from Captivity. And seeing his words and Actions, had scarce gained any belief upon the amazed, and doubting Soul of the Dutchess, pulling out her Letter, which he had still preserved as a precious relique of her affection; see Madam (said he) see an undoubted proof that I am not *Phillip*, but *Conrade*, and the same who was once your deliverer, and who is come now to be so again, and the same you once made happy by the receipt of this Letter, penned by your own fair hands, here Madam continued he putting the Letter into her hand, let your own eyes witness to this truth, and be no longer deluded by outward appearances. The Dutchess viewing the Letter, and knowing it to be the same she had sent to *Conrade*, and having before mistook *Phillip* for *Conrade*, she thought there was some appearance of truth in his words, and that she might now mistake *Conrade* for *Phillip*.

Presently, the anger that appeared in her Face and eyes, was allayed, and her looks became calm and serene, yet with a doubting eye, and as one not fully satisfied, she beheld *Conrade* a long time, without speaking, and heard him farther endeavour to convince her, that he was not *Phillip*, by telling her all circumstances, of his coming thither, and anew offering her his service to give her Liberty, and to free her from that dismal Captivity. 'Tis enough generous *Conrade* (cry'd she out at last very passionately) tis enough, and I now see the great disparity that is between your Soul and *Phillip*, and you are not more like in Body, and outward Figure, than you are unlike in minde, and in the Functions of your Soul. Yes, I now finde I behold the generous and noble *Conrade*, in the shape of the hated and perfidious *Phillip*, and am now at last satisfied, and fully recompensed, for all the afflictions I have undergone, by reason of my mistake, and *Phillip* has now reconciled himself to me, and given me no longer cause of indignation, since I have by his means the sight of my beloved *Conrade*, and that I may under his shape embrace him I have so long sigh'd for. At these words, she flung her fair arms about the neck of *Conrade*, and with a transport of joy, sunk down into his, who received her with no less emotions, and signs of joy and affection. They retired together, and by a more full and large relation of each others adventures, they make known more clearly each others passion; and before they part a vow'd league of friendship passes betwixt them, and articles of a polluted and Adulterous Love are sealed; they are become one, and united in wickedness, and the amorous and passionate *Conrade*, sufficiently satisfied the Lustful and polluted Dutchess, that he was not the Eunuch *Phillip*, but her first beloved *Conrade*.

And now the Dutchess findes so much pleasure and satisfaction in this dark Dungeon, and in this separation from all the world, that she desires not to see the Sun, nor to behold the Light of day, and *Conrade* is more to her than either. He often proposes to her a freedom from that place, and offers to carry her from thence, which she promises to accept, when she has more fully satisfied her self in his company. She told him he could be no ways so secure as where they were, and so long as *Phillip* was faithful to his secret, they might there best and without interruption enjoy one another, and therefore she would not hear of removing or flying from thence. And thus with great security and freedom, these adulterous Lovers enjoy one another, day and night, or rather one continued night in that place, and a night also of Sin and filthyness. They laugh at the care and caution of the Duke, and his penitentiary lives in all manner of Luxurie, and acts her desilements with security, and without disturbance. But Heaven laughs and mocks at them, as they do at the Duke, and his eye peirces their dark obscurity, and behold all their filthy actions, though the Duke can't, and we shall see that he knows how to discover them, and to punish them in the midst of their security, and when they thought not of it.

After some weeks, *Phillip* who had returned home instead of *Conrade*, and who by his appearance, and well counterfeiting his warlike Brother had deceived both his Father, and his Brothers own servants, come back very privately to the same place where he parted with his Brother, and sending for him, would have sent him back, and have gone again to his charge, but *Conrade* being now more than ever in love with the Dutchess, entreats his Brother with so great earnestness,

earnestness, to continue the kindness to him for some time longer, and shewing him that now there was no danger could be expected, since all the world thought him *Conrade*, and that those in the Castle believed him *Phillip*, they had both play'd their parts so well, and with many intreaties and prayers, at last obliged *Phillip* to go back, whilst he return'd to delight himself with the Dutchess.

Phillip not very well satisfied with his Brothers amour, returns; and his way lying not far from *Ulme*, it was his fortune to meet the Duke, with his train in a narrow passage, so that he could not avoid seeing him. The Duke was on horseback, and then going to visit a Gentleman not far off, who had promised to shew him a fair flight for his Hawk, a sport the Duke very much loved, and meeting *Phillip* full but, he stop'd, and asked him whether he was going? and why he had left the Castle of *Blasford*? *Phillip* was a little surprized, but looking strangely on the Duke, as if he had never seen him before, would have proceeded on his way, when the Duke growing angry, caused him to be stop'd. What *Phillip* (says he) are you metamorphosed into a man of War? and am I become unknown to you? *Phillip* making him a very low reverence; Sir (said he) who you are I know not, nor have I ever seen you in my Life before, but since by your Train and attendance you seem a person of quality, I must tell you, that I believe you mistake my person, as you have done my Name, which is not *Phillip*, but *Conrade*, and indeed the Brother of that *Phillip*, whose likeness to me, often causes these mistakes. The Duke knew *Phillip* durst not jest with him, and seeing him in that garb of a Soldier, and having heard from the Dutchess, of the similitude of the two Brothers, believed he might be mistaken, yet, when he look'd again in his face, and heard his voice, he swore it could be no other than the same *Phillip* he had entertained, and made his Constable of the Castle of *Blasford*, and keeper of his imprisoned Dutchess. And to confirm him more, he unfortunately cast his eye on a Ring which was on *Phillips* finger, which the Duke had formerly given him, and pray said he, if you are not *Phillip*, how came you by that Ring on your finger, which I once gave you? This question caused *Phillip* to blush, and then grows pale, which encreased the suspicion of the Duke, but at last recovering himself; Sir, said he; this ring was given me by my Brother *Phillip*, from whom I now come, having been to give him a visit, and from whom I was now returning to *Villengen*; and because he told me he had it of his master the Duke, I ought to persuade my self that I see the Duke of *Ulme*; and so making a low obeysence, proffer'd to kiss his hand.

The Duke was amazed to see so great likeness, and all those with him would have sworn it was *Phillip*, but the answer he had made seem'd so satisfactory, that the Duke knew not what to think of it, but to draw himself out of his perplexity, the Castle of *Blasford* being not far from thence; the Duke with a kind of forcible civility, notwithstanding all his excuses, obliged *Phillip* to return with him to *Blasford*, that he might satisfy himself, by seeing the two Brothers together. *Phillip* seeing he must be constrained to humour the Duke, or do worse, went back with him, and being come to the Castle, the Duke sent for *Phillip*, and *Conrade* appearing in *Phillips* cloathes. Brother, said *Phillip*, I have been so fortunate as to meet the Duke upon the way, who gave credit rather to his own eyes and ears, than to my relation, that I was not *Phillip*, his servant, but *Conrade* his servants Brother, and he has brought me back again, that he might see us together, and that you may witness you gave me this Ring, as a pledge of your Love and affection to me, once given to you by this honourable Duke. *Conrade* being at first in a terrible fright, seeing it was no worse, smiled, and answered readily, This is not the first time we have been taken one for another, and now your eyes can hardly discern any difference, but he is *Conrade* and I *Phillip*. The Duke, and all those with him were strangely astonished, to see two so very exactly alike, and then craving *Phillips* pardon (whom he took to be *Conrade*) for the injurie he had done him, in stopping him from his journey; after he had feasted him in the Castle, and invited him to *Ulme*, he at last dismiss'd him, to the no little content of both the Brothers, he returns to *Villengen*, the Duke to the place whether he intended, and *Conrade* to relate this story to the Dutchess, who wondred at the Dukes being there.

This pass'd on for a little time, *Conrade* and the Dutchess enjoying themselves, laughing at the past dangers, and continuing their Adultery. But now the time is come, that their scene of pleasure will conclude, and a Tragical catastrophe, the punishment of Heaven falls upon them. The Duke being returned to *Ulme*, and thinking on the likeness of the two Brothers, and how easily he might be deceived, if they pleased to agree or conspire together, and that *Conrade* might become the keeper of his Dutchess, instead of the Eunuch *Phillip*. He knew also the service that *Conrade* had done the Dutchess formerly, and some had told him, that his actions express more of Love, than Civility. Evil men usually have evil thoughts, and they measure other mens actions by their own. He knows what he would do, if he had such an opportunity, and he knows not but that *Conrade* might do the like, when once he had entertained this jealous

lous thought, you cannot think how it tormented him, unless you have been troubled with jealousy, which is of an unquiet, tormentive, and restless nature. He can hardly sleep for thinking, lest this trick should be put upon him, and though he hated his Dutcheſs, and lived licentiously with others, it could not pacifie him, and it still gave his minde a strange perplexity, and no doubt but Heaven promoted it, designing at once a treble punishment, both to *Comrade*, the Dutcheſs, and the Adulterous Duke. He expected *Comrade* to come over to *Ulme*, but he not coming, though sent to and invited by the Duke, his suspicion increased, and being vext with himself, that since he might so easily inform himself, whether he at the Castle of *Blasford*, were the true *Phillip* or no, by having him searched, he resolves to remain no longer in this perplexing doubt, but to satisfy himself in a poynt of so much concern to his repose. And resolving to trust the management of this business to none but himself, and in that case to believe his own eyes, taking with him only six of his guard, whom he intrusted with the secret of his designe, he rides over privatly, and in the night, to the Castle, which was not above a good League from *Ulme*, and the warders and Soldiers on the Guard, knowing the Duke, admitted him in, wondering at his coming, who went strait to the Apartment of *Phillip*, thinking to surprize him in Bed, and there to satisfy himself, but not finding him there, his suspicion encreasing, he went to the door of the Dutcheſs her Cell, which he found lock'd, & hearkning at the door, he could hear the voyce of his Dutcheſs, and that of a man. *Comrade* who usually visited the Dutcheſs a nights, and spent the most part of it in her Company, was now there, not knowing any thing of the Dukes being there, nor having heard in that remote place any noyse or bustle, and was surprized to hear a knocking at the Door. Both he and the Dutcheſs were up, and sitting on the side of her Bed, newly come from their amorous Embraces, and *Comrade* affrighted at the sudden knocking of the Duke, ran and opened the door, but was more amazed, when he saw the Duke, and Six of his guard, to rush in upon him, and to hear the Duke to command them to lay hold of him, he then perceived the trap he had fallen into, but being of a Courage extraordinary, he flew to his Sword, which lay on the Table, and having armed himself, he soon let the foremost see he would not so easily be taken, for he lay'd him at his feet, and following his success, assaulted them with such fury, that they were faine to guard themselves, and the Duke saw by this action, enough to convince him that this was not *Phillip*, who had never exprest so hardy a nature, and Courageous and manly a Soul. The Duke enraged at this thought, and to see his Guard give back, advances himself towards this Lyon *Comrade*, who being glad of it, resolving to dispatch the Duke, as being the only means to escape this danger, he gave him so home a thrust, that his Sword passing thorow his Ribs, appeared a handfull behind his back; but in the Interim, one of the guard stroke *Comrade* o're the head with a Polax, so deep, that his brains came out, and he fell at the same time with the Duke, quite dead, but the Duke expiring, and gasping for breath, had so much left, as to command them to search the person they had kill'd, which they instantly did, and finding him to be no Eunuch, and so consequently not *Phillip*, he commanded them to dispatch the Dutcheſs, that he might have the satisfaction of punishing her before he dyed. One of the Guard enraged for the misfortune of the Duke, presently sheathed his Sword in her fair Breast, as she sat on the side of the Bed, amazed and astonished at the suddenness of this misfortune, and not having the power to stir, or cry out, her Soul and blood issued out at the wound, and she fell upon her Bed, at the same Instant, that the Duke expired, who lived only to see her punished. And thus their three Souls, fled away at one moment, but whether they kept pace together, or how seperated by the vast spaces of Eternity, is not our business to enquire, or Romantically to relate, but their dead Bodies remained, a sad spectacle of Gods wrath, and of his Vengeance against Adultery, and for an example to deter others from committing the like Sin.



GOD'S Revenge against the Abominable SIN of ADULTERY.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY. VI.

Don Roderic and Don Juan both fall in love with Isabella, the Wife of Alonso di Ximenes. She favours Don Roderic, who by means of her Maid Marietta, enjoys her in the Garden, and afterwards in her Chamber. Their Meetings are discovered by Elenora sister to Ximenes. Don Roderic is wounded by Don Juan. Don Juan is wounded by the procurement of Ximenes. Elenora makes known the adulterous love of his Wife Isabella to her Brothers. He lays wait for Don Roderic, and draws him in a Chest, and hangs his Wife Isabella.

Lust is like a fire kindled in the Bed-straw, which at first sparkling forth at little Crannies, in weak streams, and feeble flames, gets strength in a moment, and sets all in a blaze, and instantly consumes the Chambers, breaks forth at the windows, and devours whole houses, and Towns. The fire of Lust once kindled in a Soul, presently its flagrances breaking forth at the eyes and mouth, and shewing itself in every action, sets on flame the whole Fabrick of the Body, boils up the Blood to an height, puts it into a raging Fever, and burns it in polluted and unquenchable flames. But they are flames, that are full of Smoke, that blindfold and put out the eye of the mind. Reason cannot see how to steer its course, it loses the helm, lets go its governance, and the Body is carried upon danger, and inevitable ruin. 'Tis like a mad Horse, that nothing can stay, neither Rivers nor Precipices, Ditches nor Seas; it sees nothing before it, and its fury and rage carries it head long without consideration. He that once bestrides this Beast is sure to be carried to ruin; 'tis almost impossible to avoid it, for 'twill endure no bridle: a Curb and

Cavafon, will not stay it. It is indeed one of the Devils light Horses, which carries many a man home to the pit of Destruction. However sweet and satisfactory the enjoyment of our unlawful pleasures may seem to be, yet in the end we shall find them bitter and tormenting. The Body usually feels the smart of it here, as well as the Soul (without true repentance, and much Contrition) hereafter. We shall illustrate this by an example, of two lustful Lovers, that no fear of danger could stop, no thought of shame could deter, nor any dread of punishment could hinder from prosecuting their unlawful Loves, and quenching one anothers polluted flames in the enjoyments of their pleasures, and in the satisfying their Lusts.

In the time of *Phillip* the Third, King of *Spain*, there lived in *Sevil*, the fairest City not only of *Andulaxia*, but of all *Spain*, and the great Empory of that Kingdom, one *Don Roderic de Henarez*, of a noble family, of great Riches, of good parts, and fair endowments, both of body and mind. This Gentleman had lived several years in this place, well beloved of his friends, and well esteemed by all that were acquainted with him. He was very affable and courteous to all, was of a good Stature and proportion, and had with him an excellent way, and mien, whereby he would easily ingratiate himself into the bosomes and hearts of those who conversed with him. But he was also of a very amorous disposition, or to speak more plainly, a very *Spentard*, of a lustful temper, and one that indulged himself in his pleasures.

This Gentleman was now about Thirty years of Age, in the prime and heat of his Blood, lived gallantly, went sprucely, and spent prodigally. He had been married, before the Death of his Father, to a Young and Vertuous Lady, who lived not with him above a year, or little more, and he had been now a Widower about five years, and though his friends often prest him to marriage, that he might have Children to possess his Fortunes, yet he would not hear of it, finding a Lustbabe in the look and wanton pleasures he enjoy'd, without the check and controul of a Wife, or awe and rule of a Parent. So that he took his full swinge, and wallowed in his pleasures and delights without opposition, and led a dissolute life without any guide or rule, but of his fancy and lustful desires.

But alas! What vanity is it, for young men, thus to waste both the strength of their Bodies, and the stock of their Purfes, by an indulgency so displeasing to Heaven, and so contrary to Virtue. It may for a time seem sweet and desirable, but there is also, usually a time, wherein they smart for their follies, and curse their extravagancies, when they wish in vain for mispent time, and want the fortune and goods they have confounded, and made away. But there is no preaching to these sort of Men, when they are in the midst of their Course, you had as good go about to stop the flowing tide, or endeavour to stay the wind from blowing, as to seek to divert them with words, and it would be no less than a Miracle, to be able to make them hear good Counsel. No, it is time only, the Mistress of these Fools, that can put eyes into their heads, and make them sensible of their Errors, and Extravagancies.

Among the many Friends, and Acquaintance, that this *Don Roderic* had, there was one *Don Juan de Orespada*, who much frequented his house and Company: so as between them there was grown a more than ordinary league and friendship, insomuch that they were not shy of imparting each to other their Amours, and wanton Speeches. *Don Juan* was much about his Age, Stature, and Complexion, but of a more severe, and rugged Nature, and tho' carried out to excess, both in his Lusts and Apparel, yet he acted his Crimes more closely, and walked more reservedly and warily than his Companion. Neither was he of so frank and free a Nature, nor so graceful a way to win and procure Love, as *Don Roderic* had. But take him altogether he was a man of good understanding, of deep reach, and sufficient Courage. But his Father was yet living, and by that means, he was not able to spend with *Don Roderic*, but was fain to be beholden to him, in many of his amorous intregues, for moneys to carry on his designs: For in *Spain* he that cannot spend high, shall hardly be admitted to courtship, and he that has money need never fear of attaining his end. The women are equally Covetous and Lustful, which gives to such opportunities to the rich, and prodigal, to accomplish their purposes.

There was then living in *Sevil*, a rich Merchant, named *Don Alonso di Ximenes*, one that had been several years in the West Indies, and having gotten a great Estate, returned home and married. This *Don Alonso* was about fifty years of Age, a stay'd grave man, of a good family, tho' before decay'd, till he had made up its broken fortunes: the wife he had married

married, was called *Dona Isabella di Garcia*, of a noble extraction, of very great beauty, wit, and pleasantness, but of an ordinary fortune, yet bred up with all those Excellent accomplishments, as Art, and Nature could bestow upon her. She was not above Sixteen when she was married to *Don Alonso*, with the consent of her parents, and his friends, and by his own choice, and liking. As for *Isabella*, as she had no aversion to him, so she had no passion for him, believing the disparity of their years would make no excellent harmony, yet in obedience to her Parents, she accepted it, hoping by the Splendor of his Riches and Estate, to find a satisfaction she seemed to want in his Age.

These two had not been long married, when by accident, *Don Juan* had espied her one day at Church, and being much taken with her brisk air, and sprightly carriage, he made a shift to get near, and looking in his prayer Book, that none might think he spoke to her, O *Madam* (said he) *you have kill'd me*; the overhearing him turn'd about her head, and perceiving a handfom Cavalier kneeling close behind her, and one she had never seen before, she was a little surpriz'd, but recollecting her self, with a smile that pierced the Heart of *Don Juan*, and looking on her Book, reply'd, *your wound is not very dangerous, your heart is still whole*. The Courtships in Spain, are but short, the jealousy of the men, so Confining the women, that they cannot have the opportunities of long discourses. A wink, a nod, a thrug, a look, a smile, serves there for speeches, amorous discourses, interlocations and long Conferences, all is done of a sudden, without noise, and as it were by dumb shew. *Don Juan* had his hopes rais'd, the smile she gave him he interpreted an Invitation, the Answer a permission. He saw no Lightning in her eyes, he heard no thunder from her mouth, he could not perceive any thing, but what might give encouragement to proceed, and question'd not but to enjoy her.

All this while he knew her not, never had he seen her before, he was all on a sudden Extraordinarily taken, and knew not with whom. The first thing then was to dog her home, that he might inform himself better concerning this taking Excellency. This he performed with much diligence, for after this young Lady had finish'd her devotion, he saw her depart, and with a Damosel that attended her, after the passing of several streets, to enter a fair house, not far from the great Monastery of the *Carthusians*. Having lodg'd her, he privately made enquiry concerning the persons of that house, and he found by all circumstances, that this young Lady must be the wife of *Alonso de Ximenes*, who lived there, and having sufficiently inform'd himself of his quality, Age, and Condition, he departed home; full of Vain hopes; of achieving the Conquest of this beautiful *Indis*. The youth of the wife, and the Age of the Husband, were both great encouragements for him to proceed, and almost gave him assurance, that he should obtain what he sought for.

These kind of people, who range about only to satiate their lusts, and desires, and who make it their business to obtain their pleasures are full of little plots, and contrivances, frame many Intreagues, and underminings, hammer out many Machinations, and their heads are busied with many Inventions, but they are persons of no great danger to the State, and Commonwealth, their Treasons, and felonies are not such as disturb States, or subvert Kingdoms, all their plots, and subtleties are but to blow up, or deceive a Woman, to steal away a Ladies heart, and to work cunningly into her affections. And I know not, but such persons may take as much pains, and undergo as much trouble and may busie as much their brains, and Inventions, as those more dangerous plotters. Home comes *Don Juan*, flings himself upon his bed; where he enters into a deep Meditation of his adventure, and many devices began to spring up in his imagination, how to proceed, and which way to come to a further speech with her. At last he concluded with himself, to write her a Letter, and to have it in readiness, that as an opportunity might offer, either by her Servant, or by himself, he might put it into her hands, and that should express his passion, and desires, more fully, and push home this great designe. Having thought a while with himself, he goes to a side-Table in the Chamber, and taking pen, ink, and paper writes thus,

DON JUAN to ISABELLA.

I have felt the power of your Eyes, O Divine *Isabella*, the wounds you have made in my heart are not to be cured, but by your own balmy hand; be not Cruel to your slave, but have some commiseration of one, who lies bleeding at your feet, and who adores you with so constant, and true a heart, that nothing but Death shall be able to change it, from being yours.

JUAN DE ORESPEDA:

Having

Having finish'd his Letter, and having walked sometime in the Room, still ploding on his Amour, it being about noon, he flings himself on his Bed, and turning his face towards the Wall, falls fast asleep. In the interim *Don Roderic*, comes thither, and not finding *Don Juan* below, understanding by his Footman, that he was in his Chamber, according to the freedome, that was betwixt them, he goes immediately thither, but finding him asleep, was about to return, when this Letter, which he had but now wrote, lying open upon the Table, his Curiosity invited him to pass by a point of good manners, and to see what it was, supposing it, as he found it, some Letter of Love, and being pleas'd with it, after he had read it, taking out a Table-book, from his pocket, with a silver style, he copies it out verbatim. And perceiving *Don Juan* still asleep, he returns without awakening him.

But see how Fortune loves to play her fantasticks and Lowers, and with what a strange manner she often brings things about, as if she would convince the World, that they are blind, and not she; but that she sees perfectly things at a distance, and yet to come. But this heathenish Fortune is the *Christian Providence*, which pierceth into the depths of secrets, and frameth intreaguers beyond the capacity of Man to penetrate into; and strangely works its means exactly to its ends, and brings its secret purposes to pass, by wayes unsuspected and unthought of, and knows how to effect its intentions, and designs, by every the least thought, word, and action, shewing thereby that all the World is subject to its guidance, and that nothing comes by irregular chance, and without its governance and direction; that the least of our actions are weigh'd, and made use of, to make up the regular order, and decency of the actions of Providence. *Don Roderic* meets with *Don Juan*, but says nothing to him of the little Furtive trick he had play'd him. He had copy'd his Letter; but he knew not well why, nor what *Genius* led him to it, good or bad: He was a man of sufficient parts, and needed not to have supported the reputation of his Wit, by *Plagiarism*; he knew how to write a Love Billet without a Copy, however he did it, tho' without reason, yet not without a certain Faculty.

For one day, as this *Don Roderic* was Ranging the Churches, the chief Marts of Love in those Countries, in a Chappel belonging to the *Cordeliers*, he spies the fair Wife of *Ximenes*, with whom he finds himself extremely taken, and perhaps more than with any he had yet made Love to: for indeed her charms were many, and her beauty very surprizing, but those of her Wit, and Ingenuity, surpass'd that, which might have been seen, at her sparkling eyes, which shor forth Life and fire. *Don Roderic* made it his business to get near her, and also the opportunity of whispering in her Ear those Words: *Madam, the Saint you pray to, is not so bright as your self, and I have vow'd, you shall be the only one that I will adore, the remaining part of my life.* *Isabella* remembering the Adventure in another place, not long before, of the same nature, thought it had been the same person come again to trouble her devotion, but turning her head on one side, her eyes encounter'd with a more pleasing object, and the handsome carriage, mien, and proportion of *Don Roderic*, gave her so great delight, and satisfaction, that she knew not how to wrinkle her brow, but with a half smile; *Sir (said she) have a care the Saint I pray to, does not become jealous of her honour, and severely punish you for your Blasphemy. I shall not fear any malice from those in Heaven (briskly replies he again in her ear), if for I adore on Earth, be propitious to my Prayers. If you would but be thus entertained (reply'd she) I should not be surpris'd with unworthy Petitions.* They could have no further opportunity in that place, and at that time, without being observed; but *Don Roderic* found so much sweetness in her answers, and so many marks of a great wit, and Ingenuity joyn'd to so much youth and beauty, that he departed more in Love, than ever he was in his whole life. But he left her not with his eyes, till he had lodg'd her in her house, which was near the place; and having by inquiry satisfied himself who she was, by the same hopes and encouragements, as *Don Juan* had, he laid the foundation of obtaining his Ends, and believed he should not find it very difficult, if he could make himself known to this new Mistress. He resolves to write to her immediately, and because he would not lose time, he steps into the House of an acquaintance of his, a shop-keeper, and getting Pen, Ink, and Paper, transcribes out of his Table-book the Letter he had stolen from *Don Juan*, being pleas'd with it, and to find the Name of his Mistress also *Isabella*, not imagining among so many thousand *Isabella's*, as there be in *Spain*, that he should light upon the same *Isabella*, that he had directed his to. But being in haste, and then considering on nothing, but how to get this Letter deliver'd, he watch'd carefully about the door, till he perceived a woman to come forth

vail'd, which he supposed (as it was) the woman of *Isabella*, to whom he stopped, and saluting in a friendly manner, put the Letter into her Hand with ten *Goldens*, promising her how grateful he would be, if she would return him an Answer, for which he would wait at the Corner of that Street the next day. The Gold having tempted the Wench, she undertook it, knowing no great danger in a Letter, and so they parted. He was no sooner gone, but *Don Juan* coming thither, for the same intent, having not so soon found the opportunity *Don Roderic* had light on, tho he had watched several days, walk'd very diligently about the door, which he continued till the return of the same Maid, that *Don Roderic* had met with; and accosting her with many甜言蜜语, and with a Ring he presented her, at last engaged her to deliver his Letter to her Mistress, and if possible to return him her Answer the next day, and for which he would wait in the same place. The Ring perverted the Faith of this Wench, and she readily undertakes the business, thinking she had made a good hand of going abroad, and that she did it that day in a lucky hour.

This Wench, being the confidant of her Mistress, as soon as she had the opportunity of being with her alone in the Garden, she let her know her adventure, and what Fortune had put into her hand; and so delivers both the Letters into the hands of the fair *Isabella*. She takes them perhaps innocently enough, not deeming it any Crime to see what they might contain. It was only a curiosity incident to Women, that prompted her at this time, her thoughts was yet pure and unadulter'd; but was dangerous to consort with these flames, they will scorch the wings of the inconsiderate Fly, that sports about the flame of the Candle. This innocent fair one breaks up the scale, half of one, and then of the other, but nothing could be more surpris'd, than she was, when she found the two Letters wrote in several characters, and subscribed with several Names, to be exactly, word for word, the same. After her surpris was over, she fell into a loud laughing, and shew'd the Maid the Letters, who was no less confounded than her Mistress; neither of them knowing what to make of this adventure, which seem'd as if the two Rivals had acted by consent, or else that they had both had recourse to one common place book for that Letter; or that some had conspired to affront, or put some trick upon her. But her Maid letting her more fully understand, the manner of their address to her, unknown to each other, the earnestness of their expressions, and their desire of, and promise to wait the next day for an Answer, made her believe that the business was serious, and by the description she gave of the several persons, she believed them to be the very same, who had severally accosted her at her devotions, and that had spoken to her. But yet she could not but be amazed, at the agreement of their Letters, which was a mystery she knew not how to find out; and besides, not knowing the parties by their Names, she could not tell which of the two was he, that had made the greatest Impression on her mind. For she found within her self, that if the behaviour, and boldness of the first had not much offended her, the carriage, and good mien of the last, had pleased and affected her, but which of these two was he, whether *Roderic de Henarez*, or *Juan de Ovespda* she was yet to seek: and the Maid having carelessly put the Letters together, could not tell which she had received from the first, nor which from the last. This sometimes made them laugh, but there being nothing more jealous of honour, than a true *Castilian* woman, and nothing more ready to forget it secretly. *Isabella* was yet in doubt, whether these Corrivals had not some knowledge of each others intention; and being resolv'd to know, determines to find it out, by as desperate and bold an adventure, as ever was heard of.

There was belonging to that Garden, two back doors, one opened on the East side, towards the River *Guadalquivir*, the ancient *Betis*, which runs thorow this City, and divides it into two parts; and the other opened into a back-lane, and unfrequented, which led down to the River Street, both opposite to one another, and a long continued walk from one to the other, cross which Walk, and in the midst, was a large thick Arbour of *Jesamines*, *Eglantine*, *Mirtles*, and *Honifuckles*, so that from each door, any might come unseen of each other, into this Arbour. The absence of her Husband also gave her a fair opportunity of executing her design, for he having received Letters from *St. Lucas*, of the arrival of the Plate Fleet, from the *Indies*, and being concerned therein, his occasions call'd him thither within two days, where he would stay at least a week. This hapning so pat to the purpose of *Isabella*, she causes her Maid at the time appointed, the next day, to meet with her two Gallants severally, and to make them an appointment two days after, (when she knew that *Alonso* would be gone) at one precise minute, which was, upon the striking of the Clock, of the *Carthusians* Colledge (which was hard by) Six, the one, at one of these Garden Gates,

the other at the other, where each should be admitted at the same time. The Maid being glad, she should seem deserving of the Money and Present they had given her, first meets with *Don Juan*, delivers him the message of *Isabella*, and orders him at the hour, and day to expect the opening of the back gate of the Garden, towards the River. *Don Juan* overjoy'd at his good Fortune, and easie conquest, promises mountains to the Wench, and departs, longing for the time of this desirable appointment. He gone, she goes to the place where *Don Roderic* waited for her, to whom she makes the same appointment, at the other back gate of the Garden, at the same minute, who departed with no small pleasure, in thinking on the favour, and happiness he hoped to obtain from the beloved *Isabella*; for in such private adventures, not to be fruitless, and are seldom spent in idle private pastime between Lovers; but have more solid effect in reaping the fruits of their pleasures.

These two Lovers, contented and secretly joyful, thought every minute, till the approach of the day and hour, they were to expect their bliss. *Ximenes* goes for *St. Iphigenia*; the day comes, and the hour approaches, that these Gallants were to meet, at the place appointed; and had one known the business, he would have smil'd to have seen these two Friends that afternoon, making great excuses, and pretending several occasions, for the getting loose from one another. But both being willing, at that time to separate, they easily accomplish'd their desires: they both come to their several posts, where they wait the striking of the Clock, having their Rapiers by their sides, Pistolls in their pockets, and daggers under their Girdles, for they usually go well Arm'd, when they go about such designs, least any cross accident should endanger their lives.

Upon the striking of the clock, the Maid, and confidant of *Isabella*, opens the Gate towards the River, and less in *Don Juan*, falls on it after him, and leads him into the great Arbour, in the midst of that walk, desiring him to expect a while, then she goes to the other gate, and admits *Don Roderic*, and having fastened the door, brings him into the same Arbour to *Don Juan*. The astonishment, and amazement of these two Friends, at that instant, cannot be express'd; beholding one another in that place, not knowing what to think, or what to say, both at once laying hold one the guards of their swords, but the fair *Isabella*, who had hid her self behind a thick hedge of *Jessamine*, near the place, entering the Arbour, with their Letters open in each hand, put them out of that astonishment, into a greater. 'Gentlemen (said she, without any signes of anger in her eyes) I know not which of you is *Don Roderic de Henarez*, nor which is *Don Juan de Orespada*, but since you are both so great friends, as to conspire in your Courtship, and to joyn in your address, in the same words, and stile verbatim, I thought it not amiss also to joyn you both in this admittance, and not to separate so good friends, and that I may not commit any mistake in returning your joynt Letter, with two names, I would learn to distinguish you by knowing *Don Roderic*, from *Don Juan*. She said all this, and had she pleas'd, might have said much more, they were both so confounded, and her words did but increase their astonishment, so that they stood like two statues, with eyes fixed on her, and immoveable, and with lips half open, wanting power to move, but at last *Don Roderic*, knowing now what he had done, in sending a Copy of *Don Juans* Letter, in his name, and happening to the same person, had caused this adventure; first recovered himself, and answered, that he must own himself to be *Don Roderic de Henarez*, and her slave. Then *Don Juan* also told her, he was called *Don Juan de Orespada*, and also no less hers, with that she delivers *Don Juans* Letter to *Don Roderic*: and *Don Roderic's* to *Don Juan*. *Don Roderic*, now knowing the Error he had committed, tho vext at the heart, yet could not but smile, to see *Don Juan* so much confounded, and amazed, to find his own Letter, word for word, signed by him *Don Roderic*, but *Isabella* having attained her end, in knowing *Don Roderic* from *Don Juan*, and perceiving however the adventure had happened, that the business was unknown to one the other, and that she found they had intended no affront, but were serious, and in earnest; she presently, not suffering them to enter into any discourse, knitting her brows, and feigning an anger, Go (said she) base fellows, as you are, I give you your lives, which are now in my power, and would I call my servants, they would soon chastize you for your abuse, go I say, and be thankful, but never hereafter speak to me, nor send to me, for if you do, you shall know, that I have both will and power to right my Honour, and to punish such persons as you are, who make it your business, to abuse persons of Quality. And at the Conclusion of these words, she left the place, and returned into her House, and the two Cavaliers so vext, confounded, and mad, at the disappointment, that they were ready to draw upon one another in the place, but the Maid desiring them to consider the Honour of her Lady, per-

swaded

swaded them to retire. But as they were going out at the back Gate, the Maid watching her opportunity, and *Don Juan* being first gone out, bid *Don Roderic* meet her in the street the next day, and she would communicate something to him: which, with a squeeze on her hand, and wink with his eye, he promised. This cunning Wench, not so much considering Virtue, or the Honour of her Mistress, as her own benefit, and to please the humour of her Mistress, had found out by some signs, that *Don Roderic* was not displeasing to her, and that she had mentioned him, with some signs of good-will, and that she believ'd she might be easily induced to admit of him for a private Gallant, whereby she should not a little benefit her self, and now fearing least by this Adventure, *Don Roderic* should desist from his courtship, she resolves with her self to joyn with him, and therefore gives him that private item, to meet her the next day, that she might give him encouragement to persist, and promise him to get the conquest over her Mistress, for his sake.

The two Friends and Rivals, being without the Garden wall, and the door closed upon them, began to look doggedly at each other, but the conscience of *Don Roderic* accusing him, he presently told *Don Juan*, the true cause of all this mistake, not imagining, that he should light upon the same *Isabella*, and his Mistress. And that he might take off *Don Juan* from persisting in this amour, he told him, that he perceived this Lady was not for their turn, for if she had had a mind to either of them or to both, she might have admitted them severally, and unknown to each other, but by the trick she had put upon them, she seem'd to make it her business, that they might punish each other; and that since she had so manifestly refused them both, 'twould be extream folly in them, to break off their Friendship, and to quarrel for one, that would laugh at their wounds. *Don Juan*, tho of a surly disposition, and very jealous, yet finding some reason in what he had said, did all he could to overcome his choller, or at least to put it off, by thinking slightly of it, and after a little communication they parted, tho *Don Juan* was never after truly reconciled to *Don Roderic*, but bore him a secret malice and grutch, tho he could not find, that *Don Roderic* had of purpose intended him any injury, but that this Cross adventure was only a prank of fortune, that loves dearly to interweave disasters, among the intregues of Lovers.

The confidant of *Isabella* was no sooner returned, but her Mistress laughing at her, began to enquire, what was become of her Gallants, and how they had behaved themselves, each to other, after her departure, the subtle wench let her know of their confusion, and trouble, and that she believ'd, that before that time, one had kill'd the other. O *Marletta* (for so she call'd her) Heavens forbid, that so fine a Gentleman as *Don Roderic* should receive any damage for my folly. *Marletta* perceiv'd where the shoe pinch'd her, and handled her business so cunningly, and with so much skill, that she put *Isabella* in no little fear, for the life of *Don Roderic*, and could not be satisfied, till she had made her go, and view the street without the Garden wall, and that she had brought her word, that there was no hurt done. But this subtle Wench, no sooner found that her Mistress had some affection for *Don Roderic*, but she commended him to the skies, his carriage, mien, deportment, speech, make, and handfomeness, which was not displeasing to *Isabella* to hear. She knew so well how to order the matter, as to get ground upon her; and receiving no check, she proceeded to enumerate the many ill qualities of *Ximenes*, and to set the one against the other, and to illustrate the good qualities, and perfections of *Don Roderic* with the bad, and evill humours, and imperfections of *Alonso*: nay then she went a step further, and sought to beget in her a scorn, and loathing of his Age, his jealousy, his peevishness, and his covetousness. She told her, she was a Prisoner, that he was only her keeper, that he was old, and ugly, in Comparifon of *Don Roderic*, that she waisted her youth, and beauty, in the Armes and bed of one that could not be pleasing to her, one that disturb'd her with his Coughs, and his Cramps, that she was a Nurse, rather than a Wife, that she had married him more for his Money and conveniences, than for love and affection, and that he was fit to be made a Cloak, and a Cuckold.

The Devil had inspired this subtle Wench, and the Serpent by her tongue, began to infuse its poyson thorow the eares of *Isabella*. She hears her talk, and sometimes smiles at her discourse, sometimes blushes, and then again sighs, so, that *Marletta* could perceive she moved her passions, and that her discourses had set afloat her desires and affections, and that she was only restrained by fear and modesty. These cowardly passions she seeks to overcome, in offering her service, in venturing all for to secure her honour, in pressing her own fidelity and secrecie, in praising the Valour and Riches of *Don Roderic*, and in telling her he was of ability to secure, and to right her honour, she layes before her the examples of others, and tells her how many Ladies, of great birth and extraction in *Sevil*, who

who have admitted of Gallants, and that it might be carried so secretly, that the World should not know it, nor her jealous keeper ever perceive it, that she had wit and skill enough to manage that affair, and that she should leave it to her, and that she would then know the difference, between the pleasure of a young man, and the doting and fumbling of an old man, with many other things of the like nature.

Isabella sucks in the poison at her ears, and hearkens too diligently to this *Servant*, who roll'd her on to destruction. It had been better she had been born deaf, and that she had never hearkened to the wicked Counsel of this Wench. She will too dearly repent it at last, and when it is too late, know that the end of pleasure is vanity. But as yet, she thinks of nothing but *Don Roderic*, he is still in her eye, and in her heart, and the fragrances of Lust, beginning to fire her blood, she began to sigh, and instead of checking the bold and impudent discourse of her Confidant, she began to tell, that she believed that *Don Roderic*, after the usage she had given him, would not think of her any more, that he rather detested and hated her, and that tho she might find in her breast some kindness for him, she knew not, that ever she should be able to see him more. The cunning Wench, finding how it was with her, rejoiced inwardly, not doubting at all to bring her design about, and saying nothing to *Isabella* of the appointment she had made with *Don Roderic*, she sail'd not to mention the next day, where she gave him an account, how diligent she had been to serve him, and how she had wrought upon the affections of her Mistress, and that she had a kindness for him, and that he was not to lose the opportunity of *Don Roderic's* absence, and that therefore she would admit him into the Garden at the back Gate that night, unknown to her Lady, and would bring her self into the Garden, and give him the opportunity of speaking with her alone.

Don Roderic is overjoy'd at the news, he blesses his stars, he rewards the Wench with several peices of Gold, and a curious Amber bracelet, and promises her far greater. The hour being assigned, which was in the dusk of the Evening, they part, the Maid contented with her bribes, and *Don Roderic* overjoy'd at the bliss he hop'd to enjoy, with the fair *Isabella*. She for her part, had spent most of the day, in meditating on the Words of *Marcella*, and contemplating the Idea of *Don Roderic* in her fancy, so that she began to burn with an impure fire, and to feel her veins boil, and her blood fry with unusual heats. Imagination is a strange Sycerefs, and knows how to raise up Lustful Devils, and fiery Spirits, that cannot so soon be layed, without violence to nature, or by quenching them in the Waters of impure and polluted pleasures, and by Criminal and sinful enjoyments. *Isabella* began to let loose the reins of Conscience, and her Lustful and libidinous Imagination had often brought *Don Roderic* into her Arms, she hugs and embraces him in thought, and enjoys him in a waking dream. And now she was like Wax made warm and soft, pliable and fit for any impression, and she even lay languishingly ravish'd with the titillation of her own imagination. There are some Critical Minutes in which may be obtained that, which if let slip, an age may not again present. *Isabella* was not now in the humour of resisting a temptation, especially one, that then appeared to her so delightful, and full of pleasure. She was of so cold and Phlegmatick Constitution, her fair snow contained enough of fire and heat within it, and her eyes had then a more than usual irradiation and brightness. She sail'd not that night to walk in the Cool of the Evening in her Garden, and as her usual custom was to enter into a cold Bath, prepared with sweet Herbs, which stood under an Arch of the House, open to the Garden, into which they descended by Marble steps. She had that night ordered the Bath to be made ready, and she and her Maid came in their night gowns and slippers, all doors being locked fast, and at these hours, she had all the privacy she could desire. *Marcella* had, as she had promised *Don Roderic*, given him admittance at the back door, and hid him close in the Armour, where before he had met with *Don Juan*, and his beloved *Isabella*, there she leaves him to his thoughts, and returning to her Lady, whom she found at that time full of Love, she let her know, that she had that day by accident, met with *Don Roderic*, who had protested to her, the great Love and passion he had for her, and that nothing should be able to make him give over from adoring her with an unparalleld constancy and devotion. That his Life and death lay in her hands, and that if she pleased, she might sacrifice him to her displeasure, or make him the happiest of men and Lovers, by her Love and kindness, with many other the most tender and moving expressions, she could invent, to which she returned not much of answer, only that it was not in her nature to be Cruel, much less to him, that she could not but comply to her, had gotten a great dominion over her affections.

After this manner they discoursed, all the time they were in the Bath together, *Marcella* giving

giving her self more than wonted liberty of Discourse and familiarity, and coming out of the Bath, had laid her Lady in a Bath-bed, which was in that place, where she dried her delicate body with sweet linnen, and where she used often-times to repose, after the bathing. Here being about to leave her, *Isabella* ask'd her, whither she was going? I am going, Madam, said she, to make you happy, and to give you a felicity, I know you long for, but know not how to compass: I am going to fetch you *Don Roderic*. *Isabella* thought all this while she had but jested, but it was not long e'r she beheld the often wish'd for *Don Roderic* on his knees by her side. *Isabella* was surpris'd and amazed, and knew not whether she should cry out or be silent, or whether she should be angry or pleas'd: Her wonder, her fear, and her joy, had their turns in her breast. She knew not which way to behave her self, or whether she should now refuse or imbrace a thing she had secretly wish'd for; she thought now she should be but half a Criminal, and that it would be half a Rape, and take off part of the Sin; she believed she could not now avoid, what she had long'd for, without running the hazard of impeaching her honour by the discovery, but after all, she found she had no power, at that time, to resist, if she would, and she found the surpris and constraint to be welcome and delightful. While her thoughts, and her eyes were busie, *Don Roderic* had the means and liberty, to say many things, that she heard not, or at least minded not at that time. But we may suppose them to be vows and protestations of an eternal Constancy and Love, things of course and not much regarded. *Marletta* is withdrawn and has left the two Lovers to themselves: 'tis fit also that we leave them too, and not pry too narrowly into the secrets of Love. You may believe of them as you please, that they were chaste, vertuous, and both of them *Platonicks*, that they spent their time in Discourses, and kissing of one anothers hands, and looking Babbies in one anothers eyes, as your fine Romantick Lovers are wont to do; but others, who have known these Countries, tell us they wo after another manner, and that these, being *Spanish* Lovers, did not so idly spend their time, but went about pleasing themselves more solidly, and that they did injoy one another, as *Spanish* Lovers use to do; and this we knew from *Isabella's* own mouth afterwards, when she curst the hour in which she first became Criminal, and *Marletta*, that had instigated her to sin, and to the committing of folly, and had added fewel to her lustful fire, by her wanton discourses, and more wicked contrivances.

Don Roderic returns, after some hours spent with his dear *Isabella*, full of content, and with a thousand thanks, and severall rewards to *Marletta*, and is let out unseen at the Garden Wicket, hasting home, and huging his good Fortune, thought this the happiest day of his Life. But his joyes are false and his pleasures momentary, they are not of those solid things, that are lasting, and uncorrupted. He mistakes his happiness, for what he calls so is but the Gate of Misery. Young man, thou art now in a pleasing Sea of delight, but thou art waisted thereon to an Hell of Torment, and a Purgatory of Danger. God is not pleas'd with thy polluted raptures; he will turn thy bliss into wo, and thy joy to a sudden sorrow, if thou persistest in thy evil courses.

The impudent *Marletta* returns to her Mistress triumphing in her treachery, who, blushing at what she had done, could scarce look on her, and was half angry, yet she chid but softly, 'twas not in earnest, and the seeming breach between them was soon made up. And now all their care was, how to continue this private Amour from the knowledge of *Ximenes*, and all the world. There was now a League offensive and defensive enter'd into between *Don Roderic* and *Isabella*, and she had agreed to all his proposals, and signed with a thousand kisses, new amorous Contracts: the management of which, *Marletta* takes upon her, and as long as *Ximenes* is absent, there is no manner of interruption of their pleasures, and the two Lovers, more endeared to each other by reciprocal Caresses, even glut themselves with love, and in the same place, meet every night with great Security.

But now the return of the Husband, who was of a rugged Nature, and full of jealousy, as most old *Spaniards* are, gave some interruption to those frequent meetings, and posses'd *Isabella* with fear. He had not been very long married, so that hitherto she had enjoyed all the liberty that a *Spanish* Lady could expect or desire, according to the strict custome of that Country. She had the free benefit of her Garden and Houle, the liberty of going to Church, and sometimes to visit her friends, and to be visited by them, tho but rarely. She was not yet a prisoner, and had not tasted of the evil nature of *Ximenes*, who had known the world. He did not yet perhaps doubt his own abilities, which increases the jealousy in the Impotent, and his fondness to his new Wife made him kind, and as yet civil, and unsuspecting. He did not believe in so little time, she had gotten a Gallant, and her youth gave him some kind of assurance, which he might loose with her ripen years. But a worse thing than all

this now happened, which gave *Isabella*, and *Marletta*, no small perplexity. *Don Alonso* had brought with him a Sister of his, which was come with this Fleet from the *Indies*, one that was older than he, and a Maid, and had been a *Governante* in the house of the Governour of *New Castile*, in the *Indies*. And they had some reason to be afraid of this Woman, for she was subtle, prying, ill conditioned, and one that had been a spy upon others actions all her life time. The Lady, and her confident, are not a little troubled at the coming of this guest, and they feared they should have more to do to elude her, than they should to deceive the old Man. However since there was no remedy, they set the best face upon the matter they can, and give her a good reception. *Don Roderic* has notice of all that happens, and his visits are order'd to be more secret, and less frequent.

At first the current of their affaires ran smooth, and the Sister of *Ximenes*, called *Eleanora*, brought no alteration, for she was lodged at some distance from *Isabella's* apartment, and her Chamber look'd out into the street, but *Isabella's* into the Garden, over the Bath, so that *Isabella* having still the liberty of the Bath, and the Garden free, she often admitted of *Don Roderic* by the back gate, as they use to do. But there happen'd an accident, which had like to have spoild all. *Don Juan*, bearing malice in his Heart to *Don Roderic*, for the trick he had play'd him about the Letter, had much withdrawn himself from his Company; and there was grown a strangeness between them, so as they seldom meet. But *Don Juan*, being of an extream jealous humour, had a suspicion, that *Don Roderic* had undermined him in his Love to *Isabella*, and that tho he had made him think, that they were both discarded, at the same time, yet he vehemently suspected, he not only continued his amour, but had found a kinder reception. Upon this he became a spy upon all the actions of *Don Roderic*, and followed him so close, that he saw when he was admitted one night, at the back Gate of *Isabella's* Garden. This made him bite his lip for anger, and vow to be reveng'd. *Don Roderic* when he went to visit *Isabella* never took with him but one Foot-boy, that was privy to his Amour, and alwayes in the evening, so that 'twas easie for *Don Juan* to set upon him, in that unfrequented place. And accordingly, having watch'd his opportunity, and disguis'd himself, with two Braves, that he had hired, as *Don Roderic* was going in that back lane to go to *Isabella's*, they set upon him unawares, but *Don Roderic* and his man defended themselves for a while very gallantly, yet not without receiving of several wounds, and had not company come in, he had undoubtedly been kill'd. *Don Juan* retires, and *Don Roderic* and his man, being both very much Wounded, caus'd himself to be carried home to his own house.

Don Juan being favour'd by the night, had not retired far, and perceiv'ing tho he had not kill'd *Don Roderic*, as he intended, yet that he had spoild his sport for that night; and perceiv'ing also, that it being at a good distance from the Garden gate, they could have heard nothing of the incounter, and believing that *Don Roderic* was going thither by appointment, he resolves, being of a bold and daring Nature, prompted by a sudden thought, to go in his room, and to see if he might get admittance by that meanes. This interruption of *Don Roderic* had somewhat elap'd the time of the appointment, and *Marletta* had been twice at the gate to see for *Don Roderic*; he never failing to be precise at the time, yet expecting him, was come the third time to see for him, when *Don Juan*, having plant'd his Braves at a distance, comes to the gate, and it being dark, *Marletta* not questioning in the least, seeing him stand ready for admittance, but that it was *Don Roderic*, and softly chiding him for his long stay, went before him towards the Bath Chamber, where *Isabella* expected *Don Roderic*. There was no light in the place, for fear of discovery, for they were exceeding cautious, and ventur'd hard, *Don Ximenes* being at that time at home, and the old Crone his Sister, and were then at chess in *Isabella's* lodging Chamber, which was over the Bath. *Don Juan* enters boldly, but not being acquainted with the place so well as *Don Roderic* was, he overthrew a Table of Marble, which stood loose on a pillar in the midst of the Room, which falling on the marble floor, made an horrid noise and affrighted both *Isabella*, and *Marletta*, who both spake to him, thinking it was *Don Roderic*, but *Don Juan* keeping silence for fear of betraying himself by his tongue, put them both into a worse fright, and he approaching towards her, something amazed himself, and beginning to lay hands on her, she now believing it was not *Don Roderic*, by his silence, and manner of approach, she shriek'd out so loud that *Ximenes*, and his Sister heard it, as also the falling of the Table, and knowing his wives voyce, and that she was in the Garden, he hast'd down immediately with a Sword in his hand, followed by two of his men, whom he had met in the way. In the meantime *Don Juan* finding himself discovered, would have intreated the favour of *Isabella*, and have said something for himself, and attempt, but he had

had not time, for hearing the Garden door beat against by *Ximenes*, and both *Isabella* and *Marletta* desiring him to fly, as well to save his own Life, as the Honour of *Isabella*; he began to retreat, when the furious *Ximenes*, not finding ready admittance, caused the Gate to be beat in pieces with a great beater, that stood ready at hand, and which serv'd to beat and ram down the stones in the Court yard, which was then new paving; with this Instrument they had soon beat down the Garden door, before *Don Juan* could get Cross the Garden, who being perceived by the sight of a torch, that one of the servants had in his hands, they pursued him so close, that before he could get the Garden gate unlock'd, and unbolted, they were come up to him; and he was forced to draw for his own defence; At last, getting open the Gate, he escap'd, but not without two wounds, one in his thigh, and another in his right arm, which he received going out at the Gate.

Ximenes was cruelly enraged, and in that fury returns to his Wife, who needed not at that time to counterfeit, for she was so terribly affrighted, that she lay trembling on the floor, having slip on her night gown and tyed it about her, and by her stood *Marletta* no less confounded tho more impudently bold. Her Husband call'd her a thousand Whores in his rage, and if he had not been withheld, he had run her thorow. *Marletta* spake first, and with several vows and imprecations, told him they knew not how that Man, they had seen, had got into the Garden, neither knew they who he was; and that he might very well suppose, if he had come thither by their consent, they should not have shriek'd out so loud, on purpose to call assistance: that her Lady was innocent, and chaste, and that he had done great wrong to her virtue, to suspect her, and to abuse her before his Servants. These words, which had something of probability in them, and the great terror, and affright which he saw his Wife in, after the first heat of his passion was over, began to moderate, and appease his fury, and made him to hope, that his Wife might be yet innocent. However he takes her up with him into the Chamber, where he confines her, and utterly abridges her the freedome of the Garden, nay will not let her stir forth, and locks her up so strictly, that none could go in nor out without either the knowledge of himself, or his Sister, to whose charge he left the Key in his absence.

And now poor *Isabella* begins to bewail her misfortune, being become a perfect Prisoner; but what was worse, without hopes of seeing and enjoying her dear *Don Roderic*. *Marletta* seeks all she can to comfort her, and bids her be of good cheer, and she would extricate her out of these troubles, or else cause this close confinement to be a means, that she might the more securely enjoy her *Don Roderic*. Tho she knows not how to believe her, yet she could not but find comfort in her bold promises, she knew she was witty, and that her Love now, was grown so strong, that she would not stick at any bold undertaking, to accomplish her ends. But they are troubled to know, what was become of *Don Roderic*, and how *Don Juan* (for they had found it was he) should come in his stead. But they were soon satisfied by a Letter, which *Don Roderic* had sent to *Marletta* by his Footman, who had dilligently watch'd the door till *Marletta* came forth, which gave her a full account, how he had been wounded, tho he knew not by whom; she also sent him word by his Boy of the sad adventure had hapned to them by means of *Don Juan*, who, she believ'd, was the person, that had wounded him, with advice not to stir abroad till he heard further from her. *Don Roderic* was mightily troubled at the misfortune of *Isabella*, and vows to be revenged on *Don Juan*, but his wounds and *Marletta*'s advice, keep him as yet in his Bed, and in his Chamber.

Tho *Isabella* was closely confin'd to her Chamber, and that *Ximenes* was now become her Jaylor rather than her Husband, yet *Marletta* had the liberty to go abroad to fetch her what she had occasion for, and to go into the Garden, as she was wont, to fetch her *Jesamines*, and other sweet Flowers and Herbs every day, and in which *Isabella* seem'd very much to delight. But she was let in and out still, either by the hand of *Ximenes* himself, or of his sister *Elcanora*. This strictness continuing sometime, put *Isabella* to a very great perplexity, and made her to begin to hate and loath the sight of her Husband, and his presence became more troublesome and odious than her imprisonment. On the other side, altho he was extream jealous, and that the adventure of the Garden would not out of his mind, yet he had a very great passion for *Isabella*, and he perceived by many signs, that this his hard usage of his Wife had caused her to hate him, and that he well perceived his Caresses were but ill receiv'd. However this created no small trouble in his Breast, yet his jealousy was so strong, that he durst not grant her her former liberty: but he began to think with himself, that he might win *Marletta* by fair promises and rewards to betray her Mistress, and to reveal her secret intregues, for he well knew, that his Wife could act nothing without

her knowledge and privy. Taking therefore his opportunity, with many kind words and flatteries, and with many promises and oaths of secrecy, and with some bribes and presents, and also with threats, tries to work *Marletta* to his Will. This subtle Wench, well knew what she should get by her infidelity at last, and was not to be caught with those baits, however she resolves to countermine him, and by his means to help her Mistress in her Amour, and revenge her self of *Don Juan*, who had by his rashness plung'd them into this heavy trouble and perplexity. She therefore, after she had stood off a great while, seems to comply and to be won by his fair promises and presents, and tells him she will confess the whole truth, and that he might see she intended to deal ingeniously with him, she promised him the next day to steal what Letters her Mistress had privately received, and give them to him, whereby he might himself judge, how far she was Criminal, and how to behave himself towards her.

This was a very welcome piece of work to *Ximenes*, and now he hop'd to satisfy himself, whether he was a horned Beast or no, or whether the trouble lay only in his imagination. In the mean time, *Marletta* goes to a private Friend of hers, and causes him to draw up three or four very passionate Letters of Love, all directed to *Isabella*, and subscribed *Juan de Orespeda*: These she seals and breaks open, and puts to them several dates, the last of which was dated the day before the discovery, and desires only admittance into the Garden. The next day, as she had promised *Ximenes*, with notable dissimulation, she delivers to him these Letters, as if stolen from her Mistress, and with many vows and protestations of the innocency and chastity of her Lady, and that she, being overcome by the Bribes of *Don Juan*, had received those Letters, and convey'd them to her, and that she had admitted him that night, but unknown to *Isabella*, which made her to shriek out, and so falling upon her knees, and with tears asking his pardon and forgiveness (and which she had engaged him to before) promised hereafter to make him amends, by acquainting him with all her Secrets, and to be his watch and spie upon all her actions, if any should be designed against his honour, or her duty. And that if *Don Juan* were taken out of the way, he needed not to fear any man living, but that he was so sedulous in his addresses, that she knew not how far he might prevail, by importunity and cunning.

Ximenes hearkened with great attention, and tho he was vex'd at the Courtship of this *Don Juan de Orespeda*, whom he knew not, yet he was glad it was no worse: but being of a vindicative nature (which *Marletta* well knew) he resolves to find out who this Gallant is, and to find some means, that he should not long trouble his repose. *Marletta* promising him her help and assistance, and professing her fidelity to him in this business, not only gets from him a free pardon for what was past, but so works into his affections, that she grows into his favour, and becomes the chief person in whom he trusts, *Marletta* is no sooner lock'd up with her Lady, but she informs her of all she had done, and believing that *Ximenes* would upbraid her with the Letters of *Don Juan*, which she had counterfeited, gave her full instructions how to behave herself towards him, by which she intended to increase his hatred and suspicion of *Don Juan*, that he might have no jealousy of any body else. *Ximenes* now having found out, as he thought, the whole intregue of his wives Love, carries those evidences of her falsity; in some measure, to her, and upbraids her with the crime of receiving them. Tells her of the danger and folly of such Amours, and lets her know her duty to him, and by what strict ties the Custom of their Country, and the Laws of God and Man, had bound Wives to observe and obey the commands of the Husband. *Isabella* according to the direction of *Marletta*, confessed the receipt of the Letters, but puts all the blame on the Maid, who had brought them to her: that she never had any conversation with him, but was surpriz'd by him in the Garden, which made her to cry out for assistance, that her honour was unblemished, and that his unworthy suspicion and bad usage, had withdrawn from him her heart, more than all the Lovers in the World could, that it was not the way to subject a free Soul by imprisonment, like a Malefactor, without any just cause, and that, if he continued it, she should die with grief, and hate him mortally. *Ximenes* gives her many fair promises, but intends first to be rid of *Don Juan*, so great now was his jealousy of him. And it was not many dayes after, that they heard, that *Don Juan* was shot, as he was going to his own house, with a brace of bullets, but it seems they missing his intrals prov'd not mortal, but laid him up longer than to the end of our Tragical Story.

And now *Isabella* and *Marletta*, having thus cunningly rid themselves of *Don Juan* from interrupting their Amours, expected the liberty and freedom they before enjoy'd, and which they had obtained, had not an occasion happened, which drew *Ximenes* to *Madrid*, about
some

some Petition he had at Court : concerning the Governour of new *Castile*, who had detained some ingots of gold from him unjustly. He also understood, that *Don Juan* was not slain, and therefore in his absence, thought it not convenient to release *Isabella*, till his return, and then he told her, she should enjoy her liberty as formerly ; and saught with many sweetning words, to make it supportable. And that he might make her more secure, he caused *Elenora* to remove her lodging, and to lie in the Anti-chamber, thorow which of necessity they must pass to *Isabella's*, and caused *Marletta*, who before lay in the Anti-chamber to remove her Pallat into her Mistress Chamber, and gave his Sister a great Charge to keep the Key, and to let none in or out, but *Marletta*. And now having secur'd all things, as he thought, away he goes for Court.

In the mean time *Don Roderic* gets perfectly well of his wounds, and not taking any warning by that small Chastisement of Gods displeasure and Revenge against his Crime, in polluting the bed of another, pursues his illicite Love, more eagerly than ever. He is inform'd from time to time, by *Marletta*, of all passages, and now hopes the freedom of his Mistress ; whose sight and embraces he long'd for. But this sudden departure of *Ximenes*, and his leaving his Wife so strictly shut up and guarded, had very much apall'd the two Lovers ; but the cunning *Marletta*, bid them be of good comfort, and told them, the absence of the Jalour of *Isabella*, should conduce to their benefit and pleasure, and that she would bring them together in a short space, and that they might enjoy themselves without danger or suspicion. These words did not a little cheer both *Don Roderic*, and *Isabella*, tho, as the case stood, they thought it impossible, for never did the Dragons watch the golden fruit of the *Hesperides*, as this old Hag, the Sister of *Ximenes*, did *Isabella*. But *Marletta* will be as good as her word : away she goes to a friend of hers, who was an *Alchymist*, and for money obtain'd from him some *Stygian Water*, which was of such a Corroding nature, that it would eat thorow a bar of Iron, in four and twenty hours. She got a little of this water and convey'd it secretly into the Chamber of *Isabella*. You must know, that the Windows in *Spain* are not glaz'd like ours, but they all shew there like Prisons, being most of them double barr'd to the street wards, and very close like those in our Jailes, and in the in-side, slideing Windows, made of oyle paper, to let in the light. After this manner were all the windows belonging to this house, towards the street, but those which were back-ward, and look'd into the Garden, were but single barr'd. Now *Marletta* with feathers anoynts all the barrs of the Chamber window, where they lay, and with raggs dipt in it, and tyed Close about the barrs, near to the wall, and so continually applying to them the water, in a day or two, she had eat all the bars in two, they being not very thick. And when that was done, she could easily take out all the grate at once, and so give free admittance to any one, and set it up again, by reason that it bore part of it, upon the sides of the wall, and the bottom of the grate crooking in, and resting on the stones of the window ; and had so cunningly contriv'd it, by putting each end of the barrs in its due place, that it could not easily be perceived. By this means, with an help of an Ladder of Cords, *Don Roderic* was admitted, for *Marletta* having the liberty of the Garden, let him in at the back Gate, having gotten a private key thereto, and so, when their keeper *Elenora* had lock'd them up, and was gone to bed, he came in at this Window, where he most securely enjoy'd, his beloved *Isabella*.

And now the imprisonment of *Isabella* was become her delight, and she dreads nothing so much, as the return of *Ximenes*. The lustful Lovers enjoy themselves with all the freedom and security imaginable, for tho *Elenora* kept the key, they had a small bolt on the inside, which secured them from her surprising them, and least the often ascending and descending should be dangerous, and because they would not lose so much time, as not to enjoy one another by day, as well as by night, this subtle Giptie *Marletta*, invented to lock him up in a great Chest, which stood under the window in the room, which held the household Linnen, and serv'd most commonly for the old mans table, when he eat in his Chamber, as he often did. *Marletta* disposes the linnen between the quilts of her bed, and in the morning locks *Don Roderic* up in this large *Cypress* Chest, till *Elenora* had been in, and given the good morrow to her Sister-in-law, and also at any other time, when they heard her about to unlock the door to come in, he safely made his retreat to this hold, which admirable contrivance, as it pleas'd their fancies, so it gave these Lovers a very desirable opportunity of being together both day and night.

Thus these contented Lovers enjoy each other, without any fear or remorse of conscience, for the abuse they put upon *Ximenes* : but we shall see, that God knows how to meet with them, in the midst of their security ; and since they prefer their pleasures to Gods

Law, and to obtain them despise dangers; and the peril of their Lives; and without check or controul break the Commandements, and live polluted and defiled with the abominable sin of Adultery. God resolves; for example sake, to punish them severely; and to detect their cunning and imposture. *Eleanora* was a very watchful Dragoness, she did not sleep and snort out the night, but having the charge of a young beautiful Woman, she thought she could not be too careful; she had read that *Dante* was ravish'd in a Tower, secur'd with locks and bolts, and that there was no shape but has been taken up to accomplish the longings of Love, she was suspicious of the very Crannies and Crevises, she searches all places, and perhaps in her youth, having been faulty her self, she judges all women must be so, and will not believe, that the youth of *Isabella* can be contented to be worn out between the Arms of her brother, well stricken in years: she can hardly hear them whisper without fear, and they cannot speak aloud in the next Room, but she starts. They on the other side were besotted with their delights, and grown stupid and careless with their pleasures, and security; which made them whisper so loud, and made too much noise, one night in their dalliance. This drew the watchful *Eleanora* out of her Bed to the door to listen, and she imagined she heard the Voice of a man, and an unusual noise of the jogging of the Beadstead, she is amazed, but doubts her ears, she would be satisfied by the other senses, but she can find no hole, nor crevice, that will admit of her sight. She remembers her self, that she had seen an old wimble in the Celler, with which they had used to peirce the Wine Cask, presently slipping on her cloaths, down she goes and gropes it out, and without a noise, or waking any body, returns to her lodging, and with this she falls softly to work, to make an hole in the partition between the Chambers. The Wall was made of boards closely joyned, over which was stretch'd a Canvas on the inside, siz'd and painted over, so it was an easie matter to make a hole, whereby she might see into the Room, and this she did without being perceived by them within. But it being dark, they having put out their Light, she could perceive nothing, but by that small hole, laying her ear close to it, she could distinctly hear the voice of a Man. But as soon as it was day, this hole being made right against the feet of *Isabella*'s Bed, which being (as is usual in those hot Countries) without Curtains, only a large silk Canapy, over the Pallat, which lay low, and the Vallance deeply fring'd with silk and Gold, reaching not half way from the Canopy, (which was fastned by silk strings to the Ceiling) to the bed cloaths, gave her a full view of the Bed, and from whence she could perceive a man to arise. She now was ascertain'd of all her suspicions, and was resolv'd to take no notice, till the return of her brother, which she now daily expected. But yet she stood amazed, which way this Gallant should conjure himself into that Room, and more, when she went into the Chamber not long after, tho she look'd narrowly about, could see no sign of him.

That night *Ximenes* returns, and *Don Roderic* was so far favour'd by his good Fortune, that he was just departed before his arrival, having almost tired himself with delights, and believing that it would not be long ere *Ximenes* would be back. *Eleanora* gave him a full account of her charge, and to welcome him home, let him know the infidelity of his Wife, and what she had discover'd, and how. *Ximenes* grows enraged, and vows to be revenged, but *Eleanora* advises him to dissemble the matter, and by pretending another journey, he might come in the night, and surprize this ravisher of his Honour, and this abuser of his Wife. *Ximenes* likes her advice, and hides the deep malice of his heart so well, that *Isabella* perceives not the least his discontent; for he seems more kind than usual, and now promises her liberty, and freedom from her restraint, to her great joy, and accordingly, the next day gives her leave to go to the *Carthusians* Church to Mass, attended only by *Marletta*. When she was gone, he and *Eleanora* search the Chamber, to see which way the Gallant she had seen, could convey himself thither, but they saw nothing amiss, every thing as it should be, then sliding up the Paper windows, he saw the bars were as they us'd to be, inso much that he began to doubt, either his Sister had spoke it out of malice, or that she had dreamt it. But she continuing to affirm what she had seen, with many oaths and asseverations, *Ximenes* thrust his head thorow one of the squares of the grate, to see if they were not big enough, for a man to get thorow, and thrusting against it somewhat hard with his shoulders, the grate being loose (as you have heard) gave way, and being unequally poys'd, the top came about, with such a swinge, and the other part striking against his breast, and his pole sticking fast within the square, that it had almost carried him out at the Window into the Garden, and undoubtedly have broken his neck, but the danger was prevented by his clapping both his hands to each side of the Window, and by the running in of *Eleanora*, who held him fast by the breech, till she could get hold of the grate, to disengage him. And tho she was exceedingly troubled, at the accident, she could not forbear laughing, to see him with a yoaik about his neck, and it was a long time,

time, e're he could get his head out. *Ximenes* out of breath, and thorowly frighted, his neck being also hurt (and might have been broke with the weight of the Iron grate) sets himself down in a Chair, but much more wounded in his heart, at the discovery he had made by this accident. He now perceiv'd very plainly, which way his false Wife admitted her Gallant, he curses *Marletta*, and *Isabella*, and breaths forth nothing but threats, death, and punishment.

After he had vented himself a while, he, with the help of *Eleanora*, sets the grate in its place, being the Trap which had caught him, and by which he now intends to catch the Thief, that robs him of his Honour, and had debauch'd his Wife. *Isabella* returns, he still continues his kindness to her, lets her visit the Gardens, and go every day to her devotion, but after five or six days, he pretends a journey to a kinsmans of his, who liv'd in a Village about nine leagues from *Sevil*, promising to stay away but one night, and so locking up his Wife, as he had formerly done, delivers the Key to *Eleanora*, and seemingly departs, taking horse at his door. But at night, having ordered *Eleanora* to receive him in, at the Garden Gate, he shelters himself under the thick hedges of the Garden, not far from the Window, where he expected his Wives Gallant would enter. And indeed Don *Roderic*, having notice of *Ximenes* being absent that night, would not miss the opportunity of flying into the Arms of *Isabella*, and to reap those delights he was us'd to do. *Marletta* let him in, and presently the grate was taken in, and a Ladder of Cords being let down, Don *Roderick* mounted up, and *Marletta* returns by the Garden door. All this *Ximenes* saw, and now having the beast fast in the toyle, he goes into *Eleanora*, who by his order, had furnished four or five men, with Swords, and Pistols, these without any noise he plants under the Window, with a strict charge. not to let the wicked Varlet (as he call'd him) escape, but to kill him as he descended from the Window, supposing that upon his entring into the Chamber he would fly out that way.

Having thus secured that passage, taking three men with him well arm'd, up he mounts to *Isabella's* Chamber door, where the two Lovers were caressing each other, not in the least dreaming of the fearful judgement, that now hung over their heads. The dreadful voice of Thunder, or the hollow whistling of enraged Winds in a storm at Sea, was not so terrible as the Voice of *Ximenes* at the Chamber door. Don *Roderic*, withal the haste he could, retreats to his old Burrough the Chest, believing he could not get timely away thorow the Window, the grate being put up. Being thus secur'd, *Marletta* unbolts the door, and *Ximenes* enters with his men armed to the terror of *Isabella*, who now began to Curse the devises of *Marletta*, she trembles, grows pale, and falls into a swoon. In the mean time the enraged *Ximenes* looks about; and seeing no body, stands amazed, he runs to the Window, sees that fast, and for a long time, knows not what to think. At last he casts his eye upon the *Cypress*'s Chest, and seeing no other thing in the Room, that could contain half the body of a man, he doubted not but that he was shelter'd there. This thought coming into his head, he sent down one of his men, to call up the others out of the Garden, and to bring with him an auger, such as they us'd to bore holes with, in their Wine Casks. As soon as they came, he caus'd the Chest to be pierc'd with a large auger, in several places, whereby he perceiv'd he had the Wolf in the Trap. Don *Roderic* now saw his folly, and the danger he was in; he knew there could be expected nothing from the hands of the enraged *Ximenes*, but death, he therefore calls out to him, that he might ask him forgiveness, and that they would give him some time to make his peace with God, before they kill'd him. *Ximenes* stands not to parley, but causing his men to take up the Chest, they carry it into the Garden, where loading it with great stones, they carry it forth at the back Gate, next the River and so tumble it into the *Guadalquivir*, which soon cool'd the hot Lust of this Leacher.

This Tragedy being acted, he returns to the Chamber of *Isabella*, which he had secured: he finds her in Tears upon the floor, imploring his pardon for her fault, but he is inexorable, he is full of revenge and malice, that delicate body which he had so often embraced with delight, he now spurns at, and with a Cord he brought for the purpose strangles her, and causes his servants to hang her out at the Garden window: As for *Marletta*, he gives her her life, but he cuts off her Nose, and her under-lip, and then cuts out her tongue, the instrument that had beguiled him, and seduced her Mistress. After which he flies for Sanctuary to a Monastery of *Jacobins*, where he had a Kinsman that was Sub-Prior, and where he stayed till he had made his peace, and procured his pardon, which he easily got with his Gold, of which he had sufficient, especially for so just a cause, as they esteem it there, for killing his Wife, taken in the act of Adultery. But however, tho Man had forgiven him, I doubt God had not, who doth not authorise any man to be judge and Executioner in his own Cause, and will not allow of, or Countenance any such bloody Cruelties, be the fault

never

never so hainous. Vengeance is his and he is jealous of it: Private Revenge cann ot be acted without much Malice, and God will certainly call to account for it. For this *Ximenes* had not been many dayes at home, after he had obtained his pardon, but that he was found shot in the head with a Pistol, and dead before his own door. It was never known who did it, whether the Friends of his Wife, or of *Don Roderic*, or some body set on by *Don Juan*, who suspected he was the cause of his Assassination, but who ever it was, it was look'd upon as a just judgement of God upon him for his cruelty to his Wife and *Don Roderic*.

And thus we have seen the bitter end of sweet and unlawful pleasures, and the Tragical event of abominable Adultery, which may teach us to shun all those baits of Satan, which he casts out to allure poor wretches to destruction, and not to enter upon those dangerous precipices, from whence they must of necessity fall head long, into the pit of perdition. Let us by the examples of others learn to beware, and not give ear to the call of unbridled Lust, which will certainly plunge us into the Sea of Damnation, but above all things, beware of Adultery, for it is an abomination in the sight of God, and he will punish it in this world, and also in that to come, unless it be repented of.

The Body of *Don Roderic* was found in the Chest, being search'd after by his Friends, and honourably interred in the Church of *St. Clare*: and that of *Isabella* was taken down also by her Friends, and decently buried in the Abby Church of *St. Antonies* beyond the River; much pittied and lamented by all that knew her. As for *Marletta* she lived a sad Spectacle of God's wrath, having by her incitements stirred up *Isabella*, to the committing of that crime, which brought on all these Tragedies, but she liv'd not long, having only time to repent her of herevil wayes, and to make her peace with God; desiring others, by writing under her hand, to take warning by her, that they do not become, for the lucre of gain, Broakers, and Setters for Adulterers, which trade most commonly brings them to shame, punishment, and misery.

GOD'S



GOD'S Revenge against the Abominable SIN of ADULTERY.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

There lived in the same place a very rich Jeweller, who had one only Daughter called
 from the place of her birth, as all those parts of France could no more march but she was ex-
 ceeding rich, and of a most exact shape, every way of a young comely person, but of such
 excellent features, and so charming a countenance, that she was very richly adorned, and her
 countenance was very charming, and her person was very richly adorned, and her person was
 Jaques le Breton, Maria de Sancteris: she married John de Montcada, Jaques married
 Eleonora de la Foix: (the Mistress of John de Montcada,) committed Adultery with Maria, and
 John de Montcada with Eleonora: This was the first, and the last of the French History.
 L. Montcada's Sister, who was called, Jaques lived at his Mistress's door, a John de Montcada's
 prisoner, who be died, Maria is abused by Soldiers, who committed Adultery with Monsieur de
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Here are degrees of Sins, as well as of virtues, and tho' they are all black and deformed,
 yet some are more dark and ugly than others: Indeed, tho' the least of our Sins
 deserve death and punishment, yet God as well as Man has made some things greater,
 and imposed more severe punishments, for the sake of some than of others; and some are
 more monstrous and detestable in the eye of Heaven, whilst others seem abhorred less, and
 do not so highly incense the wrath of a merciful God. The Fornication was prohibited by
 the Laws of God, under severe penalties, and tho' it defiled Soules and polluted bodies, and
 made them vile and impure; yet it was not punished with death: God in his mercy had
 consideration of the imbecility and weakness of Nature, and the pious of Man to pro-
 pagate his species, tho' irregularly, like the Beast, and the readiness of Flesh to seek its plea-
 sure, tho' by prohibited means, and unlawful ways: God consider'd mans passions, his affec-
 tions, his violence and infirmities, that might force him to transgress his Holy Law, and to

commit fornication; and he also consider'd, that tho in committing this evil, they wronged him and defiled themselves, yet they did not thereby trespass against others. But in the abomination of Adultery, they not only sin against God and defile themselves, but they also do a most horrid wrong to another, and increase the guilt upon themselves, by breaking their vows and holy ties in Matrimony. For this cause, God gave to this abominable sin a greater and deeper mark or brand of his wrath and indignation, and made the transgression of the Law against it punishable by death among the Jews, and hath ever since, by his severe punishments of those, who still run into this detestable and wicked sin, and continue long therein, shewed his abhorrency of it, and that those guilty thereof, shall not escape exemplary punishments, as you may perceive, as among others, so especially by this ensuing History, which I am about to relate, for your information and instruction.

In the time of Henry the second, King of *Nature*, and Lord of *Beau*, who afterwards succeeded to the Crown of *France* by the name of Henry the fourth, upon the horrid Murder of King Henry the third, there lived at a Country Village called *Le Sault*, within four leagues of *Pau*, the Chief City in the principality of *Beau*, belonging then to the King of *Nature*, and accounted within the Province of *Aquitain*, a Gentleman of a very good extraction, named *Le Bre*, who had only one Son named *Jaques Le Bre*, which he bred up very carefully in all accomplishments, both Martial, and Civil, as his Son and heir to his estate. He was now arrived to the Age of nineteen years, when his father, having some occasions which drew him to *Paris*, and being then a Widower, and loath to leave his Son at home by himself, and among Servants, for the time of his absence, he sends him to *Saintes*, a Town in the same Principality of *Beau*, and where he had an Aunt, his wives Sister, a very Virtuous woman, who would have an eye over him. To her he sends his Son *Jaques*, with Letters, and a Servant to attend him, to stay till his return, and where he was welcom'd very kindly by his Aunt.

Now blind is the Wisdom, and foresight of man, he does but blindly grope about in all things he does, and many times, those things that he thinks in his great Wisdom and foresight, to be the only means, and wayes to prevent dangers, become the only means and wayes to pull them on his Head. For Monsieur *Le Bre* sending his Son *Jaques* to his Aunts, for prevention of any evil, that might happen at home, knowing he was then arrived to an Age, wherein Love used to predominate, and to carry young men to many irregularities, which his careful eye over him, thought suppress, was the very occasion, of running this youth, into many troubles; and perplexities, which left him not but with his Life.

There lived in the same place, a very rich Jeweller, who had one only Daughter, called from the place *Maria de Saintes*, much about the Age of *Jaques*, but of so exquisite a form and Beauty, as all those parts of *France* could no wayes match her, she was exceeding slender, and of a most exact shape, every way; of a brown complexion, but of such excellent features, and so taking, that few beheld her, without becoming her slave, and entangled in her prefections. Her mouth was very curiously form'd, with lips like Corallions sweetly swelling, and when she spoke, discovered two rows of teeth, white like Ivory, small and even; her hair was inclining to black, and her eyes were rather of a dark Grey, than black, but full of flame and sparkling. This lust and lovely Maid had many excellent accomplishments, and acquired perfections, as Singing, dancing, Musick, and a winning carriage and demeanour, but she was wistful Proud, haughty, and of so high a carriage, that she lost much of her reputation by it. She was the darling of her Father and Mother, who doted on her, and having no other Child, and being rich, tho of mean extraction, they were so ambitious, as to hope to match her with one *Jean de Montada*, a young man of a Noble extraction, but of a mean and low fortune; and concerning which match, the Parents were then treating, the one being desirous, to be ally'd to the honour and Nobility of so ancient, the other a family, and the other to help out his broken fortunes, by the riches that his Son should get with *Maria de Saintes*; being besides so great and renowned a Beauty, as she was.

These were the principles the two old men built upon, Honour and Riches, two fading props, to uphold matrimony, where there are not Love and Virtue to assist them: things were at this pass, when *Jaques Le Bre* arriv'd at his Aunts, *Madam Le Sault*, where he was most kindly entertain'd, and welcom'd by all her friends, and acquaintance, in that place. It was not long ere this young man, being at Church, had espied the beautiful *Maria de Saintes*, whom he had often heard spoken of, before he saw her; and the

he was prepared by report, to behold an exquisite Beauty, yet he was so surpriz'd, with finding her so very much beyond what he had imagin'd her to be, that he could do nothing all the time he was there, but gaze at her, both with love and admiration. But this sight could not serve his turn, for having made a little acquaintance with another young man in the same Town, he engages him, to carry him to visit *Madamose de Santerra*, and the being of a free, and airy carriage, and loving Company, especially that of strangers, it was no hard matter for him to accomplish his request. This visit of his cost him his heart; for if he before admir'd her Beauty, he is now as much taken with her wit. As for her part, she, tho' not apt to be in Love, and loving all company, was very much taken with young *Le Bret*, and esteem'd him more than any, that she had yet seen, and therefore very willingly embrac'd his company, and shew'd herself very pleasant and gay in her humour. This pass on, and *Le Bret*, beginning to grow very much enamour'd, made so frequent visits to this beautiful *Maria*, that his Aunt begun to take notice of it, and by no means approving of that Conversation with her, with a great deal of grief and trouble, she let him know, that she was not a person of rank or blood; and tho' her beauty had, like a hony pot, drawn many flies after it, they were persons of a meaner rank, or of debauch'd lives, by which Company and her wanton carriage, she had gotten her self but a light report, and an ill name: therefore, since he was under her charge, she desired him not to keep her Company, lest he might endanger his freedom by her beauty, or might intangle himself by her cunning, or might scandalize himself by her Company.

Young *Jaquies*, being exceedingly troubled at this rub in his way, and loath to displease his Aunt, promises her what he never means to perform, but now Love making him cunning, he finds out little plots, to blind the eyes of his Aunt, and visits her secretly and by stealth: for it was now impossible for him to be long out of the company of *Maria*, without languishing, and Love began to grow tyrannical, and to exercise an absolute dominion over him. *Maria* also being very much affected, and delighted with *Le Bret*, there began to grow a strict familiarity, and endear'dness between them; insomuch as he still called her his *Maria*, and she him her *Jaquies*. The Parents of *Maria* were very glad to see this *Jaquies le Bret*, so often with their Daughter, but having little hopes, that his father would ever permit him, being both rich and honorable, to make a match with *Maria*, and being then in treaty with the father of young *John de Montcada*, they thought it best to drive the nail that would go, and not like *Esop's* Dog in the Fable, let go the substance they were now assured of, for a greater shadow: this made them not give so kind a reception to *le Bret*, as otherways they would have done, and also calling their Daughter to them, advis'd her of the match, they were in treaty for her, with young *Montcada*, that she might not engage her self foolishly any other way, and not to grow fond of the company of *le Bret*, whom they perceived she esteem'd before all others that courted her.

Opposition usually makes things more violent, and tho' *Maria* was not of a Nature, as I have told you, to perish for Love, yet these words of her Parents encreas'd that little she had for *Jaquies*, and blew the kindling spark into a flame: and this little check, and curb of her desires, made her the more greedily desire to fulfil them, and tho' she resolves not to marry *Jaquies* against her Parents mind, she yet resolves to Love him, and to please her self with his Company, which gives some trouble and discontent to her Father and Mother, and they return the like to her, by their great averseness to her humour. She had not yet seen this young *John de Montcada*, who was then at School at *Pau*, where he had been for several years, but now the Parents having come to a conclusion, sooner perhaps than they should otherwise have done, by reason of *le Bret's* courting her: young *John* was sent for home, and because he hath a great part to play on the Stage of this Story, we will leap over to *Pau*, the chief City of *Bearn*, and give you some account of him there, and of his life and actions.

This young man, design'd as you have heard, to be the husband of *Maria de Santerra*, was the eldest Son of *John de Montcada*, of a noble and ancient Family, tho' much impoverish'd and decay'd; yet his Father tending his betterment, endeavour'd to bring him up as a Gentleman, and as a person of his extraction ought to be, hoping by his Marriage to better his low Fortune. He places him young, with a Kinsman of his, dwelling in *Pau*, where he continued at School, for several years, being taught by the best Masters, Grammar, Rhetorick, Logick, Philosophy, also Musick, and Painting, and chiefly Riding, Fencing and Dancing, in all which he arriv'd to a very great perfection, being now not above eighteen years of Age. As for his person, he was more than ordinary tall of a good mien, and carriage, of a very swarthy complexion, black hair, and of a grim and Souldier like countenance, but withal very witty and courageous. This young man from his youth, was as it were bred up with one *Madamose Eleanora de la Foix*, a Daughter of Mounfieur *Le Foix* President of Parliament at *Pavia*: man of great esteem, and of as great Riches, and anciently descended, from a branch of the ancient and renowned Earls

of *Paris*. This young Lady, having a very great desire of learning, being of the same age with *John de Moncada*, and living near one the other, they were bred up under the same Masters, and being but young, and as it were Children, they were permitted to learn their books together, whereby they contracted so great friendship, and kindness, one for the other, that at last it grew up to perfect Love. This young Lady was not very handsome and taking, and a little crooked to boot, but she was of a most piercing Judgement, and had a very sparkling wit, insomuch that it trebled the disadvantage of her want of Beauty. But with this wit, she had also a spice of ill Conditions, as a very proud carriage, an haughty mind, and a malicious, and revengeful disposition, she was of a subtle, cunning, and close nature, tho seemingly pleasant, when she had a mind to it. She was also an excessive lover of her Book, and by nature and Education, a lover and admirer of *John de Moncada*, and of no body else. He being also young, and kept close to his studies, and conversing with few others, reciprocally doated on *Elenora*, and passionately lov'd her.

The case thus stood, when young *John* receiv'd a Letter from his Father, that he should prepare for his return home, against such a time, not letting him know any thing of his intentions of marrying him, but that within a little space, he should so order his business, as to be ready to return for *Sancterra*, when he should send for him. This is no small Grief to young *John*, who shews his Letter to *Elenora*, who is no less troubled than he: and now the thoughts of this cruel separation, as it gives them both reciprocally a great deal of grief, and trouble, so it unites them into stricker leagues of friendship. Promises were not enough, and Verbal engagements one to another, Oaths, Vows, Protestations, both by word and writing pass between them, and they Entangle and ensnare one another as much as they can, by contracts and breaking of Gold by exchanging of gifts, and such like usual tye of foolish Lovers; thinking thereby to assure one the other, of an eternal Fidelity. Being gone thus far, and now looking on one another, as their own, and laying as it were a claim and interest one to another, they stop not there, young *John* thought there was something else to be done, and that there was yet a greater tye behind, that would be able to secure them each to other, better than all they had yet done, and which might be able to divert the Crossness of their Parents, if they should not be willing to marry them. Having therefore an opportunity, he makes use of the time he had allotted him, and overcoming *Elenora*, who thought now, that she ought not to deny him any thing, she yields to his desires, and they reap before hand, that fruit which is not well ripened, but by Marriage, and which before that Sun has shin'd upon it, proves sowre, and of a poysonous Nature. But *Elenora* had forgotten her precepts of Philosophy, and her lessons of Morality, which her Preceptors had taught her. She now forgets her books, and consults with no other, than those of Love, and Nature. They taught her new Lessons, and perswade her to yield her self up into the arms of her *John de Moncada*, who now deflowers her, and robs her of her Virgin honour: and thus these two young and hasty Couple, by a swift course, arrive suddenly at the end of delight.

They thus enjoy'd themselves, without fore-thought of what might follow after, till the time came, that *John de Moncada* was sent for by his Father; which tho expected, could not but be grievous to these young Lovers, who had but begun to taste their unlawful delights; but more especially to *Elenora*, who took on exceedingly. But *John* renewing his vows, and promises, and giving her hopes of a sudden return, and saying many other things to comfort her, they part; and he goes with the messenger tho unwillingly to *Sancterra*, and she shuts her self up among her books to hide her tears, and sudden Grief from her friends.

In the mean time, *Maria de Sancterra*, and *Jaques Le Bret*, are not backward in their Amours, and *Maria* having an inclining, that this *John de Moncada* was sent for, and that her marriage was concluded upon, and young *Jaques* fearing every day the return of his Father from *Paris*, and so his own consequently home, they push on a main the business of Love, and the wanton *Maria*, resolving to please her self with the enjoyment of *Jaques*, she seems to court him, who soon made use of the liberties, that he perceived were not unwillingly granted him, and even what *John* and *Elenora* did at *Paris*, these two young Couple, at the same time, did at *Sancterra*, with the same liberty, Love, and delight. Let Parents resolve now as they please, they thus resolve to please themselves before hand, and to enjoy themselves as long as they can.

Had these wanton Lovers here stop'd their course, and took up in time, from the Lustful excursions, Heaven perhaps might have pardoned this loose, and start of one side, of Headstrong Nature, but she like an hard mouth'd jade, having got the bit in her mouth, runs away

away with these Lovers; till they fall into the pit of destruction: And it is seldom seen, that they, who do not stick at committing the Sin of Fornication, will scruple that of Adultery, when time and opportunity is Baud to their Pleasures. *Jaquies*, and *Maria*, delighting themselves in their unlawful Lusts, and enjoying each other without controul, are at last interrupted: first by the coming of *John de Moncada*, and next by the return of Mounſieur *Le Bret* from *Paris*, and who about the same time, sent over two servants, with Letters to *Madam La Saliere*, and his Son, for his return home.

This was no small trouble to young *Jaquies*, who seeing the necessity of his return, took his leave of *Maria*, with many vows and protestations of Love and faithfulness, endeavouring to give her hopes, that he might bring it about that he might obtain her for his Wife. *Maria*, being of an inconstant and light nature, laying this separation little to heart, bid her Lover adieu without any great trouble, and knowing that her Father would shortly otherwise dispose of her, she smil'd inwardly at his vows of constancy, she having obtained the end of her wishes, in the often embraces of her *Jaquies*, as she called him, rested indifferently well satisfied that she should now try the delight of change, and the embraces of another, whom she had not yet seen; tho she had heard of his being in the Town several days. For you must know, that young *John de Moncada*, knowing from his Father, the reason why he had sent for him home, and heard from him with great disgust, of the match he had already agreed on, between him, and *Maria de Sancterra*, entertained it with much grief and trouble, remembering as yet, what had pass'd between *Elenora* and him: and this trouble appearing visibly in his face, his Father thinking it had been some indisposition, which he had contracted by travelling, and also that he might make him some new cloathes to appear before his beautiful Mistress, he kept him in his house, for three, or four days, and till *Jaquies le Bret* had taken his leave of *Maria*, as we have told you, as full of Love, as she was of Lightness.

Le Bret departs, and *John de Moncada* being now spruc'd up, makes his appearance abroad and tho very unwillingly, by his Fathers commands, he waits on his designed wife *Maria*, who expecting his coming, had dress'd her self that day most exquisitely, knowing well how much an ornament good cloathes were to handsomeness, and how great an advantage a good dressing is to beauty. And indeed she appear'd that day, with so much lustre and beauty, that young *John* was dazzled at it, and could do nothing but gaze at her. He had seen little of the world, but had been mew'd up at his books in *Paris*, where he had little converse but with *Elenora de La Foix*, his fellow Student, and in whom he then thought centred all perfections, but now beholding the dazzling beauty of *Maria*, and tasting of her brisk, gay humour, her lively sparkling wit, her pleasant speeches, and excellent carriage, he could not but see a vast difference between her and *Elenora*. He finds now that his eyes are open, that he is now come into the light, that he had been all this time in the dark, that he had never seen beauty before, nor tasted of those excellent delights, that seem'd to be reserv'd for him, in the person of *Maria*, so that he now soon forgets *Elenora*, and all their mutual vows, promises, and protestations, or if they do appear in his memory, 'tis with a great deal of disgust, and aversion. On the other side, *Maria* entertains him kindly, as the person that is designed to be her husband, and she has already forgot *Jaquies*, as if she had never known him. She likes the person of *John* very well, and looking on him with kind and loving eyes, she saw nothing amiss in him, but that he was very well for a Husband. Thus *John* sucks in the sweetness of Love, without any of its bitterness, and crosses of Rivalls, or thwarting of Parents, or aversion of his Mistress: but all was smooth, calm, pleasant, and delightful.

But these even and smooth matches are not always prosperous, and not always approved of by Heaven; and sometimes we see them end in heaviness and grief, in vexation and trouble, yea sometimes in death and Murder. So that 'tis hard to say before hand, what will follow after, and that where Virtue and Religion, piety and chastity, do not cement and tie hearts together, as well as the outward ceremonies of the Church, Bodily, the eyes are soon broken, the hands loos'd, and the given Faith destroyed: as we shall see in the sequel of this History. For now *John de Moncada*, being wholly subdued, by the great beauty, and pleasing converse of *Maria*, quite forgets *Elenora*, and he was not so much troubled at the proposal of this Marriage, before he saw her, as he is now at the delay, and therefore incites his Father to expedite it. He was not a little joyful, to see his Son so complying to his desires, and accordingly meeting with the Father of *Maria*, they appoint the day for their Wedding; which being come, they were publicly married, with great Feasting, dancing, and revelling, for many days, and the two young couple esteemed the happiest pair in all *Sancterra*.

But

But whilst they enjoy the delights of their late Marriage, 'tis but requisite to know what becomes of *Jaquier* and *Elenora*, to both which this news must be very dreadful and afflictive. *Madam Le Selier*, having some business of Law, depending at the Court at *Pau*, and being on her way thither, she took *Lassail* in her way, as well to visit her brother-in-law, as to inform *Jaquier* her Nephew of the Marriage of his Mistress *Maria*, that he might not think any more of her. *Jaquier* was extremely surpris'd at the news, and not believing the report of his Aunt and servants, he sent one over to *Sancterra* on purpose, to be inform'd of the truth of it, which, when he found to be so, and so suddenly after his departure, he could not but admire, and cursing the lightness of women, pleas'd himself however that he had enjoy'd her, and so endeavour'd to pass it over, as lightly as he could, but having a very great kindness still remaining towards his unfaithful fair one, he could not easily put her out of his mind, and notwithstanding all his endeavours grew very melancholly.

But if *Jaquier* took the loss of his Mistress very heavily, *Elenora* took that of young *John de Moncada* much more: for having not heard from him, since he had left *Pau*, she was extremely afflicted, and making diligent enquiry after him, she heard from one, who had been lately at *Sancterra*, of her *John's* being married to this *Maria*. At first, she was very difficult to entertain the belief, but hearing it confirm'd, and not long after by a Letter under his own hand, endeavouring to excuse himself, by laying the blame on his Father, and that he was necessitated to it; finding it too true, and now remembering her own folly, she grew enraged for madness, and being of a revengeful nature, she vows she will be revenged of him, if she can. But she fears a worse matter than this, for she begins to suspect that she is with Child, and that by this means she should be utterly disgraced, and that she should incur the displeasure of her Parents, and ruin the Honour of her house, and that if she took not some course to prevent it, her stolen pleasures would be made known, and her shame would soon appear. Not knowing what to do, she has recourse to her Nurse, who had bred her up, and lived in the house with her, to her she declares all, and opens her breast to her; and with so much trouble, and so many tears, that the Nurse, tho' troubled at the misadventure, yet could not but comfort her, and promise her secrecy, comfort and relief. She therefore gets Physick for her secretly, which she administers to get rid of her young great Belly, but her skill being little, she was not able quickly to perform her intention.

About this time, *Madam de Selier* coming to *Pau*, and having occasion of coming often to the Presidents, about her Law business, being also recommended by a Letter from her Brother-in-law, *Monsieur Le Bret*, she falls acquainted with the Presidents Wife, and with their Daughter *Elenora*, and finding her of a ready wit, and of excellent parts, she propos'd to the Mother a Match betwixt her Nephew young *Jaquier le Bret*, and *Madam Elenora*. The Mother, knowing the worth, and Riches of *Monsieur Le Bret*, very readily embrac'd the proposition, and imparts it to her Husband, the President, who was as forward, and desirous as she to provide so well for his Daughter *Elenora*. Upon this *Madam Selier* is extraordinarily well received, and the President shews her much kindness, and ties himself to her interests, and assists her in her business. She to requite him writes to *Monsieur Le Bret*, concerning it, and invites him to *Pau* with his Son. *Le Bret* desirous to see his Son well married, (being himself now well stricken in years, and being well acquainted with the Riches and worth of *Monsieur Le Bret*, as willingly embrac'd the proposition. Taking therefore his Son *Jaquier* with him, he rides over to *Pau*, where he was exceeding well received by the President, and after a little time matters were so well adjusted between them, that they came to a conclusion of the match, between the Son and the Daughter. The young Couple are made acquainted with it, and are injoyned by their Parents to entertain one another, and to prepare themselves for their Marriage, which they intended should be celebrated very suddenly. Young *Jaquier* could not but see a great difference, between the beauty of *Maria de Sancterra* whom he loved, and this of *Elenora de la Roix*, but *Maria* being married, and believing he should never meet with any other, that could so much engage his affections, it was indifferent to him, whom he married, since he must marry, and since he knew he should not love any other than his beloved *Maria*, who still ran in his mind, and much troubled his thoughts. But yet finding the wit of *Elenora* very divertive, and her carriage modest, and believing her highly virtuous, he did not so much esteem to obey his Fathers commands. On the other side, *Elenora*, fearing her shame should be divulg'd, notwithstanding the Physick the Nurse had given her, which she could not find had wrought the desired effect, was glad to embrace the match, as the best means to preserve her Honour, and therefore set her self all she could, to become pleasing to young *Jaquier*. However she could not yet forget *John de Moncada*, but remembered him with a great deal of regret, which still boiling in her mind, she could not be satisfied

tish'd, till she had return'd him an Answer to his Letter, which she did in these bitter terms.

ELENORA DE LA FOIX to JOHN DE MONCADA.

THe Letter you sent me, bas'ter me know that you are the most false of Mankind, who, after so many Vows and Proteſtations, could ſo ſoon forget to whom you made them, and run into the Arms of another; your excuſes are vain and frivolous, and I am not ſo to be pacified: the honour you have robb'd me of is not ſo to be reſtor'd again; but be aſſured, thou fulſeſt of men, that if I cannot revenge my ſelf on thee, that I will not ceſſe to pray to Heaven to do it for me, for the wrong you have done to her, that now hates you.

ELENORA.

This Letter ſhe ſends away to *Sanclerra*, by a faithful friend, who promiſed to deliver it to *John de Moncada* himſelf, who receiving it, being now ſwallow'd up in the pleaſures of his beautiful *Maria*, little regarded it, but being leſs careful of it, than he ought to have been; it fell into the hands of *Maria*, who perceiving by it, that her husband had been faulty, yet alſo knowing her own frailty, and that ſhe was not behind hand with him, ſhe made a jeſt on it; and ſhewing it to him, ſmiling, told him ſhe perceived he had not been the firſt Maid he had courted and enjoy'd. He was inwardly vext at his neglect of burning the Paper, however putting it off in raillery, he got it from her, and burnt it, arguing that they were not answerable one to the other, for what was done before Marriage.

In the mean time, ſo fortune had provided this croſs match, *Jaquier* and *Elenora* are married, to the great rejoycing of their Parents, and after ſome time of feaſting, *Monsieur Le Bre*, and *Madam Selier*, return to *Leſſail*, carrying with them *Jaquier* and *Elenora*; and after ſome time, *Madam Le Selier*, returns home to *Sanclerra*. *John de Moncada* was glad to hear that *Elenora* was married; and *Maria* could not but ſmile within her ſelf, to ſee the ſame perſon whom ſhe believed had been faulty with her Husband, ſhould be match'd to one, that had done the ſame thing with her, and that none of them had reaſon to complain one of another, ſince they were all guilty alike.

But about this time, after that the Prince of *Cande* was ſlain, in the Battle of *Baſac*, *Joan of Albert* Queen of *Navar*, with her young ſon *Henry* the ſecond, taking part with the Proteſtants, againſt the *Guiſer*, was ſummoned by the King of *France*, and upon her not coming in, a Commiſſion was granted to *Jerile* Governour of *Duchy*, to invade the Countries of *Bearn*, *Faix*, and *Navar*. To whom was oppoſed on the other ſide, the Earl of *Montgomery* for the Queen, who coming into thoſe parts, to raiſe ſome Regiments for ſecurity of the Towns and Cities in thoſe Countries, young *Jaquier*, beginning to grow weary of his Philoſophical Wiſe, pretending the affection and good will to his Country, contrary to the mind of his Father, procures a Commiſſion for a Captain of foot, and very ſpeedily raiſing his Company among his Father's Tenants, repairs to *Navarren*, a ſtrong Town, where the Earl of *Montgomery* their General, had appointed the general rendezvous. The Earl having gotten his men together, he preſently diſperſes them, into ſeveral Garrisons, keeping with himſelf only 4000 foot, with which he afterwards did many brave exploits. But Captain *Le Bre*, belonging to the Regiment of *Guiſers*, which Regiment with two more of *Navar*, were deſign'd to ſtrengthen the Towns of *Bearn*, ſell to the Lord of *Captain Le Bre*, with two companies more, of foot, and one Troop of Horſe to have *Sanclerra* aſſign'd for Quarters. *Le Bre* was not a little joy'd at this accident, ſo very pleaſing to his wiſhes, the remembrance of his *Maria*, the married, being ſtill very fresh and dear to him, and many ſweet hopes and pleaſing ideas, he ſearch'd in himſelf, ſo that he went with great gladneſs and joy, and bleſs'd his Stars for his good fortune, and happy lot.

It was about the latter end of the year, when he came to *Sanclerra*, and where it was likely they ſhould ſtay that Winter, not expecting much action till Spring, ſo that he thought he ſhould have time enough, to Court his old Miſtreſs, who ſtill liv'd in his heart. He was quarter'd at his Aunt's houſe, to whom he was very welcome, he being glad to ſee his preſentation. The Town was now very full of Souldiers, and the continual alarm which they had of the approach of *Torſie*, put them upon their Guard, and before the coming of theſe Souldiers, the Town had raiſed four Companies of the Townſmen for their own ſecurity, one of which was Commanded by young *John de Moncada*, which did Duty with the reſt of the Garrison Souldiers, keeping ſtrong Guards, and ſtrick watches. The beautiful Wiſe of Captain *Montada*, being under reſtraint in the houſe of her Father, where ſhe had continued for ſome time,

after

after her marriage, had caused her Husband to take a house of his own, which was in the same street, and not far from Madam La Selene's and was there settled, not long before the coming of Captain Le Bre. It was not long ere he waited upon his beautiful Maria, who entertained him with all the kindness, and civility, that could be. Her beauty was not at all diminished, and the briskness and gaiety of her humour, was rather increased, she taking more liberty than before; and tho' her husband was of a more reserv'd and more temper, yet his love to her, made him excuse many things that he did not well like. His house therefore soon became the general rendezvous, and meeting place of all the Sparks, and Cavaliers in Town, and her pleasant and airy humour was as charming as her beauty. But the Heart of young *Japhet* was soon inflamed; and her breast was quickly scorched, with the fire of their old love, that quickly inkindled it self upon their new virities. He failed not at the first opportunity, to charge her with infidelity, and to let her know the continuance of his Passion. She excus'd her self, with the force that was put upon her, by the authority of her Parents, and let him know that she never had any passion for any man besides himself, and that she should never love any, as she had loved him, and if that she might have been left to her own choice, he only should have been the person, to whom she would have been tyed. Our young Captain, finding all the encouragements he could hope for, is not backward to push on his good fortune, and indeed he did not find it any difficult matter to overcome, where he had before made a conquest. *Maria* had so little Vertue and Chastity, to guard her, that her weak defences were soon overthrow'n, and our Captain upon the first opportunity, enter'd thro' the breach, he had formerly made. The humour of her Husband did not suite with hers, so well as *Le Bre*; and the stolen pleasures the receiv'd, seem more sweet, than all her lawful embraces. *John de Moncada* becomes less delightful in her eyes, and none but Captain *Le Bre* seems pleasant to her. He is almost constantly with her, and her house seems his home; he is no longer from the Guard, but he is in her Chamber, and almost as often in her Arms, as her Husband. For whatsoever her Husband mounts the guard, he keeps watch with her, and slips no opportunity, of being with her by day or by night. He forgets his vows and eyes of matrimony, he forgets her duty and her honour, and both give themselves over to their pleasures. They at present seem sav'd with the sweetness, and are intranced with their delights, but alas! the bitterness, and the gall lies at the bottom, there is a sting behind. Pleasures without in the mouth, but worm-wood in the belly. They will soon disgorge their filthy draughts of delight, and curse the hour of their debauchery.

It is not easy to put a check to unbridled folly, there is no moderation in passionate folly, in blind, and cannot see its own follies. The follies of Love are the greatest and most irregular in the world: a Town or a Country takes notice of them commonly, before the parties themselves do. *Japhet* and *Maria* are too openly familiar, they are not secret enough in their amours; and tho' her way, and carriage to all, being frank and free, might seem to excuse her, yet the mouths of many began to be opened, and they gave too just occasion. *John de Moncada* began to have some umbrage of the matter, he was wroth, and some had told him, that he had been her secret Servant before he married her. This put a thousand thoughts into his head, and rais'd the fury of jealousy in his breast. The flag began to trouble his eyes, and would not be stay'd, tho' he knew what had pass'd between the wife of his brother and himself. He passionately loves *Maria*, and he knows how to share her with any one. He has yet nothing but surmises, he has no proofs, he knows *Fame* is a Liar, and he believes many untruths: but he also knows the frailty of women, and that the most beautiful and most subject to the temptation of the devil, the most unsteady, and that he has not found any such fidelity in his life, and therefore, that he may give him any confidence in her chastity, he yet knows not how to take her, she is imperious, shrewd, and wily; he is loath to rake in this draught lest he raise a worse sink. He is full of thought, anxious, and without any neighbour counsel, and without remedy. When a fair Fortune put him a diversion, tho' not a cure, by a means that he did not expect.

Madam La Selene was extremely troubled at the loss of her Nephew, she had the care and charge for her good Counsel, her words were spent on him in vain, and she heard that the alarming report of the Town was too true, and the familiarity between him and *Maria* was too true, and she believed that the continuance of this wicked, and abominable course of Life, would bring down the wrath of God upon him, and that some judgement would follow him; for this reason having a true regard to his soul, he advertises his Father-in-law in secret, that he might seek by some means to remedy it. This occasions great grief to Monsieur *Le Bre*, for that his Son being now as it were out of his reach, and

reach, he knows not how to remedy it; but he fails not to send often to him Messengers, and Letters, which give him advice, and counsel, and put him in mind of his duty to God, and man, and of the trouble and affliction of his Wife. For this his evil and debauch'd life, as it became a publick talk in *Santerra*, so it soon came to be known in *Lassail*, by means of this intercourse of Servants; and it came also to the ears of *Elenora*, who having a very high Spirit, and perceiving the slight her husband put upon her, and finding the love he had for another, gave her such grief and vexation that it effected more for her, than all the Physick she had taken would do, and she miscarried, and was in danger of her life, to the no small trouble of Monsieur *Le Bret*, who lov'd her as if she had been his own daughter, and fought by his kindness, to make up the default of his Son.

By the care of Physicians she recovers, and Monsieur *Le Bret* thought it the best course, to send *Blows* to her husband, as the only means to restrain him from his lewd ways, by her presence, presuming it would be some curb, and bridle upon him. He breaks it to her, and she as readily accepts it, not so much out of the love, and desire she had for his company, as out of a malicious and revengeful heart. Being agreed on this journey, and all things being fitted, she departs from *Lassail*, and soon arrives at *Santerra*, to the joy of Madam *Selime*, and to the great vexation of *Jaquies*, who was not a little surpris'd, and startled, at her coming, lest it should be a hindrance of those pleasures, he reaped by the company of *Maria*: however at first, setting a good countenance upon the matter, he received her kindly, and was something sparing in his visits to his Mistress, but that restraint being too hard for him to bear, he soon fell to his usual course, and using *Elenora* as a wife, that he did not love; that is dirtily, and scurvily, he forsook her company, and spent most of his time with the wife of her old friend *John de Moncada*. On the other side, he daily finding the slight of his wife towards him to encrease, and that her light carriage did continually more and more wound his Reputation, and now fully believing she was false to him, and kind to Captain *Jaquies*, his love began to turn to hate, and corrupting like sweet wine, converted to sharp Vinegar, and in a little time he could scarce indure her sight. And now having studied several ways to be revenged on *Jaquies Le Bret*, and finding none but what would endanger his life, quarrelling, and fighting in the Garrison, being punish'd with death, upon the arrival of his old Mistress *Elenora*, he rejoices and believes, that there can be no better way in the World of Revenge, than to serve him after the same manner, as he doubted not that *Le Bret* served him, that was to make him a Cuckold. Taking therefore the same liberty with *Elenora*, as *Le Bret* did with his wife *Maria*, to visit her frequently, and at all times, they seem'd to make a contented change; *Le Bret* being continually with *Maria*, and *John de Moncada* with *Elenora*. *Le Bret* had formerly heard of the acquaintance they had had together in their youth, being bred together at School, so that their renewal of acquaintance seem'd not strange to him, and he thought the little beauty of his wife, would be security enough against any attempt of Love, but herein he was deceived, for *John de Moncada* having given *Elenora* a full account of the love betwixt his wife and her husband, and of their enjoying one another, as she had reason to believe, as well as he: she was easily induced by the many perswasions of her old Servant, to be upon even terms with her husband, and that way to be revenged of him. He was now grown very distasteful to the Eyes, and heart of *Elenora*, and she finding no better way for the present, of Revenge, yeild'd to *John de Moncada*, and more out of malice to her Husband, than out of love to him, she met his embraces; and he also, for the same reason, rather out of malice to *Le Bret*, than any affection to *Elenora* (who was no wayes tempting) he branched the head of *Le Bret*, and gave him as many horns, as he had himself.

At this rate of abominable, and sinful congression, these four persons liv'd, and that so openly that it became the talk of the Town; and *Le Bret* was as much laugh'd at, as Captain *Moncada*, every one thinking his revenge just, and Lawful. But whatever their thoughts were, I doubt Heaven was of another mind, that has commanded us to do no evil action upon any account, and the wrong and damage I fear, will bring down Gods heavy wrath, and indignation, on the heads of these sinful persons. Madam *La Selere* having a very good opinion of *Elenora*, did not at first harbour any evil suspicious thoughts, of the frequent visits of *Moncada*, knowing of their former acquaintance, and also considering the little attractions she had to draw any to love, not being so knowing, as to conceive any would out of spite make use of the actions of love. But when she found his frequent visits gave a scandal, and had rais'd a talk in the Town, being a Vertuous Woman, she at first admonish'd *Elenora*, but finding that did not put a stop to the coming of Captain *Moncada*, being resolv'd to be Mistress in her own house, she caus'd the doors to be shut against him, and for-

bid him coming any more there. *Le Bre* was vext at the doings of his Aunt, and sought but in vain to remedy it. He so little cared for his wife, or consider'd his Honour and reputation, that he was glad of the Exchange, tho he believ'd his wife lay with Captain *Montada*. So much did he fear of being debarred the pleasures he took with *Maria*, and lest Captain *Montada* should serve him as his Aunt had served *Montada*. *Maria*, that he might not think too well of his own wife, and that she had more virtue than her self, had pitifully told him of the Letter she had seen of *Elenora's* to her Husband, by which he had gather'd what had pass'd between them, and that he had reason to believe, that she now also paid all his court with her Husband. Tho *Le Bre* was inwardly vext at this news, which he did not suspect, and that the retaliation according to the Law of morality, was but just, and equal, yet he felt an inward gripe, and could scarce bear that from another, which he did himself, to another, so unjust is man in his worst actions. But when he heard lest that *John de Montada* upon his exclusion from *Madam Selier's*, should also shut him out from his *Maria*, he would willingly have permitted the change to have continued, so much did his wicked and lustful passion sway him at that time.

But tho Captain *Montada* might have had such intentions, *Maria* was a person of so much extravagant Liberty, that he knew very well, it would be a hard thing at that time, for him to performe: and would soon draw on him, the malice of all her admirers, and professed Servants, which were many. He therefore shew'd no particular resentment of his ill usage from *Madam Selier's*, but being sculious, met with *Elenora* as in a Kinswomans house, which she us'd sometimes to visit, where he more privately enjoy'd her, and without the knowledge, and disturbance of her Aunt. Thus in the midst of Arms, and War, they continue their unlawful Loves; and *Yves* and *Mary*, are in a malevolent conjunction. The first thing that manifested Gods displeasure against their wicked and sinful life, was his sending upon them, that filthy disease, called the Venereal evil, which most commonly is the concomitant with unlawful *Yves*, and seems to be a scourge purposely prepared of God, whereby he lashes and Scarifies unchast bodies. *Maria* had been long courted by one *Monsieur Villiers a Gascon*, and one that had a Gallours in one of those Companies, quarter'd in the Town, and one that had spent, and treated high, to obtain his ends, which it seems at last, he obtain'd, won either with his fair words, or his Gold, or both, and he having been a very debauch'd man, and several times rubb'd, sweeten'd, and flux'd, still remaining upon all occasions his old evil, he was so thorowly pepper'd, that he paid *Maria* for the pleasure she had granted him, with a sound, and thorow pack'd clap, she communicated the same to *Jacquies*, he soon set it upon his Wife, and she gave it to Captain *Montada*, and so like very loving and kind Communicants, they bestow'd it on one another.

This disaster might have opened their eyes, and have given them some glimpses of Gods anger, and their own evil ways: But there is no blindness like that of sin, and no hardness like to an obdurate heart, the light of the Sun cannot illuminate that, and sufficiently discover its deformity, the bolt of affliction does not often pierce this, and mollifie it without Grace. Had they now beheld their evils and repented, perhaps this light Chastisement might have sav'd them, from worse judgments. But they stop not here, this plague of the Pox is not soon perceiv'd, and the evil in their Bodies increases with that of their Soules. *Maria* is the first that perceives the spreading mischief, and being conscious to her self, how she came by it, and taking it in time, she got cure, tho not without a suspicion of the matter, and a scandal to her reputation. The men did not much matter it, but taking ordinary prescriptions, thought to pass it over slightly. But this disease meeting with a more sharp blood in *Elenora*, it immediatly spread its virilency thorow all parts of her body, and too plainly demonstrated by visible marks, its poyson and contagion, so that in a little time, she became a sad spectacle, being broken to peeces with running sores, and filthy sinking Ulcers.

This effected more than all the precepts of Virtue could do, for it made her so loathsome, that her sinful Co-partner now left her company, and she saw her self forsaken by her Gallant, and loathed by her Husband. But however filthy she is without, she is more filthy within, and the corruption of her heart, exceeds that of her body. She imputes not all these disasters as she ought to Gods hand, for her Lust and unlawful Concupiscence, but to the naughtiness, and debauchery of her Husband. Him she hates as the Instrument of her evil, and the immediate cause of her distemper, and in her breast she hatches a secret Revenge. She takes so much truce with her thoughts, in the midst of paines and agonies, as to plot mischief, and to meditate one murder. One would think, her mind should have had a better employment, than to hearken to the suggestions of *Sathan*, and instead of calling upon

upon God in her distrels, to be working and contriving of mischief in her heart. She resolves then that Mounſieur *Le Bret* ſhall die, as being the cauſe of her miſery, and for this end and purpoſe, ſhe ſecretly procures ſome *Sublimate Mercury*, intending to give it him upon the firſt opportunity. This being made up in a little white Paper; ſhe lays it on a ſhelf in her Cloſet, within her Chamber, the Key whereof ſhe kept her ſelf. But God, who is the great diſpoſer of all things, knows how to return the arrows ſhot againſt Heaven, upon the ſhooters head, and to bring home miſchiefs conceived againſt another into their own boſomes. *Elenora* every night was wont to take a little white powder, by the order of her Phyſitian, before ſhe went to reſt, which powder was made up into doſes, in little white Papers, taking every night one, which were alſo kept with other Physical things in her Cloſet. The Maid that attended her, about four nights after, ſhe had put the *Mercury* into the cloſet, not knowing any thing of it, all the Papers of powder, which ſhe uſed to take, being gone, and looking more narrowly about the ſelves, ſhe finds this paper of poiſon, and it being like thoſe ſhe uſe to give her, not doubting in the leaſt, but that it was the ſame, and had been miſlay'd, ſhe gives it to *Elenora* in poſſet-drink. But before morning ſhe found her ſelf extremely ſwell'd, and ſick even to death, the houſe is raiſ'd, and her Phyſitian ſent for, who by all the ſymptoms, her tongue being black and ſwolln, did believe ſhe had taken ſome poiſon, at which word remembering her ſelf of what ſhe had ſecretly put in her Cloſet, found upon examination, that the Wench had given her the *Mercury*, inſtead of her wonted powder; all the means were uſed, that could be thought on, to make her void the poiſon, but it had fix'd it ſelf in the blood and ſpirits, and diffuſed it ſelf ſo far, that their endeavours prov'd fruitleſs, and e're many hours after, ſhe dy'd, having only ſo much time, as to confeſs her wicked intention of murdering her husband, acknowledging her wicked and abominable crime of Adultery, and the juſt judgement of God upon her for the ſame; and ſpending the little time ſhe liv'd, in Repentance, and bewailing her wicked life, ſhe gave great hopes to thoſe about her, that God had mercy of her ſoul.

The ſinful knot is broken, and this Tragedy of *Elenora* that led the way, might have opened the eyes of the reſt, and have given them a true ſight of their evil ways. But alas! They are blind; they ſee nothing but the dark ſhadows of their pleaſures. There is not one ray that can penetrate into their pitchy breſts. 'Tis there night and darkneſs it ſelf; and they continue to grope about in the black obſcurity of their ſinful delights. Captain *Le Bret* is glad he is rid of his Wife, and ſecretly thanks heaven for the kindneſs of ridding him of a plague. He now runs into the embraces of *Maria* with more freedom, and they continue their wicked life, without Repentance. Captain *Moncada* is full of vexation, and ſtudies ſome ſafe way of Revenge; but God has not yet made him exemplary enough, for his former evil, he had not left his Adultery, but it was that which left him. The object of his luſt was taken from him; his evil and corrupted heart ſtill remain'd, uncleans'd and unpuriſhed by Repentance: It was not yet ſoftened and made fleſh, but ſtony and obdurate. The fall of *Elenora* had not ſufficiently touch'd him, and as he had not asked God forgiveness for his Crimes, ſo Heaven ſhew'd he had not forgiven him, tho he had for ſome time forborn him. *Terride* on a ſudden was ſet down before *Sancterra*, and (*Montgomery* being at a diſtance) made no queſtion to carry the Town before ſuccour could come. However they made a ſtout reſiſtance for ſome time, making ſeveral ſallies, in one of which Captain *Moncada* was ſhot thorow the left arm, and the bone broken in two, a little below the elbow. Wounds received in defence of ones Country are glorious enough, and may be ſhown rather as Trophies than marks of diſgrace: But God often-times that way puniſhes wicked and diſſolute perſons, for former crimes, by ſudden death, or grievous wounds, expreſſing thereby his wrath and Indignation, which takes off from them the marks of Glory, and renown, and ſhews only thoſe of Gods Anger and vengeance. There is a certain diſtinction between the wounds of a brave, and virtuous perſon, in a good cauſe, and of thoſe of a wicked man, receiv'd in the ſame Battel. The ordinary judges of action, the people, many times the voice of God, will declare theſe to be the effect of his diſpleaſure, and thoſe, that of courage and bravery. Valour is loſt in a vitious and wicked man, and is often termed his raſhneſs and fury. Every diſaſtour that befalls him becomes his puniſhment, and what elſe would be his glory, is render'd as his Crime. *Moncada* returns wounded, and no doubt puniſh'd for his evil, and Adulterous Life, but he is obſeſt, his eyes ſealed, and his heart hardn'd, and no ſigns of his repentance. God will therefore increaſe his affliction, for his wound, meeting with an ill Chirurgeon, in a few dayes gangreen'd, ſo that his Arm was ſain to be cut off above the Elbow. He is now without an Arm, and it had been well if the loſs of a Limb might have ſav'd his ſoul, or the reſt of his body. Tho his body was not

whole, his heart was, but it was full of mischief and corruption, he hates his adulterous wife, and he watches an opportunity to be reveng'd on the Lustful *Le Bret*. His right hand was yet free, and with it could manage a pistol or a sword. God knows how to make sinners punish one another. The siege grows hot, and the whole Town is full of fear and consternation: But yet amidst Guns, fire, and Armes *Le Bret* and *Maria* take time to visit one another, and give no truce to their unlawful pleasures. He is no sooner from the walls, but he is at her house, and no sooner out of his Arms, but he flies to her soft embraces. God has forbore him long, he as yet escaped both sword and gun. The bullets have wandered by him, and he has seen others fall on the right and left hand of him, yet he remains unsensible, and unconcerned, he regards not the mercy, and slight's God's long forbearance. But the Justice of Heaven has been long delay'd, twill be so no longer, he must die, since he will not repent, he must be punish'd here for example sake, to forwarn others from continuing in the like Crimes. He has indeed escaped wounds in Battel, as if he had been shot free, but they would have seem'd too honorable, and tho God had given them as punishments, yet he mought have mistaken them as marks of Honour. But the punishment for his adulterous Crime must be more plain, and demonstrable; and he must receive it, not on the walls or in a sally, but at the door of his Mistress, and returning from committing his Sin. For one morning Captain *Le Bret* was found dead, shot thorow the hinder part of the head, with two pistol bullets, at the door of *Moncada*, his head lying upon the half pace of the entry; who committed this murderous Act, could not be found, but Captain *Moncada* was taken on suspicion, and cast into prison, being generally believ'd 'twas he that did it, or that it was done by his procurement. However it was, *Le Bret* was punished for his wickedness, and adultery, to the great grief of *Madam de Selier*, who caus'd him to be honorably buried, and who had often warn'd him, of his sinful Life, and told him that God would certainly punish him. As for Captain *Moncada*, the disgrace and hardships of the prison, the trouble and affliction of his mind, the wound of his Arm, which was not yet thoroughly cured, and the horrid pains of the Pox, which put him in continual remembrance of his sins, cast him into a fever, which in less than a weeks time, ended his daies without any sign of repentance, or confession of his Crimes, and to the great grief and trouble of all his Friends and Relations.

You have seen three of these sinful Conspirators punish'd, but yet the chief cause of this wickedness, *Maria de Sahiterra* lives in triumph, being not so sorry for the death of her Gallant, as joyful for that of her Husband. She is now a jolly Widdow, and Court'd by many Ruffins, for the sober sort were afraid of her, and shun'd her. Her lewd Life, had pretty well set going what she had from her parents, and tho considerable, yet her exorbitant expences, made it fly apace, and the little she had left, being in mony, and household stuff, and in plate, and Jewells, the Rapacious Enemy soon depriv'd her of. For it was now that *Tirrede* took the Town by a surprize, and the treachery of some within, the Soldiers enter in the night, and most of the Town being *Hugonets*, suffer'd from their Enemies, all sorts of cruelties, who were permitted besides the pillaging the place, to commit all sorts of Licentiousness and Barbarity. In this general suffering, the house of our *Maria* was pillag'd, and all made a prey to the ravenous Soldiers, and not only so, but she being so extremely handsome, God was pleas'd to turn her delight into a punishment, and to glut and satiate her with Lust and pollution: for that night, the Town was surprized, she became a prey to the Souldiers, and eight or nine lay with her by force one after another, till they had almost Kill'd her with their barbarous embraces. That beauty which us'd to entice others, and allure them to a sinful compliance, serv'd now to provoke the lustful Soldiers for her own punishment. She had now a full measure of bestiality, and they left her rather dead than alive, and not only defiled by their lusts and filthiness, but also infected, and corrupted by their contaminated *Venus*. What sayst thou *Maria*, beautiful and sinful *Maria*, has not Heaven justly punish'd thee, for thy whoredom and adultery? canst thou not see the very finger of God in this, shewing thee his abhorrency of thy crime. Take warning now and repent, thy evil companions have been punish'd with Death, and thou with a punishment more cruel to a chaste mind. But I beat the air, I speak to a Rock, and call to the Wind; *Maria* quickly forgets both Gods judgements, and his mercy, she istoo deeply immersed in Sin, her evil and lustful nature cannot be easily reclaim'd. And we shall see her presently, and with the first opportunity, fly into the face of Heaven, and shew the world, she had neither sence, or remorse of what was past.

The approach of *Montgomery* forces *Tirride* to leave *Sanlterra*; but he left it spoiled, and pillaged, and with signes of his ravagement: however returning under its old Government, it soon lick'd it self whole, and that Summer *Montgomery* recovering the whole Country, and beating *Tirride* out of the field, all things returned to its former state of Peace and quiet. *Maria* now began to be very poor, a misery she had not yet known, and which she now found more insupportable, than any thing she had yet undergone. Her extravagances and profusions, and the loss and pillage she had undergone, had left her desolate and needy. Her Plate and her Jewells were gone, and she had now but one left, and that was that of her Beauty, which had yet some lustre in the eyes of Ruffins, and debauch'd persons. Her Parents were dead and ruin'd with the general loss. The friends of her Husband *Moncada* hate her, and generally the whole Town despise, scoff, and deride her. She finds she cannot continue there, without becoming the subject of their scorn and malice, therefore selling what she had, and turning it to money, she retires privately, to a Kinswomans of hers, that liv'd neer *Oleron* a large Town, and Bishops see, among the Mountains of *Bearn*. Here she had not been above half a year, but walking one day among the vineyards, which belong'd to her Kinswoman, she met by accident, a very fine young Gentleman on horse-back, with a gun in his hand, and three or four spaniels, beating about for some game. She had been melancholly, and pensive, and the thoughts of her condition, had caus'd some tears to steal over her fair cheeks, and gave her at that time a very melting, and languishing aire. The Gentleman, coming upon her suddely, was a little surprized with her beauty, and he thought he had met one of the Graces, wandering in that solitary place, among those Mountains. She was well clad, and in the habit of a Gentlewoman, but he was sure she must be a stranger, for that none of any quality or note in those parts were unknown to him. He accosted her very civilly, and was answer'd with so much modesty, and with such readines of wit, that he was as much in Love with her mind, as with her face. He would not leave her, by any persuasions, till he had seen her at the House where she lodg'd, and having some acquaintance with the Husband of her Kinswoman, he gave him a visit, and being charm'd with the beauty, and discourse of *Maria*, he could hardly leave her, till the approach of night caus'd him to return to *Oleron*, where he dwelt.

This was an unhappy meeting, and he came forth in an ill hour. It was the worst game that ever he sprung, or was in quest of. This Gentleman returns home, but without a heart, he was himself entangled, and taken in the net of *Maria's* beauty. She seem'd to him an Angel retir'd from mortals, or one of the beautiful Graces, or the witty Muses, among the Woods, and the Vine-yards. This Gentleman was named Mounfieur *Bautry*, of a good extraction, and a native of *Bigorre*, but had not above a year before married a virtuous young Gentlewoman of *Oleron*, with whom he now lived at her Fathers, who was a Burgess of that Town. He had formerly been a Souldier, and served both in *Spain*, and in *France*, and had led a very dissolute life, but of the late, being married, he seem'd to be reclaim'd, and gave great hopes, he would forget all his former wildness, and prove a stay'd man. But alas! his seeming virtue was but want of opportunity, and he was rather diverted from evil, than that he had overcome its nature. Grace was not planted in his heart, and his goodness was but superficial, as you may perceive by his soon falling in the pit of Pollution with *Maria*, on the first opportunity.

This Mounfieur *Bautry* under the colour of the sport, which he loved, went every day to *La vally*, which was the name of the place where *Maria* was, and not above a league from *Oleron*. She was now the only game that he hunted, and which he followed with so much diligence, that he caught her at last. He was rich and full of Pistols, she was poor, and very unchast; you may therefore imagine, that he was not very long without obtaining what he sought. But altho she had yielded to his desires, she had too much skill in the art of weadling, as to lose him: She had a thousand inveiglements, fetches, charmes, and allurements to keep him; and she so cunningly deals her favours, that she had still new delights to give him. She was skilful in her Trade, and there was not a secret in the mystery of love, that she was unacquainted with, and did not make use of. Mounfieur *Bautry* hardly mist a day without seeing her, and she now began to look brisk and gay, her languishing is lay'd aside, and she is now full of gold, gaiety, and mirth. But alas! all this is but like a blaze of of a Candle, which is perishing in the socket: Her heart knows not the evil now hanging over her head, and ready to fall upon her. God is now ready to strike, and that to purpose. *Maria* has long enough continued in sin and evil, and it is but fit that she now become an example of God's justice, since no warning, no mercy, will divert her, from her evil courses.

Mounfieur

Mounſieur *Bautry* has many things to answer for, he has long escap'd unpunish'd, for his many debaucheries, and prophaneneſs, but now he is fallen into the abominable ſin of Adultery, which ſeldome eſcapes unpunish'd.

Theſe two luſtful Lovers had thus ſecretly carried on their amours, without hindrance or ſuſpition, and the woods, and fields were only witneſſes to their wickedneſs, they had enjoyed one anothers unlawful embraces, about a quarter of a year, when one evening Mounſieur *Bautry* having ſtayed ſomewhat later than ordinary, and night coming on him ſooner than he expected, it being at that time very dark, and thinking to croſs over a field, to get a neerer way to the Town, than by the high way, which lay ſomewhat about, not remembering the old proverb, *That the fartheſt way about is the neereſt way home*, he fell with his horſe down into a ſleep Marſpit, which was in the middle of the field, and ſo fatally that he broke his neck. *Maria* having in great jollity and content parted with her new Gallant, in going home from the wood, where ſhe uſed to reap her unlawful pleaſures, and not far from the houſe, was ſuddenly ſmitten, with a blaſt, which took from her at once, all ſenſe and motion, ſo that ſhe fell to the earth, with a great ſcream, her face, and eyes diſtorted, and the corner of her mouth drawn up to her ear, and all one ſide of her dead and black. In this miſerable condition ſhe lay, till by chance, one of the ſervants finding her, carry'd her into the houſe in his Armes. Her Kinfwoman was very much troubled, to find her in that condition, not being able to ſpeak, and ſeemed alſo ſenſeleſs, and without knowing what was ſaid, or done to her. She immediatly ſends away to *Oloron* for a Phyſitian, who being come, caus'd her preſently to be bliſter'd and ſcarrified, all over, but it would not do, for e're the morning ſhe dy'd, not being able to ſtir either hand or eye, only ſhe ſigh'd, and gron'd, whereby it was hop'd, ſhe was ſenſible of her condition, and that ſhe liſted up her heart to God, and her Saviour. In the morning all her right ſide was as black as a cole, as if it had been burnt, ſo that all could not but acknowledge it the immediate hand of God, and more than natural. And thus this beautiful piece of Earth, who in the morning before, nay but few hours before night, ſhew'd like a delicate roſe, or ſome curious flowers that was full of charmes, and luſtre, that expreſs'd all the ſweetneſs, and delicacy imaginable, and that ſeem'd the delight, and comfort of the eyes, was now grown ſo horridly deformed, that none could behold her without diſtaſt, and abhorrency. That morning alſo Mounſieur *Bautry* was found, and theſe two tragedies were known together in *Oloron*; and their unlawful love coming to light, the juſtice of God was acknowledg'd, and rever'd.

And thus I have given you a full example of Gods Revenge againſt this abominable ſin of Adultery, in no leſs then five tragical effects; all cauſed by the deſilemt of this ſin; and I hope they will ſtand aſſo many noted Rocks, that others may avoide the like evils, by ſhunning the cauſe of all Adultery. For certainly tho God may forbear a while, and let perſons run on in their wickedneſs, yet at laſt, and perhaps when they leaſt think thereof, God will puniſh them, for excepting the execrable ſin of Murther, there appears nothing ſo hateful in the eyes of Heaven, as Whoredome, and Adultery.

GOD'S



Jocelina quarries Othello: Commits adultery with Palfi: he is killed by Leopold, who besieges the Castle & hangs her

GODS' Revenge against the Abominable SIN of ADULTERY.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY. VIII.

Jocelina, Countess of Chlety, marries Andrea, Son to the Prince of Lesina. She commits adultery with Lodowick: Hangs her Husband out at a Window: Marries Lodowick, who is found dead in her Arms. She is driven out of her Territories, by Leopold, brother of her husband Andrea. Recovers them by the help of the Pope, and of Don Jugo. She marries Don Jugo. He falls in love with Isabella, and commits Adultery with her: is taken by the Countess, and beheaded. She marries Othello, an old German Soldier, she commits adultery with Palfi. Othello leaves her in discontent. Leopold overthrows, and kills Palfi: besieges the Countess, takes the Castle by treachery, and hangs her out at the same Window, where she had hang'd Andrea.

THe Primary Law, written by the finger of God, on all his Creatures, is that of Nature; and as it is of great antiquity, so is it still of so great esteem, that neither the secondary Laws of God, or those of men, can, or ought to be repugnant to this original one of nature. For the God hath since given to man many other Laws, whereby he ought to regulate the actions of his life, and those more refined, and excellent, than those of nature, yet he did not abrogate his first law written by himself, on the Hearts, and in the Essence of all his Creatures. Nor can any humane Institution, Law, or Custom, absolutely take away, or annul the privilege of this Law, or be absolutely opposite thereto. By this law we seek things beneficial and healthful, as food and cloathing, by this law we fly from what would hurt, and resist, and fight against, what would kill, or wound us; if we fall, our hands naturally

naturally stretch themselves out, to save the body; by this Law, we propagate our species, and increase our kind. But this Law is too general, and too distinct, it reaches as well to Beasts as to Men, to Plants as to Animals; and must be, therefore, together its precepts, would become as a Beasts, and act only in its sphere, and its duty. It indicates therefore, he might act with his Sister, Mother, or Daughter, and so question, when the beginning it was usual, and lawful for to do, for propagation sake, and to increase the World. And yet in this very thing we may question, whether nature herself had not made some kind of distinction, even among her Irrational Creatures, for tho' the more inferior, as Dogs, and Swine, commit with their Dams, or their off-spring, we never see those of a more high rank, and more intelligible, as *Camels*, and *Elephants*, will not do the same thing, may they have been so far charged, having been blindfolded, and deluded, by their Covetous and more beastly Keenness, to commit incest, that they have torn to pieces those who have caused them to transgress. But whether this be a truth or no, Man being by Nature created Prince, and Lord of all other Creatures, and God having given him a more excellent capacity, and endow'd him with an immortal, and rational soul, it was that this General Law of nature should be refined, elevated, and made fit, for this excellent capacity and nature, implanted in Man. Therefore, God betimes prescribed him Laws more distinguishable, suitable to Reason, and not Appetite, whereby the Law of Nature is restrained, purified, and regulated, but not taken away, or annihilated. Therefore man, tho' by nature he might resist, and kill, might eat and drink, might propagate his species, and allay his lust, yet by the Laws of God, which were afterwards given him, he might not, nor now may murder or kill, out of malice, or revenge, he may not eat humane flesh, nor drink humane blood, he may not commit Incest or Adultery, to propagate his species, or Ruggery to allay his lust. These Laws were even in the infancy of the world, given by God to his more noble creature, Man, that he might live according to the capacity wherewith he was created, and be distinguishable from the Beast. And tho' marriage at first was not so strict, and that polygamy for the encrease of humane kind, and to stock the world, was permitted even among Gods own selected generation, as well as among the others, yet the Laws against Adultery, were then strictly commanded to be observ'd, and under the Curse of the Promulger, Heaven it self. 'Tis no wonder then, that God takes so severe punishment on the Transgressors of this Law, so ancient, and so holy, and shews his indignation against it, by his revenge, since men have not in most places constituted Laws severe enough, to prohibit and deter this crime, but such as are not much regarded, or easily evaded. But the examples of Gods wrath, and Vengeance against Adulterers are innumerable, and to be found in all Histories, among the rest, I have selected one more for the Information of others, and by these sort of marks, to shew the danger of running in the same way, which will lead inevitably to destruction.

In the Province of *Abruzzo*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*, about seven miles from the sea, stands the City and small Territory of *Chieti*, belonging to the Counts of that name, and sprung from a *French* family, that accompanied *Tancred* in his Conquests of that Country, and who had an absolute and Sovereign Jurisdiction in those Lands belonging to them. About the time of Pope *Clement* the sixth, the male line of the Princes, or Counts of *Chieti* ended, in a Daughter, the sole heir of *Robert* Count *Chieti*. Her name was *Joelina*; one that in her Infancy gave great hopes, both of a more than ordinary Beauty, and of a more than common capacity. Her Beauty, and her wit, were very conspicuous, and she was bred up with all the care and industry, that a person of her Hopes and quality could expect. It is not altogether the care of Parents, the breeding and nutriture of Teachers, the Instructions, and Documents of Mothers (tho' these may go a great way, and are often a means of regulating and bounding some evil natures) that can convert the evil heart, and change the mind, from vice to virtue, or the evil destiny, that follows vicious persons, unless God himself infuse his Grace into their souls, and make their wills, and stubborn natures pliable to Instructions of Piety, and the Counsels of Religion, and Virtue. We cannot judge of plants newly sprung out of the Earth, what they will be. Nature lyes hid, and does not fully exert her self, till they come to flowers, and to seed, till they come to their maturity, strength, and rigour, then we may best judge of their excellency, and virtue. *Joelina* was an Angel in her Cradle, seem'd more than a mortal Creature in her swaddling-bands. In her Infancy she seem'd a Rose, a white, and innocent Lilly, with all the odoriferous perfumes, and fragrances, that exult from a budding, and blooming virtue. And her excellencies seem'd to encrease with her Stature, and she becomes the desire, and delight of her Parents, and all that knew her. But we shall find at last, this young Angel to grow to a Devil, this blushing Rose to be surrounded with thorns and prickles, this white Lilly to be sullied

fullied and polluted, and all these delightful excellencies to convert to abominable vices, and impieties. The irregulated lust implanted in the nature of this beautiful young Lady, not being made subordinate to the Laws of Piety and Virtue, nor bounded with those given by Heaven to restrain and cultivate erroneous nature, was the cause of this *Jocelina's* Evils, Wickednesses, Misfortunes, Adulteries, and Punishments.

When this young Lady was arrived at the Age of seventeen she seemed in her perfection, and her beauties being full blown, and her wit well ripened, she became very desirable to all the young Princes and Noblemen that lived in those parts, and the fame of her beauty and wit, spread far and near, she was of a delicate complexion, of an exact shape, and curious mold, her Limbs of a just symetry, but inclining to fat, with a large and ample breast. Her eyes were fair and large, her mouth delicate and sweet, her hair yellow like the brightest gold, and in all parts extremely beautiful. Her wit was also very great, but she made an ill use of it. She was very subtle, cunning, and undermining; she was also Cruel and Proud, wilful and stubborn; and apt to be angry on slight occasions, but also she was amorous, and apt to be in Love; she was Luxurious in her meat and garments, and for the sake of her Lust, or Concupiscence, there was nothing she would not attempt, were it never so difficult or dangerous, never so impious or immodest, so that the deformity of this womans soul was as great as her body was lovely, and her inside was as ugly and black, as her outside was fair and handsome.

Robert Count of *Chiety* her father, being desirous to see her married before his Death, and to settle this Principality on a deserving Son-in-Law, had cast his eye on *Andrea*, the second Son of *Charles* Prince of *Lefina*, a Town of *Apulia*. This young man was of a comely personage, inclining to fat, of a fair hair, and ruddy Complexion, of a soft nature, and none of the wisest, but in all outward appearance, a handsome and well shapt man. His family was ancient, descended out of *Hungary*, and came first into that Country, with the *Normans*, who made a conquest thereof, having that Principality given to them, in the division of the Country, for service done, and which they had enjoy'd from Father to Son, ever since. These two families had formerly had several inter-marriages, and had lived very peaceably and quiet together, and with strict leagues and amity. Prince *Charles* as desirous of this match, as *Robert*, soon agreed to all propositions, having a great love for his Son *Andrea*, and his eldest Son *Leopold* being already married, was glad to provide so well for him.

The Fathers being thus agreed, *Andrea* comes over to *Chiety*, to Court the young Lady, and finds her so agreeable, that he Loves her, and believes himself perfectly happy in the possession of this Treasure. As for her part, she lik'd him well enough, being then indifferent, and having not yet convers'd with many others, her fancy had not pitch'd upon any, so far as to love or dote on them. She entertained *Andrea* then kindly enough, looking on him as one that was to be her Husband, and all things went on with a smooth and even current; the Sea was calm, and every thing shewed quiet and undisturb'd, the day of the marriage was concluded on, and every thing appointed, and it was not four days before the Solemnity was to pass, when by accident there arriv'd at *Chiety*, the Son of the Lord of *St. Andrews* (an Island in the bay of *Tarentum*) and a younger branch of the Princes of *Tarentum*; his name was *Lodowick*, an extraordinary handsome man, and one of many excellent parts, being both Courtly, and a Souldier, and had so well united *Mars* and *Mercury* together, that they made an agreeable *Harmony*. He was designing then to go into the *Venetian* service, and passing near *Chiety*, had espied the beautiful *Jocelina*, dressed like a Goddess, taking the air of a delicate evening, in an open Chariot, in the Company of *Andrea*, and her followers on horse-back. *Lodowick* had no sooner cast his eyes upon her, but he fell in love with her, and he found her beautiful charms had robb'd him of his heart. But whilst he was earnestly looking on *Jocelina*, and with an extraordinary motion, the Horses that drew the Chariot, being young *Neapolitan* coursers, taking an affright at some Bird suddently flying out of a Bush, ran away with the Chariot, and notwithstanding all the Art, and skill of the driver, and endeavour of the Horsemen, left the plain way, and ran over a Field with that violence, that one of the wheels of the Chariot breaking, *Jocelina*, and *Violetta* her Woman, and confident, who was with her, were both thrown out on the ground: *Violetta* falling undermost put out her shoulder, but *Jocelina* falling upon her received no other hurt, than to be a little stun'd at the fall, and the affright.

The first that came to her assistance was this *Lodowick*, whom Love, and his good Horse had made swifter than the rest. He alights, and having rais'd her up on her feet, said something to her very courtly, and obliging, which she took notice of, and seeing he was

not of her train, but a stranger, and the handsomest Man she had yet seen, she cast her Eyes too freely upon his face, and forgetting *Andrea*, and the nearness of her Marriage, she falls at that instant in Love with this stranger. How many follies do young people commit, by such extravagancies, and giving liberty to such excursions of fancy. Till now *Andrea* appeared one that she could like, handsome, and agreeable, and one that she thought very well on, but now on a sudden, the sight of *Lodowick* had changed him in her thoughts, and *Andrea* became ugly and offensive in her thoughts, if compared to this stranger.

They could not interchange many words before *Andrea*, and the rest of her attendants came in, but those that pass'd were very obliging on either side, and she could do no less than to invite this stranger to *Chitty*, to receive the thanks of her Father. *Lodowick* found himself so smitten, that he could not deny so kind invitation, but the horses having flung down, and hurt their driver, and broken the Chariot almost to peices, *Jocelina* was fain to stay there, till they sent to *Chitty* for another Coach, and most of the men being employed, in reraking the Horses, *Lodowick* and *Andrea* were only left with the Lady, and the hurt *Violetta*. There passed many Complements on this occasion between *Lodowick* and the Lady *Jocelina*, and she seem'd so kind, and free to him, that *Andrea* begun to be vext, and to grow jealous. But at last the Coach being come, they returned to *Chitty*, where *Lodowick* was honourably entertained by old Count *Robert*, who, understanding who he was, a second time embraced him, having it seems formerly had an intimate acquaintance with his Father, when they were Souldiers together, and upon that account was very civil to his Son.

Count *Robert* being a very generous, and noble Prince, would not part with *Lodowick*, but press'd him to stay, and see his Daughter married to young *Andrea*, the Wedding being so near. *Lodowick* was easily intreated, and was glad of the opportunity to stay, that he might at least behold that face, that had robb'd him of his Heart. Yet finding that he must lose this treasure, as soon as he had found it, and that he despair'd of making it his, he was in no little trouble, and perplexity; and a thousand idle thoughts, and vain fancies, ran in his Head. In the mean time the wounded *Jocelina* was no less tormented, her new pain would not let her sleep, and she can do nothing but think of *Lodowick*. *Violetta* no less tormented by the pain of her shoulder, could not rest, and lying on a pallat in the same Chamber with her Lady, they spent the whole night in discourse of the stranger *Lodowick*, and *Jocelina* at last confessed, the sudden, and great passion she had entertained for this stranger, and the aversion she had taken thereupon to her designed Husband *Andrea*. *Violetta* did all she could to dissuade her from it, and to banish the new come guest from her breast, shewing her the trouble she would create to her self by that fondness, on one that was not likely to become her Husband, being now designed for another; but all her discourse was in vain, she found it was not in her power to hinder her from Loving *Lodowick*, and also fear'd that being of a wilful temper, she would seek to hinder her marriage with *Andrea*. And it was true, for being in this toils, and amorous humour, she feign'd her self sick, the day before the Wedding, and put it off for some days longer, but seeing this kept her from the sight of *Lodowick*, which she could not live without, she was fain to become well again, to enjoy his Company.

She was no sooner well, but the Marriage was to be solemnized, and upon that accompt, *Chitty* was full of strangers, and among the rest, the Father and Brother of *Andrea* came thither, and were nobly received by Count *Robert*. Amidst the jollity that was preparing for this Wedding, the two Lovers appeared sad and afflicted, seeing it would be impossible to put off this Marriage. *Lodowick* is extremely troubled, and he never sees the beautiful *Jocelina*, but he feeds his Passion by looking on her. Love is no more to be hid than Fire, especially from the piercing eye of a Lover. *Jocelina* seldome had her Eyes from off *Lodowick*, when he was in the presence, and seldome minded any other discourse but his. And she soon perceiv'd, that if she lov'd *Lodowick*, that he was no less in Love with her. This made her give him all the opportunity she could, that he might speak to her alone. She now was so blinded by her passion, that she forgets all Modesty and Virtue, and believing it impossible for her to gain him for her Husband, thought however of having with him, the secret and unlawful satisfaction of enjoying him, as a Lover; and therefore gave him all the freedom could be with'd for, and all the marks of her esteem could be handsomely thought off, and with such kind and ambiguous Speeches invited the ready *Lodowick*, to press her, to what he no less than she desired, and which his modesty and fear only hindred him from attempting; but now, finding such encouragement, and one day having the opportunity of walking alone with her in a Garden, whilst *Andrea* was with his Father, and Count *Robert*, and his Brother, in the same Garden

Garden, and at a distance, after a profound sigh, and in reply to something *Jocelina* had said to him, that was very kind: Ah! Madam (said he) I am the most unfortunate of men, either not to have known you sooner, or else to have seen you at all, for since it will be my Death to see you in the Arms of another, I cannot but acknowledge it to you, and had rather receive my punishment from your fair hands, than from any others. And since I am so unfortunate to be married to one I cannot Love, I must be miserable all my days (replied *Jocelina*) and I could have wish'd (continued she) that I had sooner known the desirable *Lodowick*, or that I had never seen his face, since before the time I first saw him, I was not sensible of my infelicity, and my ignorance was my happiness. Being at this time come behind a little private hedge, which shelter'd them from the sight of others, *Lodowick* transported at these words, fell at her feet, and embracing her knees, made her a thousand protestations of his passion, and of his resolution of dying hers, and of never having any other object of his Love, than her self, and that since he found it was impossible for her to break those bonds, where with she was about to be fetter'd to *Andrea*, without giving a blur to her honour, he resolv'd to stay till death had releas'd her, and remain her constant Lover, in hopes she would then reward him with the blessing of her self. 'Tis too long a time for a passionate Lover to wait (said she blushing and casting down her guilty eyes, where modesty had painted a little shame) and since he that dares pretend to the Heart of his Mistress, may pretend to her whole self, and she who once bestows her heart, bestows with it all she possesses, there is nothing a true Lover can demand, that a kind and loving Mistress can deny. Those words intelligible enough to *Lodowick*, were answer'd with a thousand kisses on her hands, without any resistance, which gave the bold and transported Lover such encouragement, that he aspir'd to her Lips, and to importune that further satisfaction of her, which she expected; and was resolv'd not to deny him. After they had made to each other reciprocal promises, of an Eternal friendship, and that this lustful Lady, seem'd to be overcome, she told him he should hear from her by *Violetta*, and that she would endeavour all she could to let him see, how much she lov'd him. *Lodowick* fully satisfied with this easie, and unlawful Conquest, and hoping yet to receive the bliss he expected, before the Marriage, as near as it was, he was overjoyed at his heart, and *Jocelina* perceived it with no less pleasure and gladness, resolving with her self, to reap her unlawful pleasures, and to satisfy her unruly appetite, and please her irregular fancy.

These two Lovers, having concluded their short and sweet amours, joyned the Company, and *Jocelina*, being full of thoughts and desires, withdrew with *Violetta*, to consult of her amorous affair. She let her know all her heart and mind, and having with tears, prayers, entreaties, and gifts, overcome the Virtue of *Violetta*, they consulted how they might bring *Lodowick*, and *Jocelina* together. At last they concluded, that *Violetta* should give him notice to meet her in a private Arbour in the Garden, whether she would come to him, by a pair of Stairs, which she had out of her apartment. This *Violetta* did, and receiv'd no small reward for her joyful news, which won her to a good opinion of the Trade of Pimping. *Lodowick* with a Key, that she gave him, convey'd himself to the place appointed, resting himself on a green bank of sweet Camomile, which grew there, and it was not long before he saw his adorable Angel appear, with *Violetta* attending her. The Maid leaving the Lovers to themselves, went to entertain her own thoughts, and to be their Watch! To prevent danger. But there was no great need, *Andrea* dreamt not of what was doing, and all the house were in a profound sleep, whilst these two Lovers pass'd away the night, in the greatest pleasure imaginable. There were but two nights more before the Wedding day, which these Lovers, having received such satisfaction one from another, would not lose, and which they enjoy'd with all the security could be wish'd for, and both of them parted at last, with their passions for one another heighten'd, rather than lessened, and with a promise of an eternal amity, and amorous friendship.

And thus, the naughty *Jocelina* prostitutes her self to the embraces of *Lodowick*, giving away that right, which belonged only to *Andrea*, being pleas'd with her fraud, and successful attempt. *Andrea* marries her, and the Wedding is solemnised with great Pomp, and demonstration of joy, but we cannot expect, that a Marriage thus begun, should prosper, and that Heaven would smile on, or be propitious to such a polluted and defiled Bed. *Andrea* has possession of her Body, but *Lodowick* of her Heart. *Andrea* is overjoy'd at the Treasure he believes he has got. He thinks he embraces an Angel; but I doubt she will prove a Serpent; so egregiously are men oftentimes deceived in their choice, hopes, and expectations. They are deluded with outward appearances. But it is in some cases an happiness to be ignorant, he misses not the Jewel that *Lodowick* had stoln from him, he is sufficiently pleas'd with the gay Cabinet, and he supposes it incloses Treasures that are but imaginary. It is enough

that he believes *Jocelina* a Virgin; and tho she Loves him not, she cunningly acts the part of modesty, and bashfulness. But this trembling and bashful Maid had the impudence the next day, to confess to *Violetta*, that *Andreas* pleas'd her not so well as *Lodowick*; that in comparison of him, he was a dull, heavy Log, a phlegmatick Lubber, a stupid and sleepy Soul, and that he was insufficient for to please a young Lady of her blood and constitution. Whether it were the passion that she had for *Lodowick*, that fram'd him so pleasing to her imagination, or whether *Andreas* were less able in the sports of *Venus*, I am not able to declare; but from that very night, she could hardly with any patience behold her husband *Andreas*; but accounting herself the most wretched of women, look'd on him continually with an eye of hatred and malice.

The Marriage being over, there was no excuse to be found for the stay of *Lodowick*, neither could these Lovers get any opportunity of meeting privately together, her Husband was never from her, and most of the Company being about to depart, *Lodowick* was forc'd to take his leave of his dear *Jocelina*, and to proceed on his interrupted Journey; but he had first the opportunity (by the means of *Violetta*) of seeing *Jocelina* in her Chamber alone, where the precious minutes were spent, in bewailing each others hard fortune, and in confirming their irreligious Vows, of a perpetual Amity, and in settling an intercourse of Letters between each other, under the Covert of *Violetta*'s mediation.

At last these two Lovers are parted, and *Violetta* is not a little joyful at it, for she began to perceive her Ladies passions to become so violent, that she, though she would give just cause of scandal to *Andreas*, if *Lodowick* should have stay'd any longer, and would have soon blemish'd her Honour and Reputation, thro' the inordinacy of her desires to *Lodowick*, and of her malice and hatred to *Andreas*. Peace, continued for a while in the family, or at least there appear'd no outward signes of enmity, but *Andreas* was not able to please his Lustful Lady, and her Imagination was set wholly upon the absent *Lodowick*, whom she loved and doted on. The sight of her Husband was odious to her, and his Company extream burthensome. She knew not how to be rid of him, and the more fond he was of her, the more weary she grew of him. But the Death of his Father, which happened not long after, call'd him to *Lezua*, where he stay'd for some weeks, with the Prince his Brother, and to perform his Fathers obsequies: this gave her some respite, and about the same time, she also had Letters from *Lodowick*, which added to her content.

But her joy and content is of a short continuance, for the return of her Husband renew'd her vexation, she can by no means Love him, he has not either the art or power to please her, and she is of so violent a nature, that she cannot hide, or dissemble her discontent. She grows peevish, and froward, she dislikes every thing her Husband does, and the more he endeavours to please her, the more imperious, and humerous she grows. Yet, whilst her Father liv'd, she was forced somewhat to smother her inclinations, and not too openly to give vent to her passions and desires, but Count *Robert* dying, and leaving this *Jocelina* his heir and Successor in his Dignity, having now power and Authority to back her will and pleasure, she flung aside all disguises, and shew'd her self to the World unmask'd, and bare fac'd. Her Husband *Andreas*, who had begun to perceive her evil nature, and who had begun to be cured of his Love, by her carriage to him, in the life time of Count *Robert*, now found her on the suddain, being possessed of the Seignidry, so very imperious and haughty, as if he were no longer her Husband, but her Servant, or Slave. She had too high a spirit for him to Buckle with, and he being of a softly nature, and somewhat a sluggish disposition, he bore with her for peace sake. But she soon trampled him under her feet, and would be no longer subject to him, but free and absolute. And indeed she behav'd her self like a Monarch, having in that female breast, the Heart of a *Lion*, and the disposition of a *Tiger*, she forms her Court, she chooses her Guards, she issues out orders, she Commands, executes, and does as she pleases, without consulting her Husband, or so much as asking his Advice. And now having thus got the sway and Authority into her hands, she displays her self in her true Colours, resolving to be contradicted by none.

Having thus got the uper hand of *Andreas*, whom she hated, and would have been glad to be rid of, she sends away to *Lodowick*, and with her charming Letters, invites him to leave the Camp, and to repair to *Chitty*. He durst not disobey the commands of his Mistress, and his own amorous inclination prompting him to it, he leaves the Service of the *Perpetrator*, where he had a considerable Command to follow the Standard of *Venus*, and to engage himself into a no less dangerous War. He forsakes his Honour, and flies from virtue, and at the call of the new Countess, hastes to *Chitty*, where he is welcom'd with a thousand

Caresses,

Careffes, and is even ravished at the great kindnesſes, his beloved Lady flings upon him. *Andrea* ſees all this, and tho vexed at the ſoul, and very much moved, he knows not how to remedy it, but is forced to ſubmit to his evil fortune, ſtanding in perfect awe of his *Lyoneſs* Wife.

The Counteſs of *Chitty*, having gotten her beloved *Lodowick* with her, ſeem'd to be ſomething quieted, and her evil ſpirit for a time, to be pacified, and allayed, and ſhe liv'd with him in an adulterous Compliance too openly and ſcandalouſly, and opened the mouths of her people and her neighbours. But ſhe was of ſo fierce a ſpirit, and ſo revengeful, that none durſt to ſpeak to her of it, or to offer her good Counſel: but *Violetta*, being troubled, that ſhe ſhould give ſo great occaſion of ſcandal, and own her Love ſo publickly to *Lodowick*, having the opportunity one day of being alone with her in her Cabinet, and finding her in an indifferent good humour, out of her zeal and good will, ſhe began to give her good Counſel, and to let her underſtand, the rumour of the people, the ſcandal ſhe had given, and the wound her Honour and Reputation had received, by her ſo publickly owning *Lodowick*. She let her know the diſcontent of her Husband *Andrea*, and that ſhe feared he would meditate Revenge, if not againſt her ſelf, yet at leaſt againſt *Lodowick*. That ſhe might enjoy her Love with more ſecreſie, and with leſs noiſe, that perſons of her Quality ought to be cautious in their Actions, eſpecially thoſe of Love, which are apt to fix an eternal ſtain and blot on the Honour of Women: and at laſt, ſhe begg'd her, by ſome ſuddain reformation, to regain that luſtre and brightneſs, which began to grow obſcure and dark in the eye of the World.

The Counteſs had much ado to reſtrain her Anger, while ſhe had finiſhed, but at laſt in great rage, ſhe told her; but that ſhe believed ſhe had been ſo preſumptuous, as to adviſe her out of her blind zeal and good will, ſhe would make her ſo exemplar, that ſhe ſhould be a warning to others, ever after, to uſe the like freedom with their Miſtreſſes. That ſhe would have her to know, it was below her, to take notice of what the ſcurrilous people ſpoke, and that perſons of her Quality, who were Sovereigns, were not accountable to the baſe World, and raſcally People of their Actions. That it was a priviledge belonging to her Dignity to ſcorn whatever the Vulgar ſhould ſay of her; who as often aſperſe the moſt virtuous and wary, as the moſt vicious and careleſs. That as ſhe was born in a Sphere above the Vulgar, ſo ſhe would act, as beyond their reach, and take no more notice of their barkings, than the Moon does at thoſe of yelping Curs. That it would be a ſlavery inſupportable for ſuch perſons as ſhe was, to be ever in fear of what the idle multitude ſhould ſay, and to deny themſelves of real pleaſures, and ſolid good, for their vain and empty good words, or airy fame, and Rumour. That ſhe would have her to know, ſhe valued the ſatisfaction ſhe took in *Lodowick*, above all the Reports the World could frame of her, and that ſhe would not deny her ſelf a minutes pleaſure, for all the applauſe and good words the people were able to give. And as for the diſguſt ſhe gave to *Andrea*, ſhe thought he deſerv'd it, by daring to tie her, by the bonds of Marriage, to his Impotency: and that if he durſt in the leaſt to interrupt her pleaſures, ſhe would ſoon let him ſee, he was as inſufficient to deal with her in the Field, as in the Bed; and to conclude, that if ever ſhe ſhould after that time, take on her ſo preſumptuouſly to adviſe or Counſel her, before ſhe was pleaſed to require or command it, ſhe would diſcard her for ever. And having given poor *Violetta* an imperious frown, ſhe left her ſtrangely aſtoniſhed at her impudence.

Violetta ſaw there was no good to be done upon her, and that ſhe was above all Counſel, that ſhe had given way to her unbridled Luſts, and that it was dangerous to contradict her. She therefore is forced to comply, and taking warning by her laſt attempt, durſt never make a further Tryal. But the troubles of *Andrea* growing every day greater, and the rage of Jealouſie tormenting him, he found all his former delights turn'd into bitterneſs and gall. He perceives he ſtands but for a Cypher in *Chitty*, and that his imperious Wife rules all, and dominates as ſhe pleaſes, and knowing he was not able to Cope with her of himſelf, he takes a journey to *Leſina*, to viſit the Prince his Brother, and to aſk his Counſel and aſſiſtance. The Counteſs, tho ſhe perceived his drift, would not hinder his journey, becauſe ſhe in his abſence, could have the greater liberty and freedom with her beloved *Lodowick*. *Andrea* ſoon made his complaint to his Brother, and let him know the temper and diſpoſition of his Wife, her actions, and Carriage, and great familiarity with *Lodowick*. Prince *Leopold* being of a quite contrary Nature to his Brother, bold, herce, and couragious, as the other was quiet and ſoftly, ſtorms, and rages at his diſgrace, and calls him coward and daſtard. He adviſes him to return, and to change the order of his old manner of Living, to aſſume to himſelf the Government, to wreſt the Scepter and Enſigns of Command out of the Hands of his Wife. To own, and ſupport the Authority due to Huſbands, and to make *Jocelina* ſubmit to the power of her

her Head. And that since she was stubborn, and refractory, he should lay aside all fair and soft ways, and use her rather rigorously, and tyrannically. That such spirits as hers, that would not hearken to prayers and submissions, very often fall down to rigour, and submit to power and violence. That he should banish *Lodowick* from *Chity*, or else cause him to be kill'd, which would awe and terrifie her. That such untamed *Lyonesse*s, and *Tygresse*s, were not to be stroak'd or play'd with, they were to be led about in Chains, their teeth were to be broken, and their Nails to be pair'd. And lastly, he told him, when he should thus play the Man, and acquit himself like a Husband, if she then should prove too hard for him to Master, he would come himself to his assistance, and help him to tame that furious Beast.

This was the Counsel that Prince *Leopold* gave to his Brother, which was much more easie to be given, than to be follow'd. The Countess, who had gotten the power into her hand, was not so easily to be master'd, and *Andrea* had not the Heart and Courage to effect so great a task. However, the Sentiments of *Leopold* gave him some Life, and he parts with a full resolution of putting his Documents into Practice. And he no sooner returns to *Chity*, but he begins to look big, seems Angry, and would assume an Authority and Command. The Countess was soon sensible; that her Husband had received Counsel from his Brother, who had inspired him with some short liv'd Courage. But she knew, notwithstanding his Counterfeiting the Lyon, he had but a Sheeps Heart, or carried an Asses Body, under the covert of the Lyons Skin. She was resolv'd therefore, not to part with her Command, but at first dash, to quash all this Hopes, or to take away his Life. She met his frowns with Thunder, and Lightning, and like a bold Virago, stood in the Gap, and defended her power. *Andrea* struggled with her all he could, he endeavour'd to make parties, and to exercise the Authority of a Husband, he Commands *Lodowick* to depart from *Chity*, or expect to be slain, and persisting in the execution of it, the Countess is enraged, and now appears like a Fury. She is now touch'd in a sensible and tender part, and resolves rather to part with her Seigniorie, or her Life, than with her beloved *Lodowick*.

The bickering grew high, and now *Andrea* standing up so briskly, and like a man, found several to stand by him. The Countess, seeing the storm begin to rise, and the Clouds to gather, thought she would prevent it by the Death of *Andrea*. She is at once full of Rage and Malice, of Despise and Revenge. She is afraid to lose *Lodowick*, who seem'd troubled at the disorders he had caus'd, and had asked leave for a time to withdraw, till she were better reconciled to her Husband. This encreased her Rage and Fury, her Hatred and Malice, and thinking of the loss of her Lover, and of her Authority and Power, and of the insufficiency of *Andrea*, to please or satisfy her, she resolves to put an end to all by the Death of *Andrea*, and prompted to it by extream Rage and Malice, she surprized him in the night, and caus'd her Guards to hang him out at his Chamber Window, a publick Spectacle of her Indignation. This was the End of *Andrea*, and this he got by attempting to Combat this enraged *Lyonesse*, who went not about to cover or palliate her Murder, but publicly own'd it as her own act, and that it was but a just punishment for his deceiving her, with his Impotency.

Her Impudence and Audacity, amazed all people, but she car'd not either what they said, or did. She was a Sovereign, had great power, was Rich in Treasure, and strong in Forces, she had a large Territory, and above all, she had Courage, and an undaunted heart and resolution: so that none durst question her. But Heaven knows how to tame this Monster, and notwithstanding her Courage and Power, can quickly humble and overthrow her. But she yet Reigns, and triumphs in her wickedness. After two dayes, she Commands them to bury the Body of *Andrea* out of her sight, and within two days after she publicly marries *Lodowick*, who becomes Count of *Chity*. But alas! This is a fatal promotion, and thou wilt purchase it with thy Life. Thou buyest thy advancement too dear, and thy pleasure will cost thee too much. The unsatiableness of thy new Wife, will prove thy bane, and thou canst not satisfy her Lust, without the Ruine of thy Body. Thou wilt be lost in her Love, and be stifled in her Arms, and perish among her Embraces.

The news of *Andrea*'s death, and of the suddain Marriage of the Countess, soon flies to *Lefina*, and Prince *Leopold*, amazed at the impudence of this woman, resolves to chastize her, and to call her to an accompt for this inhumane Action. He is Rich, and powerful, and presently causes forces to be rais'd thorow his Principality, but whilst he is forming an Army, and meditating Revenge, the Countess follows her pleasure with *Lodowick*, who to satisfy her insatiate Lust destroy'd himself. The Burthen of his Delight, was grown heavy and oppressive, and his pleasures thorow their inordinacy became his punishment. He striv'd all he can to please his Countess, and is willing to spend himself in her embraces. Whether it were the immediate hand of God, upon him for his Adultery, or whether as it was given out, he kill'd him-

himself by striving to satisfy his Countess, or both concurring, it was however a just punishment, and judgment upon him, for his wickedness, that he was found dead in the Arms of his Countess, and as it were Kill'd with the embraces of this Scorpion. Divers reports flew about concerning his death, and it employ'd the Pens of many Poets, and was the subject of as many Sonnets, Verses, and Pasquils. But the Countess was afflicted above measure, and she afterwards took the loss of all she had, with less trouble and affliction, than she did this cruel mischance. She tore her hair, wrung her hands, wept, lamented, and could hardly be got from the side of dead *Lodowick*.

But the noise of *Leopold's* Drums, and the sound of his Trumpets, give her an alarm, and awakening her, make her to look about her, and to defend her self. Having sumptuously buried *Lodowick*, and put on mourning weeds for his Death, she prepares to meet *Leopold*, who had furiously advanced, almost to the Gates of *Chiety*, breathing forth nothing but blood and Revenge. Heaven and a good cause assists *Leopold*, and he becomes victorious, and overthrowing those forces the Countess had sent against him, he surprises *Chiety*, and the Countess was forced to fly. He knew the people were not in fault, therefore he used no devastation, all his aim was to have taken *Jocelina*, whose Death he hath solemnly vow'd; but she is escaped, he securing his conquests, with good Garrisons, follows at her heels, and is so successful, that he drives her at last out of all her Territories, and takes from her all her Castles, and her whole Country, only the Castle of *Chiety*, being very strong, and well provided, held out.

In the mean time, whilst he is taking in several of her Castles, the distressed Countess, now strip'd of all, flies to *Rome*, to Pope *Clement* the sixth, and implores his Holiness to assist her, against the Prince of *Lesina*. Her beauty had many Charms, and even in that Sanctified Court, shewed its power, and force, but the beauty of her Gold, of which she had good store, was said to move more, and made her appear Innocent, and oppressed, notwithstanding all her Crimes. And tho he were then engaged against the Emperour *Charles* the fourth, who had rent many Territories from the Church, and who had permitted others to make a prey of his Lands: The *Malatesti* at that time seizing on, and becoming Lords of *Rimini*: The *Ordelaffi* of *Forlì*: the *Varini* of *Camerino*: the *Bentivoglio* of *Bononia*: the *Munfredi* of *Fienza*: Every one plucking a feather from the Popes nest, and making it their own, yet I say, moved by the powerful Eloquence of Beauty and Gold, like a Charitable Bishop, he resolves to reinvest the distressed Countess.

There was then in the Court of his Holiness, a gallant and noble young Gentleman, of great Courage, and skill in Warlike affairs, even beyond expectation, from so few years, he being not above Twenty six years of Age. He was also more than ordinary handsome, and tho he had been most part of his dayes bred in the Camp, and inured to the hardships of War, there was not to be seen the least marks of rudeness in his manners, or ruggedness in his disposition, but as if he had been a Courtier all the dayes of his life, he spoke well, Danc'd, Sung, Painted, was indifferently well read, could flatter, and please Ladies, and had a kind of softness very agreeable, and not usually to be met with in a Souldier. This noble young Gentleman, named *Jago*, the Son of the Lord of *Palencia*, a City of *Majorca*, the Pope appoints to assist the Countess, and having given him the Command of those Forces, he could then spare, puts the Countess into his protection, and sends him to put her again into the possession of her Country.

At the same time, fortune so far favour'd this design, that *Leopold* was absent, for being under the protection of the Emperour, he was sent for by him, upon his descent into *Italy*, and the Subjects of the Countess, tho displeased at her actions, were yet so loyal, as to assist her, and upon her approach, with the Popes Forces, to take arms against the Usurper; so that *Jago* found it not very difficult, to regain her Country, and within three months time, to resettle her as firm as ever in *Chiety*.

The Countess enters *Chiety* in Triumph, with the Victorious *Jago* by her side, who that day in fair gilt Armour, was mounted on a fierce *Neapolitan* steed, that beat the Earth with his Feet, and which the brave *Jago* his beavours, being up, managed so dexterously, and with so good grace, that he received the praises, and benedictions of all the Ladies in *Chiety*, who were then at the Windows, and in the Belconies, to see the entrance of the Countess. Among others, there was a very beautiful Lady, of an ancient and noble family, named *Isabella*, and indeed she was termed by all, and generally known, by the name of the fair *Isabella*, there being none in all *Chiety*, that could pretend to that Title so justly as her self. This beautiful young Lady, being in a Balcony, among many others, was espied by *Jago*, who cast his eyes on her in his march, which observed by *Isabella*, she blush'd,

but

but at the same instant, could not choose but intently to behold the amiable *Jago*, who rook like an *Hera*, loaden with Palmes and Victories.

The Countess observ'd both the one and the other, and having form'd in her breast some designs upon her Captain, as she usually call'd him, she was not well pleas'd, that he had got a sight of the most beautiful person of all *Chiety*, and therefore spitefully spake to him, to divert him from that object. But *Isabella* fastened her eyes on none but Don *Jago*, and minded nothing of the *Parade* but him. He had made as perfect a conquest of her heart, as of any City, or Castle that he had taken in, and the fair *Isabella* was become his Captive. She came forth free, and in peace, but she returns troubled, and perplexed, and loaden with invincible Fetters and Chains. She endeavours all she can to shake off the Image of the amiable *Jago*, which seem'd to haunt her like a spectre, and to follow her in her thoughts, where e're she went. But it was too pleasing, and amiable a spectre, to be affrighted at it, and not to be entertained; all that *Isabella* could do would not cause it to disappear, but it still visited her both sleeping and waking. She is extremely troubled with this pleasing Fantome, and she finds she is foolishly fallen in Love where she cannot hope for any return. Yet she cannot forbear relating her misfortune to her Maid *Laura*, an ingenious Wench, and her faithful Counsellor. *Laura* advises her not to entertain those pleasing thoughts of Don *Jago*, and tells her that Love will never stay long in the Heart, if once banish'd from the Head, that she may soon cure her self of that distemper, if she will not think any more of that Image, but banish it from her fancy and Imagination. That since hope gives life to Love, dispare ought to extinguish its flame, she bid her remember that her Father had already promised her to *Seignior Battista Florelli*, the Provost of the City, and that he intended to Solemnize her Marriage e're it be long: And therefore Counsels her, by all means to divert her self, and to entertain no more the troublesome thoughts of Don *Jago*, who was as little mindful of her, as she was greatly troubled with thinking on him. The fair *Isabella* confest with tears in her eyes, that she was wretched, and unhappy, in that she had not power to follow her good Counsel. Love had taken too sure hold of her heart, and her passion for this stranger was grown too powerful to be cast off. She knew also the engagement of her Father to *Battista Florelli*, and she at once found her self full of Love and despair. In this trouble she has no recourse but to her Sighs and her Tears. *Laura* pities her, but knows not how to help her, but seeks by all the persuasions she can think on, to make her overcome her Passion. But her soul is still agitated, and no words can work on her troubled mind: Her suppressed Flames burn her heart, and make pale her Cheeks, her very eyes lose a part of their lustre, being obscured by the continual smoke of her grief, ascending from the bottom of her heart.

But whilst poor *Isabella* sighs after Don *Jago*, he had not forgotten the bright object he had been diverted from, by the spiteful *Joelina*. He secretly enquires after her, and feels a strong passion begun in his soul, and that the eyes of that fair Lady had captivated his heart. He had received much kindness from the Countess, great civilities and freedoms, more than usual, which he still put upon the score of the many services he had done her. He sought no further recompence than his pay, and having put her in full possession of her Estate, thought to retire. But the growing Love he felt in his soul for the unknown *Isabella*, put him upon inquiring after her, which could not be done so secretly, but that the Countess was inform'd of it, by the spies she had upon him. She had too long seen the many perfections of this Captain, not to be in Love with him. The Courageous Actions he had performed in her fight, his amiable Countenance, curious Composure, excellent Mien, and Courtly carriage, had enflamed the soul of the Countess and set her heart on fire. But it was an impure Fire, and full of black and filthy smoke, that was inkindled in her breast, it was not a flame of purity and innocence, that Love had blown up in her heart, and Communicated from its bright and harmless Torch. She Burnt with offensive Lust, and was scorched with impure and unlawful thoughts. Her Love to *Jago* was altogether Criminal, for she had no intentions of marrying him, but of enjoying him without those bonds, that holy Ceremony would lay upon her. She was yet sensible of the trouble she had had to keep her imperious Rule with her former Husbands. She knew Don *Jago* would not be curbb'd as her first, and that not doting on her as the last, he would not easily permit her to rule alone. As she had no mind to put her neck any more into subjection, she did not presently think of marrying Don *Jago*, but yet her passion growing more strong every day, she thought to enjoy him unlawfully, and to satisfy her self, without submitting the Scripture, and rule of her self and Dominion, into his hand.

Full of these black Intentions, she highly Courts and Caresses her Captain, and Restorer; which

at first he only interpreted gratitude, and just acknowledgments; but it was not long ere he had reason to suspect it otherwise, and the Countess being none of those modest persons, that thorow bashfulness would hide their sentiments, perhaps as guilty as others, she soon let Don Jago plainly understand, that all her kindness and caresses were not the effects of gratitude, or civilities, but of Love and Passion. Don Jago, tho he did not much like the humours and deportment of the Countess, nor was in Love with her face or Beauty; yet, knowing the acquisition of so great a fortune was not to be neglected, encouraged by the Countess's Favours, he now aspires to obtain her, and resolving not to refuse so fair a fortune, he returns her caresses with the highest civilities and courtships.

But these two Lovers have divers ends, there is no true affection in either, and notwithstanding the Courtships that pass between them, their Passions are of a several nature, and Lust and Ambition drive on several designs. The Countess would enjoy Don Jago, without putting her self into subjection to a perpetual Head: and he would enjoy the Countess, only that he might be Lord of her estate and dominion. Her passion is Lust, his is Ambition, for at the same time he loves the fair *Isabella*, he had understood who she was, but the violence of his love, being at this time not so great as his Ambition he was afraid of giving any the least jealousy to the Countess, who had already twited him with admiring the fair *Isabella*, and fearing lest she should be any obstacle to her design upon Don Jago, she caused the Provost, over whom she had an absolute Command, to be suddenly married to *Isabella*.

Thus the afflicted *Isabella* was sacrificed to the jealousy of the Countess, sooner than else she should have been, and she was married to one she lov'd not, and her heart and affection deeply set upon another. The Countess, accompanied with Don Jago, grazed the nuptials, and notwithstanding the care of that watchful Dragoness, he daunced with the Bride, and found an opportunity to let her know he loved her, and also to receive some marks of her favour and good will. But this did but encrease the trouble and affliction of *Isabella*, and this second sight of Don Jago, stir'd up anew her passion and desires: and *Baptista*, who was none of the handsomest men, and well stricken in years, appeared very disagreeable to *Isabella*, who sigh'd for Don Jago. He likewise became more passionate, and inflamed towards *Isabella*, but now seeing there was no hope of enjoying her lawfully, he at that instant hatches an unlawful Love, and his Heart meditates impure and adulterous designs. But he dares not yet think of executing them, and his passion for *Isabella* must give way to the making lure of the Countess, who now daily caressed him more and more, and having secured her self from *Isabella*, as she thought, she hopes to work her design upon Don Jago. She became lavish of her Favours and outwent the modesty of her Sex in her Caresses, to make her Love apprehend what she would have.

Don Jago was not so dull, but he perceived at last, what end the Countess had in all her Kindness, he perceiv'd her lustful passion, and that her love was impure and unlawful, and also that her passion was great, and her desires violent: and of all this he intends to make an advantage. It is not perhaps his virtue, so much as his design, that at this time makes him honest. Otherwise he would not have been so difficult, to have hearkned to the Courtships of so beautiful a Lady. But that makes him seem blind and stupid, and not to understand the Courtships of *Jocelina*. This vexes and frets her to the soul, and she begins to think him more cunping than Ignorant, and that he cannot but well enough understand her, and of which he would make his advantage. But she is not to be put off slightly, her passion is too strong, and she resolves one way or other, to enjoy Don Jago, let what will come of it. She is not to be baffled in her designs, and it is dangerous and fatal to resist this Tygres.

This resolute Countess, sending for Don Jago into her Cabinet, and having caused her attendants to withdraw, and made him to place himself near her on a Velvet Couch, after she had a while beheld him, with some emotion, a Crimson dye stealing into her Cheeks, with a more than ordinary boldness, she utter'd these words. I cannot yet believe so ill of my self, that I should be altogether despicable in your eyes, and that the beauty of my face is so decayed, that it ought to be neglected or scorn'd; or that I should be forc'd, through age or ugliness to Court the love of any man; and yet, Don Jago, I find you cold and insensible to all my Caresses, which have been such you could not expect from any, that had not a soul impleat with passion, and abounding in Affection. You are therefore either very ignorant of what belongs to Love, or you scorn and despise the Favours I have lavishly bestow'd upon you. You have conquer'd for me my Territories; and you have reinstated me into the lands, and patrimony of my Ancestors, for which services, having nothing more precious

and Valuable to give, I have rewarded you with my heart, and given you my affection. A gift, I confess, only worthy of those great services you have perform'd, and which, after this acknowledgment I have made you, cannot be refused without making me your Enemy.

Don *Jago*, notwithstanding he was naturally of a bold spirit, and, having observed the Passion of the Countess, expected a charge, yet she had deliver'd it with so much imperiousness, and commanding Authority, that he was struck with a certain awe, and could not recover himself from his surprize for a good while, but at last, breaking silence, Madam, said he, the services I have done you are so inconsiderable, if compar'd either to the desires I have of serving you, or to the recompence you have bestow'd upon me for them, that I cannot own them without blushing, nor receive the reward without admiring your extream goodness, and reflecting on, and acknowledging my own unworthyness. Then suddenly calling himself at her feet, Behold, Madam, I prostrate my self at your feet, and since I ought to believe that fair mouth, that has pronounced in my favour, behold, I say, Don *Jago* imploring, and craving that gift of your heart, or rather expecting with submission, and joy, the reward of your self, and to be inflated when you please, in that bliss you have made me hope for. The amorous and passionate Countess, not yet perceiving the drift of Don *Jago*, but carried away with the violence of her love and joy, for his Complying speeches, the cast her fair arms about his neck, and bending down her face to his, that she might hide those Blushes her lustful desires had sent into her cheeks. Tis now, my dear Captain (said she) tis now, that I would fully reward your Victories, by resigning into your Arms the possession of my self. Love is incapable of delays, and no minute or opportunity ought to be slight, since we can only call the present time ours. With that laying her Lips to the cheek of Don *Jago*, she had almost made him break his resolution; and the Temptation was so great, that he had like to have fallen under it, but at that instant, thinking, that if he should satisfy the lustful desires of the Countess, he should never obtain what he expected, and sought for, and which he prized more than her, he arose, and taking her hand in his, after he had kiss'd it very ceremoniously, I shall, Madam, (said he) not lose any opportunity, and to shew you, Madam, how ready I am to accept so great a felicity, I shall return instantly with your Father Confessor, who may do his Office here privately, and tie our hands, as Love hath united our Hearts.

The Countess somewhat amazedly lay'd hold on his Arm, seeing him about to depart, what, Don *Jago*, said she, do you thus answer my Passion with design? Is it so indeed? do you Love me only to make me your slave? It is my Patrimony that you seek, not me, and to become my Lord and Master, and not my Lover. When I let you see the Violence of my Passion, I expected not so cold a return, and I will first be certain of his love, to whom I must submit my self a slave, before I put it out of my power to be otherwise. If you love me, Don *Jago*, as you pretend, let me see the effects of it, but if it be my Fortune that you would cunningly obtain, and would work upon my weakness and passion; to make it yours, I shall disappoint you, and let you see your unworthiness by despising you. Don *Jago* expected no less from the furious Countess, whose face was red with anger, and who yet held him fast by the Arm, expecting his answer. Madam, (reply'd he, very calmly,) I question not at all, but you have done all this to try me, and that being doubtful of the virtue of one, that has spent most part of his life in the Field, you would know the constancy of a Souldier. But you shall see that I know how to love you lawfully, and have no other pretensions but to put my self into a capacity, by the holy bands of Marriage, never to love another; and therefore, Madam, I beseech you to make no farther tryal of my Faith, and of the purity of my affection, but to believe I do, and shall love, honour, and adore you, to the last hour of my life, and that I seek no unjust, unlawful, or undue satisfaction. How (reply'd the Countess all in a Fury) am not I to be believ'd! when I have told you I intend not to marry you, till I have seen some proofs of your love and affection. False and base man, that pretendst to Virtue, only to make me your slave, and that you may have power to Lord it over me. What has dull Ceremonies to do with love, or Lovers? things invented for publick convenience, and the interest of Commonwealths. Love hates those ties of constraint, and Lovers no sooner put those yokes about their necks, and are no sooner ty'd and fastned by Marriage, but love leaves them to a thousand Domestick evils, those bonds have drawn upon them, and assuming his wings and freedom, flies away to possess the hearts of those Lovers who are at liberty. But you love me not, Don *Jago*, 'tis my estate you are ambitious to possess, and to be Master of the Countess of *Chitty*, more than to possess the passionate and loving *Jocelina*. But stay, tho I have been so far deceived by you, base Impostor, as to think you could love

my person, and blinded by that Error, have discover'd my shame, Love, and desires, to a wretch that has base and unworthy ends, I will not permit you to Triumph in my weakness, and to glory hereafter, that you had refused the embraces of the Countess of Chisty: you shall die for your refusal, and with the Blood of your heart, pay for that you have call'd into my Cheeks. With that suddenly stepping to a Table, on which lay a Dagger, Don Jago had bestowed upon her, and which she used to wear in the Field, during the recovery of her County, she snatch'd it up, and came against Don Jago with so much fury, that he began to be daunted, yet being loath to be kill'd by the hand of his enraged Countess, he went about to lay hold on her Arm, and to wrest the Dagger from her, but on a sudden, when she had lift up her Arm, as to strike at Don Jago, growing pale, she let the Dagger drop out of her hand, and had fell on the floor in a swoon, had not Don Jago caught her in his Arms and laid her on the Couch.

The Violence of her rage had precipitately called out the spirits crowding from her heart, into the outward parts, but finding her Love and passion, set too strong for her anger, and that she could not at once see and hurt what she so passionately lov'd, it mov'd compassion, and a tenderness about her heart, which caused the exerted spirits to return so fast, that they overwhelmed all passages, and intercourses of her senses, and took away the present use of their functions: but it was not long ere she, in part, recover'd her self, and opening her eyes, and seeing Don Jago by her on his knees — Go, said she, go, Triumph over my weakness, since I have not power to execute my just resentments against you. You have got too much power over the heart of *Jocelina*, and, I find, I love too well, to be able to punish you with my own hand: But since I cannot do as I ought against Don Jago, I will punish and hate my self for my own imbecillity. I command you to leave and to see me no more, and permit me to take that revenge against my self, which I cannot against you.

The Countess spake these words with so much concern, the Tears dropping from her fair eyes, that Don Jago, pitying her condition, was about once more to sling himself at her feet, and to submit himself to her will, but thinking at last of her cunning, and knowing her a subtle woman, and capable of feigning any passion, after he had sought with many words to comfort her, and to declare his Love and passion, and that he perceiv'd she continued to command him to be gone, he at last left her, taking with him her Dagger, that she might do no outrage to herself. But he need not fear it, she had too great a Love to her self, and was more Master of her passion, than to commit any such violence. However, missing of her aims, and perceiving she must be forced to submit her self to the uneasy yoke of Marriage, or else lose Don Jago for ever, she was not a little tormented and vext, and her people no sooner came to her, but feigning her self sick, she went to her Chamber, and to Bed.

She went thither indeed, but not to sleep, or repose her self, but to torment her self with the thoughts of the disappointment, the rage at Don Jago's refusal, and with the furious and unruly passion of her Love, and burning desires. In the morning, she heard that Don Jago had made preparations for his departure, and had caused his Troops to stand to their Armes, and to prepare for a march. This news put the disturbed Countess into a new vexation, and upon other thoughts. She found her passion and desire to Don Jago was so great, she could not part with him. She found she must enjoy him, and if not after her own way, rather than lose him after his. She saw her passion must be satisfied, and that she must submit her self to those bonds she abhorred, and was very unwilling to be engag'd in, and all to satisfy her Love. She also thought it not best to let Don Jago go away after the knowledge she had given him, of her weakness and passion, lest he should Triumph over her Honour. In fine, having consider'd all things, and seeing there was no other way, to save her self and Reputation, and to satisfy her passion and amorous Inclination, but by marrying him, she at last resolv'd on it, but with great reluctance and constraint, and causing Don Jago to be sent for into her Cabinet, as soon as she was dress'd and with an unexpected smile, taking him by the hand, and causing him to sit down by her, she told him. That she was now fully satisfied in his Vertue and constancy, and that now she believed he would love her religiously. That she had made that trial of his Vertue, only to satisfy her self, and that if he had fallen under the Temptation, and had attempted against her honour, she should have hated him, and have banish'd him for ever out of her sight, notwithstanding her Love and passion. And that he might see she was in earnest, and was resolv'd to reward all his services with her self and Fortune, she would that very day be privately married to him, and put him into the possession of all she had, and make him her Lord and Master,

Don *Jago* was somewhat surpriz'd at this turn, and knew not what to think on't. He could hardly believe her in earnest, and knowing her cunning and deceitful, he could scarce tell what reply to make her. Yet at last, believing it to be for his advantage, to seem to believe her at least; he fell upon his knees, and with the most submissive gestures, and with the most pathetic words he could think on, he returned her thanks, and expressed the joy and great satisfaction he received therein. And thus these two dissembling persons, deceiving one another, seemingly returned well satisfied out of the Cabinet, and the Countess, according to her promise, was that night married to Don *Jago*, and satisfied her lustful and amorous passion by enjoying him.

But we may well believe, this ill contrived marriage, made up of Lust and design, cannot long prosper, and that Heaven will not smile upon it. Don *Jago* had better have contented himself with his small Lordship in *Cesica*, and not to have coveted to become possessed of the large Dominions of the Countess of *Chiby*, by embracing a furious Dragoness in his Arms. He thinks by this marriage to have made himself secure, and that he shall be able to wrest the power, and rule out of the weak hand of a woman. But he knows not with whom he hath to do. *Isabella* is not a person that will part with her Authority on easy terms; she hath been too long used to sway after her own will to know how to obey, or submit her self to another. Her passion is somewhat allay'd, the fury of her Lust is abated, she will not so far dote on Don *Jago*, as to give up her Liberty and Dominion into his hand. Her imperious, and uncontrollable humour will not stoop. She exerciseth her ancient Authority, she Commands, she Orders, she executes, and does all things as she formerly did in the days of *Andres*. Don *Jago* at first lives peaceably with her, but her humours grow so disagreeable, she becomes so imperious, and is so very troublesome and extravagant, that he grows weary of the burthen he knows not how to throw from him, and which he would gladly be rid of, with the loss of all his acquisitions.

Don *Jago* having sent back the Popes Forces, and finding not the Comfort he expected, in becoming the Lord of the Countess of *Chiby*, his Pallace seeming to him a very Hell, he seeks to divert himself abroad, and to please himself with the Company of other Ladies more agreeable to his disposition. The Image of the fair *Isabella* was yet fresh in his memory, and, now having secured himself of the Estate of the Countess, he thought he might without danger give way to his amours, and seek the satisfaction of obtaining the Love of *Isabella*, of whose good will he had some little suspicion, the first day of her Marriage. He often visits the Provest, who receives him honorably, and tho he rarely got the opportunity of seeing, and discoursing with *Isabella*, yet he found means to speak to, and bribe *Laura*, who had promised him all her assistance, in furthering his desires. She was not unacquainted with her Ladies Affections, she knew she still sigh'd for Don *Jago*, and that her husband was not beloved by her, and therefore she does not at all question to bring the two Lovers together.

These sort of wicked servants are very mischeivous, they often corrupt their Mistresses, and draw them to debauchery and pollution, and, having opportunities to search, and find out the weaknesses of their mindes, they know best how to attacke them in their most unfortified and unguarded parts, by cunning insinuations, and subtle discourses. A Mistress has need of a great deal of fortitude, and of Moral Virtue, to defend herself against the address of a cunning Wench, who knows how to flatter her passion, and to delude her Innocency. *Laura* was now fully brib'd by Don *Jago*, and *Isabella*, tho she lov'd him passionately, was yet very Innocent. She only bewail'd her misfortune, that she should place her affection on a man she could not enjoy, and that she had a Husband she could not affect, but she had no design to stray from her Duty to the one, or to please her self, with a polluted enjoyment of the other. But *Laura* soon enkindled her little fire of Love, to an impure flame. She shew'd the Temptation so fair, and represented it so easie, that *Isabella* was not of proof enough to resist the stroke. By the means of *Laura*, she receiv'd Letters from Don *Jago*, now Count of *Chiby*, and moved by her passion returned him answers. This commerce continued for some time, and they did that by those paper billets, which they could not do by word of mouth. They thus carried on their amours, with great secrecy and success, so that the penetrating eye of the Countess could not discern the fallacy of her Count. Don *Jago* was now grown desperately in Love with *Isabella*, and the Passion of *Isabella* was as much heightened for Don *Jago*, and without seeing one another, they had come to a perfect agreement, and there was an equal compliance between them. But this will not satisfy, the Adultery of their minds, and the unlawful mingling of their souls is not sufficient, they will soon become more criminal, and the force

of the first, will soon induce the latter; she that has once lost her heart, will not be long ere she also desile her Body, when the mind is corrupted, the Body will hardly remain pure, and a lustful soul lodges not long in a Chast body, without corrupting its very spirits, and filling its Veins, and Arteries, with an impure fire. It was not now to be debated, whether these Lovers should meet, but how they should safely transgress, whilst the one should deceive her watchful Husband, and the other his jealous wife.

But when there is a conspiracy of Lovers, and a just agreement in their intentions, they seldom want means to gain an opportunity to accomplish their desires: there are no dangers they will not attempt, no difficulties they will not surmount, especially having a third to assist, and one so cunning and diligent as *Laura* was. It was by her advice that *Isabella* feigns her self sick, and it being extrem sultry weather, desires to remain a while at a Country house, about a league from the City, which belong'd to her Husband, and where sometimes he us'd to divert himself, as most of any quality in *Italy* do, for tho they usually live in the Cities, they have Summer houses for their pleasure, and to retire to when they please. There lived none in that house but his Farmer, and his Wife, who look'd to the Gardens, and dress the Vines, and preserv'd their fruits, and when the Provest came thither, lay in an out-house adjoining. The Provest desirous to please *Isabella*, carries her to this Country house, and having stay'd some time with her, his affairs not permitting him to be long absent from the City, he left her with *Laura* only to attend her, till she should desire to return.

The Count, by contrivance, us'd to go often abroad with a brace or two of Spalgnells and a few attendance, to shoot Pheasants, in a wood, not above half a league from the same place, where *Isabella* was, and under this pretence, he so well covered his Intentions, that they were not in the least suspected, there having not (to any bodies knowledg) been any familiarity or converse between him and *Isabella*: so that whilst he was thought to follow the game in the Wood, stealing from all his servants, having made only one that still attend'd him, privy to the secret, he found out better and more pleasing sport with *Isabella*: who on her part had so order'd her affairs, that none but *Laura* could know of the Counts being there. This continued for some time without the least interruption, or suspicion, and the Count and *Isabella* enjoy'd one another in their adultrous embraces.

But as close as they carry it, Heaven looks on, and beholds their desilement, he is angry, and will do justice upon them. Their crime shall not go unpunish'd, and they will repent them, when too late, of their folly. The Countess and Don *Jago* had many bickerings about Rule, and headship; she found him stubborn and not easily to be master'd. He often contradicted her will, and if he could not get the absolute Command over her, he at least kept himself pretty equal with her, and would not permit her to reign and domineer as she had us'd to do. This made her glad of his going abroad, his company now beginning to grow troublesome at home, and the eager appetite of her Lust being satisfied, she began to be weary of him, she had so passionately lov'd, and looking on him as her Tyrant and oppressor, expected but some good occasion to be rid of him.

This amour of the Counts, could not be so privately carried, but that at last it got wind, and the absence from his sport, and losing his servants in the Wood, came to the Countess's ear, and she being apt to jealousy, as most faulty persons are, she soon set secret spies upon the Counts actions, and was fully inform'd what game he haunted at the house of the Provest. Having once entertained this Hag into her Breast, she turn'd a very fury, and was like an enraged beall. She vows revenge in the severest manner, and meditates nothing but Death, and blood. She forgets her own lustful crimes, and her black guilts rise not in her memory, to stop her from her bloody intentions, as if she had a priviledge to transgress in the same kind with impunity, and to punish others for the like Faults. But she is a Fury, and has not the breast or softness of a Woman. Her Rage makes her sling off all Humanity, and all the tenderness of her Sex. Her resolutions are bloody and cruel, and the transgression of her Count must be punish'd with the loss of his Head. The enraged *Jocelina*, having been fully informed of the manner of the Counts stealing to *Isabella*, resolves to take him in the manner, and to cause him to be punished. She therefore prepares several of those about her, whom she could trust, and who had all along stuck close to her Interests, and such as never fear'd to performe any of her commands, and about the time that she thought her Husband might be with his secret Mistress, she accompanied with her trusty guard, gets into her Coach, and causes them to take the direct way to this House, where she intended to surprize the Count, and the Wife of the Provest. And indeed she came so suddenly, and unexpectedly, upon them, that the two

Lovers

Lovers were surprized together, and had much ado to get from the Bed, where they had been embracing one another, before the Countess enter'd the Room. Poor *Isabella* was so affrighted at the sight of the enraged Countess, and so many persons that attend'd her, that she fell into a swoon, and was insensible of what pass'd between her Lover, and his Countess. Don *Jago* had not so much time as to seize on his Sword, before he was rudely lay'd hold on, by the command of the Countess, and notwithstanding the Command and authority he would seem to execute, they bound him, and so hand- led him, that he could not stir, and after she had sufficiently upbraided him, and in many opprobrious words vented part of her spleen, she sent him away prisoner to a strong Castle, about three leagues from thence, where she secured him for about a month. But understanding, that he had like to have escap'd thence, by bribing his Keepers, she sent privately, and caus'd him to be beheld, glorying publicly of the just punishment she had inflict'd on him, that had wrong'd her Bed. As for *Isabella* and *Laura* having suffer'd several abuses and rudenesses from the Rage and violence of the Countess, after she was gone, their shame and gulf, being heavy upon them, they betook themselves to a Covent, not far from thence, and the Provost never after desiring to see his Wife, they spent their dayes in that place, in Penitence for their crime, and in repentance for their Follies. And this was the end of the adulterous Love of Don *Jago* which cost him his life, by the means of his enraged Wife, who still Triumph'd, and gloried in her wickedness, and Tyranny. And thus God makes one wicked person, to punish and scourge another, and brings about his own just, and righteous ends, by strange means, and by evil and wicked Instruments.

'Tis true, the Adulterous Countess as yet escapes punishment, and seems to triumph and glory in her wickedness: But God is preparing scourges for her, and his vengeance is not ready. The Prince of *Lesins* now returns out of *Germany*, where he had been, and his revenge being not yet satished, he resolves to make a second conquest of the Country of *Joelina*. For this end he raises forces, in all parts of his Country, and makes very strong parties for an Invasion. The Countess, fearing the worst, has recourse to her old friend Pope *Clement*, to whom she lends one purposely, to justify her action on her Husband Don *Jago*, and to intercede in her behalf, for assistance against the threats of Leopold Prince of *Lesins*. The sight of her Gold prevail'd more than the oratory of her Servants, and justifi'd her more than all her Letters. The Pope is zealous in her Cause, and being then in treaty with the Emperour, he also takes her into his protection, and sending her what forces he could well spare, under the Command of Signior *Palfi*, he seeks to reassure her, and to quiet her fears. The Emperour is also so effectually sollicitous in her behalf, that he sent *Othello*, and old tough Soldier of *Germany*, to endeavour to compose the business between her and the Prince of *Lesins*. This *Othello* being in favour with the Emperour, and of ancient descent from the Dukes of *Brunswick*, had private instructions to obtain the Countess for himself, and for that end the Emperour wrote in his behalf, engaging to stand her friend, and to take off Leopold from invading her.

The Countess being thus necessitated, for the sake of her affairs, was thorow policy forced to comply, and out of Interest, accepts of the Emperours proposition, and marries *Othello*, who at the same time, she had cast an amorous and lustful eye on Signior *Palfi*, who Commanded the Popes Forces. But however, complying for reason of state, she resolv'd, that should be no hindrance from giving her self the satisfaction of, her pleasure, and endeavours to bring Signior *Palfi* to a sinful compliance. This *Joelina* was another *Missalina* for Lust, and so insatiable, that she could scarce see a young and handsome man, but she endeavour'd to draw him to her embraces, and to satish her humour. Signior *Palfi* was no Saint, he was an *Italian*, and one that had not too much of the Virtue of chastity. He wanted not much Courtship, and entreaties to comply with this unsatiable Countess, and to whom he gave more satisfaction, than she receiv'd from the Embraces of Old *Othello*.

In the meantime, her Old Husband, upon his Marriage, engages the Emperour to take off Leopold from invading their Territories: who being a Creature of the Emperours, durst not disobey his Orders, but with great reluctance puts a stop to his raising of men. And now the Countess seems more secure than ever, she seems to have surmounted all difficulties, and to be Victorious over her Enemies, and Triumphs in her wickednesses, without sign of Repentance, and amendment. But what is the pride of man! and how vain his strength and security! when Heaven will visit for iniquities! All this policy of the

the subtle Countess will not be able to save her self, or divert the storm Heaven is secretly preparing against her. As calm, and as serene as it is; and as sure as the thinks her self, we shall suddenly see her over-whelm'd; and the just Vengeance of Heaven overtaking her, for these her adulterous Crimes. The time, that the mercy of heaven hath given her, is mispent, she still continues in her evil wayes, and holds on in her lustful and adulterous courses.

Her Old Count *Othello* began now to be sensible of her evil nature and disposition. He found he had purchas'd the title of Count at too dear a rate, having given for it all his quiet and repose. He perceiv'd he had got a very Devil by the bargain; and that he entertain'd a Serpent, and a Scorpion in his Bed. He saw he was not able to bear her Pride and arrogance, and knew he was not able to satistie her insatiable concupiscence. He every day had further tryal, and experience of her Luxury and Riot, and he found himself uncasie and among thornes, in his Palace, surrounded with Gold, and riches. He had rather watch all night in his Arms, than waste himself to please his insatiable Countess, and found the toyles of the Camp more supportable than those of her Chamber and Court. In fine, she became so disagreeable to him, that he began to hate her sight, and believing her favours to *Palsi* were sinful and adulterous, he resolves to leave her; and return to his old Command under the Emperour. However, he would part with her under a fair pretence, he shews false Letters from the Emperour, which command his presence in some great affair. *Jocelina* knew as well how to dissemble as he, she feigns a sorrow for his departure, and with Teares prays his speedy return. But she rejoyces at her heart to be rid of the old peevish dotard, as she usually term'd him, and hop'd she might have the greater freedom and liberty with Seignior *Palsi*. But what she thinks will be to her advantage, will prove fatally otherwise, and we shall see his absence, for which she rejoyced, become a means to put an end to her luxurious reign, and her wicked life.

Othello had not been long gone, with a resolution of returning no more to her lustful embraces, but her friend and great support, Pope *Clement*, dyes, who was succeeded in the See of Rome, by *Urban* the fifth, a great friend to *Leopold*, and the House of *Lefina*. This fall, and succession, at first startled the Countess, and she mourned for the loss of *Clement*, with unfeigned Teares. However, she still continues her adulterous and wicked courses, and *Palsi* spends himself between her lascivious Arms, and lustful embraces. But God is now thorowly Angry, and the measure of the iniquity of these adulterers are full. They must be punished for their sins, and for an example to others, and for the satisfaction of Gods justice, and for a warning even to Princes. Regality is no Buckler to keep off Gods Vengeance, and doth not excuse or make innocent Offenders. God respects not persons, and will not spare the guilty Crowned Head. The *Diadem* hath not the Virtue of *Laurel*, to preserve the Head from the Thunder and Lighting of Heaven, or from the wrath and Vengeance of an Angry God. The Riches and Jewels of the adulterous Countess, cannot buy her peace with Heaven, tho they had formerly made it with his Vice-gerent on Earth. But God is not to be brib'd by any thing, but by a penitent, and a contrite heart, which *Jocelina* had not to give, she still wallows in her filthyness and abomination; she is still secure and wanton; and sees not her approaching ruin and destruction.

But *Leopold*, seeing *Othello* returned to Germany, and having now a friend in the Papal Chair, resolves to revenge himself of this adulterous Countess, and to call her to an accompt for the Blood of his Brother. He therefore, with great expedition, arms his forces, and suddenly falls into her Territories. He is met with by *Palsi*, who is in the first encounter routed and slain. The Victorious Prince, least the Lyoness he hunted should escape him as before, marches all night, and was at the heels of the news of his Victory, and, surprizing the Countess, beleaguers *Chisty*. *Jocelina* now perceiv'd her self in the Toyle, and for thar she knew the City could not hold out long, she retired to the Castle, which being very strong, and had held out formerly against her adversary, she hoped to defend. But it wanted the old Governour, who was dead, and an unskilful young Lord supplying his place, *Leopold* had greater, and more probable hopes of taking it. Besides the Countess was not much belov'd by her own people, especially by the Souldiers. Her Luxury, and her Tyranny, had withdrawn the hearts and affections of the people, which she now found in her extremity; and what force could not do without, Treachery could do within. *Leopold* had taken the City by composition, and he had not lain long before the Castle, ere it was proposed to be deliver'd to him by a *Switz* Captain, that had been disgusted, for a Sum of Mony, by letting him in at a postern in the night, when he should be upon the Watch. *Leopold* soon agreed, and the time and place being appointed, all things succeeded so well, that he surpriz'd

surpris'd the Castle of Chery, and in it the Adulterous Countess. He caus'd her to be brought before him, and his incens'd heart could not be mov'd with her Fears, or her Beauty. He had no pity or commiseration in his Breast; he would not be mov'd with her flatteries nor submission; nor bought off with her Gold and Treasure, from taking the Revenge he sought, and which seem'd more pleasing to him than his Victory. Therefore, after he had vented himself, in laying open her Crimes, and ripping up all her wickednesses, he command'd his Guards to hang her immediately out at the same Window, where she had hang'd his Brother *Andres*. And this was the lamentable end of this Adulterous Countess, where she hung several days, a spectacle to the people, and an example of Gods wrath, and just Vengeance, against such provoking sinners; that others might have a care of falling into the like filthy Transgressions, and avoid the like terrible judgements.

Frederica had made a Kinfrin of hers her heir, who with some weak forces, made some small resistance against *Leopold*; but he being slain, the Prince of *Lefina* took all her Territories; and by the favour of Pope *Urban*, settled the estate on his Son *Charles*, who was created Count of *Chlay*, and whose posterity Reigned several Generations after.

support; but its End is pleasant and delightful, and its Reward Heaven and a Celestial Crown, among holy Virgins and luminous Angels. This, on the contrary, seems at first delightful and pleasant to the depraved appetite, and is supported with desire and pleasure, but its End is always bitter and stinging, and its Reward misery and repentance in this World, and torment and a fiery body in the next, among impure Spirits and tormented Devils. Chastity makes Man like to the Angels of Heaven: Lust turns him to a Swine or a Devil. Lust never did injury to Man and: Lust has been the destruction of Families and Kingdoms. And no sort of people but has received injury and violence from its power and force. It is the Father of Adulteries and Incests, and the Mother of Fornication and Sodomy. Like Light and Darkness, Chastity and Lust are one and illustrate one the other. The one is a black stone, the sparkling Diamond, and the dark shade to the lights of a beautiful image. If we have you examples of the enormities, and foulness of Lust, 'tis but that you may the better and more clearly behold the regularities and beauty of Chastity. If we draw before your eyes the deformity and punishment of Adultery, 'tis but to give you a clearer prospect of Conjugal Faith and Chastity marriage. And if we show you the precipitations, rage, violence, and furious Labour of this Vice, to obtain its Ends, and impure desires, you may thereby see and understand the Assaults and Incursions, that the Virtue of Chastity makes, when she fights against so potent and so bloody an enemy, and that she is able (as we have said) cold as she seems to be, to overcome the violence of Lust, the provocations of Rewards, the incitements and provocations of Nature, and even Death itself. Wonderful is the strength and force of Holy Chastity. There be as many examples, and as egregious of the Chastity of Men and Women, as of the Lustful and defiled: There be pictures of the one as well as of the other; and Chastity is as unlimited as Lust. But Chastity unarmed, and in a Female Breast, oftentimes suffers rage and violence, from potent and armed Lust; and this is, sometimes to pollute her whiteness and purity, by its force and ravages, and that she cannot resist the force of her sight, but by yielding and consent, yet it renders her aggressive and takes her trouble, and makes her sometimes the even as the Arms of Death, to take off the stain and blemish, the force of her enemy had seem'd to imprint upon her. This our intention, by the Collection of these Histories, be to shew chiefly the punishment of Adultery, and Gods vengeance against the same; yet, I think, it will not be incongruous, nor unpleasant, if in this I add to you, one of these Chaste Women, as a beautiful Picture, to divert your eyes with, among the many deformed ones I have drawn you of Adulteresses: and that you may see there are still beauties in the World, as well as *Isabella's*: and that our Age can produce *Judith's*, as well as *Julia's*, and Chaste Women, as well as Adulteresses.

In the Reign of *Christiern* the fourth King of Denmark, there lived in *Hafnia*, called by the Dutch *Copenhagen*, (the chief City of *Zeland*, the best Island of the *Baltick* Sea, and where the King usually resides) a rich and old Burger, who had two Daughters, the one named *Helda*, the other *Imbrigis*, but both of *Edifficentia* temper, as nothing could be more, and one could not have imagin'd them sprung from the same Parents, or that one womb could have produced such different fruits. The eldest by two years, named *Helda*, was of a fair, of a clear skin, blew with eyes red hair, well shaped, but not very tall, of a bright complexion, and a face her nose a little aquiline, her mouth small and smiling, but with quick and sharp wit of an ill disposition, her tongue ambitious, malicious, and curiously malicious and proud, and of a very beautiful, but of a contrary form and make, she was tall, slender, fine limbed, yet exactly made. She had black eyes, and hair almost like *Chastity* of a very high colour, which reached to her very heels, curling next her face, and was very smooth and becoming natural ornaments. Her Complexion was bloomy, but her features strong and exact, and she was always look'd with a great respect, she was of a soft and peaceable nature, mild and of a lowly and quiet, constant and not easily alter'd, compassionate, humble, and highly devout and chaste. They differed almost in every thing, but that they were of one Sex, and were the children of one and the same Parents. But the one was Chaste and holy, the other a loose and wanton. *Imbrigis* carried away in her bosom, and was as Chaste as the other was beautiful. *Helda* was lock'd in her breast, and was as beautiful as *Imbrigis* was. The one was the daughter of *Helda*, the other of *Imbrigis*. The best lov'd to be solitary, the other never well but in company. The Youngest lov'd to keep at home, the Eldest ever sojourn'd abroad. I shall not mention more. But as these two Sisters were almost different in all things, for they divided up the love of their Parents. The Father extremely lov'd and doted on *Helda*, and little regarded the youngest. The Mother doted on *Imbrigis*, and had little hopes of the eldest. However the

Sisters live quietly and peaceably together, and the submission, humility and good nature of *Imbrigis*, kept peace and quietness in the Family, and gave no cause for the proud and imperious *Helda* to quarrel. These two different Beauties, being now ripe for marriage, were severally courted, and neither of them wanted Lovers and Adorers. The excellent virtues of *Imbrigis* had more attractions, than the face and riches of *Helda*; and very unwillingly and without design, she saw Captives at her feet, and slaves bound in the chains of her love. Her coldness and Chastity had enkindled more fires in amorous breasts, than the eyes and address of her Sister; and all her artifices and attractions could not make so many conquests of hearts, nor overcome so honourably. This first began to raise envy and despight in the breast of *Helda*, and to root out Sisterly and natural affection. She does her all the ill Offices she can to her Father, whom she manages so dexterously, that he begins to shew rigours and severity to *Imbrigis*. He declares he will not marry her till he has disposed of *Helda*, and he prohibits her to entertain any Sutors or Lovers. He confines her to the house and to her Chamber; and bids her to follow her devotion and prayers, whilst his beloved *Helda* goes abroad, and is publicly seen and courted.

And now *Helda* reigns alone, not only in the heart of her Father, but in the house. She orders and disposes of all things as she pleases, and she admits of whom she likes, and keeps what Company is most agreeable to her, she has no restraint upon her, but enjoys all the liberty and freedom she could desire. The attractions of her Wit and Beauty had gain'd her some Servants, but the hopes of her great Fortune had got her more. Among the rest that courted her, and that seemed to stand most fair in the good liking of her Father, was a Gentleman well descended, and of great Estate, named *Eriour*.

This Man was personably enough, and had the outward form and shape of a Man; but within he was well lined with vices, of several sorts, and of different Natures. He would sometimes seem profuse and magnificent in cloaths and feasting, though naturally he was extremely covetous. He was a great dissembler, a notorious liar, a secret Wencher, yet withal valiant and stout of his hands, a scouldier and cunning State-man. He was apt to be jealous, and thought well of no man. He had some little kindness and affection for *Helda*, but more for the Dower, he expected with her: And therefore he courted the Father more than he did her. *Helda* on the other side, as she was proud and ambitious, though she had no great love for him, yet desiring his large Possessions, and to be the Mistress of several Lordships, willingly hearkened after his Courtships, and was easily induced by her Father to marry him. And thus at last these two persons, without much love or liking, on either side, and out of by and evil respects, came together, and were married. But we cannot hope and expect that marriages made after this manner, should succeed well; and that the blessing of Heaven should go along with them, when there is no other sympathy betwixt the Couple but that of evil Natures, and a like vices. But those are sympathies of a short continuance, and seldom are durable and long united. Vicious sympathies and depraved Unities want the solidity of virtues; and since evil it self is a deprivation of good, as night and darkness is of light and the Sun, it hath not the true essence, and everlasting substance of virtue, but hath in it only the shadow of unity and sympathy, and cannot be perfect and lasting.

But we will leave these two to reap the first fruits of their marriage, and to please and follow their vain inclinations for a while; *Eriour* having taken *Helda* home to his own house in the same City. And since I have resolv'd to give you the adventures of the chaste *Imbrigis*, and to mingle light with darkness, and Chastity with Adultery in this History, it is but fit I give you some account of the younger Sister.

The marriage of *Helda* being over, the Father began to shew *Imbrigis* a better countenance, and the evil offices of her Sister being wanting, the good words of the Mother, and the dictates of Nature were heard. And having (as he thought) disposed of his beloved *Helda* to his content and happily, he now thought of a match for *Imbrigis*, in which he did not at all consult his Daughters affection or liking, but his own judgement and convenience. He had bestow'd so large a Portion on his beloved *Helda*, that he had much streightened the fortune of *Imbrigis*, and he could not expect to have any great and rich husband for her, unless such a one should fall greatly in love, or that there should be some great disparity in years. The Vertues and excellent graces of *Imbrigis*, had rendred her desirable to several Persons, of a suitable condition, but yet, there was none agreeable to the humbur of the old Burger, or that he would approve of, until Fortune and blind Love brought one, as unsuitable to the youth of the Daughter, as he was acceptable to the covetous mind of the Father.

Love often shoots at Rovers, and he cares not what hearts he hits, so he may exercise his

bow. This seems to be one of those mischievous Loves, that attend some Families, which with his envenomed shafts, causes, ulcers, and festering wounds in those hearts he penetrates. The Chastity and coldness of *Imbrigit* had offended this little God, and he brought to her a Plague to imbitter all her sweets of life, and the content of her dayes. There chanced to come to that Town a very ancient grave Doctor, one of the Heads of the Colledge of *Sora*, in that Island, and being employed to Court, about some concern of that Univerſity, as he passed by the door of the Father of *Imbrigit* in his Coach, the wheel thereof broke, and the old Burger, being then in his Porch, invited this old grave Doctor, named *Helga*, into his House, whilst the wheel of his Coach was mended and made fit. There *Helga* got a sight of the lovely and vertuous *Imbrigit*, and on a sudden, notwithstanding the snow on his head, and the ice of Age, and Chilneſs of sixty winters, that had benumm'd his flesh, and enter'd into his bones, he found a burning fire in his breast, and a scorching flame about his heart. He had been a Widower now twenty years, and had never found a temptation before, that could withdraw him from his studies. He had no Children and was exceeding rich, and as greatly covetous, so that he had by his niggardly living, amassed together a great Treasure. He had the repute of a learned Man, but not all his learning nor his Morals, could find a defence against the shafts of Love. *Helga* had seen the innocent and fatal face of *Imbrigit*, he discours'd her and found as many charms in her wit; and in fine, though he enter'd the House of this Burger, a grave and learned Doctor, within a few moments he strangely metamorphosied, and leaves it an eager doting Lover, and is changed from a Philosopher to a Gallant.

This little mischievous god was not a little proud of this conquest, which admirably makes known the power and force of his Diety, and renders him terrible and triumphant in the eyes of the World. *Helga* is sensible of the tyrannick flame, and he felt the extravagant fire scorching his heart, and putting his chill blood into a Fever. The ice, which the frost of Age had congealed about his heart, begins to melt, and all the fiery passions of a youthful Lover play in his breast. The heats and ardours of youth return, which penetrate his Arteries, and warm the marrow in his bones. Love is a Magician, and more skillful than *Medea*, he has charms that can renew old age, and a bath that can bring back forty years that are fled. *Helga* finds his youthful thoughts and fancies to spring up anew, and the image of the beautiful and modest *Imbrigit* continually stands before him. He strives at first to oppose this idle love, and would knock it on the head with Stoical Maxims, and prudent Morals. He calls to his assistance his reading and Philosophy, and would help himself with Histories and examples. But all those dull Precepts of Philosophers, and grave advice of Stoicks, proved vain and defenceless against the artillery of Love, and in spite of all resistance and resolution, the grave Schollar became a foolish and extravagant Lover. He visits his beloved *Imbrigit*, and increasing his flames, by his daily converse, he is forced to let the old Burger know, how much he esteems his Daughter, and the passion he has for her, with the desire that he has of making her his Wife.

The Father of *Imbrigit*, knowing the wealth of this miserable old Man to be great, and finding him doting, and in love, was not a little joyful, and embracing the first motion, with a greedy acceptance, offers up the innocent *Imbrigit* to this old Dotard. He not only gives *Helga* leave to court his Daughter, but he also commands her to entertain him as her Lover. And now it could not but be a pleasant thing to disinterested persons to behold this grave Schollar, hoary with age, his face garnished with a comely long white beard (for it was not there the Fashion, for old men to shave off their hair, and to look like old women) to make court to a young Maiden of nineteen, to see him play with her hand and look old babbies in her eyes, to talk of Love, of fire, and flame, to make Verses and Sonnets, and to praise her wit and her beauty, to become a child, and ridiculously to act over again at threescore, all the follies of youth and of a Lover. This, I say, would have been sport to some, and such a Scene of mirth divertive to many, who would have admired the Godhead of Love, and have laugh't to see him thus tyrannically playing with old Age, and victorious and triumphant over learning and Philosophy. But this sight brought grief and sorrow to the heart of *Imbrigit*, and tears into her eyes. It heav'd her breast with sighs, and as if she had foreseen the fatal event, made her send forth secret groans. She is griev'd at his folly and troubled at his extravagance, and whilst he plays the Lover and Gallant, she seems the Stoick and Philosopher. She endeavours to represent to him the idle extravagancies of Love, and the enormities of that passion, which, though excusable in youth, seems to be impious and monstrous in old Age. She endeavours to represent to him the disparity that is betwixt them, between his years and her youth, and how unseemly it would

be, to marry winter and spring, old Age and infancy together. She shews him by divers examples out of Histories, the evil effect of such unequal marriages: That cannot be consummated without scandal and reproach. She tells him his flame will soon vanish and decay, and that this fire is but an *ignis fatuus*, a wandering and erroneous fire, that will lead him at last into a thousand inconveniencies, and precipitate him into the pit of jealousy. That though she should be never so vigilant over her wayes, and watchful over her actions, she should not be able to avoid the reproach of the world, and that his age and her youth would give them a cause to open their mouths, and to asperse her honour, though never so white and innocent. That she could not have any passion for him, and that without love she esteemed marriage a double yoke, and an intollerable burthen, since there was nothing but love, that could make the yoke easie and the burthen light. She desired him not to make her unhappy, to please his extravagant fancy, and that he might and ought to overcome this irregular passion.

After this manner preach'd the modest and vertuous *Imbrigis*: but she spake to a Rock, and her words vanish'd into air, and were carried away with the wind. *Helga* is deaf to all her speeches, and he can hear nothing but the dictates of his foolish passion, to the great grief and affliction of the beautiful *Imbrigis*. But alas! we are not able sufficiently to understand the trouble of her soul, nor to penetrate into the depth of her sorrow. 'Tis not enough for her to combat the aversion she had to be link'd to old Age, and to waste her days in the embraces of an old Lover, 'Tis not enough for her to struggle with the commands of a Father, and to subdue that aversion Nature had implanted in her, purely out of obedience to a Parent. Her Chastity might have help'd her to overcome the first, and her piety might assist her to overcome more easily the latter: but she had yet a more powerful enemy, that we know not of to fight with, and it was the great difficulty of this Combat, that flung her into this Agony, and was the true cause of all her tears, and of all her afflictions. She had Love and Passion to wrestle with, she had a God to oppose, that made fools of Wise men, and Children of Champions: That put Chains and fetters upon Heroes; and made Slaves of Monarchs and Princes. The same Power that had subdued a Graduate and a Philosopher; and made him a Child and a Changeling: that had pull'd him out of the Chair, and brought him upon his knees. This is the Power, poor *Imbrigis* was to oppose, she saw and knew his force, and it made her to shake and tremble. But, though she had entertain'd this Passion into her Soul, it was pure and untainted, it had not mixed it self with vicious passions, and sullied desires. The flames of her heart were immaculate and bright, and there ascended from thence nothing but chaste thoughts, and vertuous and just desires. The love which she had entertained was one of those Chaste and Celestial *Cupids*, which might be admitted into the company of Saints and Votaries, without staining or defiling their Virginities, or betraying their Chastities. It was a natural sincere and innocent love, which yet had lodg'd it self secretly in her breast. This was it that made the old age of *Helga* more deformed, and his Courtships more hideous: This was it that made the Commands of her Father more terrible, and her obedience more difficult, and this was it that caused so many sighs to rise from her breasts, and so many tears to fall from her eyes. And this was it, that flung her into agonies, troubles, and affliction, and with which she was now to wrestle and combat. You must know then, that among the many conquests her beauty had made, and among those who sought to obtain her, there was one so happy as to be entertained favourably, and to insinuate himself by degrees into her heart and affection. He was a handsome young Gentleman nobly descended, but a younger Brother, and of a mean Fortune, having nothing to trust to but his vertue and his sword. He was at that time an Ensign, belonging to the Castle of *Cronenburg*, and being come to *Copenhagen* about some business, had accidentally at Church gazed upon the beauty of *Imbrigis*, and had fallen most passionately in love with her before the marriage of her Sister. He had made his addresses to her, and for a long while was a constant Suitor to the modest and vertuous *Imbrigis*. He truly loved and affected her, and his passion was highly pure and vertuous. And he not onely lov'd her, but he was so happy, as, at last, to be as much beloved by her. They had reciprocally interchanged hearts, and their Loves were mutual and sincere; she had given him leave to obtain her of her Father, and she had granted him all the Favours, that modesty and vertue could bestow. However she loved him with caution, and in bounds; she always remembered her Duty, and the obedience that God and Nature required to be given to Parents. But she had some faint hopes, that her Lover might overcome the severity of her Father, and that the power of that chaste and pure love they had submitted to would at last work miracles for them, and unite their Bodies, as well as he had united their Souls, and overcome all obstacles and difficulties.

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The thoughts of Lovers are vain, and many times their ill built hopes are suddenly ruined, and tumbled down. *Sueno* (for that was the name of this young man) had long courted the old Burger in vain, and he would by no means hear of the Suite of a needy Souldier. He hated Men of War, but he more detested Poverty: *Sueno* was a younger Brother, and of no fortune, and he did not intend he should raise himself by the portion of his Daughter. Riches was all he look'd for, and therefore he sought all he could to discourage *Sueno*. He had however so fixt and true a love, that no discouragement whatsoever could break those bonds, wherewith his heart was tied: He had been several times at his Command, and as often returned to visit and court his dear *Imbrigis*. And he was now at *Copenhagen*, when Love and ill Fortune brought this Doctor *Helga* to interrupt his amours, and to be his Rival.

The prudent *Imbrigis* plainly foresaw the trouble and affliction, that old *Helga* would bring to *Sueno*, and perceived the inclination of her covetous Father: and she was acquainted with his obliquity and severity, and she feared she must, at last, be forced to tear *Sueno* from her heart, and to give hers to Duty and obedience. She foresaw her misery, and that she could not avoid it: She therefore begins betimes to wean *Sueno*, and to lessen his hopes, and to inculcate to him early grave admonitions, and Philosophical Doctrines. She let him know from her the duty she owed to her Parents, and the obedience, that the Laws of Nature and Christianity required of Children. She told him how Love was but a passion, and was not to come in competition with duty, though it were never so pure and reasonable. That it was to be kept within its bounds and limits, and that when ever it transgress'd those regulated Laws, prescribed by Morality and Christianity, it ceased to be any longer a virtue, but became a vice. That man had a Sovereignty given him by Heaven, over all the passions and affections of his Soul, and that now was the time for him to exercise that sovereignty and dominion, that was given to him: That he ought to be prepared against all misfortunes, and that after having tried all lawful wayes to obtain her, he should submit to Providence, who governs all things, and who makes matches above, and by unseen intelligences, and powerful influences, brings some together and separates others. That he should not urge her to do any thing against her duty, which she was resolved never to swerve from. That though she lov'd him, and believ'd he also lov'd her, and that she could wish for no greater happiness and felicity on Earth than his love; yet she was resolved to submit to the Commands of her Fathers, and if that be absolutely commanded, and enjoyned her to marry *Helga*, she would shew her obedience to the world, and do her duty to Heaven and her Parent. That he would therefore shew her the purity of his love, and the sincerity of his Affection, by resigning her up to Duty, and by overcoming his passion, and subduing his affection. She spake many other very tender and passionate things, and she argued like a Philosopher and Stoick: But the passionate and afflicted *Sueno*, could not hearken to her discourse without tears in his eyes, and falling down on his Knees, nor without replying to her patherical discourses. All his arguments was Love, he let her understand the greatness of his Passion, and that it was impossible for him to lose her and live. No Arguments, No Maxims, No Reasons, no Rhetorick can move a passionate Lover, to resign his Mistress peaceably. He talks of nothing but Death, Precipices, and Daggers, and that he will never live to see her in the Arms of another. This is that she fear'd, this is that she trembled to hear, and now her passions begin to melt and to flow into her eyes, and to drown her fair Cheeks under tears. Words now were lost, and a strange, pathetick silence was on both sides. They speak not but by their eyes, but their language is very moving and tender, and all the soft passions of their Souls are affected without sounds and without noise.

In this exigent, the resolute and heroick *Imbrigis* finds the assault so violent, that she begins to doubt her own Weakness would betray her: She therefore withdraws and leaves her afflicted *Sueno*, even dying and in despair, and though nothing could be more cruel to her own heart, she rather seems to be tyrannical, than to swerve from her virtue. *Sueno* runs and flings himself at the Feet of the Father, he implores and intreats the Mother, he tries all wayes, but in vain: The old Burger is inexorable, and the old Doctor is pressing, so that he fears, dispaire, and is violently tormented. *Imbrigis* had withdrawn her self to her Chamber, but it was onely more freely to bewail the deplorable Condition of her poor *Sueno*. Here she let go the sluices of her eyes, and gave way to the violences of her passions. The tendernesses of Love move her Soul, and she would willingly die to redeem *Sueno* from his affliction, if she could do it without becoming criminal. The Laws of Christianity are more strict and severe in that case, than those of vain Philosophy: and what would have intitu-

led Virgins and Lovers, to Herolickness and to glory, among the *Grecians* and *Romans*, would now bestow on them shame and ignominy, and that, which then deserv'd Praise and Orations, would now merit Blame and *Anathemas*. 'Twas this consideration, that kept *Imbrigis* from dying, and from plunging a dagger into her breast, to free her from being sacrificed to the embraces of an old Dotard. But her virtue overcomes her passions, and she resolves to submit to the cruel commands of her Father: However she will do so much right to *Sueno*, and to her virtuous love, as once more to implore her Father in his behalf, and strains the utmost of her modesty to move him; and all the Oratory of her tongue and eyes to raise his compassion; but all was in vain; he was deaf to her intreaties; and all her prayers are in vain: He has promised her to *Helga*, and nothing shall alter his Resolution.

The two old Men are agreed about the Portion; and every thing is settled between them; and the day of the wedding is set and appointed, and all things prepared thereto; and now the afflicted *Imbrigis* is to be sacrificed to the will and pleasure of an obstinate Father, and to the love and passion of a covetous old Man. The night before this sorrowful day, she gave the last meeting and farewell to poor *Sueno*; who would with more courage have received the sentence of his death. You may imagine this interview was very affecting and passionate, and that the two Lovers had now need of all their resolutions; to take an everlasting Farewel. There was much said on both sides, and all they spake was moving and tender. They discoursed not with dry eyes nor without volleys of sighs. But the passion of *Sueno* was violent and extravagant, and it cost the virtuous *Imbrigis* some pains and labour, to convince him of his impiety, in resolving either to kill *Helga* or himself. And it was not without many reasons, entreaties and commands, that she, at last, got him to promise her, to return to the Castle of *Cronenburg*, without interrupting her marriage, and without doing violence to himself. This concession made her see the command she had over him, and the truth and purity of his affection; and it shook her very soul more than all his tears and prayers, to see him depart rather dead than alive, and not to be able to speak and vent his trouble. He left her under the same agony, and never was there a more sorrowful parting, and more afflictive farewell. Two conjoynd hearts thus rent asunder by violence and tyranny could not but become bloody and mangled, by the force and cruelty; and the wounds, that those two Lovers gave one another, in this last interview, were grievous and to be lamented. But *Sueno* obeyed the cruel commands of his Mistress, and having by oath engaged his Faith between the hands of *Imbrigis*, he the next morning left the City, and his beloved Mistress to be sacrificed to tyranny and folly. And thus the beautiful and afflicted *Imbrigis* became a prey to the lustful and extravagant *Helga*, and was the next day married to him.

It was not long ere *Helga* returns to *Sors*, and carries with him the spoils of his Love, the beautiful *Imbrigis*. For a while he dotes on her, and this young Wife becomes his darling and commands his heart and affection. He can study no where but in her presence, and he reads more in her face and eyes, than on a Book. He is ravish'd with her embraces, and he now thinks that he is happy. But this is but a short liv'd flame, 'tis too violent to continue, and too extravagant to be lasting. 'Tis like the last blaze of a dying lamp, that ends in a sinking snuff. He wanted oyl and spirit to maintain so great a Fire, and he was too expensive and profuse of the small stock of love and Spirits, that he possess'd for to continue so long as he liv'd. Love among the Miracles he had done, and the wonders he had performed, had not yet been able to overcome the fordid Covetousness of this man's soul. And though he usually makes Lovers generous and lavish to the thing they love; and that Love and Covetousness seem incompatible, and that they cannot live together in one Breast, yet this vice was so durable in the heart of this miserable old Man, that it could not be burnt up with his ambitious flames, and survived the fire of his love or short liv'd lust. It was this abominable Covetousness that already began to make *Imbrigis* miserable and wretched; and which at last brought her even to despair, and the brink of death and destruction. 'Tis true, he lov'd to see his beautiful young Wife adorned with curious and costly garments, and he bestow'd on her many rich jewels and ornaments, and she was contented to wear them to please him only; for since she had done that cruel violence to her self, as to become his Wife, she endeavour'd to be wholly his, and even offered to him with her Body, her bleeding and disacerated heart, full of the wounds his Love had given it. She therefore secluded her self, wholly from the World, and made her house her Prison; she went not a broad but to her devotion, and to publique worship; she adorn'd her self only to please the eyes of her Husband, and at his commands she studied her duty, and made it wholly her business to please *Helga*. She was so far from looking on others, that she thought she could

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not think on *Suena*, without being criminal, and she endeavour'd to banish him from her memory, as she had made him forsake her presence; and he never appeared there but by starts and at unawares. Never was Man blest with a more dutiful, chaste, and vertuous Wife: And *Helga* might have been happy, had not Covetousness made him miserable.

The vertuous *Imbrigis* sought to please her husband in all things, and even to confirm her mind to his humours and wayes of living. She was contented to dine with him on a Joynt-Stool, with a bit of meat in a earthen dish, and to live after his mean and sordid way. As she had forsaken the world, and took no delight therein, this was no trouble to her, and she imagin'd her self in a Cloister, a Nunnery, and secluded from the vanities of the World. This therefore was no grief to her, though she was troubled to see so sordid a humour to reign in the Soul of her Husband. To see him Master of great Riches and vast Treasure, and yet not having a heart to live accordingly: nay hardly to buy necessaries. To see penury and want in a house where lay bags of gold and silver: and to see Riches and Poverty to co-habit together. But she was more troubled to behold that vice to increase with his years; and his short liv'd state to decay. To see him after some time to look more amorously on his Gold than on her, and to delight more to be in his study, than with her in her Chamber. But all this had been nothing, had not Heaven prepared for her other trials, which made bright her virtues, that illuminated her glory, and gave her a right and title, to be placed among great Heroesses and Heroick Women, to have a place in their Gallery, and to stand in their Temples, and on their Columns.

The first that gave her some trouble was the truly amorous *Suena*, he had out liv'd the marriage of *Imbrigis*, and notwithstanding the bitterness of the Agony, life had remain'd. He has indeed the positive commands of his beloved *Imbrigis* to excuse him, and perhaps it was more hard at that time for him to live than to have dy'd. But this is not an age of dying Lovers; they now die but in shew and in words. Such Lovers are not now to be found, and they are supposed to have liv'd in that of the golden Age, or that such have had only a being in *Romances*, and from the fancies of Poets. But the amorous *Suena* had not only out-liv'd this cruel torment of losing *Imbrigis*, but had liv'd to enjoy good fortune, to make him amends for the loss of his Love: Fortune gives him Lands and Possessions, and unexpectedly raises him to Riches and Lordships. His Elder Brother dies, and leaves him Lord of a great Estate at *Helsenor*, where the comforted *Suena* now lives. But *Suena* had not out-liv'd his Love, he found still the amorous flame burning in his breast, and he accounts this gain of Riches but a trifle, to what he had lost. He values *Imbrigis* as a jewel of greater price, than all his Lands, which he knows is possessed by a sordid Miser, that knows not its price: He blames Fortune, that she had not bestowed her favours sooner upon him, for the want of which he had lost his dear *Imbrigis*, and he hardly thanks her, or would accept her gifts, had not some hopes inspir'd him, to think those Possessions might be able to render him more acceptable to the old Burger, and that by them he might be the better able to offer a present to *Imbrigis* worthy of the greatness of his heart: For he had yet some hopes he might out-live *Helga*, and that at last he might possess the beautiful *Imbrigis*, though sullied with the sordid embraces of her old Husband.

With these thoughts he endeavour'd to comfort himself for sometime; and though press'd very much to marry, he refus'd all offers out of these hopes. But his love still remaining, he could not live without a sight at least of his beloved *Imbrigis*; and to let her know both his good Fortune, and firm resolution of living only for her, he rides over to *Sena*; but his journey was in vain, *Imbrigis* would not be spoken with, neither would she so much as put her foot out of doors, or her head out of the window, all the time he stay'd in Town. He had tried all ways and us'd all artifices to see and speak with her, but *Imbrigis* was so careful as to defeat them all, and could be persuaded by no means, nor by any intreaties, to yield *Suena* that favour. The vertuous and chaste *Imbrigis* fear'd her own heart, she knew it was yet tender, and but newly cured of the wounds that her love for him had caus'd; and she durst not rake in the ashes lest she should find some sparks of Love remaining, which might glow again, and rekindle at his presence and by the breath of his mouth. It was this distrust, this pious Chastity, this great severity, that made her seem so unkind to *Suena*, to the constant and faithful *Suena*, who, though troubled and afflicted, could not choose but admire her conjugal Faith, and praise her cruel piety. He returned therefore to *Helsenor*, at once grieved and afflicted, but yet full of admiration and Love. But he could not part from the place, that held this bright Jewel in its possession, without some satisfaction, and since he was not able to see her he lov'd, he made a shift to get a Letter put into her hands, before he left *Sena*, and receiv'd an answer, which he priz'd and kept as a Relique of Feminine Piety, to his dying day. A Cop-

py of both which Letters I shall here give you, whereby you may see the great passion of a true Lover, and the solid virtue of a Faithful Wife. The Letter which *Sueno* sent to *Imbrigis* was this:

SUEÑO to IMBRIGIS.

THough I die by your cruelty, divine *Imbrigis*, I cannot but admire your Virtue. And whilst I blame your severity, I praise your prudence and caution. But, methinks, my constancy, and the proofs, that I have given you, of the purity of my affection, might have pleaded in my behalf, and have induced you to have permitted a visit, without believing it criminal. I shall not inquire into the causes of your denial of a favour, that would have rendred me happy: It is sufficient 'tis your Will, that I leave *Sora* without seeing you, and you shall be obeyed: You have tryed me in a greater exigent, and it is but fit, since I have resigned my life into your hands, that you dispose of it at your pleasure. I shall, my adored *Imbrigis*, I shall leave you undisturb'd by my presence, and since, I perceive, your great severity has banisht me your heart and memory, 'tis but fit, that it also banish me the World and Life. Remember me then no more, since I am become troublesome, and let me be placed among the dead and forgotten; and I also beseech you, to forget this Letter to, if it prove any trouble to your repose, though indited by the greatest passion, and the purest and most constant affection, that ever dwells in the breast of a Lover. As I have liv'd to please you, and by your commands; so now I shall as willingly die, since your cruelty hath produc'd the death of

Your Faithful
SUEÑO.

This passionate Letter call'd up tears into the eyes of *Imbrigis*, and in spite of all her rigour and severity, mollified and melted her heart. She pitied and compassionated poor *Sueno*, and she had not altogether divested her soul of all humanity. She thought therefore she might answer this Love Letter without a Crime, and without transcurring the bounds limited to Wedlock: and without breaking her conjugal Faith. She thought the Life of *Sueno* more precious than ceremonies, and that it was not to be cast away by her too strict observance of punctillo's. She was sensibly touch'd at the wounds her severity had made, and she knew not to what extremity despair might drive him. With these considerations she returns him this answer,

IMBRIGIS to SUEÑO.

You ought not, *Sueno*, so much to admire as approve my severity, since 'tis only the effect of virtue. Did I not know the purity of your affection, I should not have returned you an answer: but since the brightness of your flame, has yielded a light, whereby I have read the integrity of your heart, I will believe favourably of the visit you intended me, and that you meant nothing but what was just and honourable. But I intreat you not to call my scrupulous virtue cruelty; and my denial Tyranny: For could I have been either cruel or tyrannous, I might have spoke to you, and seen you. No, *Sueno*, 'tis the too great compassion I feel in my soul, and the too great mistrust I have of my self, that makes me seem thus severe, and not any doubt of your virtue. Return therefore with more favourable thoughts, and with all those hopes that have supported you hitherto, and believe that I wish you all the Felicity the best of your Friends can wish you; and know also that I will not forget you, but remember you as much as I can, without rendering my self criminal, and believe also that your death would give as much trouble, as your life gives content and satisfaction to.

IMBRIGIS.

This was the Letter that gave some ease to the trouble of *Sueno*; and made him leave *Sora* with some satisfaction. He could not but admire the virtue of *Imbrigis*, and the thoughts of the loss increas'd the melancholly. But some good Genius inspired him with hopes, and assured him he should one day be happy, and bid him that he should not despair of obtaining the end of his Wishes, the enjoyment of the virtuous *Imbrigis*.

The beautiful and unfortunate *Imbrigis* is no sooner got rid of this trouble, but she falls into another. She is glad to hear that *Sueno* has left *Sora*, and now she hopes she shall enjoy an undisturbed repose. But, alas! the hopes in vain: her Chastity and her Virtues do

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not yet shine bright enough in the eyes of the world. These tryals are nothing to what she must undergo. These are acted in private, and tho she appears thereby white, pure, and immaculate, she is not wrought up to perfection, like Gold seven times refined and coming forth shining, and Tryumphant. Love is preparing for her an harder task, than yet she has undergone: and her Chastity will receive more violent assaults and batteries, than it ever yet endured and the brave defence thereof will render her Victorious, and immortal. She has hitherto had to do with a Virtuous and Chaste Love, in *Sueno*, who is rather a Son of *Urania*, than of *Venus*: but now she will be exposed to the fury of one sullied with impurity, and whose torch yields nothing but a dark and obscure flame.

There lived not far from *Sora*, in a very stately Palace, the Baron of *Fobroch*: one very great at Court, and in much favour with the King, who had several times beheld the beautiful *Imbrigis* at her devotion, and had kindled at her eyes so great a flame in his heart, in that holy place, that he was ready to be consumed with it. The sight of this fair object had too often attracted the eyes of this Baron, and diverted his mind from his prayers. He gazed freely on her, and without controul, for the devout *Imbrigis* kept her eyes from wandering in that place, and she dreamt not that impious and sacrilegious Loves, durst approach the Altars, and visit Churches. Yet the Baron found himself smitten there. But, what ever he might say to excuse himself, it was his own vain and lustful mind, that introduced Love into that Temple: the eyes of *Imbrigis* were not in fault, nor was the beauty of that Saint guilty of that prophanity: those impious Loves had a being from his vain imaginations: and his own black thoughts first shap'd those loves, which afterwards stung his soul like *Furies*. But from whence soever they came, the Baron is restless and unquiet, and his breast is heated with a lustful and impure fire.

Greatness begets respect, and commands an entrance almost into all places. The doors of *Helga*, which were shut almost to all the world, were opened to *Fobroch*, and the locks and bolts flew asunder at his presence; *Helga* thought himself honour'd, by the visits of the Baron, and hop'd advancement by the favour of this Nobleman. He entertaines him with freedom, and joy: and his sordid humour seems to give way to pride and vanity. But the root of all his kindness was still Covetousness, and the hopes of the advantage he should make by this great Courtiers Friendship. But *Imbrigis*, who harbours nothing but Chast and Virtuous thoughts, began to fear the frequent visits of this Baron, and to believe they were not honourable. And it was not long, ere what she feared appeared too certain, and the Lustful and amorous Baron made known his Love; and boldly enough declared his intentions. He valued himself much upon his person and parts, which were taking and desirable, but more upon his greatness and Riches, which he thought could not be easily withstood. Indeed he thought himself well enough provided for a greater battery, and he imagined he should have an easy conquest. The Beauty and Youth of *Imbrigis*, and the Age and Covetousness of *Helga*, he thought, would prove Traitors within doors, and declare themselves on his side, and easily give him admittance into the fort of the heart of his Mistress. He believ'd the Guards of Duty and Honour to be weak against such potent disparities, and where Love was not the Commander. He imagined an easy Victory, and already counted the beautiful *Imbrigis* his own. But he quickly finds himself deceived, and that he shall not so easily make a purchase of the heart of the wife of *Helga*. She received his courtships with Frowning, and answers his addresses with scorn and disdain. She stops her ears to his words, she flies his company, refuses his presence, and avoids him as a pestilence and infection. The Baron now perceives the virtue of *Imbrigis*, and that she is not easily to be taken; but this rather augments than lessens his flames. Great spirits are raised, not dejected by difficulties. He was used to conquer, and knew not how to be denied; by a private Beauty, who had been Victorious over those in Court. He therefore now makes it his whole business, to take in this Cittadel, the stout heart of *Imbrigis*, and is resolved to carry it by force, stratagem, or stratagem, or to die in the attempt.

This Baron had found out the Covetous and sordid humour of *Helga*, and by that he hopes to win his wife: for he not only feeds him with hopes of great preferment, but finding him greedy, and a lover of play, he used when ever he came to visit *Helga*, to lose ten or twenty pieces of Gold to him at Tables; which so rejoiced the heart of the Covetous old man, that the sight of this Lord became to him as desirable as an Angel. The persuasions and entreaties of *Imbrigis* were in vain, who told him it would be scandalous to entertain so often the Baron of *Fobroch*, and advised him to let her return to her Fathers, for some time, to live some where in the Country, while the Baron continued in those parts, lest his frequent visits might blench her Honour, and blast her reputation. She was unwilling to

was gone to the *Spies* in Germany, and at this time was absent, and no hindrance to his amours: so that he had his own Palace free, and there enjoy'd all the liberty he pleas'd. And now perceiving himself defeated at home, he takes *Hedge* home with him to his Palace, where they divert themselves at Tables as they used to do. And it was sometime, ere the Baron could make his mind given to *Hedge*, by a proposition so unusual: but resolving one way or other to obtain his ends, one day, having drawn this Old Dotard apart from all Company, he carries him into a Chamber, where, on several Tables, he had laid out by one, some pieces of Gold, most of them Crown pieces, which so dazzled the Eyes of *Hedge*, that he could scarce behold them without ravishment. The Baron having observed the Duke, and made him sit down before this Golden Mol, which he knew he would'd be his home, he told him, that by an easy purchase, he might if he pleas'd, become Master of all that Gold. *Hedge* was not backward to enquire which way, to which question the Baron reply'd. That he must confide to him, that he was desperately in Love with his Wife, that he had Courted her and tempted her to vain & that he had foolishly yielded all his Courtships and Temptations, and out of a fantastical opinion to be accounted Virgins and Chast, had deny'd her self pleasure, and his satisfaction. That he knew, what ever *Hedge* might pretend to continency and chastity, that such Beauty and Youth was made up of Flesh, Blood, and Spirits, and that Nature was not dead or asleep always in her: that he was old and decrepid, and now able to satisfy her Youth and Compliments: and that tho' he was not able to tempt her, some others might that were more happy: but if not, and that she should be so virtuous, as she pretended, that he might she make to reward that Virtue, by providing for her satisfaction without his knowledge, and without making her Criminal. That what he there offer'd him, which was these Crown pieces of Gold, was substance and a real good: no shadow and Chymere, & that thing call'd Honour was, and consisted only in a vain opinion and esteem of men. That he would give him all that Gold, for one night's company with himself, all that substance for a little pleasure. Wherby he might increase his wealth without harm, hazard, or injury to himself, and make a purchase of so much Gold, without loss or parting with any thing, and without lessening himself in any thing. That the purchase was easy, and that his Wife would not be the worse, that if he continu'd he was not Criminal, but would turn to him as pure, and uncorrupted as before, and that many others are made Criminals, by the loss of their Goods and Reputation, and of the plentiful will of their Wives: That he might be both however free without indignity in thinking worse of themselves and others again, making benefit and gain by and wishing at the pleasures and amours of their Wives, with satisfaction and content. That therefore he should not think it strange, he should be plain with him, and should speak such a proposition to him, so beneficial to himself, and that he should buy that Commodity for another, from all the Works in the same thing after another way, but that he would be free with him, and that he would give him half that Gold home with him, and promised him the other half when he had enjoyed *Hedge's* and therefore desired him to walk well on the next day, that he would, though to purchase many Chastities, and several Honours, and some Reputation, and before he sleep, on Comfort well of it, and so give him his answer.

Hedge was at first a little Chagrin'd, with the plain discourse of the Baron, and thought the proposition strange and unusual, and that it was not ordinary what a husband gave to his wife: but his Wife's face glancing off so many Crown pieces before his Eyes, and the Covetous desire of making more his own, began to raise in his mind, thoughts very favourable to the design of *Palace*. The Gold had a charm, and so many pieces of gold, he could not resist. He greedily devoured them with his eyes, and the desire of having them his began to possess his mind, and made him that to agree within himself, if this prodigal Baron be so great a fool, as to give so good a Sum for such a trifle as a little pleasure, shall I be a greater to refuse it? This I am sure is substance and lasting, and that he will receive for it, a shadow and chymere. My Wife will be exulting the while, nor shall I miss any thing for the same Commodity. Honour is made up of opinion, and that which the World calls Virtue is an Idol, dress'd up with moral precepts, and Philosophical questions. It is made up of something so airy, that we are less concerned at the possession, and it cannot be gratified but by the Imagination. 'Tis a long run of opinion and chymere, that gives this Deviancy to Virtue and Honour, and has painted their Wives or their Daughters to Strangers, and 'tis but an Idea receiv'd by Custom, and

and prebears the imagination, that makes it accounted criminal, and dishonourable in nature. It is not therefore substantial and real, but operative and Imaginary, which may be one thing in one part of the world, and another thing in another part: but this which I see before my eyes, and may handle with my hands, is substantial, and of value every where; and Gold is Gold, in what part of the world soever it is sern or found. There is no nation but esteems it, and its beauty has been praised of the Indians, and illustrated of it they have framed their Gods, and wittie have adorned their Temples. It encircles the Heads of Princes, and has purchased Honours and Empires. It can pervert justice, and make vice virtue. It is a general Monarch, it sways the World, and stretches his Dominion over all parts of the Earth. For this all things, labour and fight: and he that hath enough of it may be what he will, and do what he pleases.

These kind of thoughts will Helge have a deep muse, which the Baron would not interrupt, but hoping still, the charming sight of his Gold would move the heart of the old man, he waited with some impatience his answer, which at last, he heard in these terms. I must confess, my Lord, that you have taken an unusual, and a rare course of obtaining your desires, and since the Wife, her Honour, and Chastity, is the Husband's own proper goods, it is the better, and more lawful way, to have them by the consent of the Husband, than to purloin them, by corrupting the Wife, and without his knowledge. You have indeed very fairly bid me for one night's lodging, and I am not ignorant, that a few idle men, may buy many Maiden-heads: Native & virginal Widows, and as much I know not how many Wives. But that is an underhand dealing, and they are not lawfully purchas'd. The Women, tho' they can misbehave well for themselves, do seldom make good bargains, in that case, either for their Husbands pride or Honour. But you have taken the right course, and have fairly bid like a Christian. But Sir, I must take notice, that you cannot not stink, and you could not buy of my Wife, and therefore it is but just and reasonable, you should pay well for the purchase. I know I am old and decrepid, and that Helge is young and handsome. I have weigh'd your Arguments, which do not lo weighty as your Gold, yet solid and true; vailing, and I shall accept the proffer you make me, if you could forgive me scruples. This first is, that, tho' I should give my consent, and for so much Gold lend you my Wife for a night, and should be willing to yield her to your pleasure, since she will of a certain sort in my keeping, and that I know not whether I can be creable in perfume, or Command Helge to consent, I am afraid, it will not be in my power to put you in the possession of your purchase: and since I desire only Honour, and not Gold, I am afraid, tho' I should consent, you would lose the money of the sum you proffer me. The second thing is this, that I may be persuaded, that Helge's Curious, but unestimated value, of more worth than Art, Industry, or Nature, can make the world made by nature, and that this new way of marketing, may be accounted scandalous, and dangerous, as favouring of innovation, and as strong and unwarrantable, and dangerous as when, the more is known, and equal credit. I am not yet enough convinc'd, whether I shall not let Helge, so that they call Honour, and reputation in the World, by this bargain, than if it were made without my knowledge and consent: and that I receiv'd nothing for your sleep and Entertainment, which she thought it reasonable that she would not know it. For tho' I could be contented to let her Curiously, the money should not Helge, I would not be known, to have been brought into the World so freely.

The Baron, at these words, rising hastily from his seat, rose and embraced Helge, telling her, that she was still as fresh as the first time you saw her. And as to the rest, he told her, that he required nothing of her, but that he would never yield to what he did not want, and consented to his Wife, but not to her. That he knew she would never yield to what he did not want, and had sufficiently try'd her: and that if she would have granted his request, and consented to his desires, he had not come to have bargained with him. That it was not for her body to be bought, but her body, nor her Love, but the satisfaction of his own, by new joys. That her consent was not necessary, and that he believed the virtue of some women might be sold, and sold, tho' not sold, and bought, and that many were content with the love that is put upon them, in that it seems to render them guiltless, and not to stain their Anger and Freedom, receive a lesser satisfaction in the Rape. That if Imbrigs were one of those, since the pollution, is only the effect of the will and consent, she would receive to him pure and uncorrupted, and with the same Chastity and innocence as before. That all therefore, that he required was only his consent, and good will, without demanding more. That were the second of his scruples, he told him: That he was not only willing with so much Gold to purchase his consent, but also to take upon himself the Crime, and

tho she is not able to resist, and lyes senseless, the Angels, Guardians of Chast souls, are flying to her rescue, they will awake her at least, and help her to defend her self. But if not, and that they are not able to defend her Body, they can still protect her soul from pollution, and defilement; and all that the lecherous Baron is able to do, cannot so much as give one spot of impurity, or one stain of defilement, to the innocence, whiteness, and purity of her soul. Neither that, nor her body can be polluted, by any action of *Fabrich*; for the stain of the latter cannot be contracted, but by the blemish and pollution of the former, which is past his power and reach to viciate.

The vicious Baron had discover'd her nakedness, and his own, and he was now just about to perpetrate an action too odious and Villainous to be named, when the rudeness of his demeanour, and the violence he had used, or one of those Guardians Angels, that we mentioned, made her open her eyes to see her danger, and to behold the approaches of the monster, that was about to ravish her. In this exigent she shrieks out, and beginning to struggle with both her hands, one of those assisting Angels, that attend on weak innocence; and assaulted Chastity, guided one of them to a Dagger, that hung at the girdle of the Ravisher, and not knowing what she did, nor what she tore from him, she miraculously sees her Hand Armed, and the glittering steel flashing its light before her eyes. She has not time to consider of the miracle, she becomes on a sudden all fury, and this innocent Dove, this meek and feeble Lamb, is transported, and becomes dangerous, and terrible. She boldly plunges the Dagger into the Throat of the Ravisher and Adulterer, and he lifting up his head, admiring from whence this dreadful stroke proceeded, she reiterates her blow, and sheaths the assisting Weapon in his Breast, up to the Hilt. The blow was violent and home; and her hand no doubt was strengthened, by one of those Angels that attended her in this exigent; and the Lustful humour of the Baron, issued out together with his Blood, at the same wound. He presently forsakes the furious *Imbrigit*, and rolling himself off the Bed, falls along on the floor, with his eyes turned towards the enraged innocent. But alas! she thinks her self not so, she knows not how far the Lustful Ravisher had proceeded, she believes her self polluted and defiled, she becomes black and monstrous in her own eyes, and on a sudden is hateful, and odious to her self. With these mistaken thoughts, and in the height of her transport and fury, she thinks she has not done sufficiently, in the punishment of the Lustful Ravisher, but imagining her self guilty and contaminated, her Honour ruined, and her conjugal Chastity sullied, she violently thrusts the Dagger into her own fair and innocent Breast, to let forth her polluted Blood, and by it to wash away the stain of her Body, and so testify to the World, that her heart and Soul were innocent, pure, and free from spot or stain; and that she was no way consenting to the abuse, that had been offer'd to her.

The noise they had made, and the falling of their wounded bodies on the floor, had alarm'd the Servants, who attended near the door, and they rushing in, behold the Tragical sight with amazement and wonder. They run to the assistance of their Master, but he will not let them interrupt him from gazing on the face of *Imbrigit*. He has his eyes fixed on hers, and he puts by his Servants with both his hands, and seems to tell them with wonder, that 'tis an Angel of light, in the shape of *Imbrigit*. That luminous rays of brightness proceeds from her eyes, and that her face is shining, and full of Glory. The flame of his Lust was quenched by his Blood, which carried forth at the wound, all the impurity about his heart. The happy wound had given him a new Life, inspired his Soul with virtuous thoughts, and pious sentiments, and had made the abused *Imbrigit* appear to him full of brightness, and full of Glory. He gives her now a new adoration, he calls her action just, and acknowledges himself criminal, and deserving the Death he had received at her hands. He charges his Servants to protect her from all injury, and acquits her of Murder and of his Death. He asks her Pardon, and implores her forgiveness, he admires her transport, and praises her action. He would after this manner, have spent the remainder of his Breath, had not the Surgeons, being called, come to search his Wounds, and separated him from the object of his pleasure. *Imbrigit* had beheld the actions, and heard the words of the Baron, with some satisfaction, which began to move compassion about her heart, and made her sensible and tender. But the effusion of her blood, had tainted her spirits, and left her in a condition, not to see, or know what was done to her.

Both their wounds was dress'd, at the same time, that of the Barons proved mortal, and he died within three dayes, full of penitence and trouble, for the evil he had caused to the chaste and virtuous *Imbrigit*. But Heaven had a greater care of that brave Woman, the Dagger had not touch'd her inwards, and she escap'd Death, and was at last recovered,

but

but not without scars in her Beautiful face, being cut deeply with the glass of the window. But they were scars that were no blemish to her Beauty, they were marks of Honour, and glorious, and beautiful wounds, that added a new lustre to her Beauty, and were ornaments to her face. They were testimonials of her Courage and bravery, and signes of her fortitude and Virtue, received in the defence of her Chastity. The Baron had confest before he died, the baseness of *Helga*; and the evill effects of his ill-made bargain, cast on him so much shame and ignominy, which lay'd so much grief to his heart, that before *Imbrigis* could recover her wounds, he dy'd, and left her a rich Widdow. And now at last, the hopes of the Faithful *Sueno* revive, who had heard of the Heroick action of his adored *Imbrigis*, and at last Heaven, taking pity of his constant sufferings, rewarded his faithful Love, and after *Imbrigis* had paid what was due to detency, and the memory of her Husband, and had remained a Widdow above twelve months, she was married to *Sueno*, and they lived both happily together, all the dayes of their Lives: he blessed in a Chast and Loyall Wife, she happy in a Faithful and loving Husband.

You have long enough diverted your eyes with a beautifull and fair Picture, and, I know, you cannot but be pleas'd, to see Virtue and Chastity so well rewarded, and to behold them Victorious and triumphant, over dangers and Death; you have also seen the dark shadows of this piece, which have set off and embellish'd the Lights thereof; without the one, the other would not be so conspicuous, and would not strike the eyes with so much force and vigor. The assaults of the Adulterous Ravisher render the conquest of Chastity more glorious, and the punishment of potent and assaulting vice, yields a pleasure equall to the escape and reward of struggling and combating Virtue. But you must now turn your eyes on a very different piece, and behold another kind of prospect: we have too long forgot the Sister of *Imbrigis*, who inclosed another sort of fire in her Breast, which burne with less purity, and cast out more smoaky and footy flames. She was married to *Eriens*, as I have already told you, but true love appeared not at that *Hymen*, and weaved not those bands that tied them together. Riches and convenience made up the Match of the one side, and pride and vanity brought them together one the other: Covetousness and Lust were the chief Guests, and the sympathies of evil natures attendants. We cannot expect much comfort from such a Wedding, and we may believe their marriage joyes and pleasures will be short liv'd, and of smal continuance.

It was not long e're the Pride and vanity of *Helda*, choaked the covetous humour of *Eriens*; and he could not endure her lavish expence. The freedome and wantonness also that she used in her conversation, was very averie to his extream jealous humour. He had been very vitious himself, and therefore perfectly abhorred all manner of freedome in Wives; and he fought at first to rectifie it by fair means in his own. But *Helda* was a person not easily to be subdued, and *Eriens* found her head strong and violent. She was so far from reforming at his advice, and she took his counsel in so ill part, that she ran farther into extravagances, became more vain and expensive, and used greater freedome than ever.

There was one *Olans* a very proper young Gentleman, of a very good Family, and a follower of the Court, who had passionately lov'd *Helda*, who yet courted her after an extraordinary rate, which gave no little offence to *Eriens*. The jealous Devil was quickly raised in the breast of *Eriens*, and the carriage of his Wife made him almost horn mad. And indeed he had some reason to be so, for the wanton *Helda* had entertained a secret love to that Gentleman, and began to have as great an aversion to her husband, because he went about to abridge her in her freedome, and he cut off her lavish superfluities. This soon made a breach between *Eriens* and *Helda*, and within some few moneths they lived not as Lovers, but as a fashionable Man and wife, that is with quarrelling, disgust, and occasions given betwixt them, full of jealousies and reproaches on either side, both striving and contending for the mastery.

Eriens perceiving that he had tryed all other means in vain, and that words and fair means would not do, and that the authority of her Father, which he had employ'd to reclaim her, was also little prevalent, was resolv'd at last to make use of plain force, and to tame her by rigour and compulsion. He suddenly puts away all her Servants, and keeping none but such as he thought he might trust, locks her up in her Chamber, and makes her house her prison. All access whatsoever is forbid to her, and nobody suffer'd to visit and come near her, but such servants as he had plac'd to give her necessities: and on a sudden *Helda* finds her self confin'd and a Prisoner. But she being of a violent Spirit, was not able to brook this usage, and having tryed several wayes in vain to get a Releasement, she purposely sets fire on her Chamber, and in the hurly burly, whilst the people were busie in quenching the fire, and

saving

saving the goods, she, having secured a Cabinet of rich jewels, fled away unmist, and having hid her self in a Friends house, she sent for *Olaur*, and representing to him the sadness of her condition, the usage of her husband, and the resolution she had taken never more to live with him, she required his aid and assistance, and bid him provide for her some place of shelter against his violence and fury. *Olaur*, who lov'd her very much, was not sorry for this fair occasion, and hitting a small vessel, and putting themselves both into disguise, they get safe over to the Island of *Funen*; and at *Middlefar*, a Trading Town in that Island, they conceal themselves for a while, and live together as Man and Wife: He going by the name of *Robert Hartifar*, and she by that of *Margaret*.

In the meantime, *Erius* having quenched the Flames of his house, and finding that his Wife had left him and was gone, and *Olaur* being also missing, he questioned not but that they were fled together; and he bestowed as many curses, and as much reproach on them, as they had slung shame and ignominy upon him. He vowed to be revenged but he knew not how, because they were fled he knew not whither. And thus *Erius* had quickly lost both Wife and house, and reap'd nothing but trouble and discontent by this match. The latter he soon repairs, the former he resolves never more to receive, but to be revenged on her; when ever he can hear where she is. In the mean time there was an old Mistress of his, that he had formerly lov'd and discarded, named *Arbella*; and now seeing his wife had left him, he takes her home to his House, and lives with her as his Wife. And thus you see the evil consequence of matches, made without love and affection, without piety and Religion, without Vertue, and Chastity, but for profit, Lust, Convenience, or the like mean and unworthy ends. *Erius* has got an adulterous Mistress, that sleeps nightly in his Arms, and *Hilda* has an adulterous Gallant, that reposes himself in her arms by day.

They are on either side safe and secure in their sins, they enjoy the pleasures of their lusts without check or controul, and they live in their Adulteries without disturbance; but Heaven sees and frowns on their actions, and these doings are an abomination in his sight. He will take axime to punish them, and though he a while defers it, they shall not escape it. He can, and usually does make such instruments to punish one another, and causes Comparisons in Sin and Iniquity to prove Furies one to another. Polluted and defiled friendships are not lasting, and where vertue makes not the cement, they cannot hold together. The nature and carriage of *Hilda* cannot be chang'd, and she is the same vain, lustful and extravagant Woman at *Middlefar*, as she was at *Copenhagen*, and gives the same occasion to her Lover, as she had done to her husband. She cannot be confin'd, she loves company and change; she will be abroad and conversing with the men, and all the art, that *Olaur* could use to reclaim her, proved vain. If she had before a jealous Husband, she has now got a tentimes more jealous Lover. He uses not force and rigour but he is still with her, he will not trust her out of his sight, nor permit her to go any whither without him. He is ever in her company, she cannot get to be alone, and his love, fondness, or rather jealousy, is grown more troublesome and offensive, than the others rage and cruelty. *Olaur* seem'd not to be a *Dan* or a *Dutchman*, but a meer *Italian*, or *Spaniard*. He cannot endure any should look on *Hilda*, and if she chances to cast her eyes upon any, he fancies they have a secret commerce and language, and that they understand one another. He is ready to suspect the pictures on the walls, and the Statues in the Gardens, and thinks they Cuckold him in her fancy, and wrong him in her mind, and commit rapes upon her imagination.

After this sort the jealous *Olaur* torments himself, and feels a knowing Viper in his breast. His soul is stung with a Scorpion, and lash'd with the whips of Furies. But he is not only troublesome to himself but to *Hilda*, who begins to be oppress'd with his company. She finds, that she had run away from one evil, to fall into another: Had fled from a jealous Husband, to be tormented by a jealous Lover. She knew not how to bear it, and she thought this bondage more insupportable than the other. She had broken her Matrimonial Bonds, and escaped from bondage and slavery, throrow fire and danger to small purpose, since she could not enjoy her freedom and liberty. She is vex'd at the soul, and she endeavour'd to let *Olaur* see she cannot easily be reclaimed, and that it will be more feasible to put into the yoke the wild Hoes on the Mountains, than to lay upon her any restraint. She is not therefore backward of giving him occasions, which are frequently to be found, tormentive enough to a jealous Man.

Notwithstanding *Olaur* passionately loves her, and this fruit of jealousy arises from his boiling passion. He expresses the greatness of his love by this jealousy, and by giving her continually his presence and company. What before had been to her very pleasant and desirable, began now to grow tedious and irksome. And *Hilda* found that Lovers, as well as

Husbands were capable of making themselves loathed and hated, by their impertinences, and too troublesome pressures. She now begins to grow as weary of *Olaus*, as she had been of *Erius*, and her Lover was become as nauseous as her Husband. She therefore resolves with her self, to give *Olaus* the slip, and once more to seek her wanton freedom, and licentious liberty. *Olaus* had means enough of his own, and had secret supplies of money from his Friends, so that he had not imbezled any of the Jewels that *Helda* had brought with her; nor any of her Gold, which she had yet untouched in her Cabinet. By which means she had wherewithal to buy what she needed, and to bribe secret servants. She secretly therefore purchases the Habilliments of an Horseman, a Suite, Buffe-Coat, Head-piece, Case of Pistols, and a good Horse, and conceals them in a House of one, whose friendship she had purchased with her money, resolving in this disguise to get away from *Olaus*, whose jealousie and troublesome Love was grown too great a persecution for her to bear.

But for that he never would leave her company for a moment, either night or day, she found it no easie matter to get from this *Agger*, who continually watch'd all her actions with the waking eyes of jealousie. But women, who are as running to deceive, as men are watchful to prevent, seldom fail of their ends, when they go about to imploy their wit and skill. *Helda* feigns her self extremely sick, and had hired an Apothecary to give out, that it was the plague, the infection being then rise in *Pomerania*: by this means she gets free: For the Magistrates of the City compell'd *Helda*, to be carried to the Pest-house, and to be separated from *Olaus*: that he might not spread the infection thorow the City: which was the thing she desired. *Olaus* did not in the least suspect this plot, and was very much troubled for his Mistress, and went every day to the place to inquire after her health, but she stayed not long there, but made her escape to the house, where she had prepared her disguise.

And now the wanton *Helda* cuts her hair, puts on her Buff, and equips her self in all respects like a Cavalier: and mounting her Horse, with her Horsemans Pistols before her, she leaves *Middlefer*, and rides to *Odenfer*, a Port Town in that Island, resolving to leave that place, and her Lover. At *Odenfer* there was a *German* Captain, named *Zuerst*, that was going over for *Schines*, with his Troop, being in the *Danish* pay, and was then going in an expedition against the *Swedes*. *Helda*, having taken on her the name of *Bernard*, coming in the interim, indavoured to list her self with this Captain, that she might get safe from the search of *Olaus*. Captain *Zuerst* was extremely pleased at the sight of this spruce young Horseman, and lik'd him so well, that he not only entertained him in the service, but began to have a very great love and esteem for him.

Whilst they stay here only for a wind, *Olaus*, having miss'd his Mistress, and heard of her escape from the Pest-house, diligently search'd all the Town, but without finding her; yet at last by his great diligence, became to hear after what manner she had disguised her self, and how she had eluded him and made her escape. He was extremely troubled and vext, at this desertion of *Helda*, for whose sake he had lost his Fortunes, and left his Friends, and which was yet worse, whom he still lov'd. But he was resolv'd to follow her, and either by fair or by foul means to get her again into his possession, and either intreat or compel her to live with him. He therefore believing she might take her way to the chief Port, which was *Odenfer*, and which he heard was full of Souldiers, he makes what speed he can thither. And having searched up and down the Town several dayes, he accidentally meets her on horseback; riding towards the Port, being then about to imbarque. He had no sooner seen her but he knew her, notwithstanding her disguise; and immediately runs to her, and layes hold on the bridle of her Horse. *Helda* was amazed and troubled at this action, but resolving not to fall into his power again, would have spurr'd her Horse to have got loose from him, but *Olaus* holding fast, and giving her many opprobrious speeches, endeavour'd to dismount her, and to discover what she was, and forceably to have her away with him. Hatred that had succeeded to love, and rage, and fear of falling into his hands, prompted her to give him a cruel Reward for all his past services, and to get rid of him for ever. She immediately upon this thought got out her Pistol, and lets it fly at the face of *Olaus*, who expected nothing less. The Bullet pass'd thorow a part of his neck, and gave him a desperate wound, making him let go his hold, and she being got quit of him, galloped away to the ship to imbarque.

By this time several people were got about the wounded *Olaus*, who declared, that the Soldier that wounded him was a Woman, and his Wife, who had deserted him, and stolen his goods, he makes his complaints for justice, to the Magistrates of the Town, who make it known to the Captain, who promises to examine the business. *Olaus* what with his wound

and

and his vexation, and rage, to see the abuse and malice of *Helda*, fell into a fever, which made them almost despair of his life, and which was increased, when he understood, that, notwithstanding the complaints of the Magistrates, the Captain had taken her away with him to Sea, and that she was imbarqu'd and had set sail. For the Captain having entertained a secret love for *Helda*, though under the notion of a Man; at this report of her being a Woman, he was surprized with a sudden joy, and taking *Brunard* privately aside, quickly discover'd what Sex his Souldier was of. *Helda*, having used *Olau* as you have heard, and hating his jealous humour, fear'd to fall into his hands again, more than Death or shame. She therefore implor'd this Captain to defend her from *Olau*, confessing to him a great part of the Truth of her adventures.

It was no hard matter to persuade Captain *Zwerts* to this, for love had already overcome the heart of this Souldier, and all those sweetneses which he saw in *Brunard*, when he thought him a Man and a Trooper, had now a thousand times more power to attract his love, and to draw his heart to affect her. Now he knew she was a Woman he presently lets her know the power her eyes had over him, and how ready he was to serve her, and to defend her, not only against this Man, that would do violence to her, but against all the World, and told her, that since her secret was only known to himself, that if she pleas'd she might continue her disguise, and that he would take a particular care of her honour, and that she should not be known to be any other than a Man. *Helda* was very much pleas'd with the carriage and behaviour of this Captain, and was not at all displeased to find she had made a conquest of his heart; and that she was able to command the service of this Warriour, who was able to defend her against *Olau*: She therefore answers him with all the kindness imaginable, and softens the hearts of *Zwerts*, with her words and smiles. And before they part, she agrees to become his Souldier, and to fight under his command: and he also vows himself hers, and to live and die in her defence.

The Captain tells the Magistrates, that he had examined the business, and that he found his Souldier was falsely accused, and assaulted; That *Brunard* was a Man, and that he, who had made the complaint, was either deceived or a Mad-man. This was all the answer they could get from *Zwerts*, and whether it was satisfactory or no, it was no matter, for within an hour after he imbarqu'd, taking a special care of young *Brunard*, alwayes quartering him with himself: and thus *Helda* got free from her troublesome and persecuting Lover, and was become a Cavalier and a Souldier.

Olau in the mean time is inflamed with rage and despair, his Soul was put into an Agony, at the usage of his ungrateful Mistress, and he now too late perceived of what foul and unfavoury ingredients, the love of a dishonest woman was composed. He cried out, there is no trust and affiance in a Whore, and the love and vows of a Lustful and Adulterous Woman, were neither lasting nor to be heeded. His love was presently converted to hate, and his jealousy to envy, of which some say it is a part. He all day vows revenge, and all night frames Tragedies and Slaughters. He sends a thousand Curses after her, and what he so lately adored, and for whom he had forsaken the world, he now detests and abhors, and vows to kill and destroy. Thus all things perish and come to nought, that are built upon the Sandy foundation of vicious love. His virtue and honour, that gives Eternity to love, and that makes it durable and permanent: And his Piety and Religion that sanctifies it, and that makes it of a Passion to become a virtue and a grace, and that makes it amiable and glorious; and that renders all its actions bright and splendid.

But whilst he is raging with the Fury of revenge, and languishing with the wounds his treacherous and ungrateful Mistress had given him, she is pleasing the vanity of her humour with the Caresses of *Zwerts*. She is priding her self in her new Conquests, and taking the pleasure of a new Amour. But she is a Viper, that stings every bosome, that entertains her, and like the Cockatrice she kills those that behold her, and infects with her poyson those that converse with her. Evil Women do not only communicate their Sins and their Lusts, but they also impart the Plagues and vengeance that follows them, to those, who intimately and sinfully converse with them. They are Meteors that send forth Judgements, and peccantilential Infections from their evil rays and pernicious aspects; and they pour forth Tragical events on those who come within the reach of their evil influences. *Zwerts* is swallowed up with the pleasing conversation of his disguised Trooper, who, the more to indear herself to him, seem'd coy and difficult, and to enhance the price of her love, would not be won, but by degrees and courtships. Heaven knows she had no coy and nice heart, and the Person of Captain *Zwerts* was not to be dislike'd, but she began now to grow cunning and wary, and took pride to see him imploring her pity; and on his knees begging her love. There is no

danger, in the humour that she is in, that she can hold out long, and that she will not at length yield to the assaults of the Captain.

They arrive safely in *Schonen*, and she seems to be much pleased with the life she led. Under the habit she had assumed, she could take all the liberty she desired, and by all her circumstances, none could have imagined but that she was a Man. She endured travel admirably, and all hardships with patience, and pleasure. She overcame labour and paines, with raillery: and she seem'd to have attained that, which many come not to, but by fortitude and Virtue, only to please the wantonness and extravagancy of her humour, and to fulfill her Lusts and pleasures. The carriage and humour also of the Captain was quite different from that of *Olaus*, who, by allowing her all the freedom, and liberty she would desire, held her more fast, and with surer bonds, than all the restrictions of her former Lover. And this was it that conquer'd her heart, and made her the sooner to comply with the desires of *Zwert*, who at length obtained what he desired, and liv'd continually in the Arms of his disguised Trooper.

Thus this impudent and Adulterous Woman leads her life without any remorse of conscience, or stop to her evil courses. She forgets the modesty and pudicity that belongs to her Sex, she is without shame or blushing, and as if she had chang'd her nature with her clothes she seems bold and impudent. But this infamous Scrumptet, has not long to reign; her infamy and Adultery shall be punish'd, and Heaven is preparing for her a fire, as ardent and outrageous as that of her Lust: a fire that will consume both her and her Adulterer together; a fire that will be enkindled by the wrath of God, and by the hands of *Olaus*. That wounded Adulterer had at last recover'd his wound, and grew well, the wound had cured his Love, but not changed his heart: It was rather rage, jealousy, and Revenge, that had begot his hatred to his old Mistress, than any sight of his folly, or sense of his wickedness. It was not the Adultery of *Hilda* that made her odious, in his eyes, further change; and he detested her for her ingratitude, more than for her vice and wickedness. His malice was altogether vicious and wicked, and there was nothing of good or Vertuous in his hatred and punishment. But however, tho *Olaus* thinks the Revenge is his, and that he takes upon him to do justice to his own Resentments, 'tis God certainly that puts it into his hand, and makes him only the Instrument of his Vengeance, and to punish the abomination of Adultery. He will thereby vindicate his own justice, and make his own power known: and make a sinful instrument of pleasure, to become a just Instrument of Punishment. Nay, he will not only make one evil instrument to punish another, but also to be a means to punish themselves, and by their own hatred, malice, and revenge, to pull down death and destruction, on their own evil heads. This declares the omnipotency of Heaven, and that things are not guided here by blind and irregular chance, but that God, by his almighty and unsearchable Providence, orders all humane affaires, with divine and admirable skill, and makes his power, wisdom, and justice, conspicuous, to the dim sight of mortals, by the curious connexions of such wonderful accidents, as happen daily on the stage of the World; enough to convince *Atheists* of their folly, and Murderers and Adulterers of their horrid and sinful wickednesses, and impious Abominations.

Full of malice and revenge the recovered *Olaus* goes in quest of his fugitive Lover; and taking shipping at *Olenste*, he passes over to *Schonen*, and diligently follows the track of the Army. The *Danes* were then about to form an Army, to recover some places of importance, taken from them by the *Swedes*. For this intention, the Army was drawing together towards *Gottenburge*, and in a little open village, *Olaus* overtook the Troop of Captain *Zwert*. He having disguised himself, intermingles himself with the Soldiers, and several Troops being quartered in that place, he passes for a Soldier among them. He had at last got a sight of his disguised Mistress, and he plainly perceived the kindness and familiarity that was betwixt her and the Captain. This added new furies, and created a new rage in his Breast. He is full of wrath and revenge, and he now meditates nothing but Death and Tragedies. But he would act them with safety, and without hazard of his life. He would not expose himself to danger, and be lyable to suffer death for his temerity. He knows his treacherous Mistress is the Captains bed fellow, who being taken for a man, and his companion and favourite, was alwayes quarter'd with him, and partak'd of the same Bed. They were at this time quarter'd in a Farmhouse, in a little village, where they had a command, to lay for the coming of some Regiments out of *Norway*, and *Olaus*, to further his intentions, had mingled himself with the many Soldiers, and thrust in amongst them into the same house. They lay below upon the floor, upon straw: which they had enough of, and *Olaus* among the rest, had got good store, and thrust it into a little hole

hole under the Stairs, where he lodged himself. Captain *Zwert* and his Companion *Brunard*, lay above in a Chamber to which those stairs led; well observed by the malicious *Olaus*. There was in the midst of the Room below, a great fire, about which the Souldiers sat, and *Olaus* in the night, perceiving them gone to rest, all but those who were Centinal at the doors, got secretly a Brand and flung it among the straw under the stairs. Immediately there was a great blaze, and the stairs being made of Fir, presently took fire, and burnt like a Candle. The Souldiers being fast asleep, it was not presently discerned, but those on the watch hearing the noise, and perceiving the Flame bursting forth of the sides of the house, gave an alarm of Fire, and ran in to quench it. In the hurly burly, *Olaus*, being desirous to further the mischief he had begun, whilst they ran to quench the fire within the House, he had got two or three fire brands, and it being a Thatcht Cottage, and the Eves of the House low, he thrust in the burning brands, into several places of the thatch, about that part, that he knew the Captain and his adulterous Mistress lay. But his evil zeal had misled him, and the eagerness of effecting his barbarous design, had made him less cautious than he should have been. For he could not do it so cleverly, but he was espied by some of the Souldiers that were about the house: And they crying out a Traytor, a Traytor, and Treason, Treason, some ran furiously upon *Olaus*, and cut him to pieces, so that he lived not to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the Revenge he had taken, nor the Ravage and execution the fire had made.

But Providence had said *Amen* to his intentions, and his design took the desired effect. For the Captain and his Bedfellow, being lockt fast in one anothers Arms were awaked out of their sleep, which the lassitude of their filthy pleasures had cast them into, and their sweet repose was disturbed with the noise and cry of fire. They opened their eyes, being almost stifled with the smoke, and the raging flames about their ears. The Roof were every where on fire, and the crackling of the flaming Reeds, made a horrible noise. The Adulterous Lovers are amazed and affrighted, and leaping from the Bed, the Stage of their iniquity, they ran to the door, thinking to make their escape. But they had no sooner got open the Chamber door, but that they met the terrible enemy in their faces. The stair case was burnt down, and the door being opened the wind drove the flames before it into the Chamber. And now almost distracted *Helda* has some sense of her Crimes and evil Life, and she sees a flaming hell round about her, that puts her in mind of everlasting Burnings. The Picture is horrid and dreadful, and she begins to feel the flames already to scorch and blister her fair skin, and to singe the smock on her back. They ran both towards the Windows to precipitate themselves thence to save their lives; but they were made fast with great wooden shutters, and stop'd between the bars with straw and Reeds, to keep out the cold which is very bitter in those Countries; so that before they could make a way to get forth, the fire had not onely taken hold of the straw about the Windows, and opposed their passage, but the flames from beneath, had eaten away the beams that supported the floor of the Chamber, and it suddenly fell with the Captain and *Helda*, among the fire, where they both miserably perished, and were consumed together. And thus she who had set her own house on fire to enjoy her wanton pleasures, and to commit Adulteries, was, by the just judgement of Heaven, punish'd by flames of Fire; and in the midst of her unlawful pleasures, and wicked Adulteries, consumed to ashes, by the hand of one of her Adulterous Lovers. And she, whose impure soul was scorch'd by the flames of her lust, now perish'd, by dreadful flames, and raging Fire. And this was the end of our wanton Adulterers, and the just reward of her wanton and vicious living.

But this is not all the effects of Heavens vengeance, and judgements against Adulterers. *Erius* is also criminal and lives in sin, and tho he had reason to be angry with his Wife, and that she had left him, yet it can be no just excuse of his crime. Sin ought not to be committed upon any such account, and no provocatives will excuse wickedness. *Erius* had by some means or other, heard of his Wives being at *Middlefar*, in the Island of *Funen*, and of her manner of living with *Olaus*.

Tho he had no great affection for one, that had so wrong'd him, yet being one somewhat nice at the point of Honour, and a stout man, he thought he ought to call *Olaus* to an account for the wrong he had done him, in carrying away his Wife. And having now heard where they were, he resolves to punish them, and to take a revenge suitable to their Crime. Unknown therefore to his Friends, he takes shipping for *Funen*, and hastes to *Middlefar*, but he came not there, till some few days after *Olaus* had left the place to go in quest of his Fugitive Mistress. *Erius* seeing himself disappointed, and that he could hear no more of them, but that they had been there, and were gone; resolves to return: But it was to his adulte-

terous pleasures, and wicked manner of living: it was with a lustful mind, and a defiled heart: And *Erius* had also offended Heaven, and his guilt and crimes called down vengeance and justice upon him.

All the Elements are Gods Ministers, and obey his will, they hearken to his call and hear his Word, they are subservient to his power, and effect his commands, and he can punish as well by Water as by Fire, by Sea as by Land. *Erius* had no sooner imbar'd, and had launch'd out into that troublesome Sea, betwixt *Fallen* and *Zealand*, but God gave command to the Winds, which he let loose from their prisons in the air, to disturb the Sea, and to put the waters into a rage. A Tempest suddenly arose, and the Ship in which the Adulterous *Erius* then was, being every moment in danger of being swallowed up by the gaping waves, was at last drove upon the Rocks, not far from *Copenhagen*, where it was split to pieces, and all therein drowned and overwhelmed, and among the rest the adulterous *Erius*.

These were the Tragical ends of those Criminals, we have represented in this History: whom Gods vengeance overtook and punish'd, whereby perspicuously may be seen on the one hand, the punishment of Vice, and on the other the reward of Virtue, the foulness of Lust, and the beauty of Chastity, the Vengeance that follows at the heels of Adultery, and the Mercy and Providence that attends Conjugal Fidelity and Matrimonial Loyalty. And we ought by these like examples to observe, that as God is merciful to Sinners, in giving them time to repent, he is also just in punishing them, that they may be a Caveat to others, and a Terror to those, who follow in the same paths of iniquity, lest they also fall into the like destruction: and though our evil and corrupted Nature, has made this Crime so very safe and familiar: yet God has still express, and doth still continually show, that there is nothing more hateful to him, and more abominable in his sight than adultery.

GOD'S



As an example to others, This into a Country, Comits Adultery, then, Commits her self to a House of Correction, and dies miserably. 10

GOD'S Revenge against the Abominable SIN of ADULTERY.

A DUTCH HISTORY.

HISTORY. X.

Judisina, born of mean Parents, commits Fornication with Walter. It gets with Child. After being delivered of her Bastard, goes to Amsterdam, and turns Whore. Is kept by Miss How Vandretch, who having turn'd her off leaves her. She marries, and commits Adultery with Captain Grantzford, and gives him the Pox. She breaks her Husband by her vicious living. Loves adulterously with a Quaker, flies away with him in disguise: Leaves him, and robs him, and gets into France. Turns common Whore in Rhone. Flies into the Country after she has been Whipt in a House of Correction: Commits Adultery in the Country. Returns back to the City, and continuing in her evil Adulterous course, dies miserably of Hunger and the Pox.

MARRIAGE is honourable, and an Institution as ancient as Man himself. It was almost born with him into the World, and he had not long beheld the light, and glory of the Sun, but he also saw the brightness and illustrious beauty of a Wife. A Wife given to him by God himself, that he might have so fair a Creature to divert himself with, and in her to receive the pleasure and satisfaction he could not have in the whole Creation besides. She was not given him to be his Servant and Slave, or with that subjected servitude as the other Creatures; but as a meet help in his Dominion, and rule over the rest of the Creation, and for to assist him in the propagation of his Earthly Image, to stock the new made World. This takes nothing from the Headship and Dominion of Man; there is a Subjection of Subordination, or of Order in Woman. It is preposterous to have two Heads to one Body, she

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is flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone, and to shew the unity and oneness of man and wife, God made her of his substance, and not out of any thing that was distinct from him; yet she is not his head, he hath the pre-eminence and Authority given him from Heaven, and delivered to him together with his virility: But Women is so united at the same time, that she has also an intimate and private agency. Love, that was inherent in the Souls of our two first Parents, presently joined their hearts, and united their minds: and there was hardly any difference and distinction, but that of their Sex to be seen. She had an equal dominion with him in his house, and he seem'd to be the Intelligence that moved his soul. She was Queen and Mistress of all that he was King and Master, and the subjection of order, took not away any thing from, or lessen'd the equality of hearts and minds. It is thus that a Wife ought to be equal with her Husband, in the unity of the Spirit, whereby she becomes his other self, and it is also thus that she should shew her self in subordination to her head, in yielding him the Authority that is given him by God, and Nature. How preposterous is it then for either to break this order of their creation? and to endeavour to break this equality, and subordination? either to be a man to lord it over his Wife, as over a Servant, or a Slave, and to see a Wife endeavouring to become the head, and to rule over her Husband. As this cannot but break the harmony of marriage, and dissolve the oneness and unity between man and Wife, so it also often breaks the holy ties and bands of Matrimony, and brings into the family a thousand evils, and among the rest this abominable one of Adultery, which is so common, and which is not possible to be committed, till this unity and true equality, between man and wife, be broken. Examples of this kind are frequent every where, and the evil coming together of married people, without affection, or for by and undue ends; or the breaking of that equal affection, and oneness, that ought to be between man and Wife, by the interposition, or interruption of either private quarrels, or unjust affections, presently cause either party to run into extravagancy, and to commit all manner of evil. For when once this unity is broken, and that their hearts are not united, as well as their hands, they instantly become subject to the irregularities of Lust, which powerfully urges them to the abomination of Adultery, and to forget their sacred vows, and promises, given in Wedlock, and to run themselves into a thousand troubles, miseries, and perplexities.

I have given you some examples of Gods Vengeance against this wicked and abominable sin of Adultery, dispersed in several Countries; but I would not have you believe, I am so partial, as to have you think, we have none of our own: or that we are more Chaste than our Neighbours. It is true; the happy freedom of our *English* Women, and the liberty that is given them, scarce to be parallel'd in other Countries, seems to declare, we are naturally very Chast, and unjealous of either Sex; however, we can among us also, produce many examples, of egregious Adulterers of both kinds, and of Gods severe Vengeance against them, tho I must needs acknowledge, that notwithstanding the liberty and freedom of our Women, they are not so prone to be made wicked in that kind, as those who are so strictly handled, and severely watch'd, both in *Spain*, *Italy*, and *Turky*, but whether it be the severity, and strictness us'd to them, or whether it be the constitution of the people, or climate, or altogether, that causes it, we shall not here inquire into. You may believe we are not altogether so Chast, and there is no question but we offend Heaven too much in that kind, and often call down his wrath and Vengeance, and I could have here produced you examples of our own Country, and Nation, under disguised Names, and Romantick appellations. But I shall be contented at this time with showing you only the spots and blemishes of our neighbours, and wink at our own, and pass them by, being they are to be daily seen, without recording them.

Among the Tin Miners in *Germany*, there lived one, who by his honest labours, and hard working in the Mines, maintained his family. He had by his wife several Children, and among the rest, his eldest called *Judith*. The Mother had been a Chamber-Maid in a Knights house, in those parts, and it was thought that *Judith* had more gentle blood running in her Veins, than that of a Miner. Indeed the sweetness of her looks, the delicateness of her complexion, the softness of her skin, the exactness of her shape, and the curious make of all her limbs, declared no less, and would at first sight convince anyone, that so sweet a flower, could not spring from a Dunghill. But who ever was the real Father of *Judith*, her reputed one was this Miner, whose name I shall not trouble you with, and who doated on her above all his other Children. But however, as she grew up in years, she was fain to do the offices of the house, instead of a Servant, which his poor labours was not able to keep, and *Judith* was fain to wash the dishes, and scour the pots, and serve the swine, and

and to do such drudgery as was necessary. In this condition she grew up to be about twelve years of Age, when a certain Lady, that was their neighbour, passing one day in her Coach, near the Cottage, where this young Virgin liv'd, and having observ'd the delicateness of her shape, and whiteness of her skin, especially some parts of her Arms, which were not so much expos'd to the injuries of the Sun and weather as the others, her sleeves being tucked up, and she washing a Buck, as they call it, at a little spring, near the way, where this Lady pass'd, this Lady could not but observe her, and causing her Coach to stop, call'd this young Maid to her, and having ask'd her several questions, she was answered so readily, and with so much wit, tho rudely and Country like, that this Lady was extremely taken with her, and having sent for her Mother, she express'd her great desire of preferring her Daughter into her Family, and that if she pleas'd, she should wait on a young Daughter of hers, about her own Age. The Mother, rejoycing at the good fortune, that was offer'd, and willing to be eas'd of a charge, being still a teeming Woman, promis'd the Lady, that if her Father would consent, she would bring her to her house within a few dayes, and express'd her many thanks to this Lady, for the favour that was offer'd her.

At night, when the Miner came home from his dayly labour, he understood from his Wife, the good fortune that had offer'd it self to them that day, and of the designed preferment of their Daughter *Judith*. But it was not very easie to perswade him to part with his Daughter, he was so very fond of her, but at last, being it was for her advantage, and that she was not to go far from him, he consented, and the next Sunday, putting on her best apparel, which was a course Serge Petticoate and Waistcoat, both the Father and the Mother go with their Daughter to the Lady, where she is received, and put to attend on the young Lady her Daughter.

Thus we see *Judith* is preferred to her very great content, when she found the great difference between the life she now led, and her former manner of living. Her course apparel was soon lay'd aside, and her Lady caus'd garments to be made for her, suitable for the condition she was now in. And now the delicate limbs of *Judith* are hid in fine linnen, and soft Silks, she lies easie, does no hard work, eats, and drinks of the Best, and being alwayes with her young Lady, rides with her in the Coach to take the air, and with this alteration, and content, she grew plump, her tan and Sun-burnt wore off, and her complexion grew so fair and pure, that she seem'd rather an Angel, than a mortal Creature.

The Young Lady she attended on, grew extream fond of her, and the old Lady was as kind to her, and *Judith*, whom they usually call'd *Judirina*, thought her self very happy. *Judirina* became soon an alter'd Woman, and her Parents, who came sometimes to see her, could scarce believe her to be their Daughter. She had a very ready and subtle wit, and she made use of it, for her own advantage. She observ'd every thing, was extream apt to learn, and she got from all the Masters that came to teach her young Lady, as much as if they had bestow'd their time only upon her. She there learnt to read and write, which she could not do before, to make use of her needle, to Sing very well, and to Dance exactly, so that *Judith* came in a little time to great perfections, and at an easie rate, acquir'd all the accomplishments that is fit for a Gentlewoman, and which distinguishes them from the Vulgar: so that no eye could discern *Judirina*, to be any other than a person of rank and quality.

The Lady she attended on, whom we will call by her Christian name *Editha*, was of an excellent good nature, and was not wanting in beauty, tho she came thort in that respect of *Judirina*, wit she also had plenty, and many other Virtues and accomplishments. The old Lady I cannot call her, but the Mother, was a Widdow of a large Fortune, and good estate, having left her by her Husband this Daughter, and a Son, elder by two years; and who was then at *Colen* following his studies. She was not yet forty, and having been a Widdow not above three years, there were many persons of quality, that made Court to her, but among the rest, the younger Son of a very good House in those parts, and one that had been a Captain in *France* and *Flanders*, and tho he had no assurance of obtaining her, yet he had some more encouragement than the rest, being alwayes civilly entertained, and greatly respected. This Captain, whom we will call by the name of *Grantzford*, tho he made sute to the Widdow, for the sake of her large joynure, yet having too narrowly look'd on the Beauty of the fair *Judirina*, he falls desperately in Love with her. But that he might not spoil the fortune he hoped to obtain, in getting the Widdow, he smother'd his passion all he could, and with great pain and artifice, hid it from the eyes of every one. But he found it so troublesome, that he could not carry this fire of Love secretly in his bosome, without

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being scorched, and burnt so cruelly, that he was forced to betray his passion to *Judirina*. She was now about fourteen years of Age, a time very fit for the impression of Love, especially of such a forward person as *Judirina* seem'd to be. This being the first address, that was made to her in that kind, she was not a little proud of it, and tricking up her self, to add what she could to her natural charms, she hoped to take the Captain from her Lady, and hearkned to his private Courtship, with much seeming modesty and address. *Grantzford* was a handsome man, and had known the World, he could flatter Ladies, and had so far wheedled himself into the affection of the Widdow, that she began to have a liking to him, and his hopes stood very fair for the obtaining her, had not this real passion, which he had for *Judirina*, spoyled that feigned one he shew'd for the Lady.

But it was impossible for *Grantzford*, as secretly as he carried it, to Court *Judirina*, and to spend any time with her, without the knowledg of the Widdow, who soon knew it from some officious Servant, who bore no good will to *Judirina*: who, as they thought, was in too much favour. Families as well as states, have their factions, piques, and little undermining intreagues, and tho they were loath to do the Captain any prejudice, he having obliged the whole Family by his gifts, and civilities, yet their malice against *Judirina* prevailing, they inform'd their Lady of the private meetings she gave to Captain *Grantzford*. The Widdow, who had only begun to entertain a favourable opinion of the Captain, was not a little vext at it, and being a prudent Woman, perceiving his fallness, resolves to break off all commerce with him, and to estrange her self from him by degrees, and keeping a more strict eye, and hand, over *Judirina*, she gave her not any time, or opportunity to hearken to the Courtships of *Grantzford*. The Captain soon perceived the alteration in the humour of the Lady, and he doubted not, but that he had betray'd his passion for *Judirina*, notwithstanding all his care; and that thereby he had quite lost his hopes of obtaining the Widdow. However, to comfort himself for this loss, the hopes of gaining his ends on the fair *Judirina*, and obtaining the satisfaction of his pleasures, grew every day more and more by the seeming compliance of that Wench.

I know not, but that the importunity of the Captain, and the gifts, and promises he made her, might have at last prevailed over the youth, and Chastity of *Judirina*, had not the vigilancy of the Lady, and some other accidents that happened, prov'd an obstacle. It was about this time, that the Son of this Lady, returning from the University, in a visit, prov'd a remora to the amorous proceedings of the Captain; for he had not been long at home, and gazing too much on the beauty of this fair *Judirina*, but he soon lost himself, and was more puzz'd, than with the Logick of *Ramus*, or the Philosophy of *Aristotle*. It is as natural for young people to be in Love, as it is for the Sun to shine, or the fire to burn. Love is implanted by Nature, and floweth in the blood, and is as soon inkindled by Beauty, as Sulphur by a spark of fire. The young *Walter*, (for so we will call him) found greater delights in the converse of *Judirina* than in all his books, and on a sudden he was very deeply in love, and the Rival of Captain *Grantzford*. Indeed the charmes of this Maid were not to be resisted, and growing every day towards perfection with her years, it is not to be wondred at, that she so soon prevailed, but that she made no more Conquests, and subdued not all the hearts of those that saw her. The Amorous *Walter* had the advantage of the Captain, and having those opportunities he could not get, as young as he was, he did not lose them, but quickly let the fair *Judirina* know the power of her eyes, and the conquest she had made.

This proud beauty gloried in this new victory, and was not a little glad to see her young Master at her feet, and fetter'd, and manacled by her beauty. She heard his daily Complaints with delight, and she saw him languish, and heard him sigh, with a certain joy and pride. The batteries of *Grantzford* had not shaken her, and she triumphed over his heart, and gloried in her conquest, without being touched her self, with either pity, or compassion; sometime the forerunners of Love. She felt no softness, or passion about her breast, but only a certain joy which accompanies Victors, when they see the fruits of their conquests at their Feet. This joy was doubled at the captivity of *Walter*, and she now began to esteem the force, and power of her Beauty. But tho she were proud, and full of joy, she was witty, and designing to make advantages of the hearts she had subdued, yet she was young, and therefore subject to the power of Love, and nature. She falls her self into the snare, and being not able to resist the force, and assaults of Love, she submits to its yoke, and falls before her prisoner. *Walter* was young and tempting, amorous and solliciting: *Judirina* had an appetite somewhat sensual, and awakened. Her years and her complexion, apt to be inflamed by Love, furnish matter for her craving desires, and her blood and Spirits are in-

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flamed, her Lust and passions inkindled, and one a sudden she finds her self in love with *Walter*. That passion no sooner enters the heart and subdues the freedom of the mind, but it blindfolds the eye of the soul, and reason becomes faint, and weak in all its actions. The whole bent, and scope of Lovers, is to obtain the fruition of their Loves, or the consummation of their pleasures, either by lawful or unlawful means. Those who are fortified with virtues and Religion, and it may be with principles of Honour and reputation, do oftentimes make strong Resistance against the irregular assaults of Love, they are able at least to combat their passions, and to resist their exorbitant desires, and tho they cannot be victorious, and altogether subdue their passions, yet they fall not into Crimes, and they seek their satisfaction by just and lawful means only: But *Judirina* is not one of these, who by education, or converse, had sucked in those virtues and principles, that were able to fortify the Soul, and mind against the furious assaults of nature and Love, and therefore it is no great wonder to see her overcome, by the continual batteries of so forceable enemies, and the perpetual temptations of the solliciting *Walter*. She knew the means of her birth, was a wrong to her beauty, and that it took from her all hopes of obtaining *Walter* for an Husband, whatever he might promise her, or flatter her with: she saw she must deny her self the pleasure, and satisfaction of enjoying her beloved, or yield to him on terms that could not but prove disadvantageous to her fortune, when ever their Loves should be known. She saw the many dangers that attended the Action, she was about to commit, and had some prospect of what might follow, but yet the power of her Love increasing, she shut her eyes against all considerations, and yielded her self up to the embraces of *Walter*, who at last obtained what he desired, and what *Grantzford's* evil fortune still deny'd to him.

But this is not the only Scene of love, that is to be acted in this place: The young Lady *Editba*, being inclined by her stars, and provoked by passion, falls also in love with Captain *Grantzford*. It was not for nothing, that the Ancients made this passion a God, and indeed its power has been so great over all sorts of persons, and its effects have shown such remarkable demonstrations of its force, that no irregularity is to be wondered at, or that it is still productive of strange follies. *Editba* perhaps had not fallen in love with this Captain, had she been in a place of greater resort, and where she might have had more choice, but Love usually enters at the eyes, and introduces himself into the heart, by conversation and discourse. *Editba* saw at this time no better objects in their Country retirement, and the Captain was handsome enough to move Love. However it was, this young Lady sigh'd a long time for this Captain, ere she could make her mind known, and she thought so well of him, that she believed there was not such another man in the World. But at the last, she made *Judirina* her Confidant, and let her know her mind and affection. *Judirina*, tho of the same years, had yet more cunning and contrivance than the young Lady, who according to the Country simplicity, was brought up in much innocence and ignorance: now as the first is the whiteness and purity of Virgins, and becomes them better than Lillies or white Roses, the latter still exposes those spotless flowers, to a contamination, and knows not how to defend them from being plucked by rude hands. *Judirina* therefore working on the simplicity of her young Lady, instead of seeking to smother her passion, and to put some stop to its flame, ready to burst forth, she contrives means to promote it and endeavours to advance it.

The Widow had been very civil, and respectful to Captain *Grantzford*, notwithstanding his folly, and as she had no passion for him, she had forsaken him without malice or regret. But however, lest he might debauch her Maid, (for that was all she could suspect) she kept a strict eye over *Judirina*, when ever *Grantzford* came to her house, but it was not possible for her to watch them so strictly, but that the Captain got some opportunities of speaking to *Judirina*, and of making known his Love for her. And indeed he was so much in love with her, that he could not forbear to express all the little follies of those immersed in that passion, neither could he have any thoughts of any one else, or of any thing but of enjoying *Judirina*. This Wench having her mind quite estranged from the Captain, and being now in the height of enjoying her amorous pleasure with *Walter*, thought of the satisfaction of *Editba*, and as a great secrecy told *Grantzford* of her great Love and affection towards him, that he might make his advantages of it, and that since for her sake he had lost the Mother, he might, if he pleased, by her means get the Daughter. This knowledge of *Editba's* love ought to have been kindly receiv'd, at least by *Grantzford*, and he ought to have esteem'd it a mark of the kindness of *Judirina*, in wishing him so well. But *Grantzford* look'd upon it quite otherwise, and it had almost dash'd all his hopes of obtaining his ends on *Judirina*, by seeing her so ready to promote the interest of another in his heart. But

he was so over head and ears in love, that he chid *Judirina* for the knowledge, and advice she had given him, protesting, that since he was not able to love any in the world but her self, he would not do the young Lady that injury as to marry her. This seem'd honest and handsome from the Captain, but it did not satisfy *Judirina*, and she being resolved to promote the interest, and love of her young Lady, began to contrive how to bring about her satisfaction, and how she might obtain her desires, if not by lawful ways, by undue and unlawful means.

Judirina perceives the passion of *Editha* to increase daily, she hears her sigh for *Grantzford*, and she often saw the violence of her Love to draw tears from her eyes, and to paint her face with a pale melancholly. Now, whether it were purely out of pity, and commiseration of her trouble, being sensible of the affliction caused by love, or whether it were out of that satanical nature of some people, who cannot be content to be criminal alone without drawing others also to commit the same folly, I cannot tell, but *Judirina*, being a cunning and insinuating Wench, easily wrought upon the easie disposition of young *Editha*, and made her stoop to base and unworthy ways to obtain her desires, and to enjoy *Grantzford*. She therefore let her know, that the Captain was not ignorant of her Love, that he beheld her with an unpitying eye, and that he saw her sigh and languish without being moved. That he had bestowed his heart else where, and that he had solicited her to give up to him the Fort of her virginity. That she knew she could not pretend to marry him, and that tho he lov'd her passionately, it was only to satisfy his Lust and passion, and that his Love was not honest or honourable. That for her part, she hated him, that he should be so blinded as to neglect her, and to endeavour to debauch her self. But yet, she told her, that if she pleased, she might take an advantage of his Folly, and both satisfy her desires, and obtain him for her Husband, if she could consent to put a cheat upon him, and which she might easily effect by her contrivance.

After that *Judirina* had perceiv'd, that her young Lady greedily attended the sequel of her speech, and that by her silence she seemed to consent, she went on, and began to let her know, that the Lady her Mother would never consent she should marry Captain *Grantzford*, for several reasons, if it should be proposed to her; and besides, where they both agreed on that side, they would find that he himself would not consent, having no inclination thereto: and therefore, she should either resolve to subdue her passion, and to overcome her Love, or dye under its rigours and torments, or else resolve to obtain her ends by slight, and cunning, by deceiving the Captain, and compelling the Mother to give her consent, to save the honour of her house. She bid her therefore to take her choice; either to leave the field quite, and submit to the hardships of evil destiny, or else to obtain a conquest by stratagem and address.

The young *Editha* was full of passion, and full of love and desires. She knows not how to forsake *Grantzford* without dying, and she knows not how to dye, and to leave him. She knows not how to choose, nor how to direct the course of her passions. Her love and her fears torment her, and the violence of her unruly desires rush upon her, and overwhelm her. She begs and intreats *Judirina* to be her guide, and to assist her in her way. She commits the Rudder into her hands; she bids her steer a course that may bring her to obtain her desires. She tells her she cannot live without *Grantzford*, and she leaves her self wholly to her direction, and promises to be swayed, by her counsels, and to be ruled by her advice. But she has put her self into evil hands, and the sullied heart of *Judirina* can yield nothing but black and smoky thoughts: and her advice and counsel must needs be bad, and of evil consequence. She is not a person that knows how sufficiently to value Honour, or prize virtue. Her thoughts, like the heart from whence they proceed, are black and infectious; and the intrigue she had wrought in her working head, to entrap *Grantzford*, was treacherous and dishonourable. However these two young persons agree to ensnare the amorous Captain, and the passionate and foolish *Editha* is wrought upon to supply the place of *Judirina*, who, out of compliance to her Lady, will make an assignation with *Grantzford*, and seem at last to be overcome by his importunities, and so whilst the Captain thinks he embraces his Mistress, *Editha* shall enjoy and obtain her Lover.

The plot is thus laid betwixt them, and the cunning *Judirina* seems to hearken more willingly to the coartships of *Grantzford*. She accepts his gold, she seems to believe his oaths and promises, and at last to be overcome by his flatteries, love, and kindnesses, and to grant his desires. There is nothing in the world so joyful as the Captain really was, at the consent of *Judirina*, and the content of his mind might be easily read in his eyes. He a thousand times embraces his dear *Judirina*, and gives her as many thanks and kisses, for

for what he is not like to obtain. How easily are persons full of desires deceived! they are apt to believe what they would have to be, and what they much hope for. He thinks he has won *Judirina* to satiate his lustful pleasures, and we may see what sort of defiled love possessed his soul, and enflamed his Breast: He has no regard to Virtue, but seeks the ruine of the chastity and virginity of her he pretends to love. It is no matter therefore, if this Criminal be deceived, and that he misses of those aims he shoots at. The assignation is at last made betwixt them, the Captain to take away all suspicion is to depart, and that night by the means of a key, which she delivered to him, he was to enter the house at a back door, and to ascend one pair of stairs backward, which he knew led to her Chamber, which was next to that of her Ladies, where he should find the door open, and her in Bed, and in the dark, and that he should return with all the secrecy, and with as little noise as might be, for fear of awaking her Lady. All this is consented to, and *Grantzford* takes his leave full of hopes and satisfaction. Night comes, and young *Editha* supplying the place of *Judirina*, obtains her desires, and spends the night in the Arms of *Grantzford*; who at the same time thought he had embraced his Mistress.

But in the morning, being about to depart, he was amazed to find his mistake, and to hear the young *Editha* speak to him, instead of *Judirina*, and to hold him fast in her Arms, and to cry out to him not to leave her, having rob'd and deflower'd her: and more to see young *Walter* to enter the Chamber with a drawn Sword, and a Parson with him, and to say to him: Captain, either save the Honour of our house, which you have wounded, by marrying my Sister presently, or receive the reward due for the dishonour you have done us. Either make *Editha* your Wife, or else satisfy me by your Death. The Captain would have risen from the Bed, and would have answered for himself, but he was not permitted for *Walter* setting the point of his weapon to his breast, vowed he would be reveng'd if he married not his Sister instantly. *Grantzford*, tho vex'd at this cheat put upon him, had no aversion for the Lady, he had enjoyed, and whom he believed a Virgin till he made her otherwise, and the kindness he had for the Mother, made him the more ready to make up this dishonour he had, tho unwillingly, caused to the Daughter. Besides believing it would be no disadvantageous match to him, and being unwilling the Family should by his means receive any dishonour, he inclined to *Walter's* proposition, more than for any fear of his threats and danger. The Parson then doing his office, they left the Captain and *Editha* together, to satisfy one another, more fully of this Business. The Captain understanding this trick put upon him by *Judirina*, to proceed from the great passion *Editha* had for him; was reconciled to her, but at the same time, was highly displeased at *Judirina*, who was not a little joyful to see her plot take so well, being so much hazard and difficulty did attend it.

In the mean time, the Widdow knew nothing of this, and *Walter* understood not the whole truth from *Judirina*, who had represented *Grantzford* stealth more criminal than it was. She had an absolute power over the heart of that young man, he was wholly hers, and would do any thing she desired him. She caused him then to acquaint his Mother with the fortune of his Sister, and to represent it to her after the best manner, for the sake of the young Lady, and that she might not know but that they were first privately married, ere they were found in bed together. The Widdow was amazed at the relation her Son gave her of *Editha's* being married to *Grantzford*, and could not believe it, till within a little time after, they came to demand her Blessing. The Lady knew not how to help what was done, but after a little grave reprehension, both of the one, and the other, she seem'd contented, and caused their private marriage to be publicly celebrated. And thus young *Editha* obtained her beloved Captain, by the means of *Judirina*, and tho by no very honourable, and virtuous way, yet as fortune would, and as it happened, without any stain or blemish, the truth being hid from the eyes of the World.

But it would be more rare, if this marriage should prove altogether fortunate, and that the young *Editha* should not find a sting at last, that would cause her smart. She had thus obtain'd the body of *Grantzford*, and gotten an Husband, whom she lov'd, and admir'd, but an heart is not so easily obtained; His Love and affections were not so to be gotten. For *Grantzford*, notwithstanding this cheat put upon him by *Judirina*, lov'd her passionately, and thinking her chaste and honest, he had a value and respect for her, and not being able to master his Flames, he still beheld *Judirina* with delight, and after some little time began to Court and tempt her more furiously than ever.

But this is not all the misfortune that befel *Judirina*, she had fortunately assisted her young Lady in her amour, but she knew not how to get clear off with her own; and to
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get out of the Labyrinth her folly had put her into, without disgrace and shame. For the private meetings of *Walter* and she had so long continued, till *Judirina* found her self with child, and having taken many things, noted in the Country to cause abortion, in vain; she now began to see her evil fortune, and her shame and disgrace ready to overwhelm her. She makes *Walter* acquainted with it, he promises to provide for it, and to send her out of the way. But this cannot be long kept a secret, *Judirina's* great belly discovers it self, and it comes at last to the ears of the Widdow. She now finds what a Viper she had entertained into her family, and what injury she had done to her self, by that Wenches beauty, who first caus'd her to lose *Grantzford*, and now had drawn away the heart of her Son, and inticed him to lewdness. For having taken *Judirina* into her Closet, and made her confess her Crime, she found what before she expected, that *Walter* had been entangled with her Beauty, but since what was past, was not to be remedied, she thought it wisdom to prevent a worse evil, and lest these two foolish wantons should marry together, and so utterly ruine the fortune of her Son, she thought good to separate them, and immediately she sends away her Son to *Colen*, and *Judirina* over to *Flanders*, to a Friend of hers to lay her great belly. And thus *Judirina* the chief subject of this History, becomes a Mother before she is a Wife, and has a Child before she has got a Husband.

Judirina having brought a fair Daughter into the world, and recovered her lying in, the Child, by order of the Widdow, the Grand-mother of it, was taken from her, and put to nurse in those parts, and she was turned out of doors, to seek her fortune, with some small Pittance of Silver, scarce enough to carry her to *Amsterdam*, whither she extremely long'd to go, hoping to get into some service, or by making an advantage of her Beauty, to inveigle some Tradesman to marry her. With this intent, *Judirina* hires a horse and a man, to carry her to *Brussels*, and from thence in the Hackny Coach, and by boat, she gets to *Amsterdam*. By that time she gets thither, her mony is almost all spent, some good Cloaths she had, which she had got in her service, to set her off but that which she most depended on was her Face, which she believ'd had charms enough, to make the men kind to her: and she was resolved, not to want, so long as she could provide for her self. She could not however but be a little melanchollick, to find her self in a strange place, alohe, and no friend, or acquaintance to go to, without mony, or monyes worth, but her Cloaths which were made up in a bundle. But having cheer'd up her drooping heart, with a pint of Rhenish, which she call'd for at the Inn, taking a Porter to carry her bundle of Cloathes, away she goes to seek her a lodging.

Tho *Judirina* had never been in *Amsterdam* before, and had scarce seen any thing above a Country Village, yet having heard much talk of this great City, and by her curiosity inform'd her self of many things, it was not altogether so strange a thing to her, as else it might have been. By the Bills over the doors, she understood where lodgings were to be let, she visits two or three houses, till at last, lighting on one, that she thought might serve her turn, she hires it by the quarter, and discharges her Porter. *Judirina* was somewhat weary with her journey, and therefore desirous to go to bed, as well to rest her self, as to consider what course she should take.

There is a secondary fate, that attends upon the Actions of persons in this World, and tho we are not able to penetrate into the mysteries of it, or indeed to give any true, and just reasons why things happen so and so, and therefore we call it accident, and fortune; yet we may believe, that we are guided, either by the influences of our stars, or by the invisible hand of our genius, which so orders the little affairs of every person, according to their good or evil inclinations, and that is it we call opportunity. *Judirina* was full of evil Inclinations, and we may believe that she, who could not be virtuous and Chast, in the Country, would not be so in the City, where the frequency of occasions to be otherwise, and the temptations that daily assault the femal Sex, are so very numerous and potent. It was also her intention to prosecute that in the City, which she had begun in the Country, and to live in the world above the rank and condition she was born in. When persons of such inclinations are left to themselves, and that Heaven seems not to take care of their actions, 'tis no wonder if they fall into evil courses, and that their evil genius, or bad influences of their stars, make things to concur to the furtherance of their desires. *Judirina*, led by some such invisible power, was directed to a house very fit for her preferment, the Landlady of which had been for several years a private Baud, and one that had thrived by that sinful dealing in flesh. And she had no sooner seen her beautiful guest, but she look'd on her as an Angel dropt from Heaven, and as one that she hop'd to get many Angels by. She was not therefore long in bargaining for the Room, but was willing

to accept of any price, and was so diligent and officious, about her, that *Judirina* thought the civilities of *Amsterdam* extraordinary, and accounted it no small felicity, she had light on so kind and courteous a Landlady.

Judirina, what with the rattling of Coaches, and other noises in the street, not being accustomed thereto, and what with thinking what would become of her, and what course to steer, she took very ill rest, and made her lye long the next morning. But at last getting up, and putting on her best apparel, and tricking her self up to the best advantage that her Country skill had taught her, she sends for her good Landlady, and ushering her speech with some tears to move her pity, and commiseration, she began to tell her. That she was the Daughter of a Gentleman in *Flanders*, of good fortune and reputation and that the cruelty, and severity of her Parents, in endeavouring to force her to marry a man, she could not Love, had made her privately come away from them. That she had an Aunt living near the City, to whom she intended to have gone, but that yesterday on the way, she had understood she was dead, so that her hopes failing her, and not daring to return back again to her incensed Parents, and having no acquaintance, kindred, or Friends in *Amsterdam* she knew not what to do, nor whither to go, and her stock of money now growing low, she saw her self in a very sad, and deplorable condition. But since she had found by her civilities, expressed to her a stranger, the few hours she had known her, she told her, she could not but make known to her, her condition, and desire her, to assist her with her good Counsel, and if she could, to provide for her some honest service, telling her with all, that altho she had not been used to that kind of life, yet by making a Virtue of necessity, she would be willing to undergoe any labour, rather than to return again into *Flanders*.

Judirina spake this with so much simplicity, and seeming Innocency, that this old Baud, gave credit to her story, and by her Cloaths, dress, and demeanour, she was assured she was come fresh out of the Country, and what ever her condition was, she was a prize, and one she might make a Market of. She therefore gave her a great many good words, seem'd to pity her condition, bid her to be of good comfort, and gave her many comfortable promises of her assistance, and good will. *Judirina* was overjoy'd at the kindness, and good nature of her Landlady, and she found her heart very light and chearful. She thinks she has now play'd her part very well, and that she was able to out wit those of the City. And that she might not be known by her Name, the better to conceal her self with a false one, she calls her self *Angelica*. Her Landlady expressed a great deal of care of her, and altering her dress and habit, made her very trim and modish, and in a little time, *Angelica* becomes her darling, and called her Daughter. She carries her forth with her, shews her the rarities of the Town, has her to the Exchange, and the State-house, carries her to two or three Balls, and does all she can to delight the beautiful *Angelica*, who still thought all this kindness the effects of her good nature, when it was to shew her, that she might make of her the better market. It was not long, ere this Flesh jobber had several Champions, who bid stoutly for this fresh Country Beauty, and the old Gentlewoman drove a bargain with at least six or seven for her Virginity, presently *Angelica* is Courted, and I know not how many fluttering fellows resort to the house, to Court and see the fair *Angelica*. She has many presents given her, and her Landlady begins to inveigle her, and incite her to lewdness. She let her know how many are fallen desperately in love with her Beauty, that she ought to make use of her time, and that she might make her fortune if she would be ruled by her: she tempts her with Gold, and some Rings, and Necklaces, and other fine things, which she pretends is sent to her, and with all the art and skill, such manner of persons are furnish'd with, endeavours to draw her to her Bent, and to bring her to her Will.

Angelica was not so stupid, but that now she understood into what hands she had fallen, and she had so little grace and Virtue in her, as not to be very sorry, looking on the life of a Servant to be slavish, and subject to the little tyranny of Mistresses. She also saw many examples of Women, not to compare with her in Beauty, that liv'd high, and at ease, that went fine, and fair'd well and deliciously, and that enjoy'd all the pleasures of the world, by a life not very unpleasant, or laborious, and she thought, she might as well make her advantages of that beauty, Nature had given her, as others. Having hearkned to these kind of thoughts, and Witch-crafts of her own mind, and listen'd to the *Syrine* like inticements of the Baud her Landlady, who was still open handed to her to draw her into the snare, she at last comply'd, and resolves to follow the direction and advice of her Mother, who had promised her Mountaines of Gold, and an whole *Indies* of Riches. This wicked contract

tract being made between them, and carried on by the Devil, *Angelica* prostitutes her long-lost Maiden-head, to at least seven or eight rich Dutch Cullies, who all swore, and believ'd they had it, and for which they had roundly paid.

The beautiful, and wily *Angelica*, began now to be known in the quarters she liv'd in, and in a short space, she had learnt all the cunning, and jilting tricks of an *Amsterdam Whore*. She had lined her Pockets with Gold, and had furnish'd her self with good and gay cloaths; some part of the tools belonging to her trade, and with the help of her directress, and diligent observation, she had improv'd her self in some few months, that never an experienced Miss in the whole Town could be able to out do her, in the Mysteries of the Trade. At last, there chanc'd to see her at the Play-House, a Country Gentleman, of a great estate, newly come to Town, who had left his Wife in the Country in discontent, settled on her an allowance, and was according to the mode, resolv'd to take his pleasure with a Miss in the Town. This Gentleman was called *Mine Heer Vandrecht*, having had some short reparties with *Angelica*, under her Visard at the Play, he was so taken with her wit, that he would not leave her, till he had seen her Face, which appearing to him so very handsome, beyond his expectation, he falls extremely in Love with her, and carries her home to her lodging in his Coach. *Angelica* soon perceived she had taken this Country Lord, and beginning to dislike the conversation of the Baud, who still shar'd too much of her incomes, and the company of debauch'd Ruffens, Trapaners, Hectors, Huffs, and Eubles, that resorted daily to her Lodgings, she thought it would be much better to be kept, tho it was the next slavery to marriage, and to be an honourable Miss, than a common Whore, and live in the face of the world, according to the Fashion, in the equipage of a Lady of quality, and with the brazen impudence of a kept Miss, than with the notorious scandal, and disrepute of a Whore, and jilting Baggage. She therefore resolves to cully this country Lord, and to raise the price of the commodity, another might have for half a Crown, to the excessive rate of Keeping. All the endeavours and offers of *Mine Heer Vandrecht* cannot work upon her to grant him the least favour, and tho he is told by several, she is common, yet she has so much power over him, and wheedles him so artifiicially, that he will not believe it, but thinking her fit to be a Miss, and even doting upon her, he tempts her that way, which was the thing *Angelica* desired and expected.

After sometime, she seem'd to be overcome by his flatteries and gifts, and vowing a constancy to him, and to forsake the whole world for his sake, she at last concludes to live with him as his Miss, and to be at his keeping. He overjoy'd, takes her a House in the cheif place of the City, furnishes it extraordinarily, provides her a Coach, Laquies, and Servants, and to the great grief of her Landlady, takes her away, and makes her Mistress of a House of her own. And now *Angelica* is as she would be. She flaunts it bravely, rides in her Coach, lyes in her silk bed, has her Silver stands, Glasses, and dressing Boxes. Has her Gowns with long trains, her Silk and Satin Mantea's, her lac'd and embroidered Petticoates; and all the Modish and costly attires, and Garnatures, that is worn by persons of quality. She now rides abroad, with the brazen Impudence of a kept Miss; sits in the Boxes at Plays, appears in publick places, rides in her open Chariot, and acts, and becomes the confidence of a notorious Miss, with the best of them all: and Madam *Angelica* is ready to vie with the best, and will give place to none.

And thus you see to what a height *Angelica* is grown by Sin and iniquity, from the drudgery of a poor Cottage, to be the Mistress and Lady of so much household stuff, and to command both Servants and Mony. But this is not the final wages of sin, it is Death and destruction, and such evil Courses seldom enrich at the end. All this gayety, Plenty, and Luxury, will conclude with penury and misery. These slaves to their Lusts, are most commonly flung into a worse thralldome, and they often live to see their Royets consume their ill got goods, and themselves left naked, poor and despicable; and some accident or other, to overthrow all their Pride, vanity, and abomination, and to cloath them with shame, and disgrace. Heaven is just, and he gives us dayly examples, but we, willfully blind, will not see them, but shut our eyes against all reprehensions, and will not see, and take warning by the punishments of others. But *Angelica*, the luxurious and sinful *Angelica*, thinks on nothing now but her pride, her vanity and her lust, and still culling her Lover, and Keeper, studies to maintain her state and port. But one a sudden, we shall see the case alter'd, and our stately Dame put again to her shifts, by an accident she did not dream on, and knew not how to prevent.

She was one day at the Play-House, where she was seen by Captain *Grantzford*, whom some business had drawn to this Town. The old flame of Love still burnt in his heart, and he had

not forgot the Charms of *Judirina*. He had sent privately after her into *Flanders*, and had sought her all about the Country, but could hear no tydings of her. He little expected to find her in *Amsterdam*, and especially in that garb and habit. But seeing *Angellica* in a Box, he could not but continually fix his eyes upon her, to see one so like *Judirina*. He enquires privately after her Name, and quality, and he finds it to be *Angellica*, the Wife without eyes, of Mine Hier *Vandrecht*. The Face of *Judirina*, is so deeply engraven in his mind as he would not forget her, and by all her actions, gestures, postures, smiles, moving of her lips and eyes, nay by her voice, and tone of her speech, (for he had got near enough to hear her talk with another Lady) he concluded this *Angellica* could be no other than *Judirina*. But yet he could not but stand amazed to find her in that garb and equipage, and to see a poor Miners Daughter to flaunt it at that rate, and to equal the bravery of the greatest Ladies. But he then remembered himself, it was an Age that prized Beauty, and he had known several Miracles of that Nature. He thought the Beauty of *Judirina* deserv'd it, and that too much cost could not be bestowed on so fair a jewel, and that she deserved to be purchased with the price of an estate, or at the value of many Lordships: *Grantzford* had always a great opinion of the worth of *Judirina*, and had he obtained what he sought, he should not have thought the loss of the Widdow any thing for her sake. If then he so far liked, and esteemed the fair Country *Judirina*, without any assistance of the Charms of dress and attire, of fashions and garniture, but simply and homely; we may believe, that the same *Judirina*, now appearing to him in her full hight, lustre, and splendor, dazzled and perstring'd the eye of his mind, and increased strangely his former affection, and ancient Love. Dresses and Embellishments do not a little add to the natural beauties of the most perfect Creatures, and there are none that will neglect the becoming artifices of advancing their Beauties, who have a desire to have themselves esteemed. And it is not a little advantage, that the most celebrated beauty receives from fine ornaments, well put on. *Grantzford* could not but confess *Angellica* had got the start of his *Judirina*, and that from a little twinkling star of beauty, she was become an illuminated sun, all splendorous, bright and dazeling. Before she appeared like a green Meadow, beautified with dazes and coussips, that gave a delightful prospect to the eye, but now like the same cast into a curious Garden full of Knots and regular compartments, exact figures, Bowres, statues, and fountains, embellished and pertumed with all sorts of flowers, to ravish and delight the senses, so much did *Judirina* seem improved in the eye of *Grantzford*.

So great a disparity indeed did the Captain see betwixt *Judirina* and *Angellica*, that he could not for a long time perswade himself it was the same person. And it was Love onely, as blind as he is accounted, that could give him eyes able to discern it. Had he not very much lov'd *Judirina*, he had never known her to have been *Angellica*: But Love gave him eyes, that could penetrate thorow all the disguizes of her Cloathes, and that would not be dazeled or deluded with outward appearances; with those eyes he perfectly beheld *Judirina*, who had ravish'd his heart and rob'd him of his repose, and now at once being joyful and amazed, so unexpectedly to find her he had so long sought in vain, he resolves not to lose her, but dogs her to her Lodgings, intending some other time to give her a visit.

Angellica knows nothing yet of the ill fortune that was approaching her, she had not espied *Grantzford*, at the play, but it was not many dayes after that she saw him approach her at her Lodgings, and confidently to salute her by her Name. She could not but blush to see *Grantzford*, and to find that she was known by him, however she entertained him very civilly, and heard him with some impatience renew his old Courtships. She would very willingly have been rid of the Captain, but she knew not how. He was very importunate, and courted her very vigorously, yet visited her with caution, that he might not give any cause of suspicion to *Vandrecht*. *Angellica* entertained him as a friend and Kinsman of hers, and stood in some awe, and fear of him, notwithstanding all her greatness, and state; because he knew what, and whom she was. More therefore out of fear than Love, she was forced to comply with *Grantzford*, and at last, in hopes to get rid of him, and his importunities, she consider'd the greatness of his passion, and permitted him to find what he had so long sought after, and what many others had more easily obtained.

This Amour of *Grantzford* and *Angellica*, was carried on with great success, for some time, and she admitted him at such hours, that she was sure of her keeper, having setters that were faithful to her, but one night *Grantzford* having staid longer than ordinary, was surprized by *Vandrecht*, at the bottome of the staires, having newly parted with *Angellica*. *Vandrecht* seeing a man there at that time of the night, being late, enflamed both with wine and jealousy,

he instantly draws, and runs *Grantzford* clean thorow the body, but it could not be so suddenly done, but that the Captain, having a pistol ready, discharg'd it at him, and shot him thorow the shoulder, breaking his blade bone, and notwithstanding his wound, made a shift to recover the door, and by the help of his footmen, got into a chair, that waited on him; but by that time he was got to his Lodging he was taken out of the Chair dead and almost past hope of recovery.

We will leave the Captain under the Chyrurgions hands, who had received a just punishment from heaven, for his Adultery, and return to *Vandrecht*, who had also been punish'd by the Captains hand for his crime. The pain and anguish of *Vandrechts* wound was great, but the smart and torment of his heart was much more: perceiving and believing this Gallant, that he had met, shared with him the pleasures of *Angellica*. This happy wound, which cast him into a Fever, and endangered his life, opened his eyes, and made him see his folly, and notwithstanding all the flatteries, and feigned excuses of *Angellica*, he fram'd so ill an opinion of her, within his breast, that he could scarce endure to see her. He saw it was impossible, by any obligation in the world, to tie a woman so strictly, as not to transgress with another besides himself. He saw that nothing but virtue and honour could keep a woman to be constant to one, and that neither of those were to be found in loose women. That true Love was not to be seen in such persons, and that *Mary Magdaline's* were rare to be found, that could repent and turn honest. *Angellica* now appeared to him foul and criminal, and he resolves to leave her to her self; and he accounted it no small happiness, that she was not ty'd to him, by any other bonds, or incumbrances, than those of his Love and affection, which being now broken, she was like to fall to the ground. And according to this his resolution, being at last recovered of his wound, and cured thereby of his itch of keeping, he sells his house and furniture, gives *Angellica* a small sum, turns her going, and retires himself into the Country, where, being reconciled to his wife, he resolves to spend the remainder of his days.

In the mean time Captain *Grantzford* very narrowly escapes Death, being long tormented by the Chyrurgions in the cure of his desperate wound, accompanied also with a Fever, and other ill Symptoms of Death. The Widdow and her Daughter, the Captains Wife, having notice of his sickness, halt to *Amsterdam*, to lend him their Charitable assistance, and things could not be carried so privately, but they both understand, by what means and accident *Grantzford* came by his wound. The jealous and enraged Women resolve to persecute, and disgrace *Judirina*, and having formed several criminal charges against her, they get a Warrant to apprehend her. Her Gallant had newly discharged her, and *Grantzford* still kept his Bed, and was not in a capacity to assist her, however, he privately gave her notice of their intentions, and by that means an opportunity of escaping the danger, and disgrace of being had to prison. *Angellica* found that end of the Town, began to be too hot for her, and having no great stock of money left, she thought it best to take up betimes, and to lessen her expences, and to try another manner of living; she had by this time improv'd her Country wit and knowledge, and there was no kind of juggling mystery, that she had not some knowledge of; she had naturally the art of dissimulation implanted in her, and by this time she was grown expert in that double fac'd science. She knew how to smile in that face, whose throat she intended to cut, and to praise that person with her tongue, she cursed in her heart. She could speak ill of those she was familiar with, and rail behind their backs, of them, whom she had flatter'd to their faces, pretend friendship to those she hated; and scoff, and backbite those that had oblig'd her. She had acquired many other qualities of the like nature, and very requisite to accompany that Hypocrisie she was about to profess. On a sudden therefore, *Angellica* breaks up house keeping, turns off all her servants, and keeps not so much as a Maid; sells away her rich Cloaths, puts all she can into money, habits her self in a plain Country dress, changes her name to *Mabella*, and removes her self from the knowledge of all her acquaintance, into some remote place, within the walls of the City it self, and having there taken her a very private, and convenient Chamber, becomes a Saint.

But I would not have you mistake, it was only in appearance, she was the very same person still, she had been under the names of *Judirina*, and *Angellica*; and *Mabella* the hypocrite, and the Saint was the same in her heart, and mind, she was before; she had not chang'd her Lusts, and her affections, with her Cloaths and her garments, it was onely her evil inclinations prompt'd her to this, it was design and interest, and she intends to be no less a Whore than she was formerly, but after another manner and guise. *Mabella* had enquired out a house, that was eminent for piety and zeal in Religion, she feigns her self of *Brabant* or *Mechlin*, having been sent for to that Town, to look after an Estate of a brother of hers, who

who had dyed a Factor beyond the Seas, with such like pretences, she so well feigned her self one of the Country, that the people, where she had lodged her self, believ'd her absolutely ignorant of the City, and would send a Servant with her, when she went forth, lest she should lose her way! To all the private meetings she could hear of, goes this pretended Saint. There she sighs, lifts up her eyes, makes faces, appears zealous, and dilligent, is constant at lectures, and expoundings, early and late, so that in a little time, she began to be taken notice of, and inquired after, and to draw after her the eyes of many a young Zealot, and amorous Puritan. *Mabella* forgot not to dress her self very modestly, and City like, but yet she put every thing on so becoming, that even her disguise became an advantage to her beauty, which, tho' shaded with thin Hoods, and Cyprus Vails, appeared very fair and lustrous, from behind those dark Clouds, and her eyes killing and dangerous to many, who fell under the power of their evil influences. For they were not more often turned up to heaven, than they were thrown on one side, to see who regarded her, or to observe who sigh'd for her.

It was not long ere she had found, to her great joy, a young Zealot taken in the snare. She observ'd his eyes to be often fix'd upon her, and tho' he took notes, and wrote in Characters, none else could read, she thought he rather was drawing her Picture, his eyes was so often on her. And in troth this young man was smitten by the modest beauty of *Mabella*, and he found the Fire of Love quickly to supplant that of his zeal, in his breast. This man was rich, and had not long set up for himself, being a Linnen draper by trade, and only wanted a Wife, to make him happy. He had been offered several, but he had resolv'd not to marry out of his own Tribe, and none but a zealous professing sister would serve his turn, and having much observ'd the devotion, and piety of *Mabella*, as well as her modesty and beauty, he thought he could not be better fitted for a Wife, tho' he should seek thorow all the Conventicles in and about *Amsterdam*. This zealous Citizen, having thus resolv'd with himself, and having enquired after her, and report rendring her (by her own cunning contrivance) to be rich, and a fortune, he presently lays close siege to *Mabella*, and visits her at her lodging.

Mabella could not but smile at the new way of courtship he accosted her with, it was a thing she had not before been acquainted with, however she soon became dextrous in that way of fence, and was quickly able to match her Lover at his own weapon. Sentences of Love, and cant were intermix'd: and *Cupid* and *Knox* were joyned together. The amorous discourse was larded with fragments of Sermons, and doctrines and uses shuffel'd together, with notes taken out of the Academy of Complements. There was such a strange fripery and medley of Love and Religion, of wooing and praying together, of Pious and Amorous discourse, of holy nonsense and sinutty Courtship, that *Mabella* could not but laugh heartily in her mind, as gravely and demurely as she look'd. But she carried it so well, as she usually did all things she undertook, that this amorous Cit was absolutely taken, and resolv'd to marry her. And the better to deceive the Woodcock, she appeared full of Gold, and what Rings and Jewels she had, were dilligently expos'd to his view, but so as if it were by accident. She had framed Letters, which she had caus'd to be writ in several hands, by some Scriveners boys, as if sent her out of *Mechlin* and *Brabant*, giving her an account of the receipt of the interest of several sums of money out at use, and to know whether they should return her any money to *Amsterdam*, with many other feigned businesses, which Letters she would so leave in her Chamber, that in her absence, his Curiosity might cause him to read them, and by which cunning fetch the deluded Lover thought he had got a prize. But not to stay long on a business, they were not very long about, *Titus* for so they call'd this young man, had at last won the good will of his dear *Mabella*: and what she much desired, they were privately married, and she carried home to his house.

And now our *Juditha* is once more Mistress of a house and Family, and her loving *Titus* is very kind and respectful towards her, and she for a while restrains her self. But it was not very long, ere she began by degrees, to shew her true face. She begins to put on fine Cloaths, to curl her hair, to patch her face, to adorn her self with Ribbons, and to stand in the shop, as if she was to be expos'd to sale, with the Linning that was to be sold. *Titus* is very much afflicted, he reproves her, and Causes his Pastor to reprehend, and admonish her, not to grow vain like other Citizens wives. He tells her that he had married her only for her Modesty and Piety, and that such drestes did not become persons of her quality, and that Towers and Patches did no ways become a Shop. That such Wives were a scandal to Religion, and to the vocation of a Citizen;

and that they also undid their Husbands by their vain expences, in striving to imitate Ladies at Court, who had Estates, and Lands, and Lordships to bear them out. That this vanity was a cause of so many breaking in the City, and that *Amsterdam* was grown like *Nineveh*, full of all manner of lewdness and vanities, by introducing the wickednesses of other Cities and Towns within its Walls. Such like remonstrances filled the ears of *Mabella* every day, but she was as stiff in her way, as *Titus* was in his Religion: no reformation or compliance would be hearkened to. She stood up for her Cloaths and Ornament, she told him he had married a Gentlewoman, and that she would be maintain'd like such and such of his neighbours, that since he was as rich as they, she would go as modish as they. That 'twas for his Honour and Credit, and that, at last, say what he would, she would not abate any thing of her way of living.

And now poor *Titus* began to find *Mabella* was not pure Gold, but false glittering tinsel, that the Saint was a sheer Hypocrite, and that the modest and pious *Mabella*, was become a flaunting, vain, and gayish Wife. He could see none of her portion, nor hear of any of her Friends and Relations. All he was sure of was, that he had got a proud, mallipert, and wilful Wife. He saw indeed his Shop every day full and pester'd with men, but they were not Chapmen, but Courtiers, and such as came rather to cheapen his Wife, than his Linnen, and the Beautious *Mabella* began now to be known. *Titus* began to fear Horns, and that his Wife would make him like many of his neighbours. He had now long try'd all fair means and intreaties, but that not doing, he would try the other way, and to use her roughly and scurvily. He was none of those meek kind of fops, who live in fear of their Wives, and dare not speak to them, tho they should see them Cuckold him. He endeavours now to reclaim her by force and violence, but she is not easily to be tam'd, he found her a very Devil, and his house a Hell. Her Gallants threaten to cut his Throat, and she to leave him, and sue for alimony. 'Tis no easie matter to get the Mastery of such a one as *Mabella*, she had spirit enough, and had purloyn'd good store of his Cash for her own self, which she disposed out of his reach. And now both house and Wife becomes *Titus*'s aversion, and he is fain to keep abroad at Taverns, to divert himself, by which means he fell both into an ill Custome and bad Company, begetting an habit of drinking, which he was not before accustomed to. All things went ill at home, the Shop was neglected, the Trade decay'd, the lavish expences of the Wife, and the neglect and ill husbandry of the Husband, soon consumes the stock, they go backward, and are in danger of shutting up Shop, and breaking.

But whilst our *Mabella* is thus helping to ruine her Husband, Captain *Grantzford* recovers his wound and grows well, but all the art and perswasion of the Widdow and his Wife, cannot prevail with him to go into the Conntry. Tho he had so narrowly escaped with his Life, he would not take warning, and did not lay to heart the punishment God had inflicted on him for his adulterous Crime. He still lov'd *Judirina*, and he had made dilligent search after her, but could not hear no tidings of her, till at length, his footman having been in the City, had espied her in her Shop, and giving his Master notice of it, *Grantzford* was not long e're he gave his Mistress a visit. This apparition startled *Mabella*, for she thought he had been dead, for so it had been reported to her. She entertains the Captain civilly, and lets him know the fortune she had run; and of the Husband she had got. However, this was no obstacle to *Grantzford*'s Love, and he presses her to be kind to him, who had undergone so much for her sake. The difference that was betwixt *Mabella* and her Husband, so far estrang'd him, that she had but little of his Company in Bed, and she thought she was obliged to requite the pain and affliction the Captain had undergone by the wound received, coming from her. She therefore grants his desires, and goes abroad with him, receives Treats, goes to Playes, and keeps Company very much with this Captain, to the great discontent of *Titus*, who now believ'd, as he had reason, that he was a Cuckold. This thought enrag'd him more than ever, and now he meditates Revenge, and it was long hammering in his head, e're he could think of one that he durst undertake. He was not one that durst fight, and he had no mind to be hang'd for killing either the Captain or his Wife; but at last, he thought of something that would not bring him within danger of the Law.

Mabella amongst the other good fortunes that had attended her, had escaped the pox, and tho she had ventur'd so fairly for it, had yet kept her self free, and had mist that disease, which had been the ruine and confusion of so many of *Venus* her votaries. But, as many that have escaped being wounded in a battel, are often times shot in a skirmish, and some who have

escap'd

escap'd drowning in storms at Sea, sometimes perish without a tempest in a River; so when *Mabella* expected no such thing, she gets a desperate clap, and is soundly pepper'd by her Husband, having had better success with her Lovers. It was a thing she had much dreaded, and some Astrologer or Fortune-teller had told her, she should dye of that disease, which any one might have predicted without the help of the stars, considering the Trade she drove which prediction however had made her very careful of her self, and to endeavour all she could to avoid the danger. *Titus* plainly perceived his Hornes to bud, he findes his estate wasted, and that he should not be able at this Rate to keep his head long above water, all he desired was to be some way reveng'd on this Wicked Wife, that had ruin'd him, and the way he propos'd to himself was to get a sound Clap, and to give it to her, and by that means be both reveng'd on her, and her Gallant. With this intent he resorts to the Stews and in one of those houses, gets what he sought for, and the same night bestowes the present upon his Wife, who receives the poyson unknowing, which she communicates to *Grantsford*, and which he gives also to *Editba*.

It is not long e're the fire manifests it self. *Mabella* finds herself ill, and accuses the Captain. *Editba* more justly also layes it to his charge, and *Grantsford*, on the other side, imputes the evil to *Mabella*, and falls out with her about it, and this accident not only put them all into the hands of the Chyrurgions, but it made an irreconcilable breach on all sides. *Mabella* could no more endure the sight of *Grantsford*, and after that *Grantsford* car'd as little for her; *Editba's* Love was changed to hate, and she would accompany no more with her Husband. *Editba* getting first cured, returns with her Mother into her Country, the Captain, having lost an inch in the service, gets a Commission, and goes for *Flanders*; where he was knock'd on the head, in the Battel of *Cassell*. *Mabella* lay long sick, and was twice flux'd, e're she could get cur'd, and in the mean time, *Titus*, having also been under the Chyrurgions hands, breakes, leaves his *Mabella* in the Tub, and marches away for *France*.

Mabella was once more left to her shifts, and tho she had made hay, as they say, while the Sun shin'd, and had got some gold and jewels together, yet her expensive clap, with the Apothecaries, Chyrurgions, and Doctors Bills, had rob'd her of most part of it, and by that time she was able to go abroad, she had little left. After her Husband had left her, she had taken a Lodging in a private place, convenient for her cure, at the House of a *Quaker*, who knew her Husband, and believing him to be, as she had represented him, a sly debauch'd fellow, that had clapt her, spent his Estate upon Whores, and was lastly run away from her, pityed her very much, and by her discourse judg'd her to be very innocent, and a zealous Professor. To this *Quaker's* house resorted several of that Sect, and among the rest, a middle-ag'd man, a Zealot in that way, and one that was an itinerant holder forth. This man had several times seen *Mabella*, and she having now pretty well recover'd her virulent Clap, the colour began to creep into her Cheeks, and her old wanton flame into her eyes. We are all flesh and blood, and the little God *Cupid*, is no respecter of Sects: he spares no mortal composed of those atoms. This *Quaker*, named *Simon*, had cast several glances at *Mabella*, and having enquired after her condition, it was represent'd very favourably by her Land-lady, whom he had obliged for that purpose. *Simon*, with the wanted boldness that attends that sort of people, makes an acquaintance with *Mabella*, who entertaines him with a sureable freedom. If he were before taken with her face, he is much more with her discourse, and presently there is a great league of frindship stricken between these two Hypocrites. *Simon* had now met with his match, as great a deceiver as himself, and he had not deluded more with his holy discourses, than she had with her modest looks. *Simon* entertaines her with nothing but invectives against the vanities of the World, the ways, and forms of all Religions, but that of *Quakersim*; tells her of the Light within, and of his holy inspiration. *Mabella* hearkens to all his canting very dilligently, and after his being with her some few times, begins to reform her dress, she rips off all her laces, flings away her ribbons, put on plain Coys and Pinner, and layes aside all their babylonish trinkets. *Simon*, overjoy'd at this Conversion, carries *Mabella* to their meetings, where she indured their bawling without laughter, she heard them rant, and cant, and raile, and speak nonsense, with much devotion, and counterfiet zeal. Few dayes more, she was not at their meetings, and *Mabella* was become a very profest, rigid, and unmannerly *Quaker*. *Simon* was now more in love than ever, and now having converted her from the world, he must next convert her to himself. *Mabella* was pretty in all dresses, and no disguise could hinder the power of her Beauty. But now to *Simon* she seem'd much more handsome, since she was in the habit of a Sister, and it was now lawful for him

to say that to her, that he ought not to the prophane, and wicked of the World. *Simon* began now in good earnest to let her know the secrets of his heart, and by what Spirit he was moved. *Mabella* soon perceived, by the light within, that it was the Spirit of Love, or Lust which you will, that began to move the carnal man, but she was resolved to have her ends, before he should have his. He now layes close siege to *Mabella*, and in plain terms, drest up with irreligion, and blasphemy, tells her his mind, or if you will makes Love to her after his way. He endeavours to perswade her, That all things are lawful to the pure. That the World ought not to judge the outward appearances, Actions, and ways of the Righteous. That defilement was from within, and that it was the impurity of the mind only could contaminate the Body. That the outward ceremonies, invented by the World, were not to be esteemed among the pure, that the freedom which nature had given them, was a more excellent Law, and that they had a better Law within them than that of men; with such like stuff, all to perswade her fairly, and plainly, to lye with him.

Mabella understood him well enough, and reply'd to him in his own canting way: so handsomely and obligingly, that he perceiv'd, she would with a little more perswasion be willing to leave her carnal Husband, and to cleave to him. But *Mabella* still harping on the string of her wants, and great troubles caused by that carnal Husband of hers, *Simon* thought he could not better oblige her, than by getting her some money out of their publick stock: And indeed that was it *Mabella* expected, and drove at: *Simon* was in great repute among his Bretheren, and a constant holderforth, and by his Authority he got a good round sum of money out of their publique *Curban*, designed for Charitable uses among themselves, for the relief of a distressed Sister, and this Welcome purse he brings to *Mabella*, and presents her, who was not a little thankful, and joyful for this kindness. With this Gold he opened the heart of *Mabella*, and *Simon* and she had the'd it, and thou'd it so long, till they came to the closest conjunction, and mingled their Spiritual embraces, after a carnal way. *Simon* had now clearly converted *Mabella*, and she who had neither vertue nor Religion to guard her Conscience, follow'd her desires, and evil inclinations, with a great deal of cunning and hypocrisie, and also satisfi'd her Lusts and pleasure. After this manner liv'd *Simon*, and *Mabella* for some time, but acted their evil very closely, that it might not be a scandal to the world, because the weak would be apt to stumble at such stirs. But the time of *Simons* circuit coming on, he express'd much sorrow to leave *Mabella*, and at last, as an expedient for that grief, he proposes to her, that she would accompany him in disguise. *Mabella* found him very open handed, and that her belly (which she alwayes lov'd very well) was provided for: she eat and drank of the best, and setting aside a few gay Cloaths, and the state of Servants, and the trouble of visitants, and visiting, she found *Simon* as good a Keeper as the best: And besides, being unwilling to stay longer in *Amsterdam*, where she had run so many several and various kinds of Fortune, she had a desire to gad into the Country, and to see what might betide her abroad. She therefore readily comply'd with *Simons* proposition, and the bargain is concluded betwixt them, and *Simon* is not a little joyful that he shall carry his convenience with him.

But still, that this might not be a scandal to weak Brothers, nor a scorn to the wicked scoffers of the world, *Simon* carries his business with great discretion. *Mabella* makes as if she had receiv'd letters from some friends in the Country, which causes her to take a journey as far as *Germany*, whereupon she leaves her Lodging, and taking leave of those she had been acquainted with, departs as into the Country, but she went only to a private house, where *Simon* had provided for her mans apparel, in which *Mabella* being habited, she was to accompany him in his Travells, as a Kinsman. In this disguise, away marches *Simon* and his Kinsman *John* (for so he named *Mabella*) and from one house and from one Town, and Village to another, travel these two holy *Quakers*. *Simon* preaches and holds forth, accompanied with his young Kinsman *John*, who hears him all day, and lyes with him all night. After this manner, pleasant enough, these two Travellers spend some months, till they came to *Masstricht*, and *Simon* having a call to visit the Brethen of *Geneva* they travel towards that Country: *Mabella*, tho she had found this kind of life very pleasant and divertive, laughing in her sleeve at all the holy cheats, and follies she saw among these sort of people, being all along well provided for of meat, drink, Lodging, horses, and money, and all from the benevolence of the Charitable Brothers and Sisters, yet she began to grow weary of *Simon*, and was resolved to give him the go by. She had also another temptation to give him the slip, for *Simon* out of his great love, and to shew his great kind-

ness

ness to his *Mabella*, still gave her all his money to carry, which was privately put into his hand, by his Charitable Auditours, after a long and painful holding forth, and which amounted to a considerable sum, by that time they were come to *Mustrich*, where, for the better convenience of carriage, they put it into Gold. With this money and her own, which she had quilted in her wastecoa, given her by *Simon* (and which he thought she had paid her debts with, as she pretended) *Mabella* was pretty well stockt, to set up another trade: and having resolved on it in her mind, being on their way to *Geneva*, and at *Strasbourg*, *John* feigns himself very sick, and could travel no further: *Simon*, not at all mistrusting him, was resolved to leave him at a friends house, having before sent notice of his coming to *Geneva*, and so unwilling to disappoint the friends that expected him, he left *John* sick in bed, with a promise not to be long from him, and giving great charge to the friend where he lodged, to take care of him, away *Simon* goes, little thinking he should never see *John* any more.

This was it that *John* look'd for, and he had not been gone above three days, but *John* begins to recover, and grows well, and pretending a great fondness of *Simon*, tells the friend where he lodged, that he would go after him to *Geneva*, now he was well, and borrowing a Horse, makes as if he took the Road to *Geneva*. But *John* kept not that Road long, but diverting to the right hand, struck towards *France*, and with all the haste he could ride, at last safely got to *Paris*, where he sold his Steed. Having thus fairly left friend *Simon* with all his Gold, *John* finding the sweet of holding forth, and having well profited also under his Tutor *Simon*, and having learnt the French tongue among the Quakers at *Amsterdam*, he takes upon him: and Friends having notice of young *Johns* intentions of holding forth, he had no small Congregation, and young *John* acquits himself so well, spoke so artificially nonsense, whin'd, bawl'd, thunder'd, advis'd, reprov'd, exhorted, and rail'd by turns, and with several voyces, tones, lifted up eyes and gestures, which he had learnt from *Simon*, that *John* got the reputation of an able holderforth, and of an inspired and gifted Friend.

Our disguised Quaker, was very pretty in his mans Cloaths, and all the young the Quakers were much in love with him; his good looks, as well as his good words, extremely opened the hearts and Purles of the Female friends, and *John* laugh'd to see them sigh for him. According to the guise, *John* stays not long in a place, but visiting many adjacent places, he at last came again to the City. But lodging at a friends house, whose Husband was no Quaker, and at that time abroad about his occasions, the the friend falls desperately in Love with friend *John*, and with her importunities and great kindnesses, perswades *John* to stay a little longer than ordinary. *John* had observed her amorous looks, and wish'd in his heart, that he had been in a capacity of answering her desires, and out of pity entertained her late, with kind and friendly discourses, and now and then lovingly kiss'd her. This set our the friend a Gog, and knowing *John* intended to depart again the next day, she was resolved to put him to it, and to follow the motion of the carnal Spirit, that at that time had power over her. *John* had not been long in Bed, but this loving Friend comes into his Chamber, and without Ceremony, which was then most hateful, slips off her night Gown or loose Coat, and goes into Bed, to *John*, telling him, her Husband was a carnal man, and that it was no sin to rob an *Egyptian*: and that if she was at this time under a temptation, he should give way to her frailty, for that he had drawn her desires after him. Friend *John* was much troubled, that he was not able to satistie the longings of this the friend, but being sensible of his inability, he began gravely to reprove her, and to talk to her of continency and chastity, but in the mean time, she having got her hand into friend *Johns* bosome, made a discovery she did not expect to find, and soon perceiv'd the true Reason of *Johns* Coldness. She stay'd not long after this discovery, nor hearkned to his discourse, but calling him deluder and cheat, rose from him in a rage and departed. Friend *John* the next day was feign to go away without seeing his Landlady, who for his sake never cared for that sort of people, but became an absolute convert from them.

John having pickt up a pretty good stock among the Quakers, lays aside his mans apparel and buyes those that belong'd to her sex. Thence she goes to *Rhoan* in *Normandy*, where she takes an handsome Lodging, well furnish'd, and presently the Taylors, Milliners, Silkmens, Glovers, Semptresses, Tyrewomen and the like, are all set a work to embellish her, and to rig her forth. She was once more about to launch forth into the Sea of Lewdness, and notwithstanding the tempests, and Shipwracks she had indured, she will venture again, and feeds her vain imagination, with as vain hopes, having no thoughts

of either Heaven or Hell, or of the punishment that certainly attends such vicious, and adulterous Crimes. And now the money she had got by holding forth freely fyes, and her gold is converted into Silks, and Laces, Patches, Perfumes, and Garnitures; and the pence the holy Sisters had given her, were after this manner employ'd. *Rhoan* is a City much inferiour to *Paris* in bignets and buildings, but nothing in pride and vanity, and perhaps exceeds it in wickedness and debauchery. The news of this new comer is soon spread abroad, and the beautiful *Rosana* (as she then call'd her self) was soon taken notice of. She was seen in publick places, in the Streets, in the Castle, at the Theatre, in the great Church, and in the Walks. She had no mind to be hid, and therefore sought all occasions of being seen abroad. She went for a person of Quality, and by her equipage they could judge no less, and she had framed several stories to satisfy the Curiosity of such as should enquire after her. But the Gallants of the Army and the City were not at all scrupulous in that matter, nor much cared what she was, so she would comply, and satisfy their pleasures. It was the light of her eyes, and the beauty of her Face, that guided them thither. Beauty is a Loadstone, that attracts hearts and bodies, and the fair and cunning *Rosana* was visited by all the Gallants of the Town. Her Lodgings were much frequented, and her Chambers became like a Court. Her door was never free from Coaches, and she became proud to see so many attendants and servitors, waiting her pleasure, and ready to obey her Commands. She was willing to maintain this Authority as long as she could, and she thought it look'd great and noble, but finding her Coyn to slip away, and her Ladyship to run into Debt, she knew she could not maintain her part, without getting more, and she knew she could not be able to get any money, without condescending to the suits of those that Court'd her. She was not unskill'd in all the Arts of wheedling, but she found *France* a barren Country of Cullies, and the Gallants of *Rhoan* to be all cunning snaps, that were not easily to be made fools of. She soar'd high for a while, but it was but to be the better able to seize her prey, and to descend with the more violence on the quarry.

After this manner lives *Rosana* for a while, in great Pomp and State, never stirring abroad without her Coach and Attendants. *Rosana* becomes the discourse of the whole Town, and draws all the flattering fopkins after her. The Ladies, some laugh at her and scorn her; and others rail at her, and grow jealous. But she neither fears the frowns of Heaven, nor the scorns of those on Earth: She has brass mingled with her Beauty, and a stock of impudence to carry her thorow, and Hectoring Gallants enough to revenge affronts. She now appears at her hight, and lives more splendidly than ever. She sees her self Mistress of many hearts, and Commandress of Commanders, and Men of War. She sees the Officers of the Army doing their duty at her feet, and young Noblemen, and persons of Rank and Quality, as diligent in their attendance as her Pages or Laquies. She sees her self the chief Idol of a great City, the only celebrated and followed beauty of a whole Country, and she becomes full of pride, impudence, and vain glory. She forgets almost that she is mortal, and that all those glittering Fops and Debauchees, are nothing but meer shadows that will one day vanish away. But she troubles not her head with what is to come, she triumphs in her sin, and glories in her shame. But you may be sure, God will at last take Vengeance on her Adulteries, and Whoredomes; and will vindicate his Name before the Eyes of the World: And sling down this abominable and adored Idol into the dust. He will discover of what matter this admired Flesh and Blood is made, and of what filthy Atoms this adored Beauty is composed.

But God will take his own time, he yet lets her triumph in her folly, and run on prosperously in her wickedness. *Rosana* is now full of Gold, and the price of her Whoredome was high. She was not to be cheapen'd by any, but the great and the Rich; and such as had good store of Guinies. But at last her markets fell, and in some moneths she began to grow stale. Besides some fresh Wares were brought from the other side of the Water, which drew these flesh chapmen after them. For women like other commodities, being blown on, and neglected in *Paris*, become new and marketable in *Rhoan*. So that in a conclusion, the proud *Rosana* was fain to lower her sail, and to fall her market, and to descend from the Lewis to a Crown.

But this was not all the misfortune that now threatned her, *Titus* who was got into those parts of *France*, and had taken a farm in some part, not far from *Rhone*, being one day accidentally in the Town, espies his fine Wife in a Coach, and making an inquiry after her, he understood what she was, and what life she led. He heard also, and

believ'd her to be full of money: had plate, jewels, and good store of household stuff, which he wanted to furnish his Farm-house, and stock his little land in the Country: and he thought none had more right to it than himself, and therefore he resolves, more cool-hardly than wisely, to own, and challenge *Rosana* for his lawful Wife.

With this intent he one day enters her house, and surprizes her. She is amazed to see *Titus*, and at first look'd pale and frighted, but at last calling up her courage, she became less daunted, and resolves not to own or know him. *Titus* would have saluted her familiarly, but she asking him, what impudent fellow he was, that durst so boldly come into her Lodgings, made *Titus* a little confounded. But he began to repent him, when at the entrance of one of her Gallants, she made her complaint of his rudeness, and that he received several drabbings from his Cane. However, being provok'd, he challenges her for his Wife, and cries none has any right to her but himself: but she to requite it, says the fellow is mad, and that she had never seen him in all her life before, and that some body had sent him to abuse her and affront Her, and he still persisting and growing troublesome, she caused her foot-men, with the help of her Gallants, to take him and bind him, and to toss him in a Blanket, and after they had shav'd his head, soundly beaten him, and several ways abused him, sent him going in a sad pickle to his Lodgings. *Titus* was afraid now he should get nothing but blows, from his wicked Wife, yet being counselled thereto, he gets a Warrant to seize her goods, as his own, and openly lays claim to her. This put *Rosana* to her shifts, and to hide for a while, but *Titus* having been once or twice beaten in the streets, and being threaten'd to have his throat cut, if he sought any more to disturb *Rosana*, he was forc'd to leave *Rhona*, with the blows he had got, and his curses on his Wife, and to retire himself to his Farm, without the money he had hoped to have gotten.

Rosana seeing the coast clear, and that this pyrate Husband had left *Rhona*, she begins to make her appearance again, but now she is dwindled by this time, into a fourth Rate frigot and sloops to mean prizes. We are not to think nor imagine, that the venturous *Rosana* in all this time, had met with no wounds, and scars, in the several skirmishes she had, been in, or that her patroness *Venus* had been able to defend this *Achilles*, from being touched with any envenomed darts, or not to trouble you with similitudes, to keep her clap-free, or from that terrible disease the Pox, the certain concomitant of Adulterers and Adulteresses; and is as frequent and familiar to the camp of *Venus*, as death and wounds are in that of *Mars*. For your better information then, you must know, that she had several times undergone the cure for that disease, and that she was found at last to be a fire-ship and stowed with Turpentine, Mercury, and Antivenereal drugs. However, she was yet passible, and her beauty held out pretty fairly, and brought her yet in enough, to live at an ordinary Rate. She had also some kind Lymberhams of the middle size, that were cullied by her, and meeting with fresh Puppies, she yet continued before the wind, and layled prosperously and merrily, in this Sea of Abomination, whoredome, and Adultery. But it will not be long, ere the Tempest of Gods wrath will overtake her, and that we shall see this fine painted vessel founder'd, in the Sea, and swallow'd up in her own filthyness and wickedness.

God seldom punishes without warning, and as he gives sinners time for repentance, so he disturbs them in their pleasures, and jogs and moves them to awake them out of their Lethargy of sin, and security. About this time there was a severe justiciar came to be Lord Major of the City, who out of his great zeal, was resolved to bring in a Reformation, and to purge the City of the numerous swarms of those sort of loose Creatures. He instantly puts all the old statutes in execution, he ferrets in every Corner, and Lane, searches all places, far and nigh within his precincts, and all he can lay hold on, without favour or affection either to beauty or quality, he sends to a house of correction, and other Prisons. And he not only begins thus vigorously, but he continues to prosecute what he had begun, as if he resolv'd to sweep the City clean, and not to leave so much as one convenience in the whole Town. This mighty persecution of the Whores raised a general consternation among them, and they were forced to fly out on all sides, some for *Paris*, some into the Country, some to one place and some to another, for all the Happy Mayor lay'd his hands on were very severely handled, and underwent the discipline of the Whip, from which neither their money, nor the softness, nor whiteness of their Skins, nor all the hectoring of their Gallants could redeem them. Poor *Rosana*, notwithstanding her Gallantry, and might was not spared, her delicate white Skin was rated with the rude strokes of the Knotted whip-cord, and she felt the smart. And bitterness of the lash, lay'd on by the heavy hand of the Beadle. And after this, her tender and delicate soft hands, were enforced to

handle a Beetle, and bruise Hemp, or fast. After some moneths spent at this Rate, under tribulation and affliction, she was set at liberty, after she had given in security not to stay within the precincts of the City, but either to go into the Country, or out of the Land.

Rosana, being at last got at liberty, was forced to leave the City, and to betake her self into the Countrey. She had yet left her some Gold, and other valuable things, the Wages of her Sin and Iniquity; upon which stock, she must now be forced to live, expecting little of gain, by her Trade in the Country. She hastily packs away therefore into the Countrey, and among the Mountains shelters her self, till this cruel storm of Persecution shall blow over, and that this Tyrannical Mayor shall be out of his office. She was got into a melancholick place, among the Woods and Mountains, yet near *Rhoan*, and in a place where she might be boarded cheap, with one Maid, who still attended her. A place where she lookt to converse with none but bruits, or Men and Women but one degree from them. A place indeed fit for the contemplative Philosopher, or a melancholick Lover, to inhabit in the tops of the Mountains always covered with snow, the Valleys cut thorow with rapid Torrents, and the Woods made horrid with continual darkness, and black and dismal shades. By one of these Torrents, and not far from one of these Woods, and among these Mountains, stood a Cabbins, the habitation of a *Norman*, who farm'd some Land in that place, and thither was *Rosana* sent, by an acquaintance of hers in *Rhoan*, with her Maid for shelter, and to board for a time.

This had been a very desirable place for a Penitent, and here she might have opportunity, and time enough to think of her past follies and evil Life; and to have asked God forgiveness, and to have implored his Mercy for her past Sins, had God given her so much Grace. But when we are left to our selves, all the Corrections, or all the opportunities in the World, will not move our hearts, so prone is our evil Nature to follow the bent and byas of Corruption, Lust, and Sin, and to hearken to evil inclinations and affections. But as no place can exclude Gods Mercy and Grace, which even penetrates into Prisons and Goals, and visits Souls on the Rack and at the Gallows; so there is no place can shut out Sin, which creeps into the Woods and Mountains, and is found there as well as in Cities and Towns, tho not so frequently and ordinarily. Wherever there are men, we may expect to find depraved Natures, and no place is so barren, in which Corruption does not grow. But if Pollution; and Adultery had not before been seen or known in those parts, but onely Innocency and Integrity, yet *Rosana* carried enough with her, to stock and infect a Countrey, and all those little adulterous and defiled Loves, which attended her fatal beauty, went along with her, and carried with them their envenomed arrows, and empoysoned shafts, to do mischief, and to wound the hearts of such as they could meet with.

This beautiful Citizen had not been long there, but fame, which dwells also in every place, rebounded it among the Hills and Mountains, and the unusual sight of so much fine cloaths, that *Rosana* wore, attracted the eyes of gazers, when at Church. That was the chief place, where the beauty of *Rosana* could be seen, and tho they liv'd scatter'd up and down among those Hills, yet being once a week congregated together, there were found even in that place Lovers, and such as felt the force and power of *Rosana's* eyes. There were several young men that put on her Chains, and the proud *Rosana* saw slaves at her feet. This began to abate something of that melancholly, which possess'd her; in living thus solitary, and she was not a little joyful of any kind of Company, and therefore disdain'd not to entertain her Lovers with a great deal of kindness. Among the rest there were two, who were very much smitten with her beauty, and who were daily dying for her. The one named *David*, a very handsome young man, not above eighteen years of Age, of a good family, and whose Parents were owners of some Land, and lived not above three miles from *Rosana's* habitation. The other was a young Schollar of *Rhoan*, who being about to take orders, was sent to his friends in this Country, from the Collidge, for money to defray charges, and to pay some debts he had run into, and who living near to *David*, they grew to be great Cronies, before the coming of *Rosana*. But Love, that breeds dissention betwixt the nearest friends, soon set these two young men at odds, and both meeting at *Rosana's*, interrupted one anothers amours. *David* being the younger, and handsomer, seem'd to be the more favour'd, but the other, presuming on his Schollarship, thought he had the advantage. *Rosana* laugh'd at them both, and tho neither of them had what she desired, that is money, yet for diversion sake, and to make her self sport, she inclin'd kindly on both, but if she favour'd either, it was *David*, whose handsomeness and youth, she thought might not only give her diversion, but secret pleasure. *Da-*

vid, being very constant at *Rosana's*, gave an interruption to the young Schollar, so that he knew not how to break his mind, but his Love growing troublesome, and his flame unruely, with a great deal of study, he Pens this Letter, and sends that to tell his Tale.

To the most Beautiful of all Beauties, the Fairest of all Fairies *ROSANA*.

Most Resplendant and most Illustrious of all Flowers, (for so your name imports) the Rose of amiable delight; whose fragrancy has perfumed my Senses, and raviſh'd my Spirits: This paper Ambassadeur, dearest Rose of perfection, will let you know, what I have not had opportunity to tell you, by word of mouth; that I am conquer'd, and wholly overcome by the Cupids which inhabit your two bright Luminaries. Be not inexorable, most insuperable Beauty, but compassionate one who adores your brightness, and admires your goodness, and who is resolv'd, as long as he Lives to be known by no other Title, than amiable, and admirable *Rosana*,

Your most submissive Slave
HIRTUNGUS.

This Letter made *Rosana* good sport, who could not choose but laugh at the high language of this young pedantick Lover. I think she never took the pains to answer it, but she gave him so many thanks for it, and so highly prais'd his Wit, that he grew very jocond thereupon, and run himself into the error of thinking he was belov'd, and had got the start of *David*. This put our young Schollar to his Studies again; and to see what fools, anticks, and mad men this Love makes some, he would needs second his Letter with a Sermon, and the Minister of the Parish being absent at *Rboan*, he makes it be known, that he would Preach, and that he might have the opportunity of taking *Rosana* with his Rhetorick, invites her solemnly to hear him, and Sunday being come, this Mountebank, without any leave, but of the ignorant Church Wardens, gets into the Pulpit, making this the subject of his discourse, *I am sick of Love*, &c. where *Hirtungus* made such a loving and amorous Sermon, as the like was never heard, mixed with a great deal of nonsense, profaneness, idle, and extravagant language, directing his discourse to *Rosana's* opening the nature, and power of Love, in such a manner, that the people thought he had been mad. However, *Rosana* the next visit gave him thanks for his Sermon, and us'd him so kindly, that he began to grow insolent, and quarrell'd with young *David*. *Rosana* pacifies them, and the two furious Lovers seem satisfied, but *David* being stomachful, that night sends *Hirtungus* a Letter, and in it a challenge, appointing to meet him the next morning. *Hirtungus* was full of inspired valour, and he that had been so courageous as to ascend the Pulpit, and to Preach for Love of *Rosana*, would not flinch, but enter also the field, and fight for her. He accepts the challenge, and the next morning these two Champions meet, with such weapons as the Country could afford them. *David* had got a Rapier of his Fathers, and *Hirtungus* had brought a Backsword that he had borrow'd, and thus Armed with Love and Courage, they enter the field. But before they fall to blows, a dispute arises between them, who had got the advantage of the Weapon, and they could not agree about that; *Hirtungus* would not fight against a Rapier, and *David* had no mind to be butcher'd by his Backsword, which was a terrible great one. At last, the Schollar learnedly proved, that it would be no blemish to their honours, to end their dispute and quarrel, with two equal Cudgels, which they might have out of the next Wood. He told *David*, that *Hercules* us'd a Club, with which he subdued Monsters and Gyants; and that Bats and Sticks were the Weapons of the Ancients, before Iron was found out; that a Staff was of more antiquity than a Sword, and was yet in use among Forresters, and Country men; and therefore they might with Sticks try their manhoods, without dishonour or disgrace. *David* was convinc'd, and each cutting a tough Hazel, and making their Weapons of an equal length, they manfully fell to it, and without any Meroy laid on one another, I know, not whither the Courage, or the Love of *David* was more than *Hirtungus's*; but fortune and victory favour'd him, and he so far got the better of the Schollar, who knew as little how to fight as to Preach, and so welfavour'dly beat him, that he was forced to yield, and what was worse, to swear never more to pretend to Love *Rosana*, but forthwith to leave the Country.

Upon these terms, and rendring up his Weapon to the Victorious *David*, *Hirungus* is permitted to depart, with the black and blew strokes of the tough Hazel imprinted in his flesh: And *David*, proud of his great Victory, returns home. And now, having no competitor that durst oppose him, he grows into the favour of his dear *Rosana*, who, more to please her self than to favour him, yeilds to his importunities, and imprisons the captiv'd young man in her adulterous embraces: and thus she becomes his *Venus* and he her *Adonis*. But the battel betwixt *David* and *Hirungus*, tho performed by the side of a Wood, and free from all spectators, but the grazing herds of Cows and Bullocks, was known by the tongue of *Hirungus*, and those blew marks the Cudgel had left upon his Flesh, and also the occasion, which arriving at the ears of *David's* Parents, he was presently lock'd up, and debar'd of his liberty, to his great trouble and affliction. And the Sermon of the young Schollar, having offended several, his Friends sent him back to the Colledge to be better instructed, and thus at once *Rosana* lost both her Lovers.

This loss did not much afflict *Rosana*, tho she could have been contented to have diverted her self with young *David*, who was a very handsome man, and one she began to delight her self with. But it was some time ere *David* could get loose, but at last, having promised not to go any more to *Rosana's* Cabbin, he was again set at liberty, and was permitted to go abroad. His Mother knew he could not go to *Rosana's* without a horse, there being a great River, without any Bridg over it, between their Houses, and taking care that he might have no horse, they did not otherways strictly watch him. *David* being cunning, used his liberty at first, with much moderation, so that his Parents began to believe he had forgot that flickering, and enticing wanton, *Rosana*. But it was no such thing, he still had a great passion for her, and extremely long'd to see her again. *David* used two or three times a week to go a fishing, in a little brook, a mile from his dwelling house, from whence he used to bring good store of smal Trouts, of which the brooks in those parts were very full. Having this liberty, and time to meditate how to see *Rosana*, he writes to her, and lets her know of his confinement, and desires her to meet him at a lonely little Cabbin, standing in a Wood, to which the messenger should be her guide, and where he would stay in expectation of the felicity. *Rosana*, having nothing else to do, and it being in the Summer time, and also being as desirous to see *David* as he could be to see her, she borrows a couple of little horses, and taking her Maid with her, they follow their Guide, cross the River at a ford; and riding all the way thorow dark shady Woods, pleasant enough, they arrive at this Cottage, where they find the over-joy'd *David*, who had provided for his Mistress such a Treat, as the place would afford, Cream, Curds, Syder, and a dish of Trouts, where the two Lovers with no little content, wear out the long Summers day, and at last, very unwillingly depart, having first made another appointment in the same place.

David and *Rosana* had thus met several times with a great deal of privacy, and without any interruption, full of content and pleasure, enjoying themselves in their adulterous embraces, without the knowledg or suspicion of any. But Heaven beholds the filthyness, that is acted even in those dark shades, and he resolves in pity and mercy to that youth, to break this wicked combination, to snatch him out of the snare of that Harlot and Adulteress; and to chastise his Body for the good of his Soul, and also once more to give *Rosana*, the sinful and wicked *Rosana*, a mercifull warning and remembrance of her crimes, by saving her out of the very jaws of Death and danger, and giving her yet a further time for repentance. These two Criminals, having spent one day after this manner in their filthy pleasures, had staid longer than ordinary, by reason of a violent shower of Rain, that kept them within door till night: and *Rosana*, having only her Maid with her, by that time she came to the ford it was dark, and the River at other times easily passible, was so swollen with the violent rain, that descended suddenly and impetuously from the Mountains; that it was very dangerous to pass: but *Rosana* being ignorant, and not aware of it, was no sooner in the River, but the violence of the stream, being too strong for her horse, took his feet from the ground, and on a sudden carried him into the depth. Her Maid, following her, had the same misfortune, and fair'd worse, for hers being the weaker horse, could not resist the stream, but sunk with his burthen, and the Maid being wash'd off her seat, was carried away by the torrent and drowned, her body being found the next day, almost two miles below, where it was cast on a little rocky Island. But *Rosana*, having for some time sat her horse, at last was also thrown out of her Saddle, but as she fell, she had the good luck to catch hold of the stirrop-leather, and the side-Saddle being fast girt, sav'd her from drowning, for the horse being strong, swam cross the River with *Rosana* holding fast by the stirrop-leather, and dragging her thorow the waters, till he

he had got his forefeet upon the side of the bank on the other side, but it being a very steep place, it was impossible for him to get up, or *Rosana* to save her self. The place where *Rosana* then liv'd, was just by this River, and near the ford, so that the people heard both her and her Maids shrieks, at their first plunging into the Water, and they were come forth with Lights, by that time *Rosana's* horse had got to the other side: They immediately saw the danger of the fair and distressed *Rosana*, but the place was so steep, and the bank so hollow, and worn away, with the violence of the current, that it was impossible for them to descend to help her. At last one of them with a long pole, that had a hook at the end of it, and with which they used to take up water in a Bucket in that place, caught hold of some part of her garments, as they floated upon the water, and by that means dragg'd her out of the River, and up the bank, till they could reach her with their hands, and at last took her up more dead than alive, and it was some hours ere they could bring her to her self.

See here both the justice and mercy of God, his justice in awarding her a punishment for her evil life, and permitting her to fall into such eminent danger, and his mercy in saving her from death, which she deserv'd, and giving her yet time to repent of her wickedness, and to turn away from her abomination. But this was not all the misfortune that happened that night, for God also had prepared a punishment for young *David*, and had set a Trap for him, that might draw him from that more dangerous snare of *Rosana's* vicious embraces, in which he had been pollutedly entangled. It being grown dark, as he pass'd thorow the Woods returning home, he lost the path he was used to go in, and wandering farther into the wood, led no doubt by the hand of Gods providence, he stumbled upon a Trap that was set for a Wolf, that haunted those parts, and the trap catching his leg, a little below the Knee, broke the bone and held him fast, neither could all the skill or strength of *David*, get it open, it being lockt by such forceable springs, so that he was fain to continue in that place, full of horrid torture and pain (unless he would have left his leg behind him) till the morning, that the Wolf-catcher came to visit his trap, which he saw had taken, but not a Wolf, but a Man. *David* was had home, by the assistance of that Man, and before his leg was made whole, he found by several Symptomes, that his *Rosana* had bestowd something else upon him, that would require the advice and skill of the Chirurgion to get rid of, which took off the edge of his Love, and made him vow to see *Rosana* no more.

The ways of Gods Providence are unsearchable, and man is not able to penetrate into the sacred obscurity of his hidden Actions. We are not to judge ill of outward appearances, and to think that Heaven is not so exact in his punishments, as we could wish him, or to believe that it was more severe than requisite, in taking away the life of an accessory, and more merciful than he should be, in saving so wicked a principle. Have not such unworthy thoughts of the justice, and mercy of Heaven, they are truly exact, and righteous; and God shews a Decorum in all his actions, and we are here deluded to think he more severely punished the less Criminal by death, and saved the greater, whilst he permitted the Maid to be drowned, and the polluted Mistress to be got safe, and to escape almost miraculously out of the waters. Since the least of our sins deserve the punishment of Death, none ought to tax the justice of Heaven in the Death of the Maid: and the life that was given to *Rosana*, as it might have proved a mercy, had she made a right use of it, and repented her of all her past evils, and converted to heaven; so, she still continuing in her abominable courses, it proved to her not only an exaggeration of her Crimes, but indeed of it self worse than Death, or Drowning; and a punishment beyond dying at the Gallows, or at the stake. She had her life given her for a plague, and chastisement, and attend'd with more ignominy, pain, and torture, than the worst of deaths; a life that made death desirable, and to be accounted an ease, and a blessing, a freedom from a burthen, and an end of miseries, as you will judge by the sequel.

Rosana did not make a right use of Gods mercy, and therefore it proves his curse: when we take no notice of great mercies, they convert to great punishments, and the neglected good, which we ought to reap thereby, turns to evil on our heads. The news she had from the City, of the succession of another Lord Mayor or Provest, who followed not the tyrannical steps of the former, and that she might now safely return thither, where she desired to be, made her soon forget the fright and danger she had been in, and the sorrow for the drowning of her Maid. She presently bids adieu to the country, and her stock of Coyngrowing low, she hastes to the City, and falls to her old trade, her wicked and adulterous way of living. But now the Anger of God is come to its hight against her, and heaven

Heaven resolves to forbear her no longer, but to leave her a mark, and example of his Revenge, and displeasure, against this abominable sin. She had not continued long in her evil way, before she had met with some who had renew'd her old distempers, and cast her again into the Tub, and under the torment of fluxing. She had undergone this course so often, and was so unsound, that her whole blood and Body was now wholly putrified, and corrupted; and so many filthy Ulcers, and stinking and running sores broke out all over her body, that she became suddenly nauseous, and not fit to be conversed with. And now all her Lovers, and adorers fly from her, and those who bowed to the Idol of her beauty, will not look on her, or if they do, it is with abhorrency. She has no more pleasure and delight to give them, and they have no more money and service to return her: so that in the midst of her misery, she is assaulted with poverty and penury. All goes now to supply her wants, and those glutinous morsels, she had often mispent on her Carcase, and the profuse Ryot, and Luxury she had wallowed in, made this want more grievous, and biting. She now sees her self reduced to extremity, and in a few months to become miserable, and the most sad object of Gods just Vengeance. All night she rores out with the torments of her pains in her bones and in her Sinews; all day she is encompassed with the stinks, of her putrified sores, and running Ulcers, that eat and consume her flesh. This may let us see of what filthy matter the greatest beauty of flesh and blood is made: *Rosana's* fair and plump cheeks were now grown lean and haggard, the smooth skin shrivelled, and discoloured, those bright and twinkling stars, that had so many charms, and so much lustre, were now sunk, and wholly obscured, grown limped, and running with matter: her Teeth which were like orient pearl for whiteness, were black, and fallen out, her pretty mouth disfigur'd, her nose eaten quite away, and a running sore left only in the place of it: her angelick voyce, now odious and disagreeing, the pallat of her mouth, and *Epiglottis* being eaten away, with a Cancer: her whole body covered with boyles, botches, and blayns, that she was a most deplorable, and loathed spectacle, shunned of others, and hated by her self.

But this is not all the punishment that Heaven inflicts on this adulterous wretch, this life, more grievous and terrible than any Death, continues, and she is enforced, not only to bear this punishment, but what is greater, the shame and publique ignominy of this; that she might be an example to others, and a warning to Criminals, and a mark of Gods Vengeance, justice and indignation. In this condition she is forsaken by all, and her miseries continuing long, she is reduced to the condition of beggery, or to starve. Those that had releiv'd her at first, out of Charity, were grown weary, and her sores being patch'd up by the Chirurgions of the Hospital, she was turn'd into the streets, to beg the Charity of good people, to keep her from starving. I have seen this beautiful *Rosana*, who had attracted the eyes and hearts of all the Gallants in that City, and who had been so gay and rich in cloaths, who had liv'd in that height of Luxury, Voluptuousness, and sinful pleasure, begging publicly in the same place, and in those streets, with an old patch'd Riding-hood on her head, an old red Petticoat instead of a mantle about her Shoulders, a worse about her hips, dirty ragged linnen next her skin, pieces of stockings about her legs, without any shoes on her feet, with a red wollen Cloath covering the Ulcer of her nose, and in this manner, to beg about the streets, to maintaine wretched life.

See now and consider, the severe, and just Revenge, that God inflicted on this wretch, far beyond the worst of deaths, and by it take warning in time, and forsake, and abominate this filthy sin of Adultery, which sooner or later will be sure to render the Criminal wretched, and forelorn, miserable, and odious, both to God and man. Betimes endeavour to moderate your passions, Lusts, affections, appetite, and to set bounds to, and regulate all their inordinances, for being once launch'd forth into the custome of sinning, it will be difficult for thee to return by repentance. This poor, and distressed wretch, notwithstanding all her misery, and affliction, gave little signs of remorse, but as if her conscience were scared, the little she got, from the charity of some of her old Lovers, and other people she spent after an evil sort, in drink, Wine, Syder, and Brandy: either to please her evil and vicious appetite, or to mitigate her sorrow, by the intoxication of those Liquors. And thus she continued, till she dyed, and was buried at the charge of the Parish. And this was the end of Adulterous *Juditha*, who began with Fornication, continued in adultery, and ended in Rottenness, and misery: and may her life, and end, be an example, and a looking glass for others, that they may therein see, the filthiness and odiousness of this abominable sin of Adultery, and God's severe punishment and Revenge against Adultery.

FINIS.

